

THE DIARY  
OF  
JOHN EVELYN  
(1620 TO 1706)



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THE DIARY  
OF  
JOHN EVELYN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION & NOTES

BY

AUSTIN DOBSON

HON. LL.D. EDIN

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[\*\* The "supplementary notes" between square brackets in the three-volume edition of 1906, and in this volume, are not to be found in any other reprint of Evelyn's text.]

## PREFACE

THE record known popularly as Evelyn's *Diary* was first printed in 1818 by Colburn as the major part of two quarto volumes with the following title, *Memoirs, illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, Esq., F.R.S., Author of the "Sylva," etc. etc. Comprising his Diary, from the Year 1641 to 1705-6, and a Selection of his familiar Letters. To which is added the private Correspondence between King Charles I. and his Secretary of State, Sir Edward Nicholas, etc.* It was edited by the antiquary, William Bray (co-author with Owen Manning of the *History of Surrey*), from the original MS. at Wotton, then in the possession of Lady Evelyn, widow of the Diarist's great-great-grandson, Sir Frederick Evelyn, Bart. Lady Evelyn died on the 12th November, 1817, when the last sheets were in the hands of the printer; and the dedication, which Bray had intended for her, was then transferred to her devisee, John Evelyn, a descendant of *Sylva* Evelyn's grandfather. According to William Upcott, Assistant-Librarian of the London Institution, who catalogued the Wotton books, Lady Evelyn, although she freely lent the *Diary* from time to time to her particular friends, did not regard it as of sufficient importance for publication; and, except for an accident, it might have been cut up for dress patterns, or served to light fires.<sup>1</sup> This opportune "accident" was its exhibition in 1814 to Upcott; and Lady Evelyn subsequently, "after much solicitation from many persons," consented to its being printed under the auspices of Bray, who, in his "Preface," renders special thanks to Upcott "for the great and material assistance received from him" . . . , "besides his attention to the superintendence of the press." Why Upcott, to whom the MS. was

<sup>1</sup> Preface to Frederick Strong's Catalogue, quoted in Dews' *Deptford*, 2nd edition, 1884, p. 211.

communicated without reserve by Lady Evelyn, and who edited Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings* in 1825, did not also edit the *Diary*, does not appear; but—as we shall see—it continued to engage his attention even after Bray's death in 1832.

The first edition of Evelyn's *Memoirs* was well received,—Southey, in particular, vouchsafing to it a long and sympathetic notice in the *Quarterly* for April, 1818. In 1819 appeared a second quarto edition. Eight years later, in 1827, this was followed by a five-volume octavo edition, which has often been reprinted, notably in 1879, by Messrs. Bickers and Bush, with a careful life of Evelyn by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A.<sup>1</sup> In Messrs. Bickers and Bush's "Preface" it is expressly stated that, after several applications to the owner of the MS., Mr. W. J. Evelyn of Wotton, for permission to consult it, that gentleman eventually replied that "Colburn's third edition of the *Diary* was very correctly printed from the MS.," and might "be relied on as giving an accurate text."

Notwithstanding this statement, there was, in 1879, actually in the market an edition of the *Diary*, based upon Bray, which claimed to be fuller than that issued in 1827. In 1850-52, John Forster, the biographer of Goldsmith, had put forth a fresh issue of Bray, including various supplementary passages, which, owing to the first sheets of the edition of 1827 having been struck off without Upcott's revision, had not been included in that text. Forster further explained that Upcott's interest in his task had continued unabated until his death in 1845, and that the latest literary labour upon which he had been occupied had been the revision and preparation of the version which Forster subsequently edited in 1850. He lived (said Forster) to complete, for this purpose, "a fresh and careful comparison of the edition printed in octavo in 1827 (which he had himself, with the exception of the earliest sheets of the first volume, superintended for the press) with the original manuscript; by which many material omissions in the earlier quartos were supplied, and other not unimportant corrections made." Forster's edition was reissued in 1854, and again in 1857. It was then added to "Bohn's Libraries," now published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. In the "Preface" to the issue of 1857, Forster writes: "The volumes containing the *Diary* have since [*i.e.* since the edition of 1850] undergone still more careful revision, and the text, as now presented, is throughout in a more perfect state."

It would be going too far to claim the additions of Upcott as of signal

<sup>1</sup> And again, with a new Preface, in 1906.

importance,—many of them, indeed, by Forster's own admission, consist of "trifling personal details,"<sup>1</sup> and they are practically confined to the earlier portion of the first volume.<sup>2</sup> But Forster's text has long enjoyed a deserved reputation; it was declared by the *Quarterly Review*, as late as 1896, to "leave little to be desired"; and being demonstrably the fullest, it has been adopted in the present case. "In compliance with a wish very generally expressed," its spelling was modernized; and as it is impracticable, without access to Upcott's original sources, to archaize his additions, and as, moreover, Evelyn's very uncertain method—which can scarcely be termed orthography—has no philological value, Forster's text has been followed in this respect also. Forster, however, can scarcely be said to have carried out his modernizing as thoroughly as might have been expected. He made little or no attempt to rectify Evelyn's capricious use of foreign words; and he allowed such expressions as "Jardine Royale" and "Bonnes Hommes" to remain uncorrected. Nor did he observe any consistent practice with respect to names of places. He turns "Braineford" into "Brentford," "Bruxelles" into "Brussels," "Midelbrogh" into "Middleburgh"—as he could scarcely fail to do; but he left many other names as Evelyn had left them, or as Bray or Upcott had mistranscribed them. Thus "Stola Tybertina" is allowed to stand for "Isola Tiberina," "Scargalasino" for "Scarica l'Asino," "St. Saforin" for "St. Symphorien-de-Lay," "Palestina" for "Pelestrina," "Mount Sampion" for "Mount Simphon"; while "St. Geminiano" continues to masquerade as "St. Jacomo" without any note of explanation. Nor is he always fortunate in the names of persons, although this, of course, admits of greater latitude both of taste and fancy. He leaves the martyr "Hewit" disguised as "Hewer"; and "Pearson" (of the *Creed*) as "Pierson." These are only some out of several similar cases; and it is not by any means contended that all have been discovered.<sup>3</sup> A few, it must be frankly confessed, have baffled inquiry. But—to echo

<sup>1</sup> P. 42.

<sup>2</sup> This is confirmed by the fact that two-thirds of the present edition, though set up from Forster's text, have been read against vols. ii. and iii. of Bray's edition of 1827, without the discovery of any material differences except the spelling.

<sup>3</sup> One or two of the unconscious modernizations are scarcely improvements. "Air-park" for "hare-park" would have pleased Polonius. "Rode" for "rowed," especially at Venice—"the only city in Europe where," as Thackeray said of G. P. R. James, "the famous 'Two Cavaliers' cannot by any possibility be seen riding together"—is unhappy. "Calais," again, for "Cales" (Cadiz) is odd. But these are lapses of vigilance to which the best of us are liable,—and they are rare.

Forster's words with a cautionary modification—it may, I trust, be fairly contended that the text is now in a more accurate state.

It is noted by Forster, and should be repeated, that Evelyn's *Diary* "does not, in all respects, strictly fulfil what the term implies." It was not, like that of Pepys, composed from day to day; but must often have been "written up" long after the incidents recorded, and sometimes when the writer's memory betrayed him, or when he inserted fresh information under a wrong heading. He frequently refers to persons by titles they only bore at a period subsequent to the date of entry. Once, if Bray is correct, he seems to speak of his elder brother's second wife before the first was dead. Now and then, the difference between O.S. and N.S. throws some light upon the matter. But it does not explain why he professes to have witnessed Oliver Cromwell's funeral on the 22nd October when it took place on the 23rd November.<sup>1</sup> At other times he groups a number of events in one entry, an arrangement which brings the battle of Edgehill under the 3rd of October, when it really was fought on the 23rd.<sup>2</sup> Forster's solution of these things is probably correct. He supposes the *Diary* to have "been copied by the writer from memoranda made at the time of the occurrences noted in it," and that it "received occasional alterations and additions in the course of transcription." This must be held to account for "discrepancies otherwise not easily reconciled," and also "for differing descriptions of the same objects and occurrences which have occasionally been found in the MS. thus compiled." It should also be added that (as Mr. Forster does not seem to have been aware) Evelyn began, but did not complete, an amplified transcription of the whole,<sup>3</sup> from which some of Upcott's additions were no doubt derived. The effect of all this is to deprive the record of its character as a "Kalendarium" or "Diary," and to bring it rather into the category of "Memoirs," the title which Bray gave to the general collection of documents he issued in 1818, and which Evelyn, in one place, uses himself.<sup>4</sup>

To each of their editions Messrs. Bray and Forster appended notes. Those of Bray, who was assisted by the well-known collector, James Bindley of the Stamp Office, are in many respects valuable, in some respects authoritative, especially on local matters. But they are now eighty years old, while not a few of them, doubtless from the writer's want of access to sources of information

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 199 and 200.

<sup>2</sup> P. 25.

<sup>3</sup> This is still at Wotton. It extends from the beginning of the *Diary* to October, 1644.

<sup>4</sup> P. 294.

now open to every one, were never very pertinent. Forster, in 1850, rather remodelled Bray than revised him, adding at the end of the volumes a number of fresh annotations of his own, which, from his familiarity with the period (was he not the author of the *Lives of the Statesmen of the Commonwealth*!) are naturally not to be neglected. But half a century again has passed away since they were penned, and a large amount of literature has grown up around what was once one of their writer's special subjects. In his issue of 1857, Forster incorporated his notes with Bray's without distinction. Of the body of comment thus created, I have freely availed myself, abridging, expanding, amending, or suppressing, as circumstances seemed to require. In addition, I have prepared a large number of supplementary notes, illustrative and explanatory, which are uniformly placed between square brackets thus [ ]. Although I have carefully examined, and in some cases recast, the existing notes, I have not felt justified in claiming, even in an altered form, what I have not originated; and I have only in a few instances bracketed such inserted passages as, from their very nature, are either obviously modern or readily detachable from the context.<sup>1</sup> As to the notes which appear for the first time in this edition, I leave them to their fate. To some people something will always be superfluous: to others something will always be lacking. But I hope fresh readers—and fresh editors—of Evelyn may, in the present instance, at least be willing to allow that a definite attempt has been made to throw light upon whatever in his pages an *invida ætas* has laboured to obscure.

My thanks are due, and are hereby gratefully tendered, to Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., Secretary to the Royal Society; Mr. Edmund Gosse; the Rev. William Hunt, President of the Royal Historical Society; Mr. Sidney T. Irwin of Clifton College; Mr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S., Secretary to the Zoological Society; and Mr. Henry R. Tedder, the Secretary and Librarian of the Athenæum Club—for kind information on divers matters of detail.

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75 EATON RISE, EALING, W.,  
June, 1906.

<sup>1</sup> Occasionally, where the note expresses a personal opinion, or makes a statement which cannot be verified, I have given it upon the authority of its author.

## NOTE TO PRESENT REPRINT

With the exception of some minor verbal alterations, and the omission of two paragraphs no longer relevant, the foregoing reproduces the "Preface" to the three-volume edition of Evelyn's *Diary* issued in 1906. To the present "Globe" reprint, several new notes have been added; and my thanks are due to Mr. George Saintsbury, the Rev. William Hunt, Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield, and Mr. W. Robinson of High Wycombe, for communications which have enabled me to correct some unsuspected errors.

A. D.

EALING, *October*, 1907.



# INTRODUCTION

ON John Evelyn's tomb in Wotton Church it is recorded that he lived in "an age of extraordinary Events and Revolutions." To be the captain of one's soul in such conditions is no easy matter; and it is greatly to Evelyn's credit that he was able to steer a steady course. Though a staunch Church-of-England man, he succeeded, as an equally staunch royalist, in deserving the goodwill of two monarchs, of whom one was a secret, the other an open Roman Catholic; and he retained the respect of both without any surrender of principle. He is an excellent example of the English Country Gentleman of the better sort, proud of his position, but recognising its responsibilities; liberally educated; conveniently learned; a virtuoso with a turn for useful knowledge, and a genuine enthusiast for anything tending to the improvement of his race or country. In an epoch of plotting and place-hunting, he neither place-hunted nor plotted. For advancement or reward he cared but little, being content to do his duty—often at his own charges—as a good citizen and a philanthropist.<sup>1</sup> Pious, tolerant, open-minded, prudent, honourable—he belongs to the roll of those of whom our land, even in its darkest days, has always had reason to be proud.

## I

Evelyn's *Memoirs*,<sup>2</sup> unlike the more expansive, though, in another sense, more restricted, *Diary* of his contemporary Pepys, extend over so many years that they practically cover his lifetime, and while chronicling current events, recount his own history. In the present "Introduction" it is therefore only necessary to dwell minutely upon those phases of his biography which, for one reason or another, he has neglected or passed by in his records. He was born, he tells us, on the 31st October, 1620, at the family seat of Wotton

<sup>1</sup> Like his father, he was "a studious decliner of honours and titles." Knighthood—he tells us as early as September, 1649—was a dignity he had often refused (p. 151), as he did the Bath afterwards (p. 210). Nor was he keen for office. Once, indeed, he seems to have made some faltering attempt to "serve his Majesty" as "Inspector of Forest Trees," a little post of barely £300, for which, as the author of *Sylva*, he was peculiarly qualified. But the appointment, as usual, was given by preference to one "who had seldom been out of the smoke of London" (Letter to the Countess of Sunderland, 4th August, 1690). He was also promised the reversion of the Latin Secretaryship—"a place of more honour and dignity than profit" (p. 269).

<sup>2</sup> See Preface, p. viii.

House, near Dorking in Surrey, being the fourth child and second son of Richard Evelyn and his wife Eleanor, only daughter of John Standsfield of Lewes in Sussex. His father was the fourth son of George Evelyn of Long Ditton, Godstone, and Wotton, all of which estates he—by what Andrew Marvell calls “good husbandry in petre”<sup>1</sup>—had acquired from time to time, and settled upon his sons. Thomas, the eldest, went to Long Ditton; the second, John, took up his residence at Godstone; while to another, Richard, fell Wotton.<sup>2</sup> At Wotton, a spot having “rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance,” John Evelyn passed his childhood, receiving, when four years of age, the rudiments of his education from one Frier, in a room which formerly existed over the now modernized porch of the little Early English Church of St. John the Evangelist.<sup>3</sup> At five he was sent to his grandfather Standsfield at Lewes; and eventually attended the free school at Southover, a suburb of that town. At one time there seems to have been some intention of sending him to Eton; but his imagination had been excited by reports of the severe discipline commemorated of old by Tusser,<sup>4</sup> and he remained at Southover. It is characteristic of a visit which he paid about this time to the ancient seat of the Carews at Beddington, that he “was much delighted with the gardens and curiosities.”<sup>5</sup> These were things in which—as we shall see—his interest never abated.

When he was fifteen, he lost his mother, with whom, owing to his long absences from home, his intercourse can have been but broken. Her death, on the 29th September, 1635, was hastened by that of his eldest sister, Elizabeth, who had married unhappily and died in childbirth. Evelyn describes his mother quaintly as “of proper personage; of a brown complexion; her eyes and hair of a lovely black; of constitution more inclined to a religious melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory, and most exemplary life; for economy and prudence, esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country; which rendered her loss much deplored, both by those who knew, and such as only heard of her.”<sup>6</sup> In February, 1637, while still at Lewes, he was “especially admitted” (with his younger brother Richard) into the Middle Temple. He quitted school in the following April; and in May entered Balliol College, Oxford, as a Fellow-Commoner, matriculating on the 29th. His tutor was George Bradshaw (*nomen invisum*!—writes the diarist with a shudder),<sup>7</sup> who afterwards became Master; but at this period seems to have been too much taken up with harassing the constituted authorities in the interests of the Parliamentary Visitors, to pay sufficient attention to his pupil.<sup>8</sup> Beyond the facts that Evelyn made acquaintance with a Greek graduate, Nathaniel Conopios, notable as one of the earliest drinkers of coffee in England, and that he presented some books

<sup>1</sup> He was a manufacturer of gunpowder.

<sup>2</sup> It will save trouble to add here that each of these three families had, in the future, the title of baronet conferred upon them, viz. at Godstone in 1660; at Long Ditton, 1683; and at Wotton, 1713.

<sup>3</sup> P. 3.

<sup>4</sup> From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,  
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,  
Where fifty-three stripes given to me  
At once I had.

<sup>5</sup> P. 4.

<sup>6</sup> P. 2.

<sup>7</sup> He was the son of the Rector of Ockham; but may have been related to the regicide, John Bradshaw.

<sup>8</sup> P. 6.

to the college library, we hear little of his academic doings. He appears, however, to have assiduously attended the popular riding Academy of William Stokes;<sup>1</sup> made some progress in the elements of music and "the mathematics,"<sup>2</sup> and secured a congenial "guide, philosopher, and friend" in James Thicknesse, or Thickers, afterwards his travelling companion in the Grand Tour. He was joined at Oxford in January, 1640, by his younger brother, Richard. Not very long after, they both went into residence at the Middle Temple, occupying "a very handsome apartment" (in place of an earlier lodging in Essex Court) "just over against the Hall-court."<sup>3</sup> But for the "impolished study" of the law,—

That codeless myriad of precedent,  
That wilderness of single instances,—

Evelyn had no liking, and he engaged upon it mainly by his father's desire.

At the close of 1640, his father died. His brother George, who had recently married a Leicestershire heiress,<sup>4</sup> duly succeeded to the Wotton patrimony; and for his juniors, the world was all before them. It was not a particularly inviting world. Especially was it uninviting to a youth bereft of his natural counsellors; and—as Evelyn modestly describes himself—"of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination."<sup>5</sup> Signs of growing popular discontent were everywhere observable; and among Evelyn's earliest experiences were the trial of Strafford, and the subsequent severance from its shoulders of "the wisest head in England."<sup>6</sup> Even to this unlesioned spectator (he was but twenty), it was abundantly plain that "the medal was reversing," and the national "calamities but yet in their infancy."<sup>7</sup> He accordingly resolved that, for the present, his best course would be to withdraw himself for a season "from this ill face of things at home."<sup>8</sup> His decision was discreet rather than heroic; but it was one which is more easy to cavil at than condemn.<sup>9</sup>

In the ensuing July, having renewed his oath of allegiance at the Custom-House, he started for Holland, in company with a gentleman of Surrey called Caryll. They reached Flushing on the 22nd, and made their way towards Gennep, a stronghold then held by the Spaniards against the French and Dutch. As ill luck would have it, by the time they reached their destination, the place had already been reduced. But while it was being re-fortified by its captors, there was still opportunity for doing volunteer duty in a company of Goring's regiment; and for a few days the travellers sedulously "trailed the puissant pike," and took their turns as sentries upon a horn-work. A brief experience of camp life, however, coupled with the exacting demands made upon him as "a young drinker," seems to have satisfied Evelyn's military aspirations; and bidding farewell to the "leaguer and *camarades*," he

<sup>1</sup> P. 7.

<sup>2</sup> He must also have been—like Fielding—"early master of the Latin classics" To an exact knowledge of Greek he made no pretence (Letter to Wren, 4th April, 1665).

<sup>3</sup> P. 8.

<sup>4</sup> P. 8.

<sup>5</sup> P. 9.

<sup>6</sup> P. 9.

<sup>7</sup> P. 10.

<sup>8</sup> P. 10.

<sup>9</sup> What drove Evelyn away, brought Milton back. Three years earlier, Milton, being abroad, "considered it dishonourable to be enjoying myself at my ease in foreign lands, while my countrymen were striking a blow for freedom" (Pattison's *Milton*, 1879, p. 39). But the points of view were different, and the men.

embarked on the *Waal* in August for Rotterdam. He visited Delft (where he duly surveyed the tomb of William the Silent), the Hague (where the widowed Queen of Bohemia was then keeping Court), Haarlem, Leyden, Antwerp, and so forth, delighting in the "Dutch drolleries" of *kermesse* and fair, inspecting churches, convents, museums, palaces, and gardens, and buying books, prints, and pictures. From Antwerp he passed to Brussels, whence he journeyed to Ghent to meet a great Surrey magnate and neighbour, Thomas Howard, Lord Arundel, who, as Earl Marshal of England, had recently escorted the ill-starred Marie de Medicis to the Continent on her way to Cologne.<sup>1</sup> In Arundel's train Evelyn ultimately returned home, reaching his lodgings in the Temple on the 14th October, 1641.<sup>2</sup>

By this time he was one-and-twenty, and the civil war had begun in earnest. For the next few months he alternated between Wotton and London, "studying a little, but dancing and fooling more."<sup>3</sup> Then he was all but engulfed in the national struggle. In November he set out to join the royal forces. But the same fate overtook him which he had suffered at Gennep. He arrived when the battle of Brentford was over; and the King, in spite of his success, was about to retire upon Oxford. The not-wholly-explicit sequel must be given in his own words. "I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat, but was not permitted<sup>4</sup> to stay longer than the 15th [the battle had taken place on the 12th] by reason of the army marching to Gloucester [Oxford?]; which would have left both me and my brothers exposed to ruin, without any advantage to his Majesty."<sup>5</sup> He accordingly rode back to Wotton, where, "resolving to possess himself in some quiet, if it might be,"<sup>6</sup> he devoted his energies, with his elder brother's permission, to building a study, digging a fish-pond, contriving an island, "and some other solitudes and retirements"—"which gave the first occasion of improving them to those water-works and gardens which afterwards succeeded them, and became at that time the most famous of England."<sup>7</sup>

These anticipatory references to the yet unrealised attractions of Wotton afford another illustration of that "Memoir" character of Evelyn's *Kalendarium* to which, in the "Preface" to this volume, attention has already been drawn.<sup>8</sup> But the moment was unfavourable to "*Hortulan* pursuits"; and after sending his "black *mandee* horse and furniture" as a propitiatory offering to Charles at Oxford, and shifting for a time uneasily between London and Surrey to escape signing the Solemn League and Covenant, Evelyn reluctantly came once more to the conclusion that without "doing very unhandsome things," it was impracticable for him to remain in his disturbed native land. For the law he felt he had no kind of aptitude; and therefore, not to delay until—in the mixed metaphor of one of his contemporaries—"the drums and trumpets blew his gown over his ears,"<sup>9</sup> he applied for, and in October, 1643, obtained, His Majesty's licence to travel again.<sup>10</sup> This permission did not apparently, as in James Howell's case, involve a prohibition

<sup>1</sup> P. 19.<sup>2</sup> P. 25.<sup>3</sup> P. 25.

<sup>4</sup> By whom?—is a not unreasonable question. Bray, however, puts the matter more intelligibly:—"After the battle there [at Brentford] he desisted, considering that his brother's, as well as his own estates, were so near London as to be fully in the power of the Parliament" (*Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1827, i. xv.).

<sup>5</sup> P. 25.<sup>6</sup> P. 26.<sup>7</sup> P. 26.<sup>8</sup> P. viii.

<sup>9</sup> Sir John Bramston (*Autobiography*, 1845, p. 103).

<sup>10</sup> P. 26.

to visit that contagious centre of Romanism, Rome, since Evelyn later spent several months there. His travelling companion, on this second occasion, was his Balliol friend Thicknesse, not as yet ejected from his fellowship for loyalty. He subsequently speaks of other and later "fellow-travellers in Italy"—Lord Bruce, Mr. J. Crafford, Mr. Thomas Henshaw, Mr. Francis Bramston, etc. But of his *compagnons de voyage* we hear little in his chronicle, and it is more convenient in general to speak of him as if he were alone.

Setting out from the Tower wharf on the 9th November, he made perilous passage "in a pair of oars" and "a hideous storm" to Sittingbourne. Thence he went by post to Dover, and so to Calais. From Calais, after inspecting—like most of his countrymen—the "relics of our former dominion," he proceeded to Boulogne, narrowly escaping drowning in crossing a swollen river. Pushing forward, not without apprehension of the predatory Spanish "volunteers," he came by Montreuil and Abbeville to Beauvais, and that "dormitory of the French Kings," St. Denis. Here, in the Abbey Church, he surveyed, with respectful incredulity, the portrait of the Queen of Sheba, the lantern of Judas Iscariot, the drinking-cup of Solomon, and the other "equally authentic toys" of that time-honoured collection. About five on a December afternoon he arrived at Paris.

After a preliminary visit to the English Resident, Sir Richard Browne, Evelyn began his round of the Gallic capital, rejoicing in the superiority of the French freestone to the English cobbles, and visiting the different churches, palaces, public buildings, and private collections. In this way he saw Notre Dame, the Tuileries, the Palais Cardinal, the Luxembourg, St. Germain and Fontainebleau, noting the pictures and curiosities, and not forgetting the puppet-players at the Pont Neuf, or Monsieur du Plessis' celebrated Academy for riding the "great horse"<sup>1</sup> (*i.e.* charger or war-horse), where, in addition, young gentlemen were taught "to fence, dance, play on music, and something in fortification and the mathematics,"<sup>2</sup>—all of which accomplishments (according to Howell) might be acquired for 150 pistoles, or about £110 per annum, lodging and diet included. He also assisted at a review of twenty thousand men in the Bois de Boulogne. Acting upon Howell's injunctions,<sup>3</sup> he duly scaled the Tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie in order to get a bird's-eye view of the old, populous, picturesque, malodorous Paris of the seventeenth century, lying securely within the zigzag of its outworks, and traversed by the shining Seine. Hard by, at the churchyard of the Innocents, he watched the busy scribes, with tombstones for tables, incessantly scratching letters for "poor maids and other ignorant people who come to them for advice."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Riding the great horse" was part of a seventeenth-century gentleman's education. "The exercises I chiefly used,"—says Lord Herbert of Cherbury,— "and most recommend to my posterity, were riding the great horse and fencing" (*Life*, Sidney Lee's edition, 1886, p. 68). His brother also refers to this:—"Every morning that he [the country gentleman] is at home, he must either ride the Great Horse, or exercise some of his Military gestures" (*The Country Parson*, 1652, by George Herbert, Beeching's edition, 1898, p. 132). More than fifty years later, Addison's Tory Foxhunter counted "riding the great horse" as one of the useless gains of travel (*Freeholder*, 5th March, 1716).

<sup>2</sup> P. 42. George Herbert also "commends the Mathematicks," as well as the two noble branches thereof, "of Fortification and Navigation" (*The Country Parson*, Beeching's edition, 1898, p. 133).

<sup>3</sup> *Forreine Travel*, 1642, Sect. iii.

<sup>4</sup> P. 41.

But Evelyn's "Grand Tour" occupies about a third of his chronicle, and it is needless here to do more than retrace briefly what he would have called his *itinerarium*. In April, 1644, after a short excursion into Normandy, he set out for Orleans. From Orleans he went to Blois; from Blois to Tours, where he stayed five months, learning French and playing "pell-mell"<sup>1</sup> in the "noblest Mall" in Europe. Then he fared southward by Lyons and the Rhone to Avignon, and so to Aix and Marseilles. From Marseilles and its galleys he turned his face eastward, passing from Genoa through Pisa, Leghorn, and Florence to Rome. One of the things he noted on the Italian coast was the scent of orange, citron, and jasmine, floating seaward for miles,—a fragrant memory afterwards recalled in the dedication of his *Fumifugium*.<sup>2</sup> At Rome he stayed seven months, studying antiquities "very pragmatically" (by which he apparently means no more than "assiduously" or "systematically"),<sup>3</sup> making acquaintance with the more reputable English residents; visiting, as was his wont, churches and palaces; and accumulating books, bustos, pictures, and medals. Nor did his restless curiosity neglect the tournaments or the sessions of the *Humoristi*,—the concerts at the Chiesa Nuova or those now discontinued sermons to the Jews at Ponte Sisto which Browning has perpetuated in "Holy Cross Day." Indeed, in the last case, he actually stood sponsor to two of the pretended converts. From Rome he travelled by Vesuvius and Baiae to Naples, the *ne plus ultra* of his wanderings, "since from the report of divers experienced and curious persons, he had been assured there was little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world, after Italy, France, Flanders, and the Low Countries, but plain and prodigious barbarism."<sup>4</sup> This singular conclusion, however, did not prevent his planning later to start for the Holy Land, to which end he took his passage, thoughtfully laying in a store of drugs and needments in case of sickness. But the vessel in which he proposed to embark was pressed for the war with the already unspeakable Turk, and the project came to an end.<sup>5</sup>

By the time he had reached Venice, it was June 1645; and between Venice and Padua, notwithstanding his satiety of "rolling up and down," he spent much of his time until the spring of the next year. At Venice, where he narrowly escaped a serious illness from an inexperienced use of the hot bath, he was fortunate enough to witness the marriage of the Doge and the Adriatic; and he was highly diverted by the humours of the Carnival, the nightingale cages in the Merceria, and the inordinate *chopines* and variegated tresses of the Venetian ladies, among whom he must have made some acquaintances, since he relates that, when escorting a gentlewoman to her gondola after a supper at the English Consul's, he was honoured by a couple of musket-shots from another boat containing a noble Venetian, whose curtailed privacy he was unwittingly deranging.<sup>6</sup> At Padua, where he had a sharp attack of *angina*, he attended the anatomical lectures of the learned Veslingius, from whom he purchased the series of Tables of Veins and Arteries later known as the *Tabulæ Evelinianæ*, and finally presented by him to the Royal Society.<sup>7</sup> At

<sup>1</sup> This is succinctly defined in the *Globe Pepys* as "an early form of croquet, derived from France, where the game (*jeu de mail*, *palemail*, i.e. in etymology *pila* and *malleus*) had been long in vogue (see Jusserand, *Les sports et jeux d'exercice*, Paris, 1901, p. 304, etc.). The place at St. James's Park where it used to be played has given the name Pall Mall (cf. *rue du Mail*, in Paris)."

<sup>2</sup> P. 53.    <sup>3</sup> P. 63.    <sup>4</sup> P. 98.    <sup>5</sup> P. 122.    <sup>6</sup> P. 129.    <sup>7</sup> Pp. 129, 260.

Padua, too, he was elected a Syndicus Artistarum, a dignity he declined as being "too chargeable," as well as a hindrance to his movements. Shortly after this he parted from that *nominis umbra* of the *Memoirs*, his "dear friend and till now constant fellow-traveller," Mr. Thicknesse, who was obliged to return to England.<sup>1</sup>

In March, 1646, Evelyn himself set out homeward, in company with Edmund Waller the poet, Mr. John Abdy,<sup>2</sup> and Captain Wray, who, as "a good drinking gentleman," was not a very desirable addition to a decorous party. At Milan Evelyn's enthusiasm for art had like to have had grave consequences, for venturing too far into the apartments of the Governor, he ran some risk of being arrested for a spy.<sup>3</sup> Another Milan experience was actually tragic. Invited with his friends to visit a wealthy Scotch resident, and very hospitably entreated, the host subsequently took his guests into his stable to exhibit his stud. Mounting an unbroken horse, when somewhat flown with wine, the animal fell upon him, injuring him so severely that he died a few days afterwards, a sequel which, in a land of Inquisition, had the effect of precipitating the departure of the travellers from the Lombard capital.<sup>4</sup> They set out over the Simplon, "through strange, horrid, and fearful crags and tracts, abounding in pine trees, and only inhabited by bears, wolves, and wild goats," to Geneva. Here Evelyn visited Giovanni Deodati, the translator of the Bible, and the uncle of that Charles Deodati whose premature death prompted Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis*.<sup>5</sup> Then, having been put at Bouveret into a bed recently vacated by a sick girl, he contracted or developed small-pox, which kept him a prisoner to his chamber for five weeks. His Genevese nurse was "a vigilant Swiss matron," with a goitre, which, when he occasionally woke from his uneasy slumbers, had a most portentous effect. Not long afterwards, he set out down the Rhone in a boat to Lyons. At Roanne the party took boat again; and so by Nevers to Orleans. "Sometimes, we footed it through pleasant fields and meadows; sometimes, we shot at fowls, and other birds; nothing came amiss: sometimes, we played at cards, whilst others sung, or were composing verses; for we had the great poet, Mr. Waller, in our company, and some other ingenious persons."<sup>6</sup> By October they reached Paris, the end of their pilgrimage, which had occupied Evelyn three years. His expenses—it may be noted—including tutors, servants, and outlay for curios, etc., averaged £300 per annum. This is rather under the estimate of the judicious Howell;<sup>7</sup> but it must be remembered that, in 1646, £300 represented a good deal more than it does now.

Even in his boyish days—it has been said—"gardens and curiosities" had an especial attraction for Evelyn; and gardens and curiosities, if not the main interest of his foreign travels, continued to engross much of his attention. Statues and pictures and antiquities he studies carefully and intelligently; but his real enthusiasm is reserved for those things to which, already at Wotton, he had manifested that inborn leaning which Emerson regarded as the chiefest

<sup>1</sup> P. 127.

<sup>2</sup> Consul for the English at Padua, 1646-47. He was subsequently created a Baronet, and died in 1662.

<sup>3</sup> P. 133.

<sup>4</sup> P. 136.

<sup>5</sup> P. 141.

<sup>6</sup> P. 144.

<sup>7</sup> *Forreine Travel*, 1642, Sect. iv. (See also p. 447.) In 1760, it cost young Jacob Houblon nearly £4000 for three years (*The Houblon Family*, by Lady Alice Archer Houblon, 1907, ii. 83).

gift of Fortune. For scenery and landscape, except when conventionally clipped and combed, he really cares but little. Mountains to him are terrifying objects, only to be qualified by highly Latinised adjectives. He must always be remembered as the traveller who found but "hideous rocks" and "gloomy precipices" in the Forest of Fontainebleau;—the traveller to whom the Alps seemed no more than the piled-up sweepings of the Plain of Lombardy. Had he lived in Waverley's day, it is obvious that he would have preferred the grotesque bears and pleached evergreens of Tully-veolan to the wildest passes in the realm of Vich Ian Vohr. But let him come across a "trim garden" and his style expands like a sunflower. He is "extraordinarily delighted" with its geometric formalities,—its topiary *tours de force*,—its ingenious surprises. He rejoices in the "artificial echo" which, when "some fair nymph sings to its grateful returns," redoubles her canorous notes; in the "spinning basilisk" that flings a jetto fifty feet high at the bidding of the fountainer; in the "extravagant musketeers" who deluge the passing stranger with streams from their carbines; in that "agreeable cheat" of the painted Arch of Constantine at Rueil against which birds dash themselves to death in the attempt to fly through. He is "infinitely taken" with the innumerable pet tortoises of Gaston of Orleans; with the still fish-ponds and their secular carp; with the "apiaries" and "volaries" and "rupellary nidaries" (for water-fowl); with all the endless "labyrinths" and "cryptas" and "perspectives,"—the avenues and parterres and cascades and terraces, which the genius of André le Nôtre had invented to match the architecture of François Mansard. Of these things, and of that horticulture which Bacon calls "the Purest of Humane pleasures," and "the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man,"<sup>1</sup> he never grows weary. "I beseech you"—he writes later to one about to travel—"I beseech you forget not to inform yourself as diligently as may be, in things that belong to Gardening, for that will serve both yourself and your friends for an infinite diversion."<sup>2</sup> Here speaks the coming author of the *Kalendarium Hortense*,—the projector of the all-embracing and never-to-be-ended *Elysium Britannicum*.

This practical and educational aspect of the Grand Tour is another and not less noteworthy feature of Evelyn's Continental journeyings. For him they were emphatically means to an end,—an end of graver import than that "vanity of the eye only, which to other travellers has usually been the temptation of making tours."<sup>3</sup> His experiences correspond almost exactly to the *Wanderjahre* with which the apprentices of the day rounded off their apprenticeship, only in Evelyn's case it was an apprenticeship to the business of living. He brought back none of these "foppish fancies, foolish guises and disguises," against which honest Samuel Purchas inveighs in the "Preface" to his *Pilgrimes*. On the contrary, he had acted entirely in the spirit of that *Omnia explorate: meliora retinete* of St. Paul, which he had chosen for his motto. He had largely increased his knowledge of foreign tongues; he had made no mean progress in natural philosophy; he had learned something of music and drawing; and he had taken much "agreeable toil" among ruins and antiquities, and "the cabinets and curiosities of the virtuosi."<sup>4</sup> Better still, he had come "to know men, customs, courts, and disciplines, and whatsoever superior excellencies the places afford, befitting a person of birth and

<sup>1</sup> *Essay* xlv. — "Of Gardens."

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Mr. Maddox, 10th January, 1657.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> Letter to Thomas Henshaw, 1st March, 1698.



noble impressions." The quotation may be continued, applying the words, which, though not written of himself, are his, to his own case. "This is the fruit of travel: thus our incomparable Sidney was bred; <sup>1</sup> and this, *tanquam Minerva Phidia*, sets the crown upon his perfections when a gallant man shall return with religion and courage, knowledge and modesty, without pedantry, without affectation, material and serious, to the contentment of his relations, the glory of his family, the star and ornament of his age. This is truly to give a citizen to his country."<sup>2</sup>

## II

With the conclusion of his Grand Tour, Evelyn ceased to be what he styles an *individuum vagum*, or—in the words of the Psalmist—"like a wheel" for rolling.<sup>3</sup> To the close of his career he continued to recall with pleasure the days when he had wandered abroad, not "to count steeples" but for edification. Yet though he more than once, in the next few years, passed between London and Paris, he never again visited the Continent as a *bona-fide* traveller. In the meantime, his first weeks in the French capital were spent idly enough. Like Byron at Venice, however, he soon found the want of "something craggy to break his mind upon"; and he began to study Spanish and High Dutch, both of which things would be of use to him when, later, he came to write the history of the second war with Holland. He also "refreshed" his dancing, and other neglected exercises "not in much reputation amongst the sober Italians."<sup>4</sup> He frequented the chemistry course of M. Nicasius Lefevre, afterwards apothecary to Charles II., and ("though to small perfection") took lessons on the lute from Mercure.<sup>5</sup> Finally—and perhaps consequently—he fell in love, —the lady being Mary, sole daughter and heiress of the English Resident, Sir Richard Browne. She was certainly rather young (for these days), if her tombstone at Wotton Church correctly describes her as in her seventy-fourth year in 1709, which would make her between twelve and thirteen. Be this as it may, they were married at the chapel of the Embassy on Thursday, the 27th June, 1647, when the Paris streets were gay with the images and flowers and tapestry of the feast of Corpus Christi.<sup>6</sup> The officiating clergyman was Dr. John Earle of the *Micro-cosmographie*, then an exile for his adherence to the Stuarts. The union, which was an entirely happy one, lasted for more than fifty-eight years. There will be something to say of Mary Evelyn hereafter. It is only needful now to recall her own words in her will, when she desired to be laid beside the husband she survived. "His care of my education"—she says—"was such as might become a father, a lover, a friend, and husband ;

<sup>1</sup> Sir Philip Sidney was a distinguished and early Grand Tourist, having, like Evelyn, his permit from the Crown. In 1572 Elizabeth granted to "her trusty and well-beloved Philip Sidney, Esq., to go out of England into parts beyond the sea, with three servants and four horses, etc., to remain the space of two years immediately following his departure out of the realm, for the obtaining the knowledge of foreign languages" (Symonds' *Sidney*, 1886, p. 23).

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn to Edward Thurland, 8th November, 1658. He had already enlarged upon this topic in the "Preface" to the *State of France*, 1652.

<sup>3</sup> Sterne professed to regard this as an anticipation of "the *grand tour*, and that restless spirit for making it, which *David* prophetically foresaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days" (*Tristram Shandy*, vol. vii. ch. 13).

<sup>4</sup> P. 144.

<sup>5</sup> P. 144.

<sup>6</sup> P. 145.

for instruction, tenderness, affection & fidelity to the last moment of his life; which obligation I mention with a gratitude to his memory, ever dear to me; & I must not omit to own the sense I have of my Parents' care & goodness in placing me in such worthy hands."<sup>1</sup>

Not long after his marriage, Evelyn's affairs carried him to England; and in October, 1647, he left his young wife in charge of her "prudent mother." One of his earliest visits was to King Charles, then the prisoner of Cromwell at Hampton Court; but, as Lucy Hutchinson reports, "rather in the condition of a guarded and attended prince, than as a conquered and purchased captive."<sup>2</sup> Evelyn gave the King an account of "several things he had in charge"—doubtless commissions from Henrietta Maria and Prince Charles, then domiciled at St. Germain. He afterwards went to Sayes Court, a house on the Thames at Deptford leased by the Crown to his father-in-law, and at this date occupied, in Sir Richard's absence, by his kinsman, William Pretymann.<sup>3</sup> At Sayes Court Evelyn appears to have stayed frequently,<sup>4</sup> and in January, 1649, took up his residence there.<sup>5</sup> Most of the intervening months of 1648 must have been occupied by an extremely hazardous correspondence in cypher with Browne at Paris, carried on over the signature of "Aplanos."<sup>6</sup> In January, 1649, too, he published his first book, a translation of the *Liberty and Servitude* of Molière's friend, François de La Mothe Le Vayer, for the Preface of which (he says) "I was severely threatened."<sup>7</sup> The peccant passages in the eyes of the authorities were doubtless those which declared that "never was there either heard or read of a more equal and excellent form of government than that under w<sup>ch</sup> we ourselves have lived, during the reign of our most gracious Sovereigne's Halcion daies," and with this was contrasted "that impious *impostoria pila*, so frequently of late exhibited and held forth to the people, whilst (in the meane time) indeed, it is thrown into the hands of a few private persons." The book was issued only a day or two before "his Majesty's decollation" (30th January, 1649),<sup>8</sup> of which "execrable wickedness" Evelyn could not bring himself to become an eye-witness.<sup>9</sup>

Among the collateral results of the King's death was the seizure as Crown property of Sayes Court, to be forthwith surveyed and sold for state requirements. These things must have been in progress when, in July 1649, after an absence in England of a year and a half, Evelyn returned to Paris. He was well received by the members of the exiled royal family, and appears to have been on terms of intimacy with Clarendon (then Sir Edward Hyde), Ormonde, Newcastle, St. Albans, Waller, Hobbes, Denham, and most of the illustrious fugitives assembled at St. Germain. Perhaps the most interesting event of this not very eventful period in Evelyn's biography was his connection with the artist, Robert Nanteuil, who drew and engraved his portrait; and from whom he took lessons in etching and engraving. Nanteuil's picture represents him in his younger days, with loose Cavalier locks hanging about a grave, pensive face, and with his cloak worn "bawdrike-wise"—as Montaigne says. In the summer of 1650 he paid a brief visit to England, again for affairs,

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of John Evelyn, etc.*, 1827, iv. 444.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, 1863, p. 305. See also p. 145.

<sup>3</sup> P. 145.

<sup>4</sup> Letters of "Aplanos" (see note 6) to Sir Richard Browne, 21st April and 18th December, 1648.

<sup>5</sup> P. 147.

<sup>6</sup> P. 148. The cypher used is in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 15837).

<sup>7</sup> P. 147. <sup>8</sup> *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 3, 5, 6.

<sup>9</sup> P. 147.

returning speedily to Paris. After Cromwell's "crowning mercy" of Worcester, any change for the better seeming out of the question, he decided to settle in England; and if practicable, endeavour to arrive at some arrangement with the existing possessors of Sayes Court. In this course he had both the concurrence of his father-in-law and the countenance of his compliant Majesty Charles II., who promised, whenever the ways were open, to secure to him in fee-farm any part of the property which might come back to the Crown,—a promise which, it is perhaps needless to add, was not performed. But as the outcome of Evelyn's negotiations, he eventually acquired possession of Sayes Court and some adjoining lands for £3500, the "sealing, livery and seisin" being effected on the 22nd February, 1653.<sup>1</sup> Already he had begun to plant and lay out the grounds; and for some years his records contain dispersed references to the gradual transformation of what had been a rude orchard and field of a hundred acres into that eminently "boscaresque" combination of garden, walks, groves, enclosures, and plantations, which so soon became the admiration of the neighbourhood.<sup>2</sup>

In June, 1652, Evelyn was at last joined by his wife, who, accompanied by her mother, Lady Browne, arrived from Paris, not without apprehensions of capture by the Dutch fleet, then hovering near our coasts. After being three days at sea, she landed at Rye; and Evelyn promptly established her at Tunbridge, to careen;<sup>3</sup> while he himself hastened forward to prepare Sayes Court for her reception. It was on his way thither that he was robbed at the Procession Oak near Bromley, in the way recounted in the *Diary*.<sup>4</sup> In the following autumn Lady Browne died of scarlet fever, and was buried at St. Nicholas, Deptford. From this time forth, after carrying his wife upon a long round of visits among her relatives, Evelyn remained quietly at home, developing and improving his estate; occupying himself in study and meditation; and diligently performing such religious exercises as were possible in days when the parish pulpits, for the most part, were given over to "Independents and Fanatics," and the Prayer Book and Sacraments were proscribed.<sup>5</sup> Four sons were born to him at this period,<sup>6</sup> of whom one only, John, survived childhood. The eldest, Richard, a "dearest, strangest miracle

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 165 and 171.

<sup>2</sup> "The hithermost Grove"—says a manuscript at Wotton House—"I planted about 1656; the other beyond it, 1660; the lower Grove, 1662; the holly hedge even with the Mount hedge below, 1670. I planted every hedge, and tree not only in the gardens, groves, etc., but about all the fields and house since 1653, except those large, old and hollow elms in the stable court and next the sewer; for it was before, all one pasture field to the very garden of the house, which was but small; from which time also I repaired the ruined house, and built the whole of the kitchen, the chapel, buttry, my study, above and below, cellars and all the outhouses and walls, still-house, orangerie, and made the gardens, etc., to my great cost, and better I had don to have pulled all down at first, but it was don at several times" (*Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1827, iv. 418).

<sup>3</sup> And once in seven years I'm seen  
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.

GREEN'S *Spleen*.

<sup>4</sup> Pp. 168-9.

<sup>5</sup> Pp. 148, 166, 185 and 187. Of some of the difficulties besetting the seventeenth-century "passive resister" Evelyn gives a graphic picture in the episode at Exeter Chapel, pp. 195-6. But there must have been exceptions, for he admits that, at St. Gregory's, "the ruling Powers connived at the use of the Liturgy, etc." (p. 186).

<sup>6</sup> Pp. 170, 172, 185 and 194.

of a boy," as he is styled by Jeremy Taylor, died in January, 1658, to the inexpressible grief of his parents. Of his extraordinary gifts and precocity at five years old, an ample account is given in the *Diary*, as well as in the "Epistle Dedicatory" to the *Golden Book of St. John Chrysostom, concerning the Education of Children*, in translating which the bereaved father sought consolation for his loss.<sup>1</sup> This was the period of Evelyn's friendship for Jeremy Taylor, to whose eloquent periods "concerning evangelical perfection" he had listened admiringly at St. Gregory's in St. Paul's Churchyard, and whom he had subsequently taken to be his "ghostly father."<sup>2</sup> Many of the letters which passed between them at this date are of the highest interest as throwing light upon Evelyn's devout and serious nature; and there is little doubt that his sympathy and pecuniary assistance<sup>3</sup> were freely bestowed upon Taylor in those troublous days, when, in the Preface to *The Golden Grove*, he praised "Episcopal Government," and denounced the "impertinent and ignorant preachers" who filled the pulpits of the Parliament.<sup>4</sup>

The version of St. Chrysostom above referred to was by no means Evelyn's only literary production before the Restoration. Early in 1652, he had published a letter to a friend on *The State of France*, prefaced by some excellent remarks and suggestions concerning the uses of foreign travel; and giving a minute account of that country in the ninth year of the reign of Louis XIV. Professedly, it is a conventional record of the kind which all visitors to the Continent were exhorted by their Governors to compile; but it is exceptionally concise and careful. In 1656 this was succeeded by a translation, "to charm his anxious thoughts during those sad and calamitous times," of the first book of Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura*,—a task at first not wholly to the taste of his "ghostly father," who, lest the work should "minister indirectly to error," enjoined him to supply "a sufficient antidote" either by notes or preface. For the *Lucretius*, Mrs. Evelyn, who was a pretty artist, designed a frontispiece, which Hollar engraved.<sup>5</sup> The *Chrysostom*, which came next, was followed in December, 1658,<sup>6</sup> by another translation, undertaken at the instance of Evelyn's old travelling companion, Henshaw, of the *French Gardener of Bonnefons*. From references in the "Dedication" to future treatment by its writer of the "appendices to gardens" (*i.e.* parterres, grotts, fountains, and so forth), it is plain that the "hortulan" proprietor of Sayes Court was already meditating the *Elysium Britannicum*.<sup>7</sup> Meanwhile, he bids his friend call to mind the rescript of Diocletian<sup>8</sup> to those who would persuade him to re-assume the

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 196-7 and 199.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 173, 185.

<sup>3</sup> Letter to Jeremy Taylor, 9th May, 1657, and of Taylor to Evelyn, 3rd November, 1659.

<sup>4</sup> Gosse's *Jeremy Taylor*, 1904, pp. 111, 113.

<sup>5</sup> P. 189. Evelyn never pursued this task, though Taylor seems to have afterwards encouraged him to do so. On one of his "ghostly father's" letters to this effect (15th September, 1656), he wrote in pencil, "I would be none of y<sup>e</sup> *Ingeniosi malo publico*" (see also letter to Meric Casaubon, 15th July, 1674).

<sup>6</sup> P. 200.

<sup>7</sup> See Appendix VII.

<sup>8</sup> Cowley works this rescript into the closing strophe of *The Garden*, which he addressed to Evelyn from Chertsey in August, 1666:—

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk  
In the Salonian gardens noble shade,  
Wh' by his own Imperial hands was made.  
I see him smile, methinks, as hee does talk  
Wh' the Ambassadors who come in vain  
T'entice him to a throne again :

empire. "For it is impossible that he who is a true *virtuoso*, and has attained to the felicity of being a good gardener, should give jealousy to the State where he lives."<sup>1</sup>

The *French Gardener* went through several editions. After this came, in 1659, a tract entitled *A Character of England*, purporting to be translated from the French of a recent visitor to this country. In this Evelyn briskly "perstrings" some of the national shortcomings,—the discourtesy to strangers, the familiarity of the innkeepers, the "inartificial congestion" of the houses, the irregularities of public worship, the fogs, the drinking, the cards, the tedium of visits and the lack of ceremony, to some of which things we shall find him afterwards return.<sup>2</sup> *A Character of England* was promptly replied to, with many "sordid reproaches" of the supposed foreign critic, in a scurrilous pamphlet entitled *Gallus Castratus*. To this impertinent "whiffler" Evelyn rejoined in a brief vindictory letter prefixed to his third edition. But whatever may be thought as to the justice or injustice of his strictures, it is notable that they were, in some measure, reiterated, not many years afterwards, by a genuine French traveller, M. Samuel de Sorbières,<sup>3</sup> who, in his turn, was angrily assailed by Sprat.

Evelyn's vindication is dated 24th June, 1659; and his next notable, though unpublished, utterance was a proposal embodied in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, for erecting "a philosophic and mathematic college."<sup>4</sup> This was written in the following September. By this date Cromwell was dead and buried; his colourless successor had been displaced; and the Restoration was within measurable distance. Evelyn's further literary efforts were frankly royalist. The first, issued in November, 1659, was what he himself styles "a bold *Apology*" for the Royal Party.<sup>5</sup> It met with such success that a second and third edition were called for within the year. The second belongs to the *Annus Mirabilis* itself. It was an indignant retort, composed under great disadvantages, for the writer was at the time seriously unwell, to a calumnious pamphlet by Marchamont Needham, called *News from Brussels*, in which it was suggested that the exiled monarch and his adherents were animated solely by a desire to avenge their wrongs. Evelyn had little difficulty in refuting this

If I, my friends (said hee) should to you show  
All the contents which in this garden grow,  
'Tis likelier much y<sup>e</sup> you should with mee stay,  
Then 'tis y<sup>e</sup> you should carry mee away;  
And trust mee not, my friends, if every day  
I walk not here with more delight  
Than ever, after the most happy fight,  
In triumph to the Capitol I rod,  
To thank y<sup>e</sup> Gods, and to bee thought, my self almost a God.

Uccott, who prints this piece at pp. 435-42 of the *Miscellaneous Writings*, claims to have carefully corrected it from an original manuscript of Cowley, given to him by Lady Evelyn.

<sup>1</sup> *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 98.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 208, and 166, 171, and 173, etc.

<sup>3</sup> Sorbières visited England in 1663. M. Jusserand has given a delightful account of him in his *English Essays from a French Pen*, 1895, pp. 158-92. Evelyn, who did not like Sorbières, wrote to Sprat about him on the 31st October, 1664, and Pepys mentions his book under 13th of the same month.

<sup>4</sup> See Appendix III.

<sup>5</sup> P. 201.

slander,<sup>1</sup> which was, moreover, contradicted by the Declaration of Breda, and the express assurances of the leading royalists that they were "satisfied to bury all past injuries in the joy of the happy restoration of the King, Laws, and Constitution." In a few weeks the consummation so devoutly wished had been attained. Evelyn was still too ill to go himself to Holland to bring the King back, as he had been invited to do. But on the triumphant 29th of May, he stood in the Strand, and blessed God for the return of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors.<sup>2</sup>

### III

To those acquainted with the history of the next quarter of a century, the enthusiasm of such a man as John Evelyn for such a monarch as Charles the Second must seem strange. But, apart from the benefits which the Restoration brought and promised to those who had groaned under the regime of the Commonwealth, it must be remembered that the Charles of May, 1660, was not precisely the Charles who died at St. James's—"victim of his own vices"—in February, 1685. He had borne himself in exile and adversity not without a certain dignity; if he was as profligate as those about him, his profligacy had not been openly scandalous; and he had conspicuously, at all times, the facile bonhomie of the Stuarts. His love of pleasure had not yet absorbed the faculties which disappeared with the paralysis of his will-power. To Evelyn, who had known him at St. Germain, many of his tastes were congenial. Like Evelyn himself, he possessed much of what Taine calls "*la flottante et inventive curiosité du siècle*." He affected the easier and more mechanical mathematics; he dabbled in chemistry, anatomy, astronomy; he was deeply learned in shipping and sea affairs; he collected paintings, miniatures, ivories, and Japan-ware; and he delighted in planting and building. All these things were attractive to Evelyn, who was only too willing to be consulted concerning a fresh plan for reconstructing Whitehall (when funds were forthcoming); or to develop his own proposals for dispersing the ever-increasing smoke of London. With most good men, he lamented the gradual deterioration of Charles's character; and he detested alike the parasites who fostered his baser humours, and the shameless women who ministered to his lust. Yet—"reverencing king's blood in a bad man"—he never entirely relinquished his earlier impressions. "He was ever kind to me," he writes in 1685, "and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot, without ingratitude, but deplore his loss, which for many respects, as well as duty, I do with all my soul."<sup>3</sup>

For the moment, however,—the hopeful moment of May, 1660,—all was promise and rosy expectation. His Majesty was very affable to his "old acquaintance," Mr. Evelyn; and he was particularly attentive to Mrs. Evelyn,

<sup>1</sup> *The late News from Brussels unmasked, and His Majesty vindicated from the base Calumny and Scandal therein fixed on him* (Miscellaneous Writings, 1825, pp. 193-204. See also p. 203).

<sup>2</sup> P. 203.  
<sup>3</sup> Seven years later this feeling was still strong. Commenting upon the disregard, under William and Mary, of Restoration Day, he writes, "There was no notice taken of it, nor any part of the office annexed to the Common Prayer-Book made use of, which I think was ill done, in regard his [King Charles's] restoration not only redeemed us from anarchy and confusion, but restored the Church of England, as it were miraculously" (p. 428).

whom, as the daughter of the English Resident, he must also have known at Paris. He was good enough to accept politely a picture she painted for him, and he carried her into his private closet to show her his curiosities. He even talked vaguely of making her Lady of the Jewels to the new Queen who was coming from Portugal. Evelyn himself might have had the Bath; but he refused it. He did, however, obtain, though not altogether in the form he had been led to expect it (this was a not unfrequent peculiarity of His Majesty's benefactions), a lease of Sayes Court, which now reverted to the Crown.<sup>1</sup> It is clear that the King, who piqued himself on his knowledge of character, saw at once that John Evelyn, Esquire, although "a studious decliner of honours and titles," was a man likely to be useful in many extra-Court capacities. He speedily employed him in drawing up an "impartial narrative" of an affray between the French and Spanish Ambassadors on a question of precedence; he placed him on different Commissions,—Charitable Uses, Street Improvement, and the like; and finally, he nominated him a Member of the Council of that Royal Society, the founding of which, in 1662,<sup>2</sup> must always be regarded—in spite of Rochester's epigram—as an eminently "wise" proceeding on His Majesty's part. With this illustrious body Evelyn had been identified from its infancy as a Philosophic Club under the Commonwealth; and he continued to take an interest in its fortunes to the end of his life.

More than one of the works which he produced in the next few years were connected directly or indirectly with the new institution. After the regulation *Poem on His Majesty's Coronation*<sup>3</sup> (concerning which "Panegyric" we are told that the King inquired apprehensively, first, whether it was in Latin, and, secondly, whether it was long), Evelyn inscribed to Charles his already-mentioned treatise called *Fumifugium; or, the Inconvenience of the Air and Smoke of London dissipated*, in which various ingenious expedients were suggested for the remedy of a nuisance upon which the County Council of our day are still assiduously reporting.<sup>4</sup> This was a subject entirely within the purview of the Royal Society; but the book unfortunately appeared before that body had been constituted by Charter. In the "Epistle Dedicatory" to his next production, a version of Gabriel Naudé's *Avis pour dresser une Bibliothèque*,<sup>5</sup> a work which candid Mr. Pepys considered to be "above my reach," Evelyn paid a glowing tribute to his new associates, receiving their public thanks in return. The "Naudæus" was succeeded by "a little trifle of sumptuary laws," entitled *Tyrannus or the Mode*. He seems to have regarded this as the initial cause of that Persian costume, in which, a few years later, the English court amused themselves by masquerading, until the fashion-making "*Roi-Soleil*," by a supreme stroke of impertinence, put his lacqueys into similar livery, and thus gave "Mr. Spectator," in the next age, a pretext for the excellent fable of "Brunetta and Phillis."<sup>6</sup>

None of Evelyn's efforts had, however, so close a connection with the Royal Society as the two which now followed; and they are, in some respects, his most important performances. One, *Sculptura; or, the History and Art of Chalcography*, 1662<sup>7</sup> (which included an account of the so-called "new

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. xxi, and p. 282.

<sup>2</sup> P. 212.

<sup>3</sup> P. 212.

<sup>4</sup> P. 217.

<sup>5</sup> Pp. 208, 221. A pretty reprint of *Sculptura*, edited by Mr. C. F. Bell, has recently been added to the "Tudor and Stuart Library" (Clarendon Press), which includes an

<sup>6</sup> Pp. 208, 215.

<sup>7</sup> P. 214, and *Times*, 17th June, 1907.

<sup>8</sup> Pp. 217, 251-2.

Manner" of engraving in mezzotint, learned by Prince Rupert from Ludwig von Siegen), was suggested by Boyle, to whom it was inscribed. In this Evelyn combined what he had acquired from Nanteuil and Abraham Bosse with much that was the result of his own minute and learned study of the graphic arts. The other book, *Sylva*, is so generally regarded as his masterpiece that it is frequently used by his descendants as an adjective to qualify his surname. It originated in a number of queries put to the Royal Society by the Commissioners of the Navy respecting the future supply of timber for ship-building. To these Evelyn replied elaborately in October, 1662, by reading before the Society a paper on forest trees, of which they forthwith ordered the printing as their first official issue. In 1664, it duly appeared in expanded form; and its author continued to retouch it lovingly in different fresh editions. He had, moreover, the satisfaction of seeing that the "sensible and notorious decay" of his beloved country's "wooden walls" was in a measure arrested by his recommendations, for his book was thoroughly successful in its object; and there was no exaggeration on the part of the elder Disraeli, when, in an oft-quoted passage, he declared that Nelson's fleets were built from the oaks that Evelyn planted. To *Sylva*, in its printed form, its author added *Pomona*, an Appendix on *Cider*, together with a *Kalendarium Hortense; or, Gardener's Almanack*.<sup>1</sup> His only remaining effort of any moment at this date was a translation of Roland Freart's *Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern*, 1664, a work in which, as may perhaps be guessed, the claims of the Ancients were not underrated either by author or translator.<sup>2</sup> The *Parallel* was dedicated first to the King, and secondly (although Evelyn privately held him to be "a better poet than architect")<sup>3</sup> to Sir John Denham of *Cooper's Hill*, then Superintendent and Surveyor of the Crown Buildings and Works. To this book Evelyn probably owed his subsequent appointment as Commissioner for the repair of Old St. Paul's.<sup>4</sup> But his next important function of this kind was in connection with the care of the Sick and Wounded during the Dutch War.<sup>5</sup>

Of Evelyn's activity in his responsible task; of its onerous character (for most of the work fell on his district);<sup>6</sup> and of the difficulty of obtaining the needful supplies from an Exchequer depleted by Royal extravagance, the *Diary* affords abundant proof. But to the biographer, seeking the individual behind the record, perhaps the most interesting thing about this office is, that it brought Evelyn into relations with his fellow-diarist, Pepys. Of Pepys, during the ten years over which his *Diary* extends, Evelyn says never a word. But Pepys, on the contrary, mentions Evelyn several times, with the result that we get a view of Evelyn which his own chronicle does not supply. Pepys' first reference is on the 5th May, 1665—a memorable day, for Pepys had left off wearing his own hair, and taken permanently to periwigs. He visited Sayes Court, the owner being absent, and walked in the garden. "And a very noble, lovely ground he hath indeed!" writes Pepys, admiring in particular the "transparent apiary" or bee-hive which had come from that ingenious F.R.S., Dr. Wilkins of Wadham College.<sup>7</sup> Then he meets Mr. Evelyn at Captain

unpublished Second Part discovered by Professor A. H. Church in the Archives of the Royal Society, and dealing after Bosse with the use and construction of the Rolling Press.

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 224, 229, 268.

<sup>2</sup> P. 232.

<sup>3</sup> P. 216.

<sup>4</sup> P. 246.

<sup>5</sup> P. 233.

<sup>6</sup> Kent and Sussex Cp. p. 287.

<sup>7</sup> P. 176.



Cocke's (Captain Cocke was the Treasurer to the Commissioners for the Sick and Wounded), and we see Evelyn *en belle humeur*. Lord Sandwich has taken some East India prizes. "The receipt of this news did put us all into such an ecstasy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes [Mennes] and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was." Sir J. Mennes was a chartered *farceur*; but he was surpassed by Evelyn. "Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius) that I never saw any man so out-done in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth too to see himself out-done, was the crown of all our mirth."<sup>1</sup>

After this, as might be anticipated, Pepys received a complimentary copy of that Naudæus which he found above his reach. He goes to Sayes Court again, and is shown the famous holly-hedge, later so wantonly maltreated by Peter the Great.<sup>2</sup> But his account of a subsequent visit is fuller and more personal in its portraiture:—"By water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little; in distemper, in Indian ink, water-colours; graving; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzotinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty,<sup>3</sup> and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardénage;<sup>4</sup> which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be.<sup>5</sup> He showed me his *Hortus Hyemalis*;<sup>6</sup> leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than any herbal. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in a grate [*cage*], and being pecked by an eagle that was there."<sup>7</sup>

Evelyn was ten years older than the Clerk of the Acts, and it is easy to see that the ice as yet was only partially broken. Upon his next visit,<sup>8</sup> after some "most excellent discourse," Evelyn presents his new acquaintance with the ledger kept by a previous Treasurer of the Navy, a relic which is still to be seen in the British Museum.<sup>9</sup> Upon another occasion, in Lord Brouncker's coach, Evelyn develops to Pepys his project of an Infirmary,<sup>10</sup> and deplores

<sup>1</sup> Pepys' *Diary*, 10th September, 1665. Sir John Mennes, 1599-1671, was co-publisher with Dr. James Smith of *Wits Recreations*, 1640, and *Musarum Deliciae*, 1655.

<sup>2</sup> Pepys' *Diary*, 5th October, 1665; and p. 445.

<sup>3</sup> P. 221.

<sup>4</sup> P. 478.

<sup>5</sup> This may have been the tragi-comedy of *Thyrsander*, still said to be at Wotton. It was certainly written at this date, for Evelyn refers to it in a letter to Lord Cornbury of 9th February, 1665. Of the other dramatic efforts mentioned by Pepys no particulars are given. It would be interesting to know if Evelyn anticipated Fontenelle, and wrote upon Abdalonymus, the gardener king of Sidon. Or he might have taken Diocletian for his hero. (See *ante*, p. xxii. n.)

<sup>6</sup> P. 126.

<sup>7</sup> Pepys' *Diary*, 5th November, 1665.

<sup>8</sup> 24th November, 1665.

<sup>9</sup> *Globe Pepys*, by Professor G. Gregory Smith, 1905, p. 357.

<sup>10</sup> 29th January, 1666.

the vanity and vices of the Court, therein proving himself "a most worthy person."<sup>1</sup> Once more he goes to Sayes Court, and wanders about the garden. By this time they are friends. "The more I know him, the more I love him," he says of its owner.<sup>2</sup> But his longest and most important record comes on the 26th April, 1667, when he walks for two hours with Evelyn at Whitehall, "talking of the badness of the Government, where nothing but wickedness, and wicked men and women command the King: that it is not in his nature to gainsay anything that relates to his pleasures; that much of it arises from the sickness of our Ministers of State, who cannot be about him as the idle companions are, and therefore he gives way to the young rogues; and then, from the negligence of the Clergy, that a Bishop shall never be seen about him, as the King of France hath always"—a sovereign for whom Evelyn seems at this date to have entertained a qualified respect, although he comes afterwards, under the date of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to stigmatise him as the inhuman "French tyrant."<sup>3</sup> The main topic of conversation, however,—at all events the topic upon which Pepys lingers with the greatest particularity—is the then recent marriage of the *belle Stewart*—that most radiant of all the Hampton Court Gallery—to the third Duke of Richmond. Evelyn manifestly had a better opinion of her than most of her contemporaries; and his testimony (as Lord Braybrooke says) is not to be disregarded.<sup>4</sup> There are later interviews, in which the talk is mainly of "the times," "our ruin approaching," and "the folly of the King." But upon all this intercourse—as already observed—Evelyn keeps silence. Yet, without the record of Pepys, we should miss a valuable sidelight upon Evelyn himself. It is plain that if he had condescended to "enliven his Character,"—as Steele once said,—he might have done so without difficulty.

## IV

Pepys' *Diary* finishes on the 31st May, 1669; and his last reference to Evelyn comes at the end of the preceding March.<sup>5</sup> Between May, 1665, when he first mentions him, and May, 1669, History had been busily making itself. It was the period of the second Dutch War,—of the Plague and Fire,—of the fall of Clarendon,—of the negotiations for that discreditable Treaty of Dover

<sup>1</sup> Even Pepys—it may be noted—though not by any means a Cato, drew the line at the "profane and abominable lives" of the Caroline Court.

<sup>2</sup> 29th April, 1666.

<sup>3</sup> See pp. 384, 400.

<sup>4</sup> She "managed after all"—says the King's latest and best biographer—"to rise so far above her sisters as to leave her virtue an open question, and to become, as Duchess of Richmond, an 'honest woman'" (Airy's *Charles II.*, 1904, p. 194).

<sup>5</sup> Evelyn's earliest mention of Pepys comes under 10th June, 1669. On the 19th February, 1671, he speaks of him as "an extraordinary ingenious, and knowing person." But the chief allusions to him are later. He visits him in the Tower, 4th June, 1679; on 15th September, 1685, he goes with him to Portsmouth; on the 2nd October following, Pepys shows him proof of Charles being a Catholic. In July, 1689, he sits to Kneller for his portrait at Pepys' request; on the 24th June, 1690, he dines with him before his committal to the Gatehouse. Under 23rd September, 1700, is a record of his visiting Pepys at "Paradisian Clapham"; and there is a laudatory entry about Pepys' death on 26th May, 1703, not long before Evelyn's own decease. Several interesting letters from Evelyn are included in the *Pepys Correspondence*. The last, dated as late as 20th January, 1703, gives a pleasant account of Evelyn's grandson and heir, and records his own impressions of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, which he has just received from the author's son.

which made Charles the pensioner of France. Most of these things leave their mark in Evelyn's chronicle, and the Dutch war, in particular, kept him continuously occupied in duties which even the Plague could not interrupt,—a fact fully acknowledged both by the King and the Duke of York.<sup>1</sup> After the Fire he promptly presented His Majesty with a plan for rebuilding the city; and he seems also to have been the first to suggest that the “monstrous folio” of Lieuwe van Aitzema on the war,<sup>2</sup> then in progress at the Hague, should be confuted by some competent English historian,—a suggestion which, perhaps not unnaturally, recoiled upon himself.<sup>3</sup> In 1670 he was actively at work upon this task, by the King's command. In August of the next year the “Preface” was despatched to the Lord Treasurer, and Evelyn says further that what he has written of the book itself will make, at the least, eight hundred or a thousand folio pages.<sup>4</sup> Nothing but the “Preface,” however, saw the light. This was issued rather tardily in 1674, with the title *Navigation and Commerce, their Original and Progress*. Unluckily, the Treaty of Breda, which it should have preceded, had just been concluded, and the book was suppressed at the instance of the Dutch Ambassador,<sup>5</sup> who protested against what had been said concerning the Flags and Fishery. According to Evelyn, the offending passages were really but a milder version of what the King had himself supplied. The rest of the book, which was afterwards lent in MS. to Pepys, probably in connection with his projected *Navalia*,<sup>6</sup> was never reclaimed by Evelyn; and Bray sought for it fruitlessly among the Pepysian Collection at Cambridge.<sup>7</sup> It is now held to be lost. There is always a temptation to overestimate the importance of the unborn in literature; but Evelyn's absolute honesty, his patriotism, his intimate knowledge of the facts, not less than his literary ability, certainly justify some regret that his *History of the Dutch War* never came to be included among his published works.

From 1670 to 1674, the *History of the Dutch War* must have engrossed Evelyn's best energies. But between 1670 and the earlier publication of *Sylva* had appeared a few minor efforts which require brief notice. One was the translation entitled the *Mystery of Jesuitism*, referred to at pp. 234-5, a copy of which, presented to the Master of the Revels, Sir Henry Herbert, is to be found in the British Museum, and is possibly the identical volume which the King carried for two days in his pocket.<sup>8</sup> Another was a Preface to the *English Vineyard Vindicated* of the King's Gardener, John Rose, 1666. More memorable than either of these is the tract entitled *Publick Employment and an Active Life . . . Prefer'd to Solitude*, 1667, an answer to “a moral Essay” taking the opposite view by a Scotch Advocate, Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh.<sup>9</sup> It is at first sight strange to find Evelyn, with his love for “solitudes”

<sup>1</sup> P. 242.

<sup>2</sup> *Saken van Staet en Oorlogh*, 1669-72.

<sup>3</sup> P. 265.

<sup>4</sup> Letters to Sir Thomas Clifford (Lord High Treasurer), 20th January, 1670, and 31st August, 1671.

<sup>5</sup> That is,—it was formally suppressed, a course which “turned much to the advantage” of Benjamin Tooke, the stationer, who sold it freely *sub rosa* (p. 295). Pepys, it may here be noted, upon the recommendation of Mr. Coventry, had meditated a “History of the late Dutch War”—i.e. the first (1651-54). It “sorts mightily with my genius,” he writes on 13th June, 1664, “and, if done well, may recommend me much.”

<sup>6</sup> P. 456.

<sup>7</sup> Letter to Samuel Pepys, 6th December, 1681; Evelyn's *Memoirs*, by Bray, 1827, i., xxv.

<sup>8</sup> P. 235.

<sup>9</sup> P. 254.

and "retirements," on what is apparently the wrong side in the argument. But the discussion is frankly academic, and the "war"—as he says in his "Preface"—"innocent." "I conjure you"—he writes to Cowley—"to believe that I am still of the same mind, and there is no person alive who does more honour and breathe after the life and repose you so happily cultivate and adorn by your example."<sup>1</sup> Sir Roger de Coverley's decision that much may be said on both sides would probably have sufficed; but Horace Walpole, always sympathetic to Evelyn, puts the matter in a nutshell:—"He [Evelyn] knew that retirement in his own hands was industry and benefit to mankind; but in those of others, laziness and inutility."<sup>2</sup> After the *Essay on Solitude* the only works which preceded the Dutch War were a preface to a fresh translation of Freart on the *Perfection of Painting*, 1668,<sup>3</sup> and an honest attempt to expose fraud—the *History of the Three late Famous Impostors*, Padre Ottomano, Mahomed Bei, and Sabatai Sevi—the last being a pretended Messiah.<sup>4</sup>

The *History of the Impostors* belongs to 1669; and for literary purposes the next four years, as already stated, were absorbed by the chronicle of the Dutch War. In the ten years which intervened between the issue of *Navigation and Commerce* and the death of Charles in 1685, Evelyn published nothing but *Terra*, a "philosophical discourse" treating of the earth in relation to vegetation and planting, which he had read before the Royal Society in April, 1675.<sup>5</sup> The story of his life, as revealed by his records, may therefore be resumed without interruption. In 1667 he was consulted, mainly on account of his *Fumifugium*, as to some substitute for the lack of fuel then being seriously felt;<sup>6</sup> and in the same year he was allied with a certain projecting Sir John Kiviet, a Dutchman, in a scheme for facing the Thames, from the Temple to the Tower, with clinker bricks, a collaboration by which (according to Pepys) he lost £500.<sup>7</sup> In 1667 also he managed to induce Mr. Henry Howard (afterwards Duke of Norfolk) to transfer the famous *Marmora Arundeliana* collected by his grandfather, the old Earl of Arundel, to the University of Oxford,<sup>8</sup> having previously persuaded the same nobleman, who had "little inclination to books," to present the bulk of the Arundel Library to the Royal Society.<sup>9</sup> In February 1671 the King made him a member of the Council of Foreign Plantations,<sup>10</sup> with a salary—"to encourage him"—of £500 a year. This Council, afterwards amalgamated with that of Trade,<sup>11</sup> and having John Locke for its Secretary, became the nucleus of the existing and heterogeneous Board of Trade.<sup>12</sup> It held its first meetings in the Earl of Bristol's house in Queen's Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.<sup>13</sup> Buckingham, Arlington, Lauderdale, Carteret, with many other notable names, figured among its early members, and its first President was Sandwich. Evelyn seems to have highly valued this appointment, which he thoroughly deserved, and for the duties of which he was probably far better equipped than most of his colleagues.

<sup>1</sup> *Letter to Abraham Cowley*, 12th March, 1667 (Appendix VI.).

<sup>2</sup> *Catalogue of Engravers*, 1763, p. 77.

<sup>3</sup> P. 263.

<sup>4</sup> Pp. 263, 265.

<sup>5</sup> P. 299. See, for some account of papers read by Evelyn to the Royal Society, Prof. A. H. Church's *The Royal Society Archives: Classified Papers of the Period 1606-71* (1907). Also, Pepys' *Diary*, 1st March, 1665.

<sup>6</sup> P. 257.

<sup>7</sup> Pp. 254, 259; and Pepys, under 23rd September, 1668.

<sup>8</sup> P. 259.

<sup>9</sup> P. 253.

<sup>10</sup> P. 275.

<sup>11</sup> P. 289.

<sup>12</sup> At present located in Whitehall Gardens. It may be noted it was at first proposed that a Council Chamber should be built in this very neighbourhood, in order that the King might be present at the debates (p. 278).

<sup>13</sup> P. 277.

In the following year he was made Secretary to the Royal Society; but that post he only held for a twelvemonth.<sup>1</sup> Another of his functions at this date was that of Younger Brother of the Trinity House.<sup>2</sup>

Evelyn's dislike to the "buffoons and ladies of pleasure"<sup>3</sup> (the words are his own), who formed so large a part of the Court personnel, has been sufficiently disclosed in his conversations with Pepys. For such men as Clarendon and Clifford, and Sandwich and Ossory, he always retained a respect which, in the case of the first two, did not blind him to the defects of their qualities. But very few of the other sex appear to have obtained or deserved his admiration. The conspicuous exception is the beautiful Margaret Blagge, the youngest daughter of Colonel Thomas Blagge of Horningsherth, and afterwards the wife of Sidney Godolphin. She is first mentioned in the *Diary* in 1669 as "that excellent creature Mrs. Blagge,"<sup>4</sup> being then Maid of Honour to Clarendon's daughter, the Duchess of York; and thenceforth she reappears at intervals in Evelyn's pages. Speaking in July, 1672, of an entertainment he gave to the Maids of Honour, he mentions among them especially "one I infinitely esteemed for her many and extraordinary virtues."<sup>5</sup> At this date Anne Hyde was dead, and "Mrs." or Miss Blagge had passed to the service of Catherine of Braganza. Shortly afterwards she quitted the Court altogether, returning to it only on one occasion, at the express command of the King and his brother, to take the appropriate part of Diana in "little starched Johnny Crowne's" masque of *Calisto*; or, *the Chaste Nymph*.<sup>6</sup> But even six years in that "perilous Climate" had left her native piety unscathed. She was essentially a "*schöne Seele*," instinctively pure and good; and, in spite of her beauty and intellectual gifts, which were considerable, succeeded in preserving both her goodness and her purity. Arethusa-like, says Evelyn, she "passed through all those turbulent waters without so much as the least stain or tincture in her crystal."<sup>7</sup>

Absorbed in his books and his garden, and quitting his retreat only upon compulsion, Evelyn had not at first sufficiently appreciated the rare character who sometimes came to Sayes Court with Mrs. Howard. But by July, 1672,—as we have seen—he had grown thoroughly alive to the beauty and intellectual charm of his young visitor; and in October of the same year—partly in jest and partly in earnest—they entered, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, upon an "inviolable friendship." To Evelyn, from this time, Margaret Blagge became an adopted child, to be advised and served "in all her secular and no few spiritual affairs and concerns" to the best of his ability; whilst she, on her part, repaid him with an attachment "so transcendently sincere, noble, and religious," as to exceed, "in all its dimensions," anything he had hitherto conceived. These are mainly his own words, which should be consulted with their context in the posthumous account he wrote of her. In this place her story can only be briefly pursued. On her retirement from Court, which must have happened not long after the date last mentioned, she found an asylum with her friend Lady Berkeley of Stratton, at Berkeley House in Piccadilly, later the refuge of the Princess Anne. In May, 1675, she was married to

<sup>1</sup> P. 289.

<sup>2</sup> P. 290.

<sup>3</sup> P. 258.

<sup>4</sup> P. 266.

<sup>5</sup> P. 287.

<sup>6</sup> It is characteristic of the times that even the Chastity of that Court of Comus had to bedizen herself with £20,000 worth of borrowed jewelry, some of which, being lost in the crowd, had to be made good by the Duke of York (p. 297).

<sup>7</sup> *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*, "King's Classics" reprint, 1904, p. 7.

Godolphin, then Groom of the Bedchamber to the King,<sup>1</sup> "the person in the world who knew her best, and most she loved." For obscure reasons, probably imposed upon her by her husband, the marriage for a time was kept secret, even from Evelyn; and in the following November<sup>2</sup> she accompanied the Berkeleys to Paris, Lord Berkeley being Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary for the Peace of Nimeguen.<sup>3</sup> Another of the party was Evelyn's son John, a youth of twenty, to whom, in virtue of her two years' seniority, she stood in the light of "Governess,"—his "pretty, pious, pearly Governess" the young man calls her to his father. She returned to England in April, 1676. Dispersed entries in the *Diary* afterwards show Evelyn amiably active in various ways for the benefit of the newly-married pair; and then, in 1678,<sup>4</sup> follows the long, sad record which tells of the young wife's premature death in childbirth. At Godolphin's request, Evelyn took charge of her little son; and among the papers which, at Evelyn's death, were found marked "Things I would write out fair and reform if I had leisure," was a lengthy account of her life. That its author would have compressed it in the transcription is unlikely; and that he did not "write it out fair" is perhaps to its advantage, for it is already somewhat diffuse. But it is a thoroughly earnest and sympathetic account of a good woman in bad times, besides being an instructive homily on the text: "Even in a palace, life may be led well." Through that tainted Whitehall atmosphere the "sinless faith" of Margaret Blagge shines serenely,—

A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,  
Glorifying clown and satyr;

and it was not the least of her merits, both in the eyes of her affectionate biographer and her episcopal editor, that she was "a true daughter of the Church of England."<sup>5</sup>

## V

In 1676, Evelyn had entered his fifty-seventh year. Henceforth his record, though by no means deficient in general interest, grows gradually briefer in style, and less fruitful in personal details. At this date four only of his eight children were alive, three daughters and a son. The son, already referred to as visiting Paris with the Berkeleys, was married in February, 1680, to Miss Martha Spencer.<sup>6</sup> Three years afterwards died Evelyn's father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne, who had apparently resided at Sayes Court since his arrival from Paris in 1660.<sup>7</sup> In 1685, when Charles II. disappeared from the scene, death was again busy in the Evelyn family. Two of the daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, succumbed to small-pox.<sup>8</sup> Elizabeth, the younger of the two, had been married but a short time previously to a nephew of one of the Commissioners of the Navy, Sir John Tippet. Mary, who was unmarried, and to whose memory her father devotes a heart-broken entry, seems to have been entirely of the Mrs. Godolphin type, without the court experience;

<sup>1</sup> P. 299.

<sup>2</sup> P. 303.

<sup>3</sup> P. 302.

<sup>4</sup> Pp. 314-15.

<sup>5</sup> Evelyn's *Life of Margaret Godolphin*, first published by Bishop Wilberforce in 1847 from the MS. in the possession of the author's great-great-grandson, the Archbishop of York, has now been made generally accessible by a neat and inexpensive reprint in Professor Gollancz's "King's Classics" series.

<sup>6</sup> P. 324.

<sup>7</sup> Pp. 204, 343.

<sup>8</sup> Pp. 367, 378.

and also to have possessed that precocity of gift which distinguished her brother Richard. Something of her literary ability is revealed in the tract entitled *Mundus Muliebris*,<sup>1</sup> which her father published five years later with notes of his own and probably a "Preface,"<sup>2</sup> and which exhibits not only a creditable proficiency in pre-Swiftian octosyllabics, but a faculty for stock-taking in chiffons that would have done credit to a milliner. Mary Evelyn's death left her father but one daughter, Susanna, afterwards married to John Draper of Addiscombe in Surrey.<sup>3</sup> She was soon to be the only surviving child, for her brother John died in 1699, leaving a son—another John—to become Evelyn's heir.

With the accession of the Duke of York as James the Second, came to Evelyn what was perhaps his crowning distinction. In December, 1685, during the absence of the second Earl of Clarendon as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the office of Privy Seal was put into commission, and Evelyn was appointed one of the three Commissioners,<sup>4</sup> two being a quorum. This was an honour not without its drawbacks, as the new King was anxious to do a good many things which Evelyn could by no means regard as compatible either with the fitness of things or the welfare of his beloved Church of England. He could not, for instance, have been enthusiastic about making Catherine Sedley Countess of Dorchester;<sup>5</sup> and he was not ill pleased that his colleagues proceeded without him. Once—he does not say upon what matter—he deliberately absented himself;<sup>6</sup> and on another occasion, when it was a question of allowing the printing of Missals, Offices, Lives of Saints, and so forth, he refused to agree, and the licence was laid by.<sup>7</sup> He took the same course, with Sancroft's concurrence, in the case of an application by the apostate Obadiah Walker as to the publication of Popish books. On the whole, important as the office was, he must have felt relieved when, at Clarendon's return, his duties came to an end, though the King transferred the seal to a zealous Roman Catholic, Lord Arundel of Wardour.<sup>8</sup> But if his

<sup>1</sup> P. 369.

<sup>2</sup> From which, as it shows Evelyn in the always attractive rôle of a *laudator temporis acti*, and also gives an example of his lighter manner, the following may be quoted:—"They [our forefathers] had cupboards of ancient useful plate, whole chests of damask for the table, and store of fine Holland sheets (white as the driven snow), and fragrant of rose and lavender, for the bed; and the sturdy oaken bedstead, and furniture of the house, lasted one whole century; the shovel-board and other long tables, both in hall and parlour, were as fixed as the freehold; nothing was moveable save joynst-stools, the black-jacks, silver tankards, and bowls: and though many things fell out between the cup and the lip, when happy [? nappy] ale, March beer, metheglin, malmesey, and old sherry, got the ascendant among the blew-coats and badges, they sung *Old Symon* and *Cheviot-Chase*, and danc'd *Brave Arthur*, and were able to draw a bow that made the proud Monsieur tremble at the whizze of the grey-goose-feather. 'Twas then ancient hospitality was kept up in town and country, by which the tenants were enabled to pay their landlords at punctual day; the poor were relieved bountifully, and charity was as warm as the kitchen, where the fire was perpetual. In those happy days, Sure-foot, the grave and steady nnaire, carried the good knight, and his courteous lady behind him, to church and to visit the neighbourhood, without so many hell-carts, rattling coaches, and a crue of *lacqueys*, which a grave livery servant or two supply'd, who rid before and made way for his worship." (Preface to *Mundus Muliebris*, Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 700-1.)

<sup>3</sup> P. 431.

<sup>4</sup> Pp. 378, 388.

<sup>5</sup> P. 387

<sup>6</sup> P. 389.

<sup>7</sup> P. 389

<sup>8</sup> P. 395

Commissionership had been a source of anxiety to him, he was certainly indebted to King James for the solution of another difficulty, which, under that monarch's predecessor, he had vainly endeavoured to set right. "For many years" he had "been persecuted for" sums overdrawn by his father-in-law during his residence in France. By the good offices of Godolphin, now a Commissioner of the Treasury, an expensive Chancery suit, of which these had become the subject, was determined; and, in June, 1687, he was granted a Seal for £6000 in discharge of the debt.<sup>1</sup> This was apparently rather less than half his deserts as Browne's executor; but half in those days was much, especially when it included the winding-up of legal proceedings. He was still, however, in the following year, petitioning for overdue allowances in connection with his care of the Sick and Wounded in the Dutch War.<sup>2</sup>

In 1691 George Evelyn, the proprietor of Wotton, lost his only remaining son; and after the marriage of Susanna Evelyn above related, he invited his brother John, now heir to the estate, to occupy apartments in the Surrey home. To Wotton accordingly, in May, 1694, after forty years' residence at Deptford, Evelyn retired to spend the close of his life. A letter to Dr. Bohun, two years later, gives a pleasant picture of that quiet eventide. He has "so little conversation with the learned," he writes, "that without books and the best Wife and Bro. in the world" he were to be pitied; "but [he goes on] with these subsidiaries, and the revising some of my old impertinences, to which I am adding a Discourse I made on Medals (lying by me long before Obadiah Walker's Treatise appeared),<sup>3</sup> I pass some of my Attic nights, if I may be so vain as to name them with the author of those Criticisms. For the rest, I am planting an ever-green grove here to an old house ready to drop, the economy and hospitality of which my good old Brother will not depart from, but *more veterum* kept a Christmas [1696] in which we had not fewer than three hundred bumpkins every holy-day. We have here a very convenient apartment of five rooms together, besides a pretty closet, which we have furnished with the spoils of Sayes Court, and is the raree-show of the whole neighbourhood, and in truth we live easy as to all domestic cares. Wednesday and Saturday nights we call Lecture Nights, when my Wife and myself take our turns to read the packets of all the news sent constantly from London, which serves us for discourse till fresh news comes; and so you have the history of an old man and his no young companion, whose society I have enjoyed more to my satisfaction these three years here, than in almost fifty before, but am now every day trussing up to be gone, I hope to a better place"<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 398.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. 400, 402.

<sup>3</sup> Walker's *Greek and Roman History, illustrated by Coins and Medals*, etc., 2 Pts., 1692.

<sup>4</sup> Letter to Dr. Bohun, 18th January, 1697. This is a winter picture. A letter to Pepys, three years later, is dated in July. "You will now enquire what I do here? Why, as the patriarchs of old, I pass the day in the fields, among horses and oxen, sheep, cows, bulls, and sows, *et cetera pecus campi*. We have, thank God! finished our hay harvest prosperously. I am looking after my hinds, providing carriage and tackle against reaping time and sowing. What shall I say more? *Venio ad voluptates agriculturalum*, which Cicero, you know, reckons among the most becoming diversions of old age, and so I render it. This without:—now within doors, never was any matron more busy than my wife, disposing of our plain country furniture for a naked old extravagant house, suitable to our employments. She has a dairy, and distaffs, for *lac*, *linum*, *et lanam*, and is become a very Sabine." But he is old (eighty), and has been ill.



Sayes Court, which seems at first to have been intended as a summer residence for Susanna Evelyn and her husband, was eventually let to another Deptford resident, Admiral (then Captain) John Benbow. "I have let my house to Capt. Benbow," says the letter just quoted, "and have the mortification of seeing every day much of my former labours and expense there impairing for want of a more polite tenant." But this was not all. When King William's favourite,<sup>1</sup> Peter the Great, came to Deptford to learn ship-building, Benbow sublet Sayes Court to him, with disastrous results. "There is a house full of people," wrote one of Evelyn's servants to Wotton, "and right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at 10 o'clock and 6 at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's Yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected here this day, the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has."<sup>2</sup> Not content with wantonly damaging the grass-work and fruit-trees, and beating the bowling-green into holes, one of Czar Peter's favourite morning exercises was to cause himself to be trundled on a wheelbarrow through Evelyn's famous five-foot holly hedge, long the crowning glory of the Deptford grounds. When later Sir Christopher Wien, and London, the King's gardener, at the request of the Treasury, proceeded to report upon the exploits of this barbaric humorist, they found that Evelyn had suffered to the extent of £162. 7s., and Benbow, £158 : 2 : 6. Unhappily, much that had been done could never be undone; and Evelyn later speaks sadly in *Sylva* of "my now ruined garden, thanks to the Czar of Muscovy."<sup>3</sup>

Little more remains to be related of Evelyn's life. In October, 1699, his "good old Brother" died, and he became the possessor of Wotton, together with its library and family pictures. In May of the following year he transferred to it the remainder of his Sayes Court belongings.<sup>4</sup> Besides the books already specified, he had published a translation of the *Compleat Gardener* of La Quintinye, 1693, and *Numismata*, 1697, being the "Discourse on Medals" mentioned in his letter to Dr. Bohun.<sup>5</sup> Two years later came his final work, *Acetaria*, a chapter "of sallats" from the *Elysium Britannicum*.<sup>6</sup> During his last years one of his chief interests was the transformation of Charles the Second's unfinished palace at Greenwich into a hospital for worn-out seamen, a long-projected enterprise upon which William the Third embarked definitely

<sup>1</sup> "The Czar is highly caressed by the King" (Sir George Fletcher to Sir Daniel Fleming, 18th January, 1698, *Hist. MSS. Comm.* 12th Rept., 1890, App. Pt. vii. p. 349).

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, etc., 1827, iii. 364.

<sup>3</sup> *Sylva*, 1706, i. p. 265.

<sup>4</sup> P. 451. Sayes Court, never again to be occupied by any member of the family, deserves a parting word. In March, 1701 (p. 453), it was let to Lord Carmarthen, the son of the Duke of Leeds. Fifty-eight years later it passed to the Vestry of St. Nicholas, Deptford, on a sixty-one years' lease as a workhouse. In 1820 the lease was renewed for a similar term with power to pull down or alter. Before this second lease had expired, the erection of a workhouse at East Greenwich enabled the Vestry to surrender the premises to the present representative of the family, Mr. W. J. Evelyn. Much transformed, it was first used for emigration purposes. Then what remained was turned into the "Evelyn Almshouses, Sayes Court," by Mr. Evelyn, who later added, on parts of the old estate, a Museum and Recreation Ground (Dews' *Deptford*, 2nd edition, 1884, pp. 36-40) "Sayes St." and "Evelyn St." also preserve the memory of the Diarist.

<sup>5</sup> *Aule*, p. xxxiv.

<sup>6</sup> P. 448.

after Queen Mary's death. In February, 1695,<sup>1</sup> Godolphin offered Evelyn the Treasurership; and in June, 1696, he laid the foundation in that capacity of Wren's additions.<sup>2</sup> He lived to see the Hospital opened in January, 1705. In 1702 he had been elected a member of the then lately incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.<sup>3</sup> On the 27th February, 1706, being in his eighty-sixth year, and having outlived many of his most valued friends, he died, after a short illness, and was buried in the dormitory of Wotton Church. Upon his tombstone, in addition to the words quoted in the opening lines of this "Introduction," was recorded, by his own desire, his conviction "That all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real Piety."

On the 9th of February, 1709, Mary Evelyn died, and was buried near her husband. She does not figure very frequently in his *Diary*, but for nearly fifty-nine years she was his devoted helpmate. Considerably younger than Evelyn, she remained to the last "his grateful and docile pupil." From the outset she had been carefully educated. She was an accomplished amateur artist; she spoke French exactly, and understood Italian; she wrote letters in excellent English; and although—as one having "the care of cakes and stilling, and sweetmeats and such useful things"—she only professed to "judge unrefinedly," she had no little critical power, and was an acute and even caustic student of character.<sup>4</sup> Warmly attached to her friends, and extremely hospitable, her real inclinations were, nevertheless, for quiet and seclusion. Of the duties and province of her sex she took what would now be regarded as a needlessly modest estimate. "Women," she wrote, "were not born to read authors, and censure the learned, to compare lives and judge of virtues, to give rules of morality, and sacrifice to the Muses. We are willing to acknowledge all time borrowed from family duties is misspent; the care of children's education, observing a husband's commands, assisting the sick, relieving the poor, and being serviceable to our friends, are of sufficient weight to employ the most improved capacities among us." Such a deliverance would have delighted Dr. Primrose of Wakefield! It delighted Dr. Bohun, her friend and her son's tutor, from a letter to whom it is extracted.<sup>5</sup> In 1695 he composed a lengthy "Character" of her, in which he dwells admiringly upon her good sense and her accomplishments, and her merits as a wife and mother.<sup>6</sup> The one abiding grief of her ordered and placid life was the loss of so many of her children.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 436.<sup>2</sup> P. 442.<sup>3</sup> P. 455.<sup>4</sup> Cf. the somewhat censorious note upon Lamb's "dear Margaret Newcastle," p. 255.<sup>5</sup> *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1827, iv. 434.<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* iv. pp. 423-29.<sup>7</sup> Abraham Cowley, in the *Ode* from which quotation has already been made at pp. xxii-xxiii n., does not omit his tribute to the *châtelaine* of Sayes Court.—

In Books and Gardens thou hast plac'd aright  
(Things wch thou well dost understand,  
And both dost make wth thy laborious hand)  
Thy noble, innocent delight:  
*And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost meet  
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;  
The fairest garden in her looks,  
And in her mind the wisest books.*  
Oh who would change these soft, yet solid joys,  
For empty shows and senceless noise,  
And all wch rank Ambition breeds,  
Wch seem such beauteous flowers, and are such poisonous weeds

For Evelyn himself, his leading traits have already been outlined at the beginning of this "Introduction"; and they have also been exemplified during its progress. On one or two points, nevertheless, it may be useful to linger for a moment. Lord Beaconsfield's Cardinal in *Lothair*,<sup>1</sup> laying stress upon the fact that Evelyn's character "in every respect approached perfection," adds—apparently as an afterthought—"He was also a most religious man." A most religious man in the best sense he unquestionably was, without the testimony of his tombstone, or the certificate of Cardinal Grandison. It is written plainly in every page of his *Diary*, in its gravity, its reticence, its silences even;—in its absence, during a profane and scandalous age, of all scandal and profanity;—in its regard for public worship and its reverence for the holy communion. Especially is it manifest when the writer's habitual reserve breaks down under the influence of grief or bereavement, or in the expression of thankfulness to God for the preservation of his life or health, or the life or health of those dear to him. And he gave practical proof of the sincerity of his convictions by the tenacity with which, during the Commonwealth and Protectorate, he clung to the ritual and traditions of a Church, which, as he truly says, seemed "breathing her last." He was only—if you will—a "passive resister," but he was a consistent passive resister. And this brings us to another matter. It is often the misfortune of caution to be mistaken for cowardice; and it is not perhaps always easy to repress a rising regret that a man so uniformly estimable should not sometimes have been a little more demonstrative and a little less prudent. But this is surely to mistake the quality of real bravery. To be *flamberge au vent* on the slightest provocation, like Sir John Reresby, or to have killed his man, like Sir Kenelm Digby, would have been impossible to one like Evelyn, whose principles were wholly averse from duelling, and whose creed was "defence, not defiance." With all seventeenth-century gentlemen he had learned the use of arms (he could fence like Milton, or ride the "managed" horse like His Grace of Newcastle), and no doubt would have borne himself manfully, if need were, at Edgehill or Brentford; but, as may be gathered from his comments upon Albemarle and Sandwich,<sup>2</sup> he deprecated that headlong and dare-devil gallantry of his day which knew neither forethought nor reason. As for moral courage, he had no lack of it; witness his untiring exertions for the sick and wounded during all the terrible time of the Plague and Fire; and his steady determination, as a Commissioner of the Privy Seal, to follow, not the illegal ruling of His Majesty King James, but the dictates of his own conscience.

It is generally said that he was a bookish recluse and man of peace, seeking above all things to "possess his soul in quiet," and this was certainly what he professed to be. But even this, in the light of his biography, needs some qualification. As a matter of fact, his mind was too active, his interest in contemporary politics too keen, his devotion to his friends too great,<sup>3</sup> to allow him to adhere strictly to his programme;<sup>4</sup> and it is even conceivable that, in

<sup>1</sup> Chapter xvii.

<sup>2</sup> P. 286.

<sup>3</sup> For fifteen months, at the instance of Godolphin, he undertook the entire management of Lord Berkeley's affairs and estate during his absence as Ambassador in France, an "intolerable servitude and correspondence" involving endless drudgery and loss of time, for which he declined to accept any kind of acknowledgment (pp. 302, 307).

<sup>4</sup> In 1679, for instance, he describes himself to Dr. Beale as "having for the last ten

different conditions, and an environment more favourable to his theory of life, he might have been a distinguished man of affairs. In ability he was fully equal to the Cliffords and Arlingtons who rose so rapidly around him. But intrigue and self-seeking were foreign to his nature; and he was obliged to do the best he could in a bad time. He could not prevent the Dutch War or the Treaty of Dover, but he could help to carry on the growing Royal Society and lay the foundation of Greenwich Hospital. And it is unanswerable evidence to the respect felt for his unfailing honesty and unselfish rectitude that, though his position must often have been one of tacit rebuke to those about him, there is apparently no indication that he ever provoked that ridicule which is usually the tribute of the ribald to the righteous. He had been in the company of both Buckingham and Rochester, yet—as far as we know—he was neither libelled by the one nor mimicked by the other. Indeed, it is quite possible that Charles himself (who had *some* good instincts) would not have permitted any one to make fun of his “old acquaintance,” Mr. Evelyn. As Southey says, he “had no enemy”; and this in a time torn “by civil and religious factions.” For his friends, if judgment is to go by their verdict, few men could empanel such a jury of prelates and politicians, philosophers and poets. Sancroft and Tillotson and Tenison, Browne and Jeremy Taylor, Ormonde and Ossory and Godolphin, Boyle and Bentley, Cowley and Waller—these are some of the most eminent names in an age not undistinguished in its notables. And they would all no doubt have agreed that Mr. Evelyn of Deptford was not only a man of marked accomplishment and conspicuous integrity, but a model husband and father, and an exemplary citizen, friend, and neighbour.

Of Evelyn's writings it is more difficult to speak; and it would be impracticable to discuss them adequately in this “Introduction.” “His books,” says Sir Leslie Stephen roundly, “are for the most part occasional, and of little permanent value.” “Occasional” is not an indulgent adjective, though it might be applied to a good deal that *is* of permanent value,—for instance, the *Hydriotaphia* of Sir Thomas Browne, and the *Siris* of Bishop Berkeley. Yet it is hard to traverse the verdict as a general proposition. Perhaps the fairest thing would be to follow De Quincey's classification, and say that the bulk of Evelyn's printed legacy belongs to the literature of knowledge rather than the literature of power. And the literature of knowledge has a knack of growing obsolete unless it be preserved by the saving element of style. Evelyn's style is not attractive, especially in his more ambitious published efforts. This is not to say that it is impossible to select from them passages which are both flexible and vivacious,<sup>1</sup> or passages which are vigorous, or passages where earnestness burns into eloquence. But, as a rule, he is encumbered by the intricacies of his method and the trappings of his erudition. He is over fond of long strings of names and the array of authorities; and he is not sufficiently on his guard against that temptation to say everything which is the triumph of tediousness. Learned and sincere as he is undoubtedly, it must also be confessed that he is, not seldom, exceedingly wearisome to read.

Among what he classes as his “original works,”—and his translations require no further notice than they have already received,—his *Sylva* is the

years of my life been in perpetual motion, and hardly two months in the year at my own habitation, or conversant with my family” (p. 477)

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the picturesque quotation at p. xxxiii n. 1

most important, and also the best known. As already stated, it was thoroughly successful in its object, and in its author's lifetime was extremely popular. After his death it received loving and elaborate illustration at the hands of Dr. Hunter; but to-day, notwithstanding that it contains much excellent "confused feeding," we should imagine that it is but seldom consulted save by the "retrospective reviewer" or the amateur of Forestry. Like the *Kalendarium Hortense*, like the *Acetaria*, it was probably at first no more than a section of that vast *Elysium Britannicum*, or "Cyclopædia of Horticulture," which its projector never completed, and probably never would have completed except under the leisurely dispensation of Hilpa and Shalum. Even then it is to be feared that he would have complacently continued to multiply subdivisions of his "fruitful and inexhaustible subject," and to inlay "apposite and agreeable illustrations," rather than make any perceptible progress in the direction of "Finis." In 1679 he had been at work at it for twenty years and it was not yet "fully digested"; in 1699 another twenty years had slipped away, and his collection of material was said to amount to several thousand pages. Yet the MSS. at Wotton, when Bray wrote, revealed no more than parts of two volumes of very dispersed observations, and a Syllabus of Contents.<sup>1</sup> Of the *History of the Dutch War*, the loss has already been regretted; and it would certainly have been interesting to read the account, which we know it contained, of the sea-fight in Sole Bay.<sup>2</sup> But that loss could only be a serious one upon the assumption that what has disappeared was entirely Evelyn's own. Had the book been ever published, it would doubtless have represented, not its writer's patriotic and candid record of a struggle which he deplored, but a one-sided official narrative manipulated to suit the policy of Charles II., and edited with that end by Arlington and Clifford,—which is another-guess matter altogether. As regards the remaining works, the coin-collector will no doubt sometimes consult *Numismata*, and the print-collector, *Sculptura*,—both of which are full of adversaria and recondite knowledge. On the whole, however, it is not improbable that the most confessedly "occasional" of Evelyn's performances will most attract the modern student; and that because, more by their matter than their manner, they illustrate the past. *Tyrannus* and *Mundus Muliebris* throw light upon the vagaries of fashion and costume; *A Character of England*, upon social life and the topography of London. The historian will find something in the *Apology for the Royal Party* or the *News from Brussels Unmasked*; and the political economist cannot neglect *Navigation and Commerce*.

But all these things, to a greater or less extent, are covered by the pages now presented to the reader. Evelyn's so-called *Diary* is not, it is true, what is usually regarded as a psychological document, making intimate revelation, conscious or unconscious, of its writer's personality. On the contrary, although obviously never intended for publication, it is uniformly measured and restrained, except in those heartfelt outbursts which serve to prove and emphasize its private character. It has, however, claims of a different order. Its long chronicle extends over an unbroken period of more than sixty years, dating from the stormy days which preceded the Commonwealth to the early time of Queen Anne. During all this age—"an age," as his epitaph puts it, "of extraordinary Events and Revolutions"—Evelyn was quietly, briefly, and methodically noting what seemed to him worthy of remembrance. His desire

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 478-9<sup>2</sup> P. 238.

for knowledge was insatiable, his sympathies wide, and his tastes catholic. His position gave him access to many remarkable persons, in and out of power; and his report of such occurrences as came under his notice is scrupulously careful and straightforward. Touching at many points the multiform life of his epoch, and reflecting its varied characteristics with insight and moderation, his records have a specific value and importance which fairly entitle them to be regarded as unique.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

# THE DIARY OF JOHN EVELYN<sup>1</sup>

I was born (at Wotton, in the County of Surrey) about twenty minutes past two in the morning, being on Tuesday the 31st and last of October, 1620, after my father had been married about seven years,<sup>2</sup> and that my mother had borne him three children; viz. two daughters and one son, about the 33rd year of his age, and the 23rd of my mother's.

My father, named Richard, was of a sanguine complexion, mixed with a dash of choler: his hair inclining to light, which though exceeding thick, became hoary by that time he had attained to thirty years of age; it was somewhat curled towards the extremities; his beard, which he wore a little peaked, as the mode was, of a brownish colour, and so continued to the last, save that it was somewhat mingled with grey hairs about his cheeks, which, with his countenance, were clear and fresh-coloured; his eyes extraordinary quick and piercing; an ample forehead,—in sum, a very well-composed visage and manly aspect: for the rest, he was but low of stature, yet very strong. He was, for his life, so exact and temperate, that I have heard he had never been surprised by excess, being ascetic and sparing. His wisdom was great, and his judgment most

acute; of solid discourse, affable, humble, and in nothing affected; of a thriving, neat, silent, and methodical genius; discretely severe, yet liberal upon all just occasions, both to his children, to strangers, and servants; a lover of hospitality; and, in brief, of a singular and Christian moderation in all his actions; not illiterate, nor obscure, as, having continued Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum, he served his country as High Sheriff, being, as I take it, the last dignified with that office for Sussex and Surrey together, the same year, before their separation.<sup>1</sup> He was yet a studious decliner of honours and titles; being already in that esteem with his country, that they could have added little to him besides their burden.<sup>2</sup> He was a person of that rare conversation that, upon frequent recollection, and calling to mind passages of his life and discourse, I could never charge him with the least passion or inadvertency. His estate was esteemed about £4000 per annum, well wooded, and full of timber.

My mother's name was Eleanor,<sup>3</sup> sole daughter and heiress of John Standsfield,

<sup>1</sup> [This title of the previous Editors has been retained, although, as explained in the "Preface" to the present issue, Evelyn's records are more properly "Memoirs."]

<sup>2</sup> He was married at St. Thomas's Church, Southwark, 27th January, 1613. My sister Eliza was born at nine at night, 28th November, 1614; Jane, at four in the morning, 16th February, 1616; my brother George at nine at night, Wednesday, 18th June, 1617; and my brother Richard, 9th November, 1622 (*Note by Evelyn*).

<sup>1</sup> Formerly the two counties had in general, though not invariably, only one sheriff. In 1637, each county had its sheriff, and so it has continued since.

<sup>2</sup> In proof of Evelyn's assertion may be quoted an old receipt, found at Wotton: "R<sup>d</sup>, the 29 Octr. 1630, of Rich<sup>d</sup> Evlinge of Wottone, in the Countye of Surr<sup>re</sup> Esq; by waie of composico<sup>n</sup> to the use of his Ma<sup>tie</sup>, being apointed by his Ma<sup>tie</sup> Collector for the same, for his fine for not appearing at the tyme & place apointed for receaveing order of Kthood, the somme of fivety pound I say received. THO. CRYMES."

<sup>3</sup> She was born 17th November, 1598, near Lewes in Sussex.

Esq., of an ancient and honourable family (though now extinct) in Shropshire, by his wife Eleanor Comber, of a good and well-known house in Sussex. She was of proper personage; of a brown complexion; her eyes and hair of a lovely black; of constitution more inclined to a religious melancholy, or pious sadness; of a rare memory, and most exemplary life; for economy and prudence, esteemed one of the most conspicuous in her country: which rendered her loss much deplored, both by those who knew, and such as only heard of her.

Thus much, in brief, touching my parents; nor was it reasonable I should speak less of them to whom I owe so much.

The place of my birth was Wotton, in the parish of Wotton, or Blackheath, in the county of Surrey, the then mansion-house of my father, left him by my grandfather,<sup>1</sup> afterwards and now my eldest brother's.<sup>2</sup> It is situated in the most southern part of the shire;<sup>3</sup> and, though in a valley, yet really upon part of Leith Hill, one of the most eminent in England<sup>4</sup> for the prodigious prospect to be seen from its summit, though by few observed. From it may be discerned twelve or thirteen counties, with part of the sea on the coast of Sussex, in a serene day. The house<sup>5</sup> is large and ancient, suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen it may be compared to

one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, and most tempting for a great person and a wanton purse to render it conspicuous. It has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water, in abundance.

The distance from London little more than twenty miles, and yet so securely placed, as if it were one hundred; three miles from Dorking, which serves it abundantly with provision as well of land as sea; six from Guildford, twelve from Kingston.<sup>1</sup> I will say nothing of the air, because the pre-eminence is universally given to Surrey, the soil being dry and sandy; but I should speak much of the gardens, fountains, and groves that adorn it, were they not as generally known to be amongst the most natural, and (till this later and universal luxury of the whole nation, since abounding in such expenses) the most magnificent that England afforded; and which indeed gave one of the first examples to that elegancy, since so much in vogue, and followed in the managing of their waters, and other elegancies of that nature. Let me add, the contiguity of five or six manors,<sup>2</sup> the patronage of the livings about it, and what Themistocles pronounced for none of the least advantages—the good neighbourhood.<sup>3</sup> All which conspire here to render it an honourable and handsome royalty, fit for the present possessor, my worthy brother, and his noble lady,<sup>4</sup> whose constant liberality gives them title both to the place and the affections of all that know them. Thus, with the poet:

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine captos  
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.<sup>5</sup>

I had given me the name of my grand-

<sup>1</sup> Eight, and fourteen; and from London a little more than twenty-six measured miles.

<sup>2</sup> Seven manors, two advowsons, and a chapel of ease (Sir John Cotton's).

<sup>3</sup> ["Having a piece of land he [Themistocles] would sell, he willed the crier to proclaim open sale of it in the market-place, and with all he should add unto the sale, that his land lay by a good neighbour" (North's *Plutarch*, Rouse's ed. 1898, ii. 29).]

<sup>4</sup> Lady Cotton, a widow, whom Evelyn's elder brother, George, took for his second wife, his first wife having died in 1644 (see *post*, under 11th April, 1640). After the former date, therefore, this portion of Evelyn's "Kalendarium" must have been written. See also *post*, under 8th August 1664.

<sup>5</sup> [Ovid, *Epist. ex Ponto*, Bk. I. Ep. iii. ll. 35-36. Evelyn gives the last word of the first line as "cunctos."]

<sup>1</sup> [George Evelyn, of Long-Ditton, *d.* 30th May, 1603, who had purchased it in 1579 from Henry Owen.]

<sup>2</sup> [George Evelyn, 1617-99.]

<sup>3</sup> [The parish of Wotton (Wood-town; Odeton or Wodeton in Domesday Book) "is about nine miles in extent, from north to south, but seldom exceeds a mile in breadth, and is still narrower towards the southern extremity. On the north, it borders on Effingham; on the east, on Dorking and Ockley; on the south, on Slinford and Rudgwick, in Sussex; and on the west, it joins Abinger" (Brayley's *History of Surrey*, 1850, p. 17).]

<sup>4</sup> [955 feet. It is the highest point in the county.]

<sup>5</sup> [Wotton House—an irregular brick building—has been added to at various times, but largely in 1804, when a muniment room, which also serves as a library, was built (after the design of Mr. H. Woodyer) on the site of the west wing, destroyed by fire about 1800. Sketches by Evelyn, still preserved, show its aspect in 1640, 1646, 1653, and 1704. The present owner is William John Evelyn, Esq., J.P., D.L., *d.* 1822.]



father, my mother's father,<sup>1</sup> who, together with a sister of Sir Thomas Evelyn of Long-Ditton,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Comber, a near relation of my mother, were my susceptors. The solemnity (yet upon what accident I know not, unless some indisposition in me) was performed in the dining-room by Parson Higham,<sup>3</sup> the present incumbent of the parish, according to the forms prescribed by the then glorious Church of England.<sup>4</sup>

I was now (in regard to my mother's weakness, or rather custom of persons of quality) put to nurse to one Peter, a neighbour's wife and tenant, of a good, comely, brown, wholesome complexion, and in a most sweet place towards the hills, flanked with wood and refreshed with streams; the affection to which kind of solitude I sucked in with my very milk. It appears, by a note of my father's, that I sucked till 17th January, 1622; or at least I came not home before.<sup>5</sup>

1623. The very first thing that I can call to memory, and from which time forward I began to observe, was this year (1623) my youngest brother<sup>6</sup> being in his nurse's arms, who, being then two days and nine months younger than myself, was the last child of my dear parents.

1624. I was not initiated into any rudiments until near four years of age, and then one Frier taught us at the church-porch of Wotton:<sup>7</sup> and I do perfectly remember the great talk and stir about Il Conde Gondomar, now Ambassador from Spain (for near about this time was the match of our Prince with the Infanta proposed); and

<sup>1</sup> [John Standsfield (see *ante*, p. 1).]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Thomas Evelyn, 1587-1609, Evelyn's cousin. The sister here referred to was Rose Evelyn, afterwards the wife of Thomas Keightley of Staffordshire (see *post*, under 8th March, 1681).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 21st August, 1653.]

<sup>4</sup> I had given me two handsome pieces of very curiously wrought and gilt plate.—*Evelyn*.

<sup>5</sup> This passage, and the paragraphs before and after it, were printed for the first time in the edition of 1850. A note in the edition of 1857 (p. 4) goes on to say: "Portions of the preceding description of Wotton are also first taken from the original; and it may not be out of place to add that, more especially in the first fifty pages of this volume [volume i. of 1857], a very large number of curious and interesting additions are made to Evelyn's text from the Manuscript of the Diary at Wotton."

<sup>6</sup> [Richard Evelyn of Woodcote, *d.* 1670.]

<sup>7</sup> [The church-porch at Wotton has now been modernised; but John Coney's sketch in the quarto of 1828 shows the window of a small room over the door.]

the effects of that comet, 1618, still working in the prodigious revolutions now beginning in Europe, especially in Germany, whose sad commotions sprang from the Bohemians' defection from the Emperor Matthias:<sup>1</sup> upon which quarrel the Swedes broke in, giving umbrage to the rest of the princes, and the whole Christian world cause to deplore it, as never since enjoying perfect tranquillity.

1625. I was this year (being the first of the reign of King Charles) sent by my father to Lewes, in Sussex, to be with my grandfather, Standsfield, with whom I passed my childhood. This was the year in which the pestilence was so epidemical, that there died in London 5000 a-week,<sup>2</sup> and I well remember the strict watches and examinations upon the ways as we passed; and I was shortly after so dangerously sick of a fever, that (as I have heard) the physicians despaired of me.

1626. My picture was drawn in oil by one Chanterell, no ill painter.

1627. My grandfather, Standsfield, died this year, on the 5th of February: I remember perfectly the solemnity at his funeral. He was buried in the parish church of All Souls, where my grandmother, his second wife,<sup>3</sup> erected him a pious monument. About this time, was the consecration of the Church of South Malling, near Lewes, by Dr. Field, Bishop of Oxford (one Mr. Coxhall preached, who was afterwards minister); the building whereof was chiefly procured by my grandfather, who having the impropriation, gave £20 a-year out of it to this church. I afterwards sold the impropriation. I laid one of the first stones at the building of the church.

1628-30. It was not till the year 1628,

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn alludes to the insurrection of the Bohemians on the 12th of May, 1618. The emperor died soon after, and the revolted Bohemians offered the crown to the Elector Palatine Frederic, who had married Elizabeth, daughter of James I.; whereupon there was great excitement throughout England, in consequence of the backwardness of the King to assist his son-in-law in the struggle for a kingdom, for which the people willingly, as Evelyn in a subsequent page informs us, made "large contributions." This is the "talk and stir" to which Evelyn has just alluded in connection with Count Gondomar, whose influence had been used with James to withdraw him from the Protestant cause.

<sup>2</sup> [More than 35,000 persons are said to have perished of the plague in this year.]

<sup>3</sup> [Eleanor Comber (see *ante*, p. 1).]

that I was put to learn my Latin rudiments, and to write, of one Citolin, a Frenchman, in Lewes. I very well remember that general muster previous to the Isle of Rhé's expedition, and that I was one day awakened in the morning with the news of the Duke of Buckingham being slain by that wretch, Felton, after our disgrace before La Rochelle.<sup>1</sup> And I now took so extraordinary a fancy to drawing and designing, that I could never after wean my inclinations from it, to the expense of much precious time, which might have been more advantageously employed. I was now put to school to one Mr. Potts, in the Cliffe at Lewes, from whom, on the 7th of January, 1630, being the day after Epiphany, I went to the free-school at Southover, near the town, of which one Agnes Morley had been the foundress, and now Edward Snatt was the master, under whom I remained till I was sent to the University.<sup>2</sup> This year, my grandmother (with whom I sojourned) being married to one Mr. Newton, a learned and most religious gentleman, we went from the Cliffe to dwell at his house in Southover.<sup>3</sup> I do most perfectly remember the jubilee which was universally expressed for the happy birth of the Prince of Wales, 29th of May, now Charles the Second, our most gracious Sovereign.

1631. There happened now an extraordinary dearth in England, corn bearing an excessive price; and, in imitation of what I had seen my father do, I began to observe matters more punctually, which I did use to set down in a blank almanack.<sup>4</sup> The Lord of Castlehaven's arraignment for many shameful exorbitances was now all the talk,<sup>5</sup> and the birth of the Princess Mary, afterwards Princess of Orange.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [23rd August, 1628.]

<sup>2</sup> Long afterwards, Evelyn was in the habit of paying great respect to this early teacher. [In May, 1657, Snatt wrote from Lewes a rapturous letter thanking his old pupil for a presentation copy of the *Essay on the First Book of T. Lucretius Carus de Rerum Natura*, 1656.]

<sup>3</sup> [Southover and Cliffe are suburbs of Lewes.]

<sup>4</sup> [This no doubt was the beginning of the *Memoirs*.]

<sup>5</sup> Mervyn Touchet, twelfth Lord Audley and second Earl of Castlehaven, 1592-1631. He was tried by his peers for his "shameful exorbitances" in Westminster Hall, and in pursuance of their sentence, executed on Tower Hill, May 14, 1631.

<sup>6</sup> [6th November, 1631.]

1632: 21st October. My eldest sister<sup>1</sup> was married to Edward Darcy, Esq., who little deserved so excellent a person, a woman of so rare virtue. I was not present at the nuptials; but I was soon afterwards sent for into Surrey, and my father would willingly have weaned me from my fondness of my too indulgent grandmother, intending to have me placed at Eton: but, not being so provident for my own benefit, and unreasonably terrified with the report of the severe discipline there, I was sent back to Lewes; which perverseness of mine I have since a thousand times deplored. This was the first time that ever my parents had seen all their children together in prosperity. While I was now trifling at home, I saw London, where I lay one night only. The next day, I dined at Beddington,<sup>2</sup> where I was much delighted with the gardens and curiosities. Thence, we returned to the Lady Darcy's, at Sutton; thence to Wotton; and, on the 16th of August following, 1633, back to Lewes.

1633: 3rd November. This year my father was appointed Sheriff, the last, as I think, who served in that honourable office for Surrey and Sussex, before they were disjoined.<sup>3</sup> He had 116 servants in liveries, every one liveried in green satin doublets; divers gentlemen and persons of quality waited on him in the same garb and habit, which at that time (when thirty or forty was the usual retinue of the High Sheriff) was esteemed a great matter.<sup>4</sup> Nor was this out of the least vanity that my father exceeded (who was one of the greatest decliners of it); but because he could not refuse the civility of his friends and relations, who voluntarily came themselves, or sent in their servants. But my father was afterwards most unjustly and spitefully molested by that jeering judge, Richardson,<sup>5</sup> for

<sup>1</sup> [Eliza (see *ante*, p. 1 n.). Her husband is described as "of Dartford, in Kent."]

<sup>2</sup> [Beddington House, the ancient seat of the Carews, now the Female Orphan Asylum, founded in 1758 by the exertions of blind Sir John Fielding, the novelist's brother (see *post*, under 20th September, 1700).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 1 n.]

<sup>4</sup> [Brayley adds some sumptuary details. They had "cloth cloaks, guarded with silver galeon, as were their hat brims, with white feathers in them." They had also "new javelins," and were preceded by "two trumpeters with banners, on which were blazoned his [Richard Evelyn's] arms" (*History of Surrey*, 1850, p. 21 n.).]

<sup>5</sup> Sir Thomas Richardson, 1569-1635, Chief-

reproving the execution of a woman, to gratify my Lord of Lindsey, then Admiral:<sup>1</sup> but out of this he emerged with as much honour as trouble. The King made this year his progress into Scotland,<sup>2</sup> and Duke James was born.<sup>3</sup>

1634: 15th December. My dear sister, Darcy,<sup>4</sup> departed this life, being arrived to her 20th year of age; in virtue advanced beyond her years, or the merit of her husband, the worst of men. She had been brought to bed the 2nd of June before, but the infant died soon after her, the 24th of December. I was therefore sent for home the second time, to celebrate the obsequies of my sister; who was interred in a very honourable manner in our dormitory joining to the parish church, where now her monument stands.<sup>5</sup>

1635. But my dear mother being now dangerously sick, I was, on the 3rd of September following, sent for to Wotton. Whom I found so far spent, that, all human assistance failing, she in a most heavenly manner departed this life upon the 29th of the same month, about eight in the evening of Michaelmas Day. It was a malignant fever which took her away, about the 37th of her age, and 22nd of her marriage, to our irreparable loss, and the regret of all that knew her. Certain it is, that the

visible cause of her indisposition proceeded from grief upon the loss of her daughter, and the infant, that followed it; and it is as certain, that when she perceived the peril whereto its excess had engaged her, she strove to compose herself and allay it: but it was too late, and she was forced to succumb. Therefore, summoning all her children then living (I shall never forget it), she expressed herself in a manner so heavenly, with instructions so pious and Christian, as made us strangely sensible of the extraordinary loss then imminent; after which, embracing every one of us, she gave to each a ring with her blessing, and dismissed us. Then, taking my father by the hand, she recommended us to his care; and, because she was extremely zealous for the education of my younger brother,<sup>1</sup> she requested my father that he might be sent with me to Lewes; and so, having importuned him that what he designed to bestow on her funeral, he would rather dispose among the poor, she laboured to compose herself for the blessed change which she now expected. There was not a servant in the house whom she did not expressly send for, advise, and infinitely affect with her counsel. Thus she continued to employ her intervals, either instructing her relations, or preparing of herself.

Though her physicians, Dr. Meverall,<sup>2</sup> Dr. Clement, and Dr. Rand,<sup>3</sup> had given over all hopes of her recovery, and Sir Sanders Duncombe<sup>4</sup> had tried his celebrated and famous powder, yet she was many days impairing, and endured the sharpest conflicts of her sickness with admirable patience and most Christian resignation, retaining both her intellects and ardent affections for her dissolution, to the very article of her departure. When near her dissolution, she laid her hand on every one of her children; and, taking solemn leave of my father, with elevated heart and eyes, she quietly expired, and resigned her soul to God. Thus ended that prudent and pious woman, in the flower of her age, to the

Justice of the Common Pleas in 1626, and of the King's Bench in 1631. One of his acts was an order against keeping wakes on Sundays, which Laud, then Bishop of Bath and Wells, took up as an infringement of the rights of bishops, and got him severely reprimanded at the Council-table. He was owner of Starborough Castle, Lingfield, Surrey, the ancient seat of the Cobhams. A modern house now occupies the site.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Bertie, 1572-1642, first Earl of Lindsey. He was at different times Lord High Chamberlain, Lord High Admiral, and Governor of Berwick; and was general of the King's forces at the breaking out of the Civil War. He was in command at the Battle of Edgehill, in 1642; but, opposing Prince Rupert's pretensions, he surrendered a responsibility which the weakness of Charles would have had him divide with a "boy," put himself at the head of his regiment, fought with heroic gallantry, and fell covered with wounds.

<sup>2</sup> [He was crowned there, 18th June.]

<sup>3</sup> [James, Duke of York, 15th October.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 4.]

<sup>5</sup> [She is shown, with her infant below her, "leaning mournfully on her elbow," says Brayley (*History of Surrey*, 1850, v. 41). Her husband afterwards married the Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, daughter of the Earl of Chesterfield. "He ruined both himself and Estate by his dissolute Life" (Evelyn's note to Aubrey).]

<sup>1</sup> [Richard, then thirteen (see *ante*, p. 1 n.).]

<sup>2</sup> [Perhaps Othowell Meverall, 1585-1648, lecturer to the Barber Surgeons, and afterwards President of the College of Physicians.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. R. Rand (see *post*, under 5th March, 1657).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 8th February, 1645.]

inconsolable affliction of her husband, irreparable loss of her children, and universal regret of all that knew her. She was interred, as near as might be, to her daughter, Darcy, the 3rd of October, at night, but with no mean ceremony.<sup>1</sup>

It was the 3rd of the ensuing November, after my brother George was gone back to Oxford, ere I returned to Lewes, when I made way, according to instructions received of my father, for my brother Richard, who was sent the 12th after.

1636. This year being extremely dry, the pestilence much increased in London, and divers parts of England.<sup>2</sup>

1637: 13th February. I was especially admitted (and, as I remember, my other brother) into the Middle Temple, London, though absent, and as yet at school. There were now large contributions to the distressed Palatinates.<sup>3</sup>

The 10th of December my father sent a servant to bring us necessaries; and, the plague beginning now to cease, on the 3rd of April, 1637, I left school, where, till about the last year, I have been extremely remiss in my studies; so as I went to the University rather out of shame of abiding longer at school, than for any fitness, as by sad experience I found: which put me to re-learn all that I had neglected, or but perfunctorily gained.

10th May. I was admitted a Fellow-commoner of Balliol College, Oxford;<sup>4</sup> and, on the 29th, I was matriculated in the vestry of St. Mary's, where I subscribed the Articles, and took the oaths: Dr. Bailly, head of St. John's, being vice-chancellor, afterwards bishop. It appears by a letter of my father's, that he was upon treaty with one Mr. Bathurst (afterwards Doctor and President), of Trinity College, who should have been my tutor; but, lest my brother's tutor, Dr. Hobbs, more zealous in his life than industrious to his pupils, should receive

<sup>1</sup> [On her mural monument in the Wotton Dormitory, she is described as "a rare example of Piety, Loyalty, Prudence, and Charity," and the inscription ends with the couplet:—

*Of her great worth to know, who seeketh more,  
Must mount to Heaven, where she is gone before.]*

<sup>2</sup> In a letter dated 26th July in this year, George Evelyn, John's elder brother, writing to their father, describes, with many curious details, a Royal visit to Oxford University (see Appendix I.).

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 3 n.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 9th July, 1654.]

it as an affront, and especially for that Fellow-commoners in Balliol were no more exempt from exercise than the meanest scholars there, my father sent me thither to one Mr. George Bradshaw (*nomen invisum*! <sup>1</sup> yet the son of an excellent father, beneficed in Surrey).<sup>2</sup> I ever thought my tutor had parts enough; but, as his ambition made him much suspected of the College, so his grudge to Dr. Lawrence,<sup>3</sup> the governor of it (whom he afterwards supplanted), took up so much of his time, that he seldom or never had the opportunity to discharge his duty to his scholars.<sup>4</sup> This I perceiving, associated myself with one Mr. James Thicknesse (then a young man of the foundation, afterwards a Fellow of the house),<sup>5</sup> by whose learned and friendly conversation I received great advantage. At my first arrival, Dr. Parkhurst was master;<sup>6</sup> and, after his decease, Dr. Lawrence, a chaplain of his Majesty's and Margaret Professor, succeeded, an acute and learned person: nor do I much reproach his severity, considering that the extraordinary remissness of discipline had (till his coming) much detracted from the reputation of that College.

There came in my time to the College one Nathaniel Conopios, out of Greece, from Cyril, the patriarch of Constantinople, who, returning many years after, was made (as I understand) Bishop of Smyrna.<sup>7</sup> He was the first I ever saw drink coffee; which custom came not into England till thirty years after.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Being that of the regicide, John Bradshaw.]

<sup>2</sup> [Rector of Ockham.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Thomas Lawrence, 1598-1657, was Master from 1637 to 1648.]

<sup>4</sup> [George Bradshaw was the spy and delegate of the Parliamentary Visitors. He became Master in 1648, succeeding Lawrence.]

<sup>5</sup> [James Thicknesse or Thickens, according to the college books. He became a Probationer Fellow in 1639. In 1648 he was ejected by the Parliamentary Visitors for loyalty; but he was reinstated at the Restoration by special Writ from the Crown (Davis's *Balliol College*, 1899, pp. 127, 137, 146).]

<sup>6</sup> [Dr. John Parkhurst, 1564-1639, was Master of Balliol from 1616 to 1637.]

<sup>7</sup> [Conopios or Conopius is also said by one of Evelyn's college contemporaries, Dr. Henry Savage, to have professed to be a composer of music, which would attract Evelyn to him, if it were true. But he lay under the disadvantage of being a Cretan (Davis's *Balliol College*, 1899, p. 115).]

<sup>8</sup> [Coffee was introduced in 1641. The first coffee-house in England was at Oxford, 1650; the first in London, 1652.]

After I was somewhat settled there in my formalities (for then was the University exceedingly regular, under the exact discipline of William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor), I added, as benefactor to the library of the College, these books—"ex dono Johannis Evelyni, hujus Coll. Socio-Commensalis, filii Richardi Evelyni, è com. Surriae, armig<sup>r</sup>."—

*Zanchii Opera*, vols. 1, 2, 3.

*Granado in Thomam Aquinatem*, vols. 1, 2, 3.

*Novarini Electa Sacra*, and *Cresolii Anthologia Sacra*; authors, it seems, much desired by the students of divinity there.<sup>1</sup>

Upon the 2nd of July, being the first Sunday of the month, I first received the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in the college chapel, one Mr. Cooper, a Fellow of the house, preaching; and at this time was the Church of England in her greatest splendour, all things decent, and becoming the Peace, and the persons that governed. The most of the following week I spent in visiting the Colleges, and several rarities of the University, which do very much affect young comers.

18th July. I accompanied my eldest brother, who then quitted Oxford, into the country; and, on the 9th of August, went to visit my friends at Lewes, whence I returned the 12th to Wotton. On the 17th of September, I received the blessed Sacrament at Wotton Church, and 23rd of October went back to Oxford.

5th November. I received again the Holy Communion in our college chapel, one Prouse, a Fellow (but a mad one), preaching.

9th December. I offered at my first exercise in the Hall, and answered my opponent; and, upon the 11th following, declaimed in the chapel before the Master, Fellows, and Scholars, according to the custom. The 15th after, I first of all opposed in the Hall.

The Christmas ensuing, being at a Comedy which the gentlemen of Exeter College presented to the University, and standing, for the better advantage of seeing, upon a table in the Hall, which was near

to another, in the dark, being constrained by the extraordinary press to quit my station, in leaping down to save myself I dashed my right leg with such violence against the sharp edge of the other board, as gave me a hurt which held me in cure till almost Easter, and confined me to my study.

1638: 22nd January. I would needs be admitted into the dancing and vaulting schools; of which late activity one Stokes, the master, did afterwards set forth a pretty book, which was published, with many witty eulogies before it.<sup>1</sup>

4th February. One Mr. Wariner preached in our chapel; and, on the 25th, Mr. Wentworth, a kinsman of the Earl of Strafford;<sup>2</sup> after which followed the blessed Sacrament.

13th April. My father ordered that I should begin to manage my own expenses, which till then my tutor had done; at which I was much satisfied.

9th July. I went home to visit my friends, and, on the 26th, with my brother and sister to Lewes, where we abode till the 31st; and thence to one Mr. Michael's, of Houghton, near Arundel, where we were very well treated; and, on the 2nd of August, to Portsmouth, and thence, having surveyed the fortifications (a great rarity in that blessed halcyon time in England), we passed into the Isle of Wight, to the house of my Lady Richards, in a place called Yaverland;<sup>3</sup> but we returned the following day to Chichester, where, having viewed the city and fair cathedral, we returned home.

About the beginning of September, I was so afflicted with a quartan ague, that I could by no means get rid of it till the December following. This was the fatal year wherein the rebellious Scots opposed the King, upon the pretence of the introduction of some new ceremonies and the

<sup>1</sup> Now extremely scarce. Its title is:—"The Vaulting-Master: or, The Art of Vaulting. Reduced to a Method, comprized under certain Rules, Illustrated by Examples. And Now primarily set forth, by Will: Stokes. Printed for Richard Davis, in Oxon, 1652." It is a small oblong quarto, with the author's portrait prefixed, and a number of plates beautifully engraved (most probably by George Glover), representing feats of activity on horseback.

<sup>2</sup> [Peter Wentworth, Lord Strafford's cousin. He was Dean of Armagh, 1636-37.]

<sup>3</sup> [A village on Sandown Bay.]

<sup>1</sup> [This was in addition to the usual money contribution which Fellow Commoners had to make for plate. In 1607, Evelyn also gave the College his *Discourse on Medals* (Davis, *ut supra*, p. 128).]

Book of Common Prayer, and madly began our confusions, and their own destruction, too, as it proved in event.<sup>1</sup>

1639: 14th January. I came back to Oxford, after my tedious indisposition, and to the infinite loss of my time; and now I began to look upon the rudiments of music, in which I afterwards arrived to some formal knowledge, though to small perfection of hand, because I was so frequently diverted with inclinations to newer trifles.

20th May. Accompanied with one Mr. J. Crafford (who afterwards being my fellow-traveller in Italy, there changed his religion),<sup>2</sup> I took a journey of pleasure to see the Somersetshire baths, Bristol, Cirencester, Malmesbury, Abingdon, and divers other towns of lesser note; and returned the 25th.

8th October. I went back to Oxford.

14th December. According to injunctions from the Heads of Colleges, I went (amongst the rest) to the Confirmation in St. Mary's, where, after sermon, the Bishop of Oxford<sup>3</sup> laid his hands upon us, with the usual form of benediction prescribed: but this, received (I fear) for the most part out of curiosity, rather than with that due preparation and advice which had been requisite, could not be so effectual as otherwise that admirable and useful institution might have been, and as I have since deplored it.

1640: 21st January. Came my brother, Richard, from school, to be my chamber-fellow at the University. He was admitted the next day, and matriculated the 31st.

11th April. I went to London to see the solemnity of his Majesty's riding through the city in state to the Short Parliament, which began the 13th following,—a very glorious and magnificent sight, the King circled with his royal diadem and the affections of his people:<sup>4</sup> but the day after I returned to Wotton again, where I stayed, my father's indisposition suffering great intervals, till April 27th, when I was sent to London to be first resident at the Middle

Temple: so as my being at the University, in regard of these avocations, was of very small benefit to me. Upon May the 5th following, was the Parliament unhappily dissolved; and, on the 20th, I returned with my brother George to Wotton, who, on the 28th of the same month, was married at Albury to Mrs. Caldwell (an heiress of an ancient Leicestershire family),<sup>1</sup> where part of the nuptials was celebrated.

10th June. I repaired with my brother to the term, to go into our new lodgings (that were formerly in Essex-court), being a very handsome apartment just over against the Hall-court, but four pair of stairs high, which gave us the advantage of the fairer prospect; but did not much contribute to the love of that impolished study, to which (I suppose) my father had designed me, when he paid £145 to purchase our present lives, and assignments afterwards.

London, and especially the Court, were at this period in frequent disorders, and great insolences were committed by the abused and too happy City: in particular, the Bishop of Canterbury's Palace at Lambeth was assaulted by a rude rabble from Southwark,<sup>2</sup> my Lord Chamberlain imprisoned, and many scandalous libels and invectives scattered about the streets, to the reproach of Government, and the fermentation of our since distractions: so that, upon the 25th of June, I was sent for to Wotton, and the 27th after, my father's indisposition augmenting, by advice of the physicians he repaired to the Bath.

7th July. My brother George and I, understanding the peril my father was in upon a sudden attack of his infirmity, rode post from Guildford towards him, and found him extraordinary weak; yet so as that, continuing his course, he held out till

<sup>1</sup> Mary, daughter of Daniel Caldwell of Horndon, in Essex, by Mary, daughter of George Duncomb, Esq., of Albury. She died 15th May, 1644, and he afterwards married Lady Cotton (see *ante*, p. 2).

<sup>2</sup> ["At Lambeth my house was beset at midnight, May ii, with 500 people that came thither with a drumme beating before them. I had some little notice of it about 2 howres before, and went to Whit-Hall, leaving my house as well ordered as I could with such armes and men as I could gett readye. And I thanke God, bye his goodnes, kept all safe. Some wear taken and to be tryed for their lives."—*Archbishop Land to Lord Conway*, May 25, 1640. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1850, p. 349.) One man was executed, 23rd May.]

<sup>1</sup> This passage appears first in the edition of 1850; but Evelyn saw reason afterwards somewhat to change his tone. See *post*, under 4th February, 1685.

<sup>2</sup> [He is not mentioned again in the Diary.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. John Bancroft, 1574-1640, Bishop of Oxford, 1632-40.]

<sup>4</sup> [This instance of syllepsis is rather rare in Evelyn.]

the 8th of September, when I returned home with him in his litter.

15th October. I went to the Temple, it being Michaelmas Term.

30th. I saw his Majesty (coming from his Northern Expedition) ride in pomp and a kind of ovation, with all the marks of a happy peace, restored to the affections of his people, being conducted through London with a most splendid cavalcade; and, on the 3rd November following (a day never to be mentioned without a curse), to that long ungrateful, foolish, and fatal Parliament,<sup>1</sup> the beginning of all our sorrows for twenty years after, and the period of the most happy monarch in the world: *Quis talia fando!*

But my father being by this time entered into a dropsy, an indisposition the most unsuspected, being a person so exemplarily temperate, and of admirable regimen, hastened me back to Wotton, December the 12th; where, the 24th following, between twelve and one o'clock at noon, departed this life that excellent man and indulgent parent, retaining his senses and piety to the last, which he most tenderly expressed in blessing us, whom he now left to the world and the worst of times, whilst he was taken from the evil to come.

1641. It was a sad and lugubrious beginning of the year, when, on the 2nd of January, 1640-1, we at night followed the mourning hearse to the church at Wotton; when, after a sermon and funeral oration by the minister,<sup>2</sup> my father was interred near his formerly erected monument,<sup>3</sup> and mingled with the ashes of our mother, his dear wife. Thus we were bereft of both our parents in a period when we most of all stood in need of their counsel and assistance, especially myself, of a raw, vain, uncertain, and very unwary inclination: but so it pleased God to make trial of my conduct in a conjuncture of the greatest and most prodigious hazard that ever the youth of England saw; and, if I did not amidst all this impeach my liberty nor my

virtue with the rest who made shipwreck of both, it was more the infinite goodness and mercy of God than the least providence or discretion of mine own, who now thought of nothing but the pursuit of vanity, and the confused imaginations of young men.

15th April. I repaired to London to hear and see the famous trial of the Earl of Strafford, Lord-Deputy of Ireland, who, on the 22nd of March, had been summoned before both Houses of Parliament, and now appeared in Westminster-hall,<sup>1</sup> which was prepared with scaffolds for the Lords and Commons, who, together with the King, Queen, Prince, and flower of the noblesse, were spectators and auditors of the greatest malice and the greatest innocency that ever met before so illustrious an assembly. It was Thomas, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, Earl Marshal of England, who was made High Steward upon this occasion;<sup>2</sup> and the sequel is too well known to need any notice of the event.

On the 27th April came over out of Holland the young Prince of Orange, with a splendid equipage, to make love to his Majesty's eldest daughter, the now Princess Royal.<sup>3</sup>

That evening was celebrated the pompous funeral of the Duke of Richmond, who was carried in effigy, with all the ensigns of that illustrious family, in an open chariot, in great solemnity, through London to Westminster Abbey.

On the 12th of May I beheld on Tower-hill the fatal stroke which severed the wisest head in England from the shoulders

<sup>1</sup> On the 15th April, Strafford made his eloquent defence, at which it seems to have been Evelyn's good fortune to be present. And here—says Forster—the reader may remark the fact, not without significance, that between the entries on this page of the Diary which relate to Lord Strafford, the young Prince of Orange came over to make love to the Princess Royal, then twelve years old; and that the marriage was subsequently celebrated amid extraordinary Court rejoicings and festivities, in which the King took a prominent part, during the short interval which elapsed between the sentence and execution of the King's great and unfortunate minister.

<sup>2</sup> [This was Thomas Howard, second Earl, 1586-1646. He had been Earl Marshal since 1621. In 1636 (as stated below), he went to Vienna to urge the restitution of the Palatinate to the nephew of Charles I. (see *post*, under 10th September and 8th October, 1641.)]

<sup>3</sup> [William II. of Nassau, Prince of Orange, afterwards married, May 2, 1648, to the Princess Mary.]

<sup>1</sup> [The Long Parliament. Its first deliberations were occupied with the trial of Strafford and the impeachment of Laud. Its last sitting took place March 26, 1660. It was dissolved and determined, 22 Car. II. c. i.]

<sup>2</sup> [Mr. Higham. See *ante*, p. 3.]

<sup>3</sup> [On the north wall of the Wotton Dormitory. His epitaph says he died on the 20th December.]

of the Earl of Strafford, whose crime coming under the cognisance of no human law or statute, a new one was made, not to be a precedent, but his destruction. With what reluctance the King signed the execution, he has sufficiently expressed; to which he imputes his own unjust suffering—to such exorbitancy<sup>1</sup> were things arrived.

On the 24th May I returned to Wotton; and, on the 28th of June, I went to London with my sister Jane,<sup>2</sup> and the day after sat to one Van der Borch<sup>3</sup> for my picture in oil, at Arundel-house,<sup>4</sup> whose servant that excellent painter was, brought out of Germany when the Earl returned from Vienna (whither he was sent Ambassador-extraordinary, with great pomp and charge, though without any effect, through the artifice of the Jesuit Spaniard, who governed all in that conjuncture). With Van der Borch, the painter, he brought over Wenceslaus Hollar, the sculptor,<sup>5</sup> who engraved not only the unhappy Deputy's trial in Westminster-hall, but his decapitation; as he did several other historical things, then relating to the accidents happening during the Rebellion in England, with great skill; besides many cities, towns, and landscapes, not only of this

nation, but of foreign parts, and divers portraits of famous persons then in being; and things designed from the best pieces of the rare paintings and masters of which the Earl of Arundel was possessor, purchased and collected in his travels with incredible expense: so as, though Hollar's were but etched in aqua-fortis, I account the collection to be the most authentic and useful extant. Hollar was the son of a gentleman near Prague, in Bohemia, and my very good friend, perverted at last by the Jesuits at Antwerp to change his religion; a very honest, simple, well-meaning man, who at last came over again into England, where he died. We have the whole history of the King's reign, from his trial in Westminster-hall and before, to the restoration of King Charles II., represented in several sculptures,<sup>1</sup> with that also of Archbishop Laud, by this indefatigable artist; besides innumerable sculptures in the works of Dugdale, Ashmole, and other historical and useful works. I am the more particular upon this for the fruit of that collection, which I wish I had entire.

This picture<sup>2</sup> I presented to my sister, being at her request, on my resolution to absent myself from this ill face of things at home, which gave umbrage<sup>3</sup> to wiser than myself that the medal was reversing, and our calamities but yet in their infancy: so that, on the 15th of July, having procured a pass at the Custom-house, where I repeated my oath of allegiance, I went from London to Gravesend, accompanied with one Mr. Caryll, a Surrey gentleman, and our servants, where we arrived by six o'clock that evening, with a purpose to take the first opportunity of a passage for Holland.<sup>4</sup> But the wind as yet not favour-

<sup>1</sup> [Enormity (see *ante*, p. 4).]

<sup>2</sup> [See note, *ante*, p. 1.]

<sup>3</sup> Hendrik van der Borch, a painter of Brussels, lived at Frankenthal. Lord Arundel, finding his son at Frankfort, sent him to Mr. Petty, his chaplain and agent, then collecting for him in Italy, and afterwards kept him in his service as long as he lived. The younger Van der Borch was both painter and engraver; he drew many of the Arundelian curiosities, and etched several things both in that and the Royal Collection. A book of his drawings from the former, containing 567 pieces, is preserved at Paris; and is described in the catalogue of L'Orangerie. After the death of the Earl, he entered into the service of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., and lived in esteem in London for a considerable time; but returned to Antwerp, and died there in 1660. [Hollar engraved the portrait of both father and son, the former from a picture by the latter.]

<sup>4</sup> [In the Strand, between Milford Lane and Strand Bridge. Arundel Street, Norfolk Street, Howard Street, and others now occupy the site.]

<sup>5</sup> Wenceslaus Hollar, the engraver, 1607-77. In the troubles he distinguished himself as a Royalist, for which he was imprisoned by the Parliament. He escaped to the Continent; but afterwards returned to England, where he eventually died in poverty. [George Vertue published a description of his works, with a life; and an elaborate catalogue of his prints by Gustav Parthey appeared at Berlin in 1853. Evelyn gives him a page of *Sculptura*, chap. iv.]

<sup>1</sup> [Sculptures=engravings. Johnson still uses the word in this sense in a letter to Mr. Barnard of May 28, 1768.]

<sup>2</sup> His own portrait, by Van der Borch. [It is still in the Picture Gallery at Wotton House.]

<sup>3</sup> [Suspicion, foreshadowing.]

<sup>4</sup> [In this he was acting upon the counsel he gives in his Preface to *The State of France* as to foreign travel:—"The principal places of Europe, wherein a gentleman may, *uno intuitu*, behold as in a theater the chief and most signal actions which (out of his own country) concern this later age and part of the world, are the Netherlands, comprehending Flanders and the divided provinces; which is a perfect *encyclopædia* and synopsis of whatever one may elsewhere see in all the other countries of Europe; and for this end I willingly recommend



able, we had time to view the Block-house of that town, which answered to another over against it at Tilbury, famous for the rendezvous of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1588, which we found stored with twenty pieces of cannon, and other ammunition proportionable. On the 19th July, we made a short excursion to Rochester, and having seen the cathedral, went to Chatham to see the *Royal Sovereign*, a glorious vessel of burden lately built there, being for defence and ornament, the richest that ever spread cloth before the wind.<sup>1</sup> She carried an hundred brass cannon, and was 1200 tons; a rare sailer, the work of the famous Phineas Pett, inventor of the frigate-fashion of building, to this day practised.<sup>2</sup> But what is to be deplored as to this vessel is, that it cost his Majesty the affections of his subjects, perverted by the malcontent great ones, who took occasion to quarrel for his having raised a very slight tax for the building of this, and equipping the rest of the navy, without an act of Parliament; though by the suffrages of the major part of the Judges the King might legally do in times of imminent danger, of which his Majesty was best apprised. But this not satisfying a jealous party, it was condemned as unprecedented, and not justifiable as to

them to be first visited, no otherwise than do those who direct us in the study of history to the reading first of some authentick epitome, or universall chronology, before we adventure to launch forth into that vast and profound ocean of voluminous authors" (*Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 50). He goes on to regret that when he visited the Low Countries his judgment was yet immature.]

<sup>1</sup> [This vessel, which had been built at Woolwich in 1637 with the Ship-money, "was in almost all the great engagements that were fought between England and Holland." The Dutch called her the *Golden Devil* from the gilding on her stern. Her first name was *Sovereign of the Seas*. In 1684 she was rebuilt, and renamed the *Royal Sovereign*. She was afterwards accidentally burned at Chatham (see *post*, under and February, 1696). There is a model of her at Greenwich Hospital.]

<sup>2</sup> [Phineas Pett, 1570-1647, master-builder of the navy, and resident Commissioner at Chatham, 1630-1647. He left a Diary, extracts from which are published in vol. xii. of the *Archæologia*. He is said to have been "the first scientific naval architect." It is, however, Peter Pett, his nephew, 1593-1652, who is credited with the invention of the frigate, reference to which is made on his monument in St. Nicholas Church: "*Verum illud eximium et novum navisq[ue] ornamentum, quod nostri frigate nuncupant, . . . primus invenit*" (*Dew's Deptford*, 1884, pp. 76, 220). See also *post*, 7th March, 1690.]

the Royal prerogative; and, accordingly, the Judges were removed out of their places, fined, and imprisoned.<sup>1</sup>

We returned again this evening, and on the 21st July embarked in a Dutch frigate, bound for Flushing, convoyed and accompanied by five other stout vessels, whereof one was a man-of-war. The next day at noon, we landed at Flushing.

Being desirous to overtake the leaguer,<sup>2</sup> which was then before Gennepe,<sup>3</sup> ere the summer should be too far spent, we went this evening from Flushing to Middleburg, another fine town in this island,<sup>4</sup> to Veere, whence the most ancient and illustrious Earls of Oxford derive their family, who have spent so much blood in assisting the State during their wars. From Veere we passed over many towns, houses, and ruins of demolished suburbs, etc., which have formerly been swallowed up by the sea; at what time no less than eight of those islands had been irrecoverably lost.

The next day we arrived at Dort, the first town of Holland, furnished with all German commodities, and especially Rhenish wines and timber. It hath almost at the extremity a very spacious and venerable church; a stately senate-house, wherein was holden that famous synod against the Arminians in 1618;<sup>5</sup> and in that hall hangeth a picture of "The Passion," an exceeding rare and much-esteemed piece.

From Dort, being desirous to hasten towards the army, I took waggon this afternoon to Rotterdam, whither we were hurried in less than an hour, though it be ten miles distant; so furiously do those foremen drive. I went first to visit the great church, the Doole, the Bourse, and the

<sup>1</sup> In this way, Evelyn in 1641 refers to the tax of Ship-money. In a letter dated eight years later, 26th March, 1649, his tone is somewhat different. If monarchy is to be saved in England, nothing is to be done as to Government "but what shall be approved of by the old way of a free parliament, and the known laws of the land."

<sup>2</sup> [Siege. See *post*, under 17th December, 1684.]

<sup>3</sup> On the Niers, in the province of Limburg—a place which, having been greatly strengthened by the Cardinal Infante D. Ferdinando, in 1635, was at this time besieged by the French and Dutch.

<sup>4</sup> [*i.e.* the island of Walcheren.]

<sup>5</sup> [From 13th November, 1618, to 19th May, 1619. Its object was to effect a compromise between the Arminians and the Calvinists; but the latter prevailed.]

public statue of the learned Erasmus, of brass.<sup>1</sup> They showed us his house, or rather the mean cottage, wherein he was born, over which there are extant these lines, in capital letters :—

ÆDIBUS HIS ORTUS, MUNDUM DECORAVIT  
ERASMUS ARTIBUS, INGENIO, RE-  
LIGIONE, FIDE.<sup>2</sup>

The 26th July I passed by a straight and commodious river through Delft to the Hague; in which journey I observed divers leprous poor creatures dwelling in solitary huts on the brink of the water, and permitted to ask the charity of passengers, which is conveyed to them in a floating box that they cast out.<sup>3</sup>

Arrived at the Hague, I went first to the Queen of Bohemia's court,<sup>4</sup> where I had the honour to kiss her Majesty's hand, and several of the Princesses', her daughters. Prince Maurice was also there, newly come out of Germany; and my Lord Finch,<sup>5</sup> not long before fled out of England from the fury of the Parliament. It was a fasting day with the Queen for the unfortunate death of her husband, and the presence-chamber had been hung with black velvet ever since his decease.

<sup>1</sup> [In the Groote Markt. It is by Hendrik de Keyser, and was erected in 1622.]

<sup>2</sup> [In the last chapter of Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*, 1861, some of the best scenes in which are confessedly from the "mediaeval pen" of Erasmus, the motto "over the tailor's house in the Brede-Kirk Straet" is given as—"*Haec est parva domus natus quæ magnus Erasmus.*" But further alterations must now have taken place, for according to Baedeker, "the façade of the house No. 5 in this street [the Wyde Kerkstraet], with a statuette of Erasmus in the pediment, is an exact reproduction of the front of the house in which the great scholar was born" (*Belgium and Holland*, 1905, p. 294).]

<sup>3</sup> ["Perhaps," says Southey in vol. xix. of the *Quarterly Review*, "this is the latest notice of lepers in Europe being thus thrust apart from the rest of mankind, and Holland is likely to be the country in which the disease would continue longest" (p. 5).]

<sup>4</sup> Elizabeth Stuart, 1596-1662, daughter of James I., mother of the Princes Maurice and Rupert; her youngest daughter was Sophia, Electress of Hanover, whose eldest son was George I.

<sup>5</sup> Sir John Finch, 1584-1660, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1628; Attorney-General to Queen Henrietta Maria in 1635; the following year promoted to be Judge of the Common Pleas; afterwards Lord Chief Justice; thence promoted to be Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in 1637; and in April, 1640, advanced to the peerage as Baron Finch, of Fordwich.

The 28th July I went to Leyden; and the 29th to Utrecht, being thirty English miles distant (as they reckon by hours). It was now kermesse, or a fair, in this town, the streets swarming with boors and rudeness, so that early the next morning, having visited the ancient Bishop's court, and the two famous churches, I satisfied my curiosity till my return, and better leisure. We then came to Rynen, where the Queen of Bohemia hath a neat and well-built palace, or country-house, after the Italian manner, as I remember; and so, crossing the Rhine, upon which this villa is situated, lodged that night in a countryman's house. The 31st to Nimeguen; and on the 2nd of August we arrived at the leaguer; where was then the whole army encamped about Gennep, a very strong castle situated on the river Waal;<sup>1</sup> but, being taken four or five days before, we had only a sight of the demolitions. The next Sunday was the thanksgiving sermons performed in Colonel Goring's<sup>2</sup> regiment (eldest son of the since Earl of Norwich) by Mr. Goffe,<sup>3</sup> his chaplain (now turned Roman and father-confessor to the Queen-mother). The evening was spent in firing cannon and other expressions of military triumphs.

Now, according to the compliment, I was received a volunteer in the company of Captain Apsley, of whose Captain-lieutenant, Honywood (Apsley being absent), I received many civilities.

The 3rd August, at night, we rode about the lines of circumvallation, the general being then in the field. The next day, I was accommodated with a very spacious and commodious tent for my lodging; as before I was with a horse, which I had at command, and a hut which during the excessive heats was a great convenience; for the sun piercing the canvass of the

<sup>1</sup> [Query,—Niers, a tributary of the Maas, which again runs into the Waal.]

<sup>2</sup> This was George, Baron Goring, 1608-57, distinguished in the Civil Wars as General Goring. He was the eldest son of George Goring, 1583?-1663, in 1628 created Baron Goring, and in 1644 raised to the Earldom of Norwich, for his services to Charles I., before and after the troubles. General Goring died before his father.

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Stephen Goffe (or Gough), 1605-87. Having "turned Roman," he became Superior of the French Oratorians in 1655. He was chaplain to Henrietta Maria, and tutor to the Duke of Monmouth.]

tent, it was during the day unsufferable, and at night not seldom infested with mists and fogs, which ascended from the river.

6th August. As the turn came about, we were ordered to watch on a horn-work near our quarters, and trail a pike, being the next morning relieved by a company of French. This was our continual duty till the castle was re-fortified, and all danger of quitting that station secured; whence I went to see a convent of Franciscan Friars, not far from our quarters, where we found both the chapel and refectory full, crowded with the goods of such poor people as at the approach of the army had fled with them thither for sanctuary. On the day following, I went to view all the trenches, approaches, and mines, etc., of the besiegers; and in particular I took special notice of the wheel-bridge, which engine his Excellency had made to run over the moat when they stormed the castle; as it is since described (with all the other particulars of this siege) by the author of that incomparable work, *Hollandia Illustrata*.<sup>1</sup> The walls and ramparts of earth, which a mine had broken and crumbled, were of prodigious thickness.

Upon the 8th August I dined in the horse-quarters with Sir Robert Stone and his lady, Sir William Stradling, and divers Cavaliers; where there was very good cheer, but hot service for a young drinker, as then I was; so that, being pretty well satisfied with the confusion of armies and sieges (if such that of the United Provinces may be called, where their quarters and encampments are so admirably regular, and orders so exactly observed, as few cities, the best governed in time of peace, exceed it for all conveniences), I took my leave of the leaguer and *camarades*; and, on the 12th of August, I embarked on the Waal, in company with three grave divines, who entertained us a great part of our passage with a long dispute concerning the lawfulness of church-music. We now sailed by Tiel, where we landed some of our freight; and about five o'clock we touched at a pretty town named Bommel, that had divers English in garrison. It

stands upon Contribution-land, which subjects the environs to the Spanish incursions. We sailed also by an exceeding strong fort called Loevestein,<sup>1</sup> famous for the escape of the learned Hugo Grotius, who, being in durance as a capital offender, as was the unhappy Barneveldt,<sup>2</sup> by the stratagem of his lady, was conveyed in a trunk supposed to be filled with books only. We lay at Gorcum,<sup>3</sup> a very strong and considerable frontier.

13th. We arrived late at Rotterdam, where was their annual mart or fair, so furnished with pictures (especially landscapes and drolleries,<sup>4</sup> as they call those clownish representations), that I was amazed. Some of these I bought, and sent into England. The reason of this store of pictures, and their cheapness, proceeds from their want of land to employ their stock, so that it is an ordinary thing to find a common farmer lay out two or three thousand pounds in this commodity. Their houses are full of them, and they vend them at their fairs to very great gains. Here I first saw an elephant, who was extremely well disciplined and obedient. It was a beast of a monstrous size, yet as flexible and nimble in the joints, contrary to the vulgar tradition, as could be imagined from so prodigious a bulk and strange fabric;<sup>5</sup> but I most of all admired the dexterity and strength of its proboscis, on which it was able to support two or three men, and by which it took and reached whatever was offered to it; its teeth were but short, being a female, and not old. I was also shown a pelican, or *onocratus* of Pliny, with its large gullets, in which he kept his reserve of fish; the plumage was

<sup>1</sup> [Loevestein is at the extremity of an island formed by the junction of the Maas and the Waal. Hugo de Groot or Grotius, 1583-1645, escaped from it in the manner described, 21st March, 1621.]

<sup>2</sup> [Johan van Olden Barneveldt, 1547-1619, a Dutch statesman and Arminian, beheaded by the States-General at the Hague, 14th May, 1619.]

<sup>3</sup> [Or Gorinchem.]

<sup>4</sup> [Drolleries were pictures of low humour. Falstaff recommends Mrs. Quickly "a pretty slight drollery" for the walls of her Eastcheap Tavern (2 *Henry IV.* Act II. Sc. i.).]

<sup>5</sup> ["The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure" (*Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. Sc. iii.). "That an Elephant hath no joints," etc.—is the title of Chap. i. of Book iii. of the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* of Sir Thomas Browne.]

<sup>1</sup> [Evelyn probably intends the *Batavia Illustrata* of Peter Schryver or Scriverius, 1609.]

white, legs red, flat, and film-footed: likewise a cock with four legs, two rumps and vents: also a hen which had two large spurs growing out of her sides, penetrating the feathers of her wings.<sup>1</sup>

17th August. I passed again through Delft, and visited the church in which was the monument of Prince William of Nassau, —the first of the Williams, and saviour (as they call him) of their liberty, which cost him his life by a vile assassination.<sup>2</sup> It is a piece of rare art, consisting of several figures, as big as the life, in copper. There is in the same place a magnificent tomb of his son and successor, Maurice.<sup>3</sup> The Senate-house hath a very stately portico, supported with choice columns of black marble, as I remember, of one entire stone. Within, there hangs a weighty vessel of wood, not unlike a butter-churn, which the adventurous woman that hath two husbands at one time is to wear on her shoulders, her head peeping out at the top only, and so led about the town, as a penance for her incontinence. From hence, we went the next day to Ryswyk, a stately country-house of the Prince of Orange,<sup>4</sup> for nothing more remarkable than the delicious walks planted with lime trees, and the modern paintings within.

19th. We returned to the Hague, and went to visit the Hof, or Prince's Court, with the adjoining gardens full of ornament, close walks, statues, marbles, grots, fountains, and artificial music. There is to this palace a stately hall, not much inferior to ours of Westminster, hung round with colours and other trophies<sup>5</sup> taken from the Spaniards; and the sides below are furnished with shops. Next

<sup>1</sup> ["Hee offend[s] lesse who writes many toyes, than he, who omits one serious thing" (Howell's *Forraigne Travells*, 1642, Sect. iii.).]

<sup>2</sup> [William I. the Silent, Prince of Orange, 1533-1584, was shot (July 10) in the Prinsenhof at Delft (now the William of Orange Museum) by Balthasar Gerards, a Burgundian agent of Philip II. of Spain. His monument, by Hendrik de Keyser, is in the Nieuwe Kerk.]

<sup>3</sup> [Maurice of Nassau, 1567-1625.]

<sup>4</sup> [The palace of Ryswyk, in which the Treaties of Peace were signed in 1697 (see *post*, under 11 December, 1697), was removed in 1783. An obelisk was erected on the site.]

<sup>5</sup> As Westminster Hall used to be down to the beginning of the reign of George III. [The banners taken at Naseby and Worcester, at Preston and Dunbar and Blenheim, were all to be hung in it in the years to come.]

day (the 20th) I returned to Delft, thence to Rotterdam, the Hague, and Leyden, where immediately I mounted a waggon, which that night, late as it was, brought us to Haarlem. About seven in the morning after I came to Amsterdam, where being provided with a lodging, the first thing I went to see was a Synagogue of the Jews (being Saturday), whose ceremonies, ornaments, lamps, law, and schools, afforded matter for my contemplation. The women were secluded from the men, being seated in galleries above, shut with lattices, having their heads muffled with linen, after a fantastical and somewhat extraordinary fashion; the men, wearing a large calico mantle, yellow coloured, over their hats, all the while waving their bodies, whilst at their devotions. From thence, I went to a place without the town, called Overkirk, where they have a spacious field assigned them to bury their dead, full of sepulchres with Hebraic inscriptions, some of them stately and costly. Looking through one of these monuments, where the stones were disjointed, I perceived divers books and papers lie about a corpse; for it seems, when any learned Rabbi dies, they bury some of his books with him. With the help of a stick, I raked out several, written in Hebrew characters, but much impaired. As we returned, we stepped in to see the Spin-house, a kind of bridewell, where incorrigible and lewd women are kept in discipline and labour, but all neat. We were showed an hospital for poor travellers and pilgrims, built by Queen Elizabeth of England; and another maintained by the city.

The State or Senate-house of this town, if the design be perfected, will be one of the most costly and magnificent pieces of architecture in Europe, especially for the materials and the carvings. In the Doole is painted, on a very large table,<sup>1</sup> the bust of Marie de Médicis, supported by four royal diadems, the work of one Vanderdall, who hath set his name thereon, 1st September, 1638.

On Sunday I heard an English sermon at the Presbyterian congregation, where they had chalked upon a slate the psalms

<sup>1</sup> [The tablet or panel on which a picture is painted. Evelyn frequently uses the term for the picture itself (see *post*, under 8th October, 1641).]

that were to be sung, so that all the congregation might see it without the bidding of a clerk. I was told, that after such an age no minister was permitted to preach, but had his maintenance continued during life.

I purposely changed my lodgings, being desirous to converse with the sectaries that swarmed in this city, out of whose spawn came those almost innumerable broods in England afterwards. It was at a Brownist's house,<sup>1</sup> where we had an extraordinary good table. There was in pension with us my Lord Keeper,<sup>2</sup> Finch, and one Sir J. Fotherbee. Here I also found an English Carmelite, who was going through Germany with an Irish gentleman. I now went to see the Weese-house, a foundation like our Charter-house, for the education of decayed persons, orphans, and poor children, where they are taught several occupations. The girls are so well brought up to housewifery, that men of good worth, who seek that chiefly in a woman, frequently take their wives from this hospital. Thence to the Rasp-house, where the lusty knaves are compelled to work; and the rasping of brasil and logwood for the dyers is very hard labour. To the Dool-house,<sup>3</sup> for madmen and fools. But none did I so much admire, as an Hospital for their lame and decrepit soldiers and seamen, where the accommodations are very great, the building answerable; and, indeed, for the like public charities the provisions are admirable in this country, where, as no idle vagabonds are suffered (as in England they are), there is hardly a child of four or five years old, but they find some employment for it.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The Brownists were a separatist sect founded by Robert Browne (1550?-1633?), the reputed first Congregationalist, who boasted, on his death-bed, that he had been in thirty-two prisons during his religious warfare with the established authorities.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 12.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dolhuis, mad-house.]

<sup>4</sup> In the early editions of this Diary, the entry relating to the Amsterdam Hospital stood thus:—"But none did I so much admire as an Hospital for their lame and decrepit soldiers, it being for state, order, and accommodations, one of the worthiest things that the world can shew of that nature. Indeed it is most remarkable what provisions are here made and maintain'd for public and charitable purposes, and to protect the poor from misery, and the country from beggars" (*Diary*, 1827, i. 29).

It was on a Sunday morning that I went to the Bourse, or Exchange, after their sermons were ended, to see the Dog-market, which lasts till two in the afternoon, in this place of convention of merchants from all parts of the world. The building is not comparable to that of London, built by that worthy citizen, Sir Thomas Gresham, yet in one respect exceeding it, that vessels of considerable burden ride at the very quay contiguous to it; and indeed it is by extraordinary industry that as well this city, as generally all the towns of Holland, are so accommodated with grachts [canals], cuts, sluices, moles, and rivers, made by hand, that nothing is more frequent than to see a whole navy, belonging to this mercantile people, riding at anchor before their very doors: and yet their streets even, straight, and well paved, the houses so uniform and planted with lime trees, as nothing can be more beautiful.<sup>1</sup>

The next day we were entertained at a kind of tavern, called the Briloft, appertaining to a rich Anabaptist, where, in the upper rooms of the house, were divers pretty water-works, rising 108 feet from the ground. Here were many quaint devices, fountains, artificial music, noises of beasts, and chirping of birds; but what pleased me most was a large pendent candlestick, branching into several sockets, furnished all with ordinary candles to appearance, out of the wicks spouting out

The passage in the text is from Evelyn's own later correction. It should be noted, in connection with this remark on the hospital of Amsterdam, that the first stone of Greenwich Hospital was afterwards laid by Evelyn (see *post*, 30th June, 1696).

<sup>1</sup> Some slight differences are observable in the description of the Dutch towns as it stands in the earlier editions. It may be worth while,—where the change does not simply consist, as for the most part is the case, in a more full and careful reproduction of the original text, but, as happens occasionally, in the substitution of Evelyn's later corrections for his earlier and less finished text,—to preserve in these notes the text as first printed. The last six lines of the above are in the first version as follows:—" . . . moles, and rivers, that nothing is more frequent then to see a whole navy of marchands and others environ'd with streetes and houses, every man's barke or vessel at anker before his very doore; and yet the street so exactly straited, even, and uniforme, that nothing can be more pleasing, especially being so frequently planted and shaded with the beautifull lime-trees, set in rows before every man's house" (*Diary*, 1827, i. 29).

streams of water, instead of flames. This seemed then and was a rarity, before the philosophy of compressed air made it intelligible. There was likewise a cylinder that entertained the company with a variety of chimes, the hammers striking upon the brims of porcelain dishes, suited to the tones and notes, without cracking any of them. Many other water-works were shown.

The Keiser's or Emperor's Gracht, which is an ample and long street, appearing like a city in a forest; the lime trees planted just before each house, and at the margin of that goodly aqueduct so curiously wharfed with clinkered brick, which likewise paves the streets, than which nothing can be more useful and neat. This part of Amsterdam is built and gained upon the main sea, supported by piles at an immense charge, and fitted for the most busy concourse of traffickers and people of commerce beyond any place, or mart, in the world. Nor must I forget the port of entrance into an issue of this town, composed of very magnificent pieces of architecture, some of the ancient and best manner; as are divers churches.<sup>1</sup>

The turrets, or steeples, are adorned after a particular manner and invention; the chimes of bells are so rarely managed, that being curious to know whether the motion was from any engine, I went up to

<sup>1</sup> The description of the Briloft is thus given in the earlier editions: "There was a lampe of brass, with eight sockets from the middle stem, like those we use in churches, having counterfeit tapers in them, streams of water issuing as out of their wicks, the whole branch hanging loose upon a tach ["catch" or "fastening"] in the midst of a beame, and without any other perceptible com'erce with any pipe, so that, unless it were by compression of the ayre with a syringe, I could not comprehend how it should be don. There was a chime of purselan dishes, which fitted to clock-werke and run many changes and tunes" (*Diary*, 1827, i. 30). That of the Keiser's Gracht stands thus: "The Keisers Graft, or Emperors Streete, appears a city in a wood through the goodly ranges of the stately lime-trees planted before each man's doore, and at the margin of that goodly aqueduct, or river, so curiously wharfed with clincars (a kind of white sun-bak'd brick), and of which material the spacious streetes on either side are paved. This part of Amsterdam is gained upon the maine Sea, supported by piles at an im'ense charge. Prodigious it is to consider the multitude of vessels which continually ride before this City, which is certainly the most busie concourse of mortalls now upon the whole earth, and the most addicted to com'erce" (*ib.* i. 30).

that of St. Nicholas, where I found one who played all sorts of compositions from the tablature before him, as if he had fingered an organ; for so were the hammers fastened with wires to several keys put into a frame twenty feet below the bells, upon which (by help of a wooden instrument, not much unlike a weaver's shuttle, that guarded his hand) he struck on the keys and played to admiration. All this while, through the clattering of the wires, din of the too nearly sounding bells, and noise that his wooden gloves made, the confusion was so great, that it was impossible for the musician, or any that stood near him, to hear anything himself; yet, to those at a distance, and especially in the streets, the harmony and the time were the most exact and agreeable.

The south church is richly paved with black and white marble,—the west is a new fabric; and generally all the churches in Holland are furnished with organs, lamps, and monuments, carefully preserved from the fury and impiety of popular reformers, whose zeal has foolishly transported them in other places rather to act like madmen than religious.<sup>1</sup>

Upon St. Bartholomew's day, I went amongst the book-sellers, and visited the famous Hondius<sup>2</sup> and Bleaw's<sup>3</sup> shop, to buy some maps, atlases, and other works of that kind.<sup>4</sup> At another shop, I furnished myself with some shells and Indian curiosities; and so, towards the end of August, I returned again to Haarlem by the river, ten miles in length, straight as a line, and of competent breadth for ships to sail by one another. They showed us a cottage where, they told us, dwelt a woman who

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 10th October, 1641, with reference to the destruction of the windows of Canterbury Cathedral.]

<sup>2</sup> [There were several artists named Hondius or De Hondt. This was William Hondius, the son of Henry. He was living in Holland at this date, and is "celebrated" for his "*Mapps*" in *Sculptura*, chap. iv.]

<sup>3</sup> [William Jansen Blaeuw, 1571-1638, geographer, printer, and friend of Tycho Brahe. His *Theatrum Mundi*, 1663-71, was published by his son John (d. 1680), probably here referred to.]

<sup>4</sup> [The entry as to the booksellers, etc., is thus expressed in the earlier edition: "I went to Hondius's shop to buy some mapps, greatly pleased with the signes of that indefatigable person. Mr. Bleaw, the setter forth of the Atlas's and other workes of that kind, is worthy seeing" (*Diary*, 1827, i. 32).

had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in future; yet it could not be proved that she had ever made away with any of her husbands, though the suspicion had brought her divers times to trouble.

Haarlem is a very delicate town, and hath one of the fairest churches of the Gothic design I had ever seen.<sup>1</sup> There hang in the steeple, which is very high, two silver bells, said to have been brought from Damietta, in Egypt, by an earl of Holland, in memory of whose success they are rung out every evening. In the nave, hang the goodliest branches of brass for tapers that I have seen, esteemed of great value for the curiosity of the workmanship; also a fair pair of organs, which I could not find they made use of in divine service, or so much as to assist them in singing psalms, but only for show, and to recreate the people before and after their devotions, whilst the burgomasters were walking and conferring about their affairs. Near the west window hang two models of ships, completely equipped, in memory of that invention of saws under their keels, with which they cut through the chain of booms, which barred the port of Damietta. Having visited this church, the fish-market, and made some inquiry about the printing-house, the invention whereof is said to have been in this town,<sup>2</sup> I returned to Leyden.

At Leyden, I was carried up to the castle, or Pyrgus, built on a very steep artificial mount, cast up (as reported) by Hengist the Saxon, on his return out of England, as a place to retire to, in case of any sudden inundations.

The churches are many and fair; in one of them lies buried the learned and illustrious Joseph Scaliger,<sup>3</sup> without any extraordinary inscription, who, having left the world a monument of his worth more lasting than marble, needed nothing more than his own name; which I think is all

<sup>1</sup> [The Groote Kerk. It was restored throughout at the end of the last century.]

<sup>2</sup> [The invention of printing, now given to Gutenberg (see *post*, p. 18), was formerly attributed to Laurens Janszoon Coster of Haarlem, whose statue in bronze, erected in 1856, stands in front of the Groote Kerk.]

<sup>3</sup> [Joseph Justus Scaliger, 1540-1609. His monument is in the south transept of the Church of St. Peter.]

engraven on his sepulchre. He left his library to this University.

28th August. I went to see the college and schools, which are nothing extraordinary, and was complimented with a *matricula* by the *magnificus* Professor, who first in Latin demanded of me where my lodging in the town was, my name, age, birth, and to what Faculty I addicted myself; then, recording my answers in a book, he administered an oath to me that I should observe the statutes and orders of the University whilst I stayed, and then delivered me a ticket, by virtue whereof I was made excise-free; for all which worthy privileges, and the pains of writing, he accepted of a rix-dollar.

Here was now the famous Dan. Heinsius,<sup>1</sup> whom I so longed to see, as well as the no less famous printer Elzevir's printing-house and shop,<sup>2</sup> renowned for the politeness of the character and editions of what he has published through Europe. Hence to the physic-garden,<sup>3</sup> well stored with exotic plants, if the catalogue presented to me by the gardener be a faithful register.

But, amongst all the rarities of this place, I was much pleased with a sight of their anatomy-school, theatre, and repository adjoining,<sup>4</sup> which is well furnished with natural curiosities; skeletons, from the whale and elephant to the fly and spider; which last is a very delicate piece of art, to see how the bones (if I may so call them of so tender an insect) could be separated from the mucilaginous parts of that minute

<sup>1</sup> Daniel Heinsius, 1580-1655, a Dutch scholar and critic, who edited numerous editions of the Classics. He was chosen professor of history and politics at Leyden; then secretary and librarian of the University. In 1618, he was appointed secretary to the states of Holland at the Synod of Dort; and the fame of his learning became so diffused, that the Pope endeavoured to draw him to Rome.

<sup>2</sup> [Bonaventura (1583-1654), and Abraham Elzevir or Elzevier (1592-1652), established the *Officina Elzeviriana* at Leyden in 1626; and it was continued by their descendants.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Botanic Garden behind the University.]

<sup>4</sup> [The Natural History Museum, which includes a famous Department of Comparative Anatomy. Thoresby, 1678, speaks of all these places:—"At Leyden, we saw the Physic Garden, stocked with great variety of foreign trees, herbs, etc., and the Anatomy Theatre, which has the skeletons of almost all manner of beasts, rare as well as common, and human of both sexes, etc. There is a most curious collection of rarities, Heathen idols, Indian arrows, garments, armour, money, etc." (Thoresby's *Diary*, 1830, i. 18-19).]

animal. Amongst a great variety of other things, I was shown the knife newly taken out of a drunken Dutchman's guts, by an incision in his side, after it had slipped from his fingers into his stomach. The pictures of the chirurgeon and his patient, both living, were there.

There is without the town a fair Mall, curiously planted.

Returning to my lodging, I was showed the statue, cut in stone, of the happy monk, whom they report to have been the first inventor of typography, set over the door; but this is much controverted by others, who strive for the glory of it, besides John Gutenberg.<sup>1</sup>

I was brought acquainted with a Burgundian Jew, who had married an apostate Kentish woman. I asked him divers questions: he told me, amongst other things, that the World should never end; that our souls transmigrated, and that even those of the most holy persons did penance in the bodies of brutes after death,—and so he interpreted the banishment and savage life of Nebuchadnezzar: that all the Jews should rise again, and be led to Jerusalem; that the Romans only were the occasion of our Saviour's death, whom he affirmed (as the Turks do) to be a great prophet, but not the Messiah. He showed me several books of their devotion, which he had translated into English, for the instruction of his wife; he told me that when the Messiah came, all the ships, barks, and vessels of Holland should, by the power of certain strange whirlwinds, be loosed from their anchors, and transported in a moment to all the desolate ports and havens throughout the world, wherever the dispersion was, to convey their brethren and tribes to the Holy City; with other such like stuff. He was a merry drunken fellow, but would by no means handle any money (for something I purchased of him), it being Saturday; but desired me to leave it in the window, meaning to receive it on Sunday morning.

1st September. I went to Delft and Rotterdam, and two days after back to the Hague, to bespeak a suit of horseman's armour, which I caused to be made to fit me. I now rode out of town to see the

monument of the woman, pretended to have been a countess of Holland, reported to have had as many children at one birth, as there are days in the year. The basins were hung up in which they were baptized, together with a large description of the matter-of-fact in a frame of carved work, in the church of Lysdun [Loosduinen], a desolate place.<sup>1</sup> As I returned, I diverted to see one of the Prince's Palaces, called the Hof Van Houslers Dyck, a very fair cloistered and quadrangular building. The gallery is prettily painted with several huntings, and at one end a gordian knot, with rustical instruments so artificially represented, as to deceive an accurate eye to distinguish it from actual *rilievo*. The ceiling of the staircase is painted with the "Rape of Ganymede," and other pendent figures, the work of F. Covenberg, of whose hand I bought an excellent drollery,<sup>2</sup> which I afterwards parted with to my brother George of Wotton, where it now hangs.<sup>3</sup> To this palace join a fair garden and park, curiously planted with limes.

8th. Returned to Rotterdam, through Delftshaven and Sedan, where were at that time Colonel Goring's winter quarters. This town has heretofore been very much talked of for witches.<sup>4</sup>

10th. I took a waggon for Dort, to be present at the reception of the Queen-mother, Marie de Médicis, Dowager of France, widow of Henry the Great,<sup>5</sup> and mother to the French King, Louis XIII., and the Queen of England, whence she newly arrived, tossed to and fro by the various fortune of her life. From this city, she designed for Cologne, conducted by the Earl of Arundel<sup>6</sup> and the Herr Van Brederode. At this interview, I saw the Princess

<sup>1</sup> [The lady of whom this apocryphal story is told was Margaret, Countess of Henneberg, daughter of Florence IV. of Holland; and the date is March 26th, 1276—then the second day of the year.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 13.]

<sup>3</sup> [It is still there, and is said to have been bought 6th September, 1641. The Covenberg mentioned is Christiaan van Kouwenberg, 1604-67, a pupil of Jan van Nes. He studied in Italy; did many works for the Prince of Orange at the château of Ryswyk and the Palace in the Wood; and died at Cologne.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Sedan" is Forster's modernization of Evelyn's "Seedam" in Bray's text. The word, Mr. A. Higgs points out, should plainly be "Schiedam."] <sup>5</sup> [Henry IV., 1553-1610.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 9.]

<sup>1</sup> [John Gutenberg, or Gensfleisch, 1399-1468, who printed the *Mazarin* Bible at Mentz from movable metal types in 1450-55.]



of Orange, and the lady her daughter, afterwards married to the House of Brandenburg. There was little remarkable in this reception befitting the greatness of her person; but an universal discontent, which accompanied that unlucky woman wherever she went.<sup>1</sup>

12th September. I went towards Bois-le-Duc,<sup>2</sup> where we arrived on the 16th, at the time when the new citadel was advancing, with innumerable hands, and incomparable inventions for draining off the waters out of the fens and morasses about it, being by buckets, mills, cochleas,<sup>3</sup> pumps, and the like; in which the Hollanders are the most expert in Europe. Here were now sixteen companies and nine troops of horse. They were also cutting a new river, to pass from the town to a castle not far from it. Here we split our skiff, falling foul upon another through negligence of the master, who was fain to run aground, to our no little hazard. At our arrival, a soldier conveyed us to the Governor, where our names were taken, and our persons examined very strictly.

17th. I was permitted to walk the round and view the works, and to visit a convent of religious women of the order of St. Clara (who by the capitulation were allowed to enjoy their monastery and maintenance undisturbed, at the surrender of the town twelve years since), where we had a collation and very civil entertainment. They had a neat chapel, in which the heart of the Duke of Cleves, their founder, lies inhumed under a plate of brass. Within the cloister is a garden, and in the middle of it an overgrown lime-tree, out of whose stem,

near the root, issue five upright and exceeding tall suckers, or bolls, the like whereof for evenness and height I had not observed.

The chief church of this city is curiously carved within and without, furnished with a pair of organs, and a most magnificent font of copper.<sup>1</sup>

18th. I went to see that most impregnable town and fort of Heusden, where I was exceedingly obliged to one Colonel Crombe, the lieutenant-governor, who would needs make me accept the honour of being captain of the watch, and to give the word this night. The fortification is very irregular, but esteemed one of the most considerable for strength and situation in the Netherlands. We departed towards Gorcum. Here Sir Kenelm Digby,<sup>2</sup> travelling towards Cologne, met us.

The next morning, the 19th, we arrived at Dort, passing by the Decoys, where they catch innumerable quantities of fowl.

22nd. I went again to Rotterdam to receive a pass which I expected from Brussels, securing me through Brabant and Flanders, designing to go into England through those countries. The Cardinal Infante,<sup>3</sup> brother to the King of Spain, was then governor. By this pass, having obtained another from the Prince of Orange, upon the 24th of September I departed through Dort; but met with very bad tempestuous weather, being several times driven back, and obliged to lie at anchor off Keele, other vessels lying there waiting better weather. The 25th and 26th we made other essays;

<sup>1</sup> [In 1638 she had come to England from Holland. But the popular hatred of popery drove her back again in August, 1641. Lilly, the astrologer, thus speaks of her at this time:—"I beheld the Old Queen Mother of France departing from London, in Company of Thomas Earl of Arundel; a sad Spectacle of Mortality it was, and produced Tears from mine Eyes, and many other Beholders, to see an Aged lean decrepid poor Queen, ready for her Grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no Place of Residence in this World left her" (*Life and Death of King Charles*, 1715, p. 49). Holland declined to harbour her, and she sought an asylum in the electorate of Cologne, where she died, 3rd July, 1642. There is a portrait of her by the younger Pourbus at Hampton Court, apparently painted subsequent to the assassination of Henry IV. by Ravaillac in 1610.]

<sup>2</sup> [S Hertogenbosch or 'S Bosch in Dutch.]

<sup>3</sup> [The spiral water-screw of Archimedes.]

<sup>1</sup> [The Cathedral of St. John, one of the three most important mediæval churches in Holland. The copper font in the baptistery dates from 1492.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Kenelm Digby, 1603-65, author, courtier, sailor, and diplomatist. He was the only son of Sir Everard Digby, executed for his share in the Gunpowder Plot. Knighted by James I. in 1623, Sir Kenelm had successfully commanded a privateering squadron in the Mediterranean against the French and Venetians in 1628; and he had already married and lost his wife, the beautiful Venetia Stanley, 1633. In this year (1641), he fought a duel at Paris with a certain Mont de Ros, who had maligned King Charles, and he killed his man. His curious *Private Memoirs* were published in 1827 with an Introduction by Sir Harris Nicolas; and his life was written in 1896 [by T. Longueville]. There are portraits of him by Vandyck and Cornelius Janssen. (See *post*, under 7th November, 1651.)]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 11 n.]

but were again repulsed to the harbour, where lay sixty vessels waiting to sail. But, on the 27th, we, impatient of the time and inhospitableness of the place, sailed again with a contrary and impetuous wind and a terrible sea, in great jeopardy; for we had much ado to keep ourselves above water, the billows breaking desperately on our vessel: we were driven into Willemstad, a place garrisoned by the English, where the Governor had a fair house. The works, and especially the counterscarp, are curiously hedged with quick, and planted with a stately row of limes on the rampart. The church is of a round structure, with a cupola, and the town belongs entirely to the Prince of Orange, as does that of Breda, and some other places.

28th September. Failing of an appointment, I was constrained to return to Dort for a bill of exchange; but it was the 1st of October ere I could get back. At Keele, I numbered 141 vessels, who durst not yet venture out; but, animated by the master of a stout barque, after a small encounter of weather, we arrived by four that evening at Steenberg. In the passage we sailed over a sea called the Plaats, an exceeding dangerous water, by reason of two contrary tides which meet there very impetuously. Here, because of the many shelves, we were forced to tide it along the channel; but, ere we could gain the place, the ebb was so far spent, that we were compelled to foot it at least two long miles, through a most pelting shower of rain.

2nd October. With a gentleman of the Rhyngrove's, I went in a cart, or tumbrel (for it was no better; no other accommodation could be procured), of two wheels and one horse, to Bergen-op-Zoom, meeting by the way divers parties of his Highness's army now retiring towards their winter quarters; the convoy skiffs riding by thousands along the harbour. The fort was heretofore built by the English.

The next morning, I embarked for Lillo, having refused a convoy of horse which was offered me. The tide being against us, we landed short of the fort on the beach, where we marched half leg deep in mud, ere we could gain the dyke, which, being five or six miles from Lillo, we were forced to walk on foot very wet and dis-

composed; and then entering a boat we passed the ferry, and came to the castle. Being taken before the Governor, he demanded my pass, to which he set his hand, and asked two rix-dollars for a fee, which methought appeared very exorbitant in a soldier of his quality. I told him that I had already purchased my pass of the commissaries at Rotterdam; at which, in a great fury, snatching the paper out of my hand, he flung it scornfully under the table, and bade me try whether I could get to Antwerp without his permission; but I had no sooner given him the dollars, than he returned the passport surlily enough, and made me pay fourteen Dutch shillings to the *cantone*, or searcher, for my contempt, which I was glad to do for fear of further trouble, should he have discovered my Spanish pass, in which the States were therein treated by the name of rebels. Besides all these exactions, I gave the commissary six shillings, to the soldiers something, and, ere perfectly clear of this frontier, thirty-one stivers to the man-of-war, who lay blocking up the river betwixt Lillo and the opposite scone called Liefkenshoek.

4th. We sailed by several Spanish forts, out of one of which, St. Mary's port, came a Don on board us, to whom I showed my Spanish pass, which he signed, and civilly dismissed us. Hence, sailing by another man-of-war, to which we lowered our topsails, we at length arrived at Antwerp.

The lodgings here are very handsome and convenient. I lost little time; but, with the aid of one Mr. Lewkner, our conductor, we visited divers churches, colleges, and monasteries. The Church of the Jesuits is most sumptuous and magnificent; a glorious fabric without and within, wholly incrustated with marble, inlaid and polished into divers representations of histories, landscapes, and flowers. On the high altar is placed the statue of the Blessed Virgin and our Saviour in white marble, with a boss in the girdle set with very fair and rich sapphires, and divers other stones of price. The choir is a glorious piece of architecture: the pulpit supported by four angels, and adorned with other carvings, and rare pictures by Rubens, now lately dead, and divers votive

tables and relics.<sup>1</sup> Hence, to the Vrouw Kirk, or Notre Dame of Antwerp: it is a very venerable fabric, built after the Gothic manner, especially the tower, which I ascended, the better to take a view of the country adjacent;<sup>2</sup> which, happening on a day when the sun shone exceedingly bright, and darted his rays without any interruption, afforded so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much confirmed in my opinion of the moon's being of some such substance as this earthly globe: perceiving all the subjacent country, at so small an horizontal distance, to re-percuss such a light as I could hardly look against, save where the river, and other large water within our view, appeared of a more dark and uniform colour; resembling those spots in the moon supposed to be seas there, according to Hevelius,<sup>3</sup> and as they appear in our late telescopes.<sup>4</sup> I numbered in this church thirty privileged altars, that of St. Sebastian adorned with a painting of his martyrdom.

[We went to see the Jerusalem Church, affirmed to have been founded by one who,

<sup>1</sup> [St. Carlo Borromeo. Its pictures by Rubens, with exception of three altar-pieces, now in the Imperial Museum of Vienna, were destroyed by lightning in 1718. Rubens died May 30, 1640.]

<sup>2</sup> ["The view from the upper gallery [of the steeple] takes in the towers of Bergen-op-Zoom, Flushing, Breda, Mechlin, Brussels, and Ghent" (Murray's *Handbook for Belgium*, etc., 1852, p. 54).]

<sup>3</sup> [John Hevelius, or Hevelke, of Dantzic, 1611-87. Evelyn refers to his *Selenographia in Sculptura*.]

<sup>4</sup> In the 1827 edition of the *Diary*, i. 42-43, the entry descriptive of the tower of Antwerp Cathedral is thus given:—"It is a very venerable fabric, built after the Gothic manner; the tower is of an excessive height. This I ascended that I might the better take a view of the country about it, which happening on a day when the sun shone exceedingly hot, and darted the rays without any interruption, afforded so bright a reflection to us who were above, and had a full prospect of both land and water about it, that I was much confirmed in my opinion of the moon's being of some such substance as this earthly globe consists of; perceiving all the subjacent country, at so small an horizontal distance, to re-percuss such a light as I could hardly look against, save where the river, and other large water within our view, appeared of a more dark and uniform colour, resembling those spots in the moon supposed to be seas there, according to our new philosophy, and viewed by optical glasses. I numbered in this church 30 privileged altars, whereof that of St. Sebastian's was rarely painted." Occasional sentences of the preceding matter are entirely new.

upon divers great wagers, passed to and fro between that city and Antwerp on foot, by which he procured large sums of money, which he bestowed on this pious structure.<sup>1</sup> Hence, to St. Mary's Chapel, where I had some conference with two English Jesuits, confessors to Colonel Jaye's regiment. These fathers conducted us to the Cloister of Nuns where we heard a Dutch sermon upon the exposure of the Host. The Senate-house of this city is a very spacious and magnificent building.

5th October. I visited the Jesuits' School, which, for the fame of their method, I greatly desired to see. They were divided into four classes, with several<sup>2</sup> inscriptions over each: as, first, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*; over the second, *Princeps diligentie*; the third, *Imperator Byzantiorum*; over the fourth and uppermost, *Imperator Romanorum*. Under these, the scholars and pupils had their places or forms, with titles and priority according to their proficiency. Their dormitory and lodgings above were exceedingly neat. They have a prison for the offenders and less diligent; and, in an ample court to recreate themselves in, is an aviary, and a yard where eagles, vultures, foxes, monkeys, and other animals are kept, to divert the boys withal at their hours of remission. To this school join the music and mathematical schools, and lastly, a pretty, neat chapel. The great street is built after the Italian mode, in the middle whereof is erected a glorious crucifix of white and black marble, greater than the life. This is a very fair and noble street, clean, well paved, and sweet to admiration.

The Oesters house, belonging to the East India Company, is a stately palace, adorned with more than 300 windows. From hence, walking into the Gun-garden, I was allowed to see as much of the citadel as is permitted to strangers. It is a match-

<sup>1</sup> This notice, slipped by accident into the entries which refer to Antwerp, belongs to those of Bruges. [The Jerusalem Church of Bruges, built in 1428, takes its name from a copy of the Holy Sepulchre which it contains, to reproduce which accurately one of its founders,—the brothers Adornes,—is said to have made no fewer than three journeys to the Holy Land. Southey, who saw it in 1815, considered it a "most ridiculous puppet show" (*Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands* 1903, p. 225).]

<sup>2</sup> [Separate.]

less piece of modern fortification, accommodated with lodgments for the soldiery and magazines. The grachts, ramparts, and platforms are stupendous. Returning by the shop of Plantin,<sup>1</sup> I bought some books, for the name's sake only of that famous printer.

But there was nothing about this city which more ravished me than those delicious shades and walks of stately trees, which render the fortified works of the town one of the sweetest places in Europe;<sup>2</sup> nor did I ever observe a more quiet, clean, elegantly built, and civil place, than this magnificent and famous city of Antwerp. In the evening, I was invited to Signor Duarte's, a Portuguese by nation, an exceeding rich merchant, whose palace I found to be furnished like a prince's. His three daughters entertained us with rare music, vocal and instrumental, which was finished with a handsome collation. I took leave of the ladies and of sweet Antwerp, as late as it was, embarking for Brussels on the Scheldt in a vessel, which delivered us to a second boat (in another river) drawn or towed by horses. In this passage, we frequently changed our barge, by reason of the bridges thwarting our course. Here I observed numerous families inhabiting their vessels and floating dwellings, so built and divided by cabins, as few houses on land enjoyed better accommodation; stored with all sorts of utensils, neat chambers, a pretty parlour, and kept so sweet, that nothing could be more refreshing. The rivers on which they are drawn are very clear and still waters, and pass through a most pleasant country on both the banks. We had in our boat a very good ordinary, and excellent company. The cut is straight as a line for twenty English miles. What I much admired was,

<sup>1</sup> [Christopher Plantin, 1514-69,—"first printer to the King, and the King of printers." His "shop," altered and extended by the architect, Pierre Dens, is now the Plantin-Moretus Museum, to which a delightful volume has been devoted by Mr. Theo. L. De Vinne (Grolier Club, New York, 1888).]

<sup>2</sup> [Upon this Southey comments as follows:—"Long will it be before any traveller can again speak of the delicious shades and stately trees of Antwerp! Carnot, in preparing to defend the place, laid what was then its beautiful environs as bare as a desert" (*Quarterly Review*, April, 1818, p. 5). Southey visited Antwerp in the Waterloo year.]

near the midway, another artificial river, which intersects this at right angles, but on an eminence of ground, and is carried in an aqueduct of stone so far above the other, as that the waters neither mingle, nor hinder one another's passage.

We came to a town called Villefrow, where all the passengers went on shore to wash at a fountain issuing out of a pillar, and then came aboard again. On the margin of this long tract are abundance of shrines and images, defended from the injuries of the weather by niches of stone wherein they are placed.

7th [6th?] October. We arrived at Brussels at nine in the morning. The Stadt-house, near the market-place, is, for the carving in freestone, a most laborious and finished piece, well worthy observation. The flesh-shambles are also built of stone. I was pleased with certain small engines, by which a girl or boy was able to draw up, or let down, great bridges, which in divers parts of this city crossed the channel for the benefit of passengers. The walls of this town are very entire, and full of towers at competent distances. The cathedral is built upon a very high and exceeding steep ascent, to which we mounted by fair steps of stone. Hence I walked to a convent of English Nuns, with whom I sat discoursing most part of the afternoon.

8th [7th?]. Being the morning I came away, I went to see the Prince's Court, an ancient, confused building, not much unlike the Hof, at the Hague: there is here likewise a very large Hall, where they vend all sorts of wares. Through this we passed by the chapel, which is indeed rarely arched, and in the middle of it was the hearse, or *catafalco*, of the late Archduchess, the wise and pious Clara Eugenia.<sup>1</sup> Out of this we were conducted to the lodgings, tapestried with incomparable arras, and adorned with many excellent pieces of Rubens, old and young Brueghel,<sup>2</sup> Titian, and Steenwyck, with stories of most of the late actions in the Netherlands.

<sup>1</sup> [The Infanta Clara Isabella Eugenia (daughter of Philip II.), to whom the "Spanish Netherlands" were ceded in 1598 on her marriage with Albert, Archduke of Austria, the Spanish Governor. He died in 1621, and she reigned alone until 1633.]

<sup>2</sup> [*I.e.* "Peasant" Brueghel, 1525-69, and his son, "Hell-fire" Brueghel, 1554-1638.]

By an accident, we could not see the library. There is a fair terrace which looks to the vineyard, in which, on pedestals, are fixed the statues of all the Spanish kings of the house of Austria. The opposite walls are painted by Rubens,<sup>1</sup> being a history of the late tumults in Belgia; in the last piece the Archduchess shuts a great pair of gates upon Mars, who is coming out of hell, armed, and in a menacing posture; which, with that other of the Infanta taking leave of Don Philip the Fourth, is a most incomparable table.

From hence, we walked into the park, which for being entirely within the walls of the city is particularly remarkable: nor is it less pleasant than if in the most solitary recesses; so naturally is it furnished with whatever may render it agreeable, melancholy,<sup>2</sup> and country-like. Here is a stately heronry, divers springs of water, artificial cascades, rocks, grotts; one whereof is composed of the extravagant roots of trees, cunningly built and hung together with wires. In this park are both fallow and red deer.

From hence, we were led into the *manège*, and out of that into a most sweet and delicious garden, where was another grot of more neat and costly materials, full of noble statues, and entertaining us with artificial music; but the hedge of water, in form of lattice-work, which the fountaineer caused to ascend out of the earth by degrees, exceedingly pleased and surprised me; for thus, with a pervious wall, or rather a palisade hedge of water, was the whole parterre environed.

There is likewise a fair aviary; and in the court next it are kept divers sorts of animals, rare and exotic fowl, as eagles, cranes, storks, bustards, pheasants of several kinds, and a duck having four wings. In another division of the same close are rabbits of an almost perfect yellow colour.

There was no Court now in the palace; the Infante Cardinal, who was the Governor of Flanders, being dead but newly, and every one in deep mourning.<sup>3</sup>

At near eleven o'clock, I repaired to his

<sup>1</sup> [He was court painter to the Archduke and his wife.]

<sup>2</sup> [Evelyn probably means "retired," "suited to contemplation."] ]

<sup>3</sup> [Ferdinand of Spain, Governor of Flanders from 1633 to 1641, on the 9th November in which latter

Majesty's agent, Sir Henry de Vic,<sup>1</sup> who very courteously received me, and accommodated me with a coach and six horses, which carried me from Brussels to Ghent, where it was to meet my Lord of Arundel, Earl Marshal of England,<sup>2</sup> who had requested me when I was at Antwerp to send it for him, if I went not thither myself.

Thus taking leave of Brussels and a sad Court, yet full of gallant persons (for in this small city, the acquaintance being universal, ladies and gentlemen, I perceived, had great diversions, and frequent meetings), I hastened towards Ghent. On the way, I met with divers little waggons, prettily contrived, and full of peddling merchandises, drawn by mastiff-dogs, harnessed completely like so many coach-horses; in some four, in others six, as in Brussels itself I had observed. In Antwerp I saw, as I remember, four dogs draw five lusty children in a chariot; the master commands them whither he pleases, crying his wares about the streets. After passing through Ouse, by six in the evening, I arrived at Ghent. This is a city of so great a circumference, that it is reported to be seven leagues round; but there is not half of it now built, much of it remaining in fields and desolate pastures even within the walls, which have strong gates towards the west, and two fair churches.

Here I beheld the palace wherein John of Gaunt<sup>3</sup> and Charles V. were born; whose statue<sup>4</sup> stands in the market-place,

year he died at Brussels. He was the third son of Philip III., and brother of Philip IV. See *ante*, pp. 11 and 19.]

<sup>1</sup> For twenty years resident at Brussels for Charles II.; also Chancellor of the Order of the Garter; and in 1662 appointed Comptroller of the Household of the Duke of York. He died in 1672. [He had long been in the English Service, and was with Buckingham at Rochelle, concerning which affair there are several letters from him to Lord Conway in Hardwicke's Collection of State Papers. His only daughter, Anna Charlotta, married John Lord Frescheville, Baron of Staveley, in Derbyshire.]

<sup>2</sup> [As already stated at p. 19, the Earl had brought Marie de Médicis to the Continent. In February, 1642, he left England again for good, ostensibly acting as escort to Henrietta Maria and Princess Mary (see *post*, under August, 1645).]

<sup>3</sup> [In 1338-39 it had been the residence of Edward III., and thus became the birthplace of Queen Philippa's son.]

<sup>4</sup> [Charles V.'s. It was destroyed in 1792; and its site is now occupied by a bronze statue of Jacques van Artevelde, by P. Devigne-Quyo (1863).]

upon a high pillar, with his sword drawn, to which (as I was told) the magistrates and burghers were wont to repair upon a certain day every year with ropes about their necks, in token of submission and penance for an old rebellion of theirs; but now the hemp is changed into a blue ribbon. Here is planted the *basilisco*, or great gun, so much talked of.<sup>1</sup> The Lys and the Scheldt meeting in this vast city, divide it into twenty-six islands, which are united by many bridges, somewhat resembling Venice. This night I supped with the Abbot of Andoyne, a pleasant and courteous priest.

8th October. I passed by boat to Bruges, taking in at a redoubt a convoy of fourteen musketeers, because the other side of the river, being Contribution-land, was subject to the inroads and depredations of the bordering States. This river was cut by the famous Marquis Spinola, and is in my judgment a wonderful piece of labour, and a worthy public work, being in some places forced through the main rock, to an incredible depth, for thirty miles. At the end of each mile is built a small redoubt, which communicates a line to the next, and so the whole way, from whence we received many volleys of shot, in compliment to my Lord Marshal,<sup>2</sup> who was in our vessel, a passenger with us. At five that evening, we were met by the magistrates of Bruges, who came out to convey my lord to his lodgings, at whose cost he was entertained that night.

The morning after we went to see the Stadt-house and adjoining aqueduct, the church, and market-place, where we saw cheeses and butter piled up in heaps; also the fortifications and grachts, which are extremely large.

The 9th, we arrived at Ostend by a straight and artificial river. Here, with leave of the captain of the watch, I was carried to survey the river and harbour,

with fortifications on one side thereof: the east and south are mud and earth walls. It is a very strong place, and lately stood a memorable siege three years, three months, three weeks, and three days.<sup>1</sup> I went to see the church of St. Peter,<sup>2</sup> and the cloisters of the Franciscans.

10th. I went by waggon, accompanied with a jovial commissary, to Dunkirk, the journey being made all on the sea-sands. On our arrival, we first viewed the court of guards, the works, the town-house, and the new church; the latter is very beautiful within; and another, wherein they showed us an excellent piece of "Our Saviour's bearing the Cross." The harbour, in two channels, coming up to the town was choked with a multitude of prizes.

From hence, the next day, I marched three English miles towards the packet-boat, being a pretty frigate of six guns, which embarked us for England about three in the afternoon.

At our going off, the fort, against which our pinnace anchored, saluted my Lord Marshal with twelve great guns, which we answered with three. Not having the wind favourable, we anchored that night before Calais. About midnight, we weighed; and, at four in the morning, though not far from Dover, we could not make the pier till four that afternoon, the wind proving contrary and driving us westward: but at last we got on shore, October the 12th.

From Dover, I that night rode post to Canterbury. Here I visited the cathedral, then in great splendour; those famous windows being entire, since demolished by the fanatics.<sup>3</sup> The next morning, by Sittingbourne, I came to Rochester, and thence to Gravesend, where a light-horseman (as they call it)<sup>4</sup> taking us in, we spent our tide as far as Greenwich. From hence, after we had a little refreshed

<sup>1</sup> [This was no doubt the great bombard known as Mad Margery (*De Dulle Griete*), a relative of Edinburgh's Mons Meg. It is of hammered iron, hooped like a tub. Its length is nineteen feet; its circumference eleven feet. That egregious traveller, Thomas Coryat of Odcombe, found another of the family in the Citadel at Milan,—"an exceeding huge Basiliuske, which was so great that it would easily containe the body of a very corpulent man" (*Cruities*, 1776, i. 125).]

<sup>2</sup> [The Earl of Arundel.]

<sup>1</sup> [From 1601 to 1604, when it finally yielded to Spinola, but only by command of the States-General, who, owing to its obstinate resistance, had gained their ends.]

<sup>2</sup> [Burned down in 1896, and now rebuilt.]

<sup>3</sup> [In 1643, Richard Culmer, a fanatical divine, known as "Blue Dick," was commissioned by the Parliament to destroy the stained glass of Canterbury Cathedral.]

<sup>4</sup> [According to Smyth's *Sailor's Word-Book*, this is "an old name for the light boat, since named gig."] ]

ourselves at the College (for by reason of the contagion then in London we balked<sup>1</sup> the inns), we came to London, landing at Arundel-stairs.<sup>2</sup> Here I took leave of his Lordship, and retired to my lodgings in the Middle Temple,<sup>3</sup> being about two in the morning, the 14th of October.

16th October. I went to see my brother at Wotton. On the 31st of that month (unfortunate for the Irish Rebellion, which broke out on the 23rd),<sup>4</sup> I was one-and-twenty years of age.

7th November. After receiving the Sacrament at Wotton church, I visited my Lord Marshal at Albury.<sup>5</sup>

23rd. I returned to London; and, on the 25th, saw his Majesty ride through the City after his coming out of Scotland, and a Peace proclaimed, with great acclamations and joy of the giddy people.

15th December. I was elected one of the Comptrollers of the Middle Temple revelers, as the fashion of the young students and gentlemen was, the Christmas being kept this year with great solemnity; but, being desirous to pass it in the country, I got leave to resign my staff of office, and went with my brother Richard to Wotton.

10th January, 1642. I gave a visit to my cousin Hatton, of Ditton.<sup>6</sup>

19th. I went to London, where I stayed till 5th March, studying a little, but dancing and fooling more.

3rd October. To Chichester, and hence the next day to see the siege of Portsmouth; for now was that bloody difference between the King and Parliament broken out, which ended in the fatal tragedy so many years after. It was on the day of its being rendered to Sir William Waller; which gave me an opportunity of taking my leave of Colonel Goring, the governor, now embarking for France.<sup>7</sup> This day

was fought that signal battle at Edgehill.<sup>1</sup> Thence I went to Southampton and Winchester, where I visited the castle, school, church, and King Arthur's Round Table; but especially the church, and its Saxon kings' monuments, which I esteemed a worthy antiquity.

The 12th November was the battle of Brentford, surprisingly fought; and to the great consternation of the City, had his Majesty (as it was believed he would) pursued his advantage. I came in with my horse and arms just at the retreat;<sup>2</sup> but was not permitted to stay longer than the 15th, by reason of the army marching to Gloucester; which would have left both me and my brothers exposed to ruin, without any advantage to his Majesty.

7th December. I went from Wotton to London, to see the so much celebrated line of communication, and on the 10th returned to Wotton, nobody knowing of my having been in his Majesty's army.

10th March, 1643. I went to Hartingfordberry, to visit my cousin, Keightley.<sup>3</sup>

11th. I went to see my Lord of Salisbury's Palace at Hatfield,<sup>4</sup> where the most considerable rarity, besides the house (inferior to few then in England for its architecture), were the garden and vineyard, rarely well watered and planted. They also showed us the picture of Secretary Cecil, in mosaic work, very well done by some Italian hand.

I must not forget what amazed us exceedingly in the night before, namely, a shining cloud in the air, in shape resembling a sword, the point reaching to the north; it was as bright as the moon, the rest of the sky being very serene. It began about eleven at night, and vanished not till above one, being seen by all the south of England. I made many journeys to and from London.

15th April. To Hatfield, and near the by Colonel Goring (see *ante*, p. 12), 9th September, 1642.]

<sup>1</sup> [The battle of Edgehill was fought Sunday, 23rd October, 1642.]

<sup>2</sup> [Charles had taken Brentford on the 12th; but being faced next day by Essex at Turnham Green, he retreated through Reading to Oxford, which he reached 29th November.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 3.]

<sup>4</sup> [Hatfield House, Herts, is still the seat of Lord Salisbury; and the gardens, where Pepys "never saw . . . so good flowers, nor so great gooseberries, as big as nutmegs" (*Diary*, 22nd July, 1661), retain their magnificence.]

<sup>1</sup> [Avoided, gave the go-by to.]

<sup>2</sup> [These were at the bottom of Arundel Street, near the present Arundel Hotel.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 8.]

<sup>4</sup> [Upon which day was planned the surprise of Dublin Castle and the rising in Ulster.]

<sup>5</sup> [Albury Park, Guildford, Surrey, at this date the seat of the Howards. From the Howards it passed to the Finches, and in 1819 was bought by Mr. Drummond. It now belongs to the Duke of Northumberland, to whose family it came by marriage with the Drummonds.]

<sup>6</sup> [Serjeant Hatton, of Thames-Ditton (see *post*, under 5th October, 1647).]

<sup>7</sup> [Portsmouth was surrendered to the Parliament

town of Hertford I went to see Sir J. Harrison's house new built.<sup>1</sup> Returning to London, I called to see his Majesty's house and gardens at Theobalds,<sup>2</sup> since demolished by the rebels.

*2nd May.* I went from Wotton to London, where I saw the furious and zealous people demolish that stately Cross in Cheapside.<sup>3</sup>

On the 4th I returned, with no little regret, for the confusion that threatened us. Resolving to possess myself in some quiet, if it might be, in a time of so great jealousy, I built by my brother's permission a study, made a fish-pond, an island, and some other solitudes and retirements at Wotton; which gave the first occasion of improving them to those waterworks and gardens which afterwards succeeded them, and became at that time the most famous of England.

*12th July.* I sent my black *manège* horse<sup>4</sup> and furniture with a friend to his Majesty, then at Oxford.<sup>5</sup>

*23rd.* The Covenant being pressed, I absented myself; but, finding it impossible to evade the doing very unhand-some things, and which had been a great cause of my perpetual motions hitherto between Wotton and London, October the 2nd, I obtained a license of his Majesty, dated at Oxford and signed by the King, to travel again.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards called Ball's Park, belonging to the Townshend family, George II.'s Secretary of State, Charles, third Viscount, having married Miss Harrison.

<sup>2</sup> [Theobalds, Cheshunt, Herts, where James I. died, 27th March, 1625. It was dismantled and the greater part razed by the Parliamentary Commissioners. Theobalds Square, Cheshunt, now occupies the site.]

<sup>3</sup> ["While the thing was a-doing," says Howell, "there was a noyse of trumpets blew all the while" (*Londinopolis*, 1657).]

<sup>4</sup> [Horse trained for war in the riding academy. Evelyn's contemporary, the Duke of Newcastle (see *post*, under 18th April, 1667) is said to have taken particular pleasure in "Horses of Mannage," and Scott makes Edward Waverley familiar with "the arts of the *manège*" (ch. vii.). The Duke, it may be remembered, wrote two famous works on horsemanship.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 25.]

<sup>6</sup> [This seems to suggest that he had obtained a previous license. But that now granted evidently did not, like the license issued to James Howell by the Lords of the Council in 1677, include a prohibition to visit Rome (see *post*, under 4th November, 1644).]

*6th November.* Lying by the way from Wotton at Sir Ralph Whitfield's, at Bletchingley (whither both my brothers had conducted me), I arrived at London on the 7th, and two days after took boat at the Tower wharf, which carried me as far as Sittingbourne, though not without danger, I being only in a pair of oars, exposed to a hideous storm; but it pleased God that we got in before the peril was considerable. From thence, I went by post to Dover, accompanied with one Mr. Thicknesse, a very dear friend of mine.<sup>1</sup>

*11th.* Having a reasonable good passage, though the weather was snowy and untoward enough, we came before Calais, where, as we went on shore, mistaking the tide, our shallop struck on the sands, with no little danger; but at length we got off.

Calais is considered an extraordinary well-fortified place, in the old castle and new citadel regarding the sea. The haven consists of a long bank of sand, lying opposite to it. The market-place and the church are remarkable things, besides those relics of our former dominion there. I remember there were engraven in stone, upon the front of an ancient dwelling which was showed us, these words in English—*God save the King*, together with the name of the architect and date. The walls of the town are substantial; but the situation towards the land is not pleasant, by reason of the marshes and low grounds about it.

*12th.* After dinner, we took horse with the Messagere, hoping to have arrived at Boulogne that night; but there fell so great a snow, accompanied with hail, rain, and sudden darkness, that we had much ado to gain the next village; and in this passage, being to cross a valley by a causeway, and a bridge built over a small river, the rain that had fallen making it an impetuous stream for near a quarter of a mile, my horse slipping had almost been the occasion of my perishing. We none of us went to bed; for the soldiers in those parts leaving little in the villages, we had enough to do to get ourselves dry, by morning, between the fire and the fresh straw. The next day early, we arrived at Boulogne.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 6; and *post*, under 26th September, 1645.]



This is a double town, one part of it situate on a high rock, or downs; the other, called the lower town, is yet with a great declivity towards the sea; both of them defended by a strong castle, which stands on a notable eminence. Under the town runs the river, which is yet but an inconsiderable brook. Henry VIII., in the siege of this place, is said to have used those great leathern guns which I have since beheld in the Tower of London, inscribed, *Non Marte opus est cui non deficit Mercurius*; if at least the history be true, which my Lord Herbert doubts.<sup>1</sup>

The next morning, in some danger of parties [Spanish] surprising us, we came to Montreuil, built on the summit of a most conspicuous hill, environed with fair and ample meadows; but all the suburbs had been from time to time ruined, and were now lately burnt by the Spanish inroads. This town is fortified with two very deep dry ditches; the walls about the bastions and citadel are a noble piece of masonry. The church is more glorious without than within: the market-place large; but the inhabitants are miserably poor. The next day, we came to Abbeville, having passed all this way in continual expectation of the volunteers, as they call them. This town affords a good aspect towards the hill from whence we descended: nor does it deceive us; for it is handsomely built, and has many pleasant and useful streams passing through it, the main river being the Somme, which discharges itself into the sea at St. Valery, almost in view of the town. The principal church is a very handsome piece of Gothic architecture, and the ports and ramparts sweetly planted for defence and ornament. In the morning, they brought us choice of guns and pistols to sell at reasonable rates, and neatly made, being here a merchandise of great account, the town abounding in gun-smiths.

Hence we advanced to Beauvais, another town of good note, and having the first vineyards we had seen. The next day to

Beaumont, and the morrow to Paris, having taken our repast at St. Denis, two leagues from that great city. St. Denis is considerable only for its stately cathedral, and the dormitory of the French kings, there inhumed as ours at Westminster Abbey. The treasury is esteemed one of the richest in Europe. The church was built by king Dagobert,<sup>1</sup> but since much enlarged, being now 390 feet long, 100 in breadth, and 80 in height, without comprehending the cover: it has also a very high shaft of stone, and the gates are of brass. Here, whilst the monks conducted us, we were showed the ancient and modern sepulchres of their kings, beginning with the founder to Louis his son, with Charles Martel and Pepin, son and father of Charlemagne. These lie in the choir, and without it are many more: amongst the rest that of Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France; in the chapel of Charles V., all his posterity; and near him the magnificent sepulchre of Francis I., with his children, wars, victories, and triumphs engraven in marble. In the nave of the church lie the *catafalque*, or hearse, of Louis XIII., Henry II., a noble tomb of Francis II., and Charles IX. Above are bodies of several Saints; below, under a state of black velvet, the late Louis XIII., father of this present monarch. Every one of the ten chapels, or oratories, had some Saints in them; amongst the rest, one of the Holy Innocents. The treasury is kept in the sacristy above, in which are crosses of massy gold and silver, studded with precious stones, one of gold three feet high, set with sapphires, rubies, and great oriental pearls. Another given by Charles the Great, having a noble amethyst in the middle of it, stones and pearls of inestimable value. Amongst the still more valuable relics are, a nail from our Saviour's Cross, in a box of gold full of precious stones; a crucifix of the true wood of the Cross, carved by Pope Clement III., enchased in a crystal covered with gold; a box in which is some of the Virgin's hair; some of the linen in which our blessed Saviour was wrapped at his nativity; in a huge reliquary, modelled like a church, some of our Saviour's blood, hair, clothes, linen with which he wiped the Apostles' feet; with many other equally

<sup>1</sup> [*Life and Reign of King Henry the Eighth*, 1649, p. 576. But Lord Herbert speaks of "Canon of Wood coloured like brass." Leathern guns, invented by Colonel Robert Scot (*d.* 1631), were, however, used by Gustavus Adolphus at the battle of Leipzig; and a leathern cannon is said to have been proved in the King's Park, Edinburgh, as late as October, 1778.]

<sup>1</sup> [A.D. 630.]

authentic toys, which the friar who conducted us would have us believe were authentic relics. Amongst the treasures is the crown of Charlemagne, his seven-foot high sceptre and hand of justice, the *agrafe* of his royal mantle, beset with diamonds and rubies, his sword, belt, and spurs of gold; the crown of St. Louis, covered with precious stones, amongst which is one vast ruby, uncut, of inestimable value, weighing 300 carats (under which is set one of the thorns of our blessed Saviour's crown), his sword, seal, and hand of justice. The two crowns of Henry IV., his sceptre, hand of justice, and spurs. The two crowns of his son Louis. In the cloak-royal of Anne of Bretagne is a very great and rare ruby. Divers books covered with solid plates of gold, and studded with precious stones. Two vases of beryl, two of agate, whereof one is esteemed for its bigness, colour, and embossed carving, the best now to be seen: by a special favour I was permitted to take the measure and dimensions of it: the story is a Bacchanalia and sacrifice to Priapus; a very holy thing truly, and fit for a cloister! It is really antique, and the noblest jewel there.<sup>1</sup> There is also a large gondola of chrysolite, a huge urn of porphyry, another of calcedon, a vase of onyx, the largest I had ever seen of that stone; two of crystal; a morsel of one of the waterpots in which our Saviour did his first miracle; the effigies of the queen of Saba,<sup>2</sup> of Julius, Augustus, Mark Antony, Cleopatra, and others, upon sapphires, topazes, agates, and cornelians: that of the queen of Saba has a Moorish face; those of Julius and Nero on agates are rarely coloured and cut. A cup in which Solomon was used to drink, and an Apollo on a great amethyst. There lay in a window a mirror of a kind of stone said to have belonged to the poet Virgil. Charlemagne's chessmen, full of Arabic characters. In the press next the door, the brass lantern full of crystals, said to have conducted

Judas and his company to apprehend our blessed Saviour. A fair unicorn's horn, sent by a king of Persia, about seven feet long. In another press (over which stands the picture in oil of their Orleans Amazon with her sword), the effigies of the late French kings in wax, like ours in Westminster, covered with their robes; with a world of other rarities. Having rewarded our courteous friar, we took horse for Paris, where we arrived about five in the afternoon. In the way were fair crosses of stone carved with fleur-de-lis at every furlong's end, where they affirm St. Denis rested and laid down his head after martyrdom, carrying it from the place where this monastery is builded. We lay at Paris at the Ville de Venise; where, after I had something refreshed, I went to visit Sir Richard Browne, his Majesty's Resident with the French king.<sup>1</sup>

5th December. The Earl of Norwich<sup>2</sup> came as Anibassador Extraordinary: I went to meet him in a coach and six horses, at the palace of Monsieur de Bassompierre,<sup>3</sup> where I saw that gallant person, his gardens, terraces, and rare prospects. My lord was waited on by the master of the ceremonies, and a very great cavalcade of men of quality, to the Palais Cardinal,<sup>4</sup> where on the 23rd he had audience of the French king, and the Queen Regent his mother, in the golden chamber of presence. From thence, I conducted him to his lodgings in Rue St. Denis, and so took my leave.

24th. I went with some company to see some remarkable places without the city:

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Richard Browne, 1605-83, of Sayes Court, Deptford. After being educated at Merton College, Oxford, and travelling on the Continent, he was sworn Clerk of the Council to Charles I., 1641. Having then filled some minor diplomatic posts, he was appointed English Resident at the Court of France, succeeding the Earl of Leicester. He held this office until the Restoration. He was made a Baronet in 1649. (See *post*, under 12th February, 1683.)]

<sup>2</sup> [George Lord Goring (see *ante*, p. 12), who had been recently sent to negotiate an alliance, and obtained from Mazarin promises of aid both in arms and money. Charles, to reward him, made him Earl of Norwich, 28th November, 1644.]

<sup>3</sup> [The famous marshal, François, Baron de Bassompierre, 1579-1646. Having been confined for twelve years in the Bastille by Richelieu, he had been released by Mazarin, and reinstated in his position of Colonel-Général des Suisses.]

<sup>4</sup> [Where the King lived during the building of the Louvre (see *post*, under 6th April, 1644.)]

<sup>1</sup> [Gray and Walpole also inspected this in their Grand Tour. "The glory of their collection was a vase of an entire onyx, measuring at least five inches over, three deep, and of great thickness. It is at least two thousand years old, the beauty of the stone and sculpture upon it (representing the mysteries of Bacchus) beyond expression admirable; we have dreamed of it ever since" (Gray to West, Gosse's *Gray's Works*, 1884, i. 20.)]

<sup>2</sup> Or Sheba.

as the Isle, and how it is encompassed by the rivers Seine and the Oise. The city is divided into three parts, whereof the town is greatest. The city lies between it and the University in form of an island. Over the Seine is a stately bridge called Pont Neuf, begun by Henry III. in 1578, finished by Henry IV. his successor. It is all of hewn freestone found under the streets, but more plentifully at Montmartre, and consists of twelve arches, in the midst of which ends the point of an island, on which are built handsome artificers' houses. There is one large passage for coaches, and two for foot-passengers three or four feet higher, and of convenient breadth for eight or ten to go a-breast. On the middle of this stately bridge, on one side stands the famous statue of Henry the Great on horseback, exceeding the natural proportion by much; and, on the four faces of a stately pedestal (which is composed of various sorts of polished marbles and rich mouldings), inscriptions of his victories and most signal actions are engraven in brass. The statue and horse are of copper, the work of the great John di Bologna, and sent from Florence by Ferdinand the First, and Cosmo the Second, uncle and cousin to Marie de Médicis, the wife of King Henry, whose statue it represents.<sup>1</sup> The place where it is erected is inclosed with a strong and beautiful grate of iron, about which there are always mountebanks showing their feats to idle passengers. From hence is a rare prospect towards the Louvre and suburbs of St. Germain, the Isle du Palais, and Notre Dame. At the foot of this bridge is a water-house, on the front whereof, at a great height, is the story of our Saviour and the woman of Samaria pouring water out of a bucket.<sup>2</sup> Above, is a very rare dial of several motions, with a chime, etc. The water is conveyed by huge wheels, pumps, and other engines, from the river beneath. The confluence of the people and multitude of coaches passing every moment over the bridge, to

a new spectator is an agreeable diversion. Other bridges there are, as that of Notre Dame and the Pont-au-Change, etc., fairly built, with houses of stone, which are laid over this river; only the Pont St. Anne, landing the suburbs of St. Germain at the Tuileries, is built of wood, having likewise a water-house in the midst of it, and a statue of Neptune casting water out of a whale's mouth, of lead, but much inferior to the Samaritan.

The University lies south-west on higher ground, contiguous to, but the lesser part of, Paris. They reckon no less than sixty-five colleges;<sup>3</sup> but they in nothing approach ours at Oxford for state and order. The booksellers dwell within the University. The schools (of which more hereafter) are very regular.

The suburbs are those of St. Denis, Honoré, St. Marcel, St. Jacques, St. Michael, St. Victoire, and St. Germain, which last is the largest, and where the nobility and persons of best quality are seated: and truly Paris, comprehending the suburbs, is, for the material the houses are built with, and many noble and magnificent piles, one of the most gallant cities in the world; large in circuit, of a round form, very populous, but situated in a bottom, environed with gentle declivities, rendering some places very dirty, and making it smell as if sulphur were mingled with the mud;<sup>4</sup> yet it is paved with a kind

<sup>1</sup> ["Fifty-five,"—says Sir John Reresby in 1654,—"but few of them endowed except one called *la Sorbonne*; and that of late by Cardinal Richelieu [see *post*, under 4th January, 1644], so that they are only places of public lecture, the scholars having both their lodging and other accommodation in the town" (*Travels*, 1831, p. 8).

Sir John Reresby of Thrybergh, Bart., 1634-89, is not mentioned by Evelyn, although he was his contemporary. He travelled on the Continent between 1654 and 1658. His *Travels* were published with his *Memoirs* in 1831; but a more exact edition of the latter, based upon the original MS. in the British Museum, and edited by James J. Cartwright, M.A., appeared in 1875.]

<sup>2</sup> [*Les Odeurs de Paris* seem to have engaged attention long before M. Louis Veuillot. Coryat, in 1608, declares many of the Paris streets to be "the dirtiest, and so consequently the most stinking of all that ever I saw in any city in my life"; and Peter Heylyn, writing earlier than Evelyn, says, "This I am confident of, that the nastiest lane in London is frankincense and juniper to the sweetest street in this city." Howell, in a letter to Captain Francis Bacon from Paris in 1620, is also eloquent on the same theme: "This Town (for *Paris* is a

<sup>1</sup> [John of Bologna's statue was melted down in 1792 to make cannon. Another statue, by François-Frédéric Lemot, erected in 1818, has now taken its place, and repeats the old inscriptions.]

<sup>2</sup> [*La Samaritaine*—familiar to readers of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*,—reconstructed in 1715, perished in 1792. There is a model of the old pump, etc., in the Musée Carnavalet, Rue Sévigné.]

of freestone, of near a foot square, which renders it more easy to walk on than our pebbles in London.

On Christmas eve, I went to see the Cathedral at Notre Dame, erected by Philip Augustus, but begun by King Robert, son of Hugh Capet. It consists of a Gothic fabric, sustained with 120 pillars, which make two aisles in the church round about the choir, without comprehending the chapels, being 174 paces long, 60 wide, and 100 high. The choir is enclosed with stone-work graven with the sacred history, and contains forty-five chapels chancelled with iron. At the front of the chief entrance are statues in *relievo* of the kings, twenty-eight in number, from Childebert to the founder, Philip; and above them are two high square towers, and another of a smaller size, bearing a spire in the middle, where the body of the church forms a cross. The great tower is ascended by 389 steps, having twelve galleries from one to the other. They greatly reverence the crucifix over the screen of the choir, with an image of the Blessed Virgin. There are some good modern paintings hanging on the pillars. The most conspicuous statue is the huge colossal one of St. Christopher; with divers other figures of men, houses, prospects, and rocks, about this gigantic piece; being of one stone, and more remarkable for its bulk than any other perfection. This is the prime church of France for dignity, having archdeacons, vicars, canons, priests, and chaplains in good store, to the number of 127. It is also the palace of the archbishop. The young king was there with a great and martial guard, who entered the nave of the church with drums and fifes, at the ceasing of which I was entertained with the church-music; and so I left him.

4th January, 1644. I passed this day with one Mr. J. Wall, an Irish gentleman, who had been a friar in Spain, and afterwards a reader in St. Isidoro's chair, at Rome; but was, I know not how, getting

away, and pretending to be a soldier of fortune, an absolute cavalier, having, as he told us, been a captain of horse in Germany. It is certain he was an excellent disputant, and so strangely given to it that nothing could pass him. He would needs persuade me to go with him this morning to the Jesuits' College, to witness his polemical talent. We found the Fathers in their Church at the Rue St. Antoine, where one of them showed us that noble fabric, which for its cupola, pavings, incrustations of marble, the pulpit, altars (especially the high altar), organ, *lavatorium*, etc., but above all, for the richly carved and incomparable front I esteem to be one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in Europe, emulating even some of the greatest now at Rome itself. But this not being what our friar sought, he led us into the adjoining convent, where, having showed us the library, they began a very hot dispute on some points of divinity, which our cavalier contested only to show his pride, and to that indiscreet height, that the Jesuits would hardly bring us to our coach, they being put beside all patience. The next day, we went into the University, and into the College of Navarre, which is a spacious well-built quadrangle, having a very noble library.

Thence to the Sorbonne, an ancient fabric built by one Robert de Sorbonne, whose name it retains, but the restoration which the late Cardinal de Richelieu<sup>1</sup> has made to it renders it one of the most excellent modern buildings; the sumptuous church, of admirable architecture, is far superior to the rest. The cupola, portico, and whole design of the church, are very magnificent.

We entered into some of the schools, and in that of divinity we found a grave Doctor in his chair, with a multitude of auditors, who all write as he dictates; and this they call a *Course*. After we had sat a little, our cavalier started up, and rudely enough began to dispute with the doctor;

*Town, a City, and an University*) is always dirty, and 'tis such a Dirt, that by perpetual Motion is beaten into such black unctuous Oil, that where it sticks no Art can wash it off some Colours; inasmuch, that it may be no improper Comparison to say, That an ill Name is like the *Croftel* (the *Dirt*) of Paris, which is indelible" (Howell's *Familiar Letters*, Jacobs' ed. 1892, i. 43.)]

<sup>1</sup> [Armand-Jean du Plessis, Cardinal-Duc de Richelieu, died 4th December, 1642. He rebuilt the College in 1629; the Church in 1635. The Church was finished in 1659. There is a splendid triple portrait of Richelieu by Philippe de Champaigne in the National Gallery. It was made to assist the Roman sculptor Mocchi in framing a bust.]

at which, and especially as he was clad in the Spanish habit, which in Paris is the greatest hugbear imaginable,<sup>1</sup> the scholars and doctor fell into such a fit of laughter, that nobody could be heard speak for a while: but silence being obtained, he began to speak Latin, and made his apology in so good a style, that their derision was turned to admiration; and beginning to argue, he so baffled the Professor, that with universal applause they all rose up, and did him great honours, waiting on us to the very street and our coach, and testifying great satisfaction.

2nd February. I heard the news of my nephew George's birth, which was on January 15th, English style, 1644.<sup>2</sup>

3rd. I went to the Exchange. The late addition to the buildings is very noble; but the galleries where they sell their petty merchandise nothing so stately as ours at London, no more than the place where they walk below, being only a low vault.

The Palais,<sup>3</sup> as they call the upper part, was built in the time of Philip the Fair, noble and spacious. The great Hall annexed to it, is arched with stone, having a range of pillars in the middle, round which, and at the sides, are shops of all kinds, especially booksellers'. One side is full of pews for the clerks of the advocates, who swarm here (as ours at Westminster). At one of the ends stands an altar, at which mass is said daily. Within are several chambers, courts, treasuries, etc. Above that is the most rich and glorious Salle d'Audience, the chamber of St. Louis, and other superior Courts where the Parliament sits, richly gilt on embossed carvings and frets, and exceeding beautified.

Within the place where they sell their wares, is another narrower gallery, full of shops and toys, etc., which looks down

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. Howell's *Instructions for Forreine Travell*, 1642, Section v.:—"A Spaniard looks like a bug-bear in France in his own cut."]

<sup>2</sup> [George Evelyn, eldest son of George Evelyn of Wotton. He died in 1676.]

<sup>3</sup> ["I must not pass by the great *pallais*, or palace, a great pile of irregular building, and of great antiquity, some part of it below stairs employed as shops and warehouses; part of it above is not unlike our new and old exchanges, where such-like merchandises are exposed to sale. The rest of it is divided into many large chambers and apartments, where the several courts of parliament have their session" (Reresby in 1654, *Travels*, 1831, p. 9).]

into the prison-yard. Descending by a large pair of stairs, we passed by Sainte Chapelle, which is a church built by St. Louis, 1242, after the Gothic manner: it stands on another church, which is under it, sustained by pillars at the sides, which seem so weak as to appear extraordinary in the artist. This chapel is most famous for its relics, having, as they pretend, almost the entire crown of thorns: the agate patine, rarely sculptured, judged one of the largest and best in Europe. There was now a very beautiful spire erecting. The court below is very spacious, capable of holding many coaches, and surrounded with shops, especially engravers', goldsmiths', and watchmakers'. In it are a fair fountain and portico. The Isle du Palais consists of a triangular brick building, whereof one side, looking to the river, is inhabited by goldsmiths. Within the court are private dwellings. The front, looking on the great bridge, is possessed by mountebanks, operators, and puppet-players. On the other part, is the every day's market for all sorts of provisions, especially bread, herbs, flowers, orange trees, choice shrubs. Here is a shop called *Noah's Ark*, where are sold all curiosities, natural or artificial, Indian or European, for luxury or use, as cabinets, shells, ivory, porcelain, dried fishes, insects, birds, pictures, and a thousand exotic extravagances. Passing hence, we viewed the port Dauphine, an arch of excellent workmanship; the street, bearing the same name, is ample and straight.

4th. I went to see the Marais de Temple, where are a noble church and palace, heretofore dedicated to the Knights Templars, now converted to a piazza, not much unlike ours at Covent Garden; but large, and not so pleasant, though built all about with divers considerable palaces.

The Church of St. Geneviève is a place of great devotion, dedicated to another of their Amazons, said to have delivered the city from the English; for which she is esteemed the tutelary saint of Paris. It stands on a steep eminence, having a very high spire, and is governed by canons regular. At the Palais Royal Henry IV. built a fair quadrangle of stately palaces, arched underneath. In the middle of a spacious area, stands on a noble pedestal

a brazen statue of Louis XIII.,<sup>1</sup> which, though made in imitation of that in the Roman capitol, is nothing so much esteemed as that on the Pont Neuf.

The hospital of the Quinze-Vingts,<sup>2</sup> in the Rue St. Honoré, is an excellent foundation; but above all is the Hôtel Dieu for men and women,<sup>3</sup> near Notre Dame, a princely, pious, and expensive structure. That of the Charité<sup>4</sup> gave me great satisfaction, in seeing how decently and christianly the sick people are attended, even to delicacy. I have seen them served by noble persons, men and women. They have also gardens, walks, and fountains. Divers persons are here cut for the stone, with great success, yearly in May. The two Châtelets (supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar) are places of judicature in criminal causes; to which is a strong prison.<sup>5</sup> The courts are spacious and magnificent.

*8th February.* I took coach and went to see the famous Jardin Royal, which is an enclosure walled in, consisting of all varieties of ground for planting and culture of medical simples. It is well chosen, having in it hills, meadows, wood and upland, natural and artificial, and is richly stored with exotic plants. In the middle of the parterre is a fair fountain. There is a very fine house, chapel, laboratory, orangery, and other accommodations for the President, who is always one of the King's chief physicians.

From hence, we went to the other side of the town, and to some distance from it, to the Bois de Vincennes, going by the Bastille,<sup>6</sup> which is the fortress, tower, and

magazine of this great city. It is very spacious within, and there the Grand Master of the artillery has his house, with fair gardens and walks.

The Bois de Vincennes has in it a square and noble castle,<sup>1</sup> with magnificent apartments, fit for a royal court, not forgetting the chapel. It is the chief prison for persons of quality. About it there is a park walled in, full of deer; and in one part there is a grove of goodly pine trees.

The next day, I went to see the Louvre with more attention, its several courts and pavilions. One of the quadrangles, begun by Henry IV., and finished by his son and grandson, is a superb, but mixed structure. The cornices, mouldings, and compartments, with the insertion of several coloured marbles, have been of great expense.

We went through the long gallery, paved with white and black marble, richly fretted and painted a *fresco*. The front looking to the river, though of rare work for the carving, yet wants of that magnificence which a plainer and truer design would have contributed to it.

In the Cour aux Tuileries is a princely fabric; the winding geometrical stone stairs, with the cupola, I take to be as bold and noble a piece of architecture as any in Europe of the kind. To this is a *corps de logis*, worthy of so great a prince. Under these buildings, through a garden in which is an ample fountain, was the king's printing-house, and that famous letter so much esteemed. Here I bought divers of the classic authors, poets, and others.

We returned through another gallery, larger but not so long, where hung the pictures of all the kings and queens and prime nobility of France.

Descending hence, we were let into a lower very large room, called the Salle des Antiques, which is a vaulted *cinelia*, destined for statues only, amongst which stands that so celebrated Diana of the Ephesians, said to be the same which uttered oracles in that renowned Temple. Besides those colossean figures of marble,

*de juillet* in the *Place de la Bastille* now marks its site.]

<sup>1</sup> [It was used as a royal residence until 1740, and is now closed to the public. The *Bois* was laid out 1860-67.]

<sup>1</sup> The bronze of Louis XIII., erected by Richelieu in 1639, was destroyed in 1792. An equestrian statue by Dupaty and Cortot has now taken its place, and the Place Royale (not "Palais Royal") is now called the Place des Vosges.]

<sup>2</sup> [The *Hospice des Quinze-Vingts*, founded by St. Louis in 1260, now occupies the old *Hôtel des Mousquetaires Noirs*, to which it was removed from the Rue St. Honoré by the Cardinal de Rohan.]

<sup>3</sup> [The *Hôtel-Dieu* was re-erected in 1868-78, on a different site, but still in the vicinity of Notre Dame.]

<sup>4</sup> [The *Hôpital de la Charité*, in the Rue des Saints Pères, is—or is shortly to be—pulled down.]

<sup>5</sup> [The *Grand* and *Petit Châtelets* are now non-existent.]

<sup>6</sup> [Destroyed by the populace, 14th July, 1789, at the beginning of the Revolution. The *Colonne*

I must not forget the huge globe suspended by chains. The pavings, inlayings, and incrustations of this Hall are very rich.

In another more private garden towards the Queen's apartment is a walk, or cloister, under arches, whose terrace is paved with stones of a great breadth ; it looks towards the river and has a pleasant aviary, fountain, stately cypresses, etc. On the river are seen a prodigious number of barges and boats of great length, full of hay, corn, wood, wine, and other commodities, which this vast city daily consumes. Under the long gallery we have described, dwell goldsmiths, painters, statuaries, and architects, who being the most famous for their art in Christendom have stipends allowed them by the King. Into that of Monsieur Sarrazin<sup>1</sup> we entered, who was then moulding for an image of a Madonna to be cast in gold of a great size, to be sent by the Queen Regent to Loretto, as an offering for the birth of the Dauphin, now the young King.

I finished this day with a walk, in the great garden of the Tuileries,<sup>2</sup> rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations of tall trees, especially that in the middle, being of elms, the other of mulberries ; and that labyrinth of cypresses ; not omitting the noble hedges of pomegranates, fountains, fish-ponds, and an aviary ; but, above all, the artificial echo, redoubling the words so distinctly, and as it is never without some fair nymph singing to its grateful returns ; standing at one of the focuses, which is under a tree, or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds ; at another, as if it was underground. This being at the bottom of the garden, we were let into another, which being kept with all imaginable accurateness as to the orangery, precious shrubs, and rare fruits, seemed a Paradise. From a terrace in this place we saw so many coaches, as one would hardly think could be maintained in the whole

city, going, late as it was in the year, towards the course, which is a place adjoining, of near an English mile long, planted with four rows of trees, making a large circle in the middle. This course is walled about, near breast-high, with squared freestone, and has a stately arch at the entrance, with sculpture and statues about it, built by Marie de Médicis. Here it is that the gallants and ladies of the Court take the air and divert themselves, as with us in Hyde Park, the circle being capable of containing a hundred coaches to turn commodiously, and the larger of the plantations for five or six coaches a-breast.

Returning through the Tuileries, we saw a building in which are kept wild beasts for the King's pleasure, a bear, a wolf, a wild boar, a leopard, etc.

27th February. Accompanied with some English gentlemen, we took horse to see St. Germain-en-Laye, a stately country-house of the King, some five leagues from Paris. By the way, we alighted at St. Cloud, where, on an eminence near the river, the Archbishop of Paris has a garden, for the house is not very considerable,<sup>1</sup> rarely watered and furnished with fountains, statues, and groves ; the walks are very fair ; the fountain of Laocoon is in a large square pool, throwing the water near forty feet high, and having about it a multitude of statues and basins, and is a surprising object. But nothing is more esteemed than the cascade falling from the great steps into the lowest and longest walk from the Mount Parnassus, which consists of a grotto, or shell-house, on the summit of the hill, wherein are divers water-works and contrivances to wet the spectators ; this is covered with a fair cupola, the walls painted with the Muses, and statues placed thick about it, whereof some are antique and good. In the upper walks are two perspectives, seeming to enlarge the alleys, and in this garden are many other ingenious contrivances. The palace, as I said, is not extraordinary. The outer walls only painted a *fresco*. In the court is a volary, and the statues of Charles IX., Henry

<sup>1</sup> Jacques Sarrazin, 1588-1660, a celebrated painter and sculptor, much employed by the royal family of France. For Cardinal Richelieu he executed, in silver and gold, Anne of Austria's offering to the Chapel of Loretto, a group representing the dauphin's presentation to the Virgin Mary.

<sup>2</sup> [It still retains the same general features as when laid out for Louis XIV. by André Le Nôtre.]

<sup>1</sup> [In 1658 it was purchased, and rebuilt by Louis XIV. from the designs of Mansard and Lepautre. The bombs of St. Valérien destroyed it in 1870, and its ruins were cleared away in 1893. The park was laid out by Le Nôtre.]

III., IV., and Louis XIII., on horseback, mezzo-rilievo'd in plaster. In the garden is a small chapel; and under shelter is the figure of Cleopatra, taken from the Belvidere original, with others. From the terrace above is a tempest well painted; and thence an excellent prospect towards Paris, the meadows, and river.

At an inn in this village is a host who treats all the great persons in princely lodgings for furniture and plate, but they pay well for it, as I have done. Indeed, the entertainment is very splendid, and not unreasonable, considering the excellent manner of dressing their meat, and of the service. Here are many debauches and excessive revellings, as being out of all noise and observance.

From hence, about a league farther, we went to see Cardinal Richelieu's villa, at Rueil.<sup>1</sup> The house is small, but fairly built, in form of a castle, moated round. The offices are towards the road, and over against it are large vineyards, walled in. But, though the house is not of the greatest, the gardens about it are so magnificent, that I doubt whether Italy has any exceeding it for all rarities of pleasure. The garden nearest the pavilion is a parterre, having in the midst divers noble brass statues, perpetually spouting water into an ample basin, with other figures of the same metal; but what is most admirable is the vast inclosure, and variety of ground, in the large garden, containing vineyards, corn-fields, meadows, groves (whereof one is of perennial greens), and walks of vast length, so accurately kept and cultivated, that nothing can be more agreeable. On one of these walks, within a square of tall trees, is a basilisk of copper, which, managed by the fountaineer, casts water near sixty feet high, and will of itself move round so swiftly, that one can hardly escape wetting. This leads to the Citronière, which is a noble conserve of all those rarities; and at the end of it is the Arch of Constantine,<sup>2</sup> painted on a

<sup>1</sup> [Richelieu's palace at Rueil no longer exists. Its beautiful grounds were cut up by the heirs of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the niece to whom he bequeathed it, and who beautified it so much as to excite the cupidity of Louis XIV. The fortress-like château was destroyed in the Revolution. A memory of the gardens survives in the six views of Gabriel Perelle after Israel Silvestre.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 14th November, 1644.]

wall in oil, as large as the real one at Rome, so well done, that even a man skilled in painting may mistake it for stone and sculpture. The sky and hills, which seem to be between the arches, are so natural, that swallows and other birds, thinking to fly through, have dashed themselves against the wall. I was infinitely taken with this agreeable cheat. At the farther part of this walk is that plentiful, though artificial cascade, which rolls down a very steep declivity, and over the marble steps and basins, with an astonishing noise and fury; each basin hath a jetto in it, flowing like sheets of transparent glass, especially that which rises over the great shell of lead, from whence it glides silently down a channel through the middle of a spacious gravel walk, terminating in a grotto. Here are also fountains that cast water to a great height, and large ponds, two of which have islands for harbour of fowls, of which there is store. One of these islands has a receptacle for them built of vast pieces of rock, near fifty feet high, grown over with moss, ivy, etc., shaded at a competent distance with tall trees: in this repulsive nidary do the fowls lay eggs, and breed. We then saw a large and very rare grotto of shell-work, in the shape of satyrs, and other wild fancies: in the middle stands a marble table, on which a fountain plays in divers forms of glasses, cups, crosses, fans, crowns, etc. Then the fountaineer represented a shower of rain from the top, met by small jets from below. At going out, two extravagant musketeers shot us with a stream of water from their musket barrels. Before this grotto is a long pool into which ran divers spouts of water from leaden scallop basins. The viewing this paradise made us late at St. Germain.

The first building of this palace is of Charles V., called the Sage; but Francis I. (that true virtuoso) made it complete; speaking as to the style of magnificence then in fashion, which was with too great a mixture of the Gothic, as may be seen in what there is remaining of his in the old Castle, an irregular piece as built on the old foundation, and having a moat about it. It has yet some spacious and handsome rooms of state, and a chapel neatly painted. The new Castle is at some distance, divided



from this by a court, of a lower, but more modern design, built by Henry IV.<sup>1</sup> To this belong six terraces, built of brick and stone, descending in cascades towards the river, cut out of the natural hill, having under them goodly vaulted galleries; of these, four have subterranean grots and rocks, where are represented several objects in the manner of scenes and other motions, by force of water, shown by the light of torches only; amongst these, is Orpheus with his music; and the animals, which dance after his harp; in the second, is the King and Dauphin; in the third, is Neptune sounding his trumpet, his chariot drawn by sea-horses; in the fourth, the story of Perseus and Andromeda; mills; hermitages; men fishing; birds chirping; and many other devices. There is also a dry grot to refresh in; all having a fine prospect towards the river, and the goodly country about it, especially the forest. At the bottom is a parterre; the upper terrace near half a mile in length, with double declivities, arched and balustered with stone, of vast and royal cost.

In the pavilion of the new Castle are many fair rooms, well painted, and leading into a very noble garden and park, where is a pall-mall, in the midst of which, on one of the sides, is a chapel, with stone cupola, though small, yet of a handsome order of architecture. Out of the park you go into the forest, which being very large, is stored with deer, wild boars, wolves, and other wild game. The Tennis Court, and *Cavallerizza* for the managed horses, are also observable.

We returned to Paris by Madrid.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [This, with exception of the Pavillon Henri IV., was destroyed in 1776. The older building, which afterwards became the retreat of James II. (see *post*, under 24th December, 1688), was used by Napoleon I. as a prison. Of late years it has been restored.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 25th April, 1650. In *Reesby's Travels*, 1831, p. 6, is the following reference to this "villa," now no longer in existence:—"Near unto it [Saint Germain] stands another, built by Francis the First, called Madrid, to evade his engagement to Charles, the fifth emperor, who had taken him prisoner, and after giving him liberty, upon his engagement to return to Madrid, if he could not accomplish such terms as were agreed on betwixt them for his release; which not being able to do, he made this, and came to it, instead of returning into Spain." Dr. Martin Lister also describes Madrid in his *Travels in France*, 1698:—"It is altogether moresque, in imitation of one

another villa of the King's, built by Francis I., and called by that name to absolve him of his oath that he would not go from Madrid (in which he was prisoner), in Spain, but from whence he made his escape. This house is also built in a park, and walled in. We next called in at the Bons-Hommes, well situated, with a fair chapel and library.<sup>1</sup>

*1st March.* I went to see the Count de Liancourt's Palace in the Rue de Seine, which is well built. Towards his study and bedchamber joins a little garden, which, though very narrow, by the addition of a well-painted perspective, is to appearance greatly enlarged; to this there is another part, supported by arches in which runs a stream of water, rising in the aviary, out of a statue, and seeming to flow for some miles, by being artificially continued in the painting, when it sinks down at the wall. It is a very agreeable deceit. At the end of this garden is a little theatre, made to change with divers pretty scenes, and the stage so ordered, with figures of men and women painted on light boards, and cut out, and, by a person who stands underneath, made to act as if they were speaking, by guiding them, and reciting words in different tones, as the parts require.<sup>2</sup> We were led into a round cabinet, where was a neat invention for reflecting lights, by lining divers sconces with thin shining plates of gilded copper.

In one of the rooms of state was an excellent painting of Poussin, being a Satyr kneeling; over the chimney, the Coronation of the Virgin, by Paolo Veronese; another Madonna over the door, and that of Joseph, by Cigali; in the Hall, a Cavaliero di Malta, attended by his page, said to be of Michael Angelo; the Rape in Spain; with at least two rows of covered galleries running quite round, on the outside the four faces of the house; which sure in a hot country are really refreshing and delightful; and this is said to be on purpose for a defence against a much hotter climate than where it stands, which that king [Francis the First] had no mind to visit a second time."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [A convent (see *post*, under 23rd February, 1651). This order of hermits appeared in France about 1257; in England about 1283. The name *bon homme* is said to have been given by Louis VI.]

<sup>2</sup> [This, no doubt, was one of those "*jeux de marionnettes*," of which full details are to be found in the treatise of M. Charles Magnin, 2nd ed. 1862.]

of Proserpine, with a very large landscape of Correggio. In the next room, are some paintings of Primiticcio, especially the Helena, the Naked Lady brought before Alexander, well-painted, and a Ceres. In the bed-chamber a picture of the Cardinal de Liancourt, of Raphael, rarely coloured. In the cabinet are divers pieces of Bassano, two of Polemburg, four of Paul Bril, the skies a little too blue. A Madonna of Nicholao, excellently painted on a stone; a Judith of Mantegna; three women of Jeronimo; one of Steenwyck; a Madonna after Titian, and a Magdalen of the same hand, as the Count esteems it; two small pieces of Paolo Veronese, being the Martyrdoms of St. Justina and St. Catherine; a Madonna of Lucas Van Leyden, sent him from our King; six more of old Bassano; two excellent drawings of Albert;<sup>1</sup> a Magdalen of Leonardo da Vinci; four of Paolo;<sup>2</sup> a very rare Madonna of Titian, given him also by our King; the "Ecce Homo," shut up in a frame of velvet, for the life and accurate finishing exceeding all description. Some curious agates, and a chaplet of admirable invention, the intaglios being all on fruit-stones. The Count was so exceeding civil, that he would needs make his lady go out of her dressing-room, that he might show us the curiosities and pictures in it.

We went thence to visit one Monsieur Perishot, one of the greatest virtuosos in France, for his collection of pictures, agates, medals, and flowers, especially tulips and anemones. The chiefest of his paintings was a Sebastian, of Titian.

From him we went to Monsieur Frene's, who showed us many rare drawings, a Rape of Helen in black chalk; many excellent things of Snyders, all naked; some of Julio and Michael Angelo; a Madonna of Passignano; some things of Parmensis, and other masters.

The next morning, being recommended to one Monsieur de Hausse, President du Parlement, and once Ambassador at Venice for the French King, we were very civilly received, and showed his library. Amongst his paintings were, a rare Venus and Adonis of Veronese, a St. Anthony, after the first manner of Correggio, and a rare Madonna of Palma.

<sup>1</sup> [Albert Dürer.]

<sup>2</sup> [Veronese.]

Sunday, the 6th March, I went to Charenton, two leagues from Paris, to hear and see the manner of the French Protestant Church service. The place of meeting they call the Temple,<sup>1</sup> a very fair and spacious room, built of freestone, very decently adorned with paintings of the Tables of the Law, the Lord's Prayer, and Creed. The pulpit stands at the upper end in the middle, having an inclosure of seats about it, where the elders and persons of greatest quality and strangers sit; the rest of the congregation on forms and low stools, but none in pews, as in our churches, to their great disgrace, as nothing so orderly, as here the stools and other cumber are removed when the assembly rises. I was greatly pleased with their harmonious singing the Psalms, which they all learn perfectly well, their children being as duly taught these as their catechism.

In our passage, we went by that famous bridge over the Marne, where that renowned echo returns the voice of a good singer nine or ten times.

*7th March.* I set forwards with some company towards Fontainebleau, a sumptuous Palace of the King's, like ours at Hampton Court, about fourteen leagues from the city. By the way, we pass through a forest so prodigiously encompassed with hideous rocks of whitish hard stone<sup>2</sup> heaped one on another in mountainous heights, that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary.<sup>3</sup> It abounds with stags, wolves, boars, and not long after a lynx, or ounce, was killed amongst them, which had devoured some passengers. On the summit of one of these gloomy precipices, intermingled with trees and shrubs,

<sup>1</sup> [This was the *Temple des Protestants*, authorised by Henry IV., and destroyed in 1685 at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.]

<sup>2</sup> [The sandstone, or *grès de Fontainebleau*.]

<sup>3</sup> [Addison, writing to Congreve in October, 1699, was more favourably impressed with Fontainebleau. "I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods that give you a fine variety of Savage prospects. . . . The cascades seem to break through the Clefts and cracks of Rocks that are covered over with Moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by Accident. There is an Artificial Wildness in the Meadows, Walks and Canals, and y<sup>e</sup> Garden instead of a Wall is Fenc'd on the Lower End by a Natural mound of Rock-work that strikes the Eye very Agreeably" (*Life of Joseph Addison*, by Lucy Aikin, 1843, i. p. 77).]

the stones hanging over, and menacing ruin, is built an hermitage.<sup>1</sup> In these solitudes, rogues frequently lurk and do mischief (and for whom we were all well appointed with our *carabines*); but we arrived safe in the evening at the village, where we lay at the Horne, going early next morning to the Palace.

This House is nothing so stately and uniform as Hampton Court, but Francis I. began much to beautify it; most of all Henry IV. and (not a little) the late King.<sup>2</sup> It abounds with fair halls, chambers, and galleries; in the longest, which is 360 feet long, and 18 broad, are painted the victories of that great Prince, Henry IV. That of Francis I., called the grand Gallery, has all the King's palaces painted in it; above these, in sixty pieces of excellent work in fresco, is the History of Ulysses, from Homer, by Primaticcio, in the time of Henry III., esteemed the most renowned in Europe for the design.<sup>3</sup> The Cabinet is full of excellent pictures, especially a Woman, of Raphael. In the Hall of the Guards is a piece of tapestry painted on the wall, very naturally, representing the victories of Charles VII. over our countrymen. In the Salle des Festins is a rare Chimney-piece, and Henry IV. on horseback, of white marble, esteemed worth 18,000 crowns; Clementia and Pax, nobly done. On columns of jasper, two lions of brass. The new stairs, and a half-circular court, are of modern and good architecture, as is a chapel built by Louis XIII., all of jasper, with several incrustations of marble through the inside.

Having seen the rooms, we went to the volary, which has a cupola in the middle of it, great trees and bushes, it being full of birds who drank at two fountains. There is also a fair tennis-court, and noble stables; but the beauty of all are the gardens. In the Court of the Fountains stand divers antiquities and statues, especially a Mercury. In the Queen's Garden is a Diana ejecting a fountain, with numerous other brass statues.

<sup>1</sup> [This, which is stated to have been above the Gorges d'Apremont and de Franchard, dated from Philippe-Auguste. It was destroyed by Louis XIV.]

<sup>2</sup> [Louis XIII., d. 14th May, 1643.]

<sup>3</sup> [A number of these, owing to their licentious character, were effaced by Anne of Austria when, in 1653, she became Regent.]

The great Garden, 180 toises long and 154 wide, has in the centre a fountain of Tiber of a Colossean figure of brass, with the Wolf over Romulus and Remus.<sup>1</sup> At each corner of the garden rises a fountain. In the garden of the piscina, is a Hercules of white marble: next, is that of the pines, and without that a canal of an English mile in length, at the end of which rise three jettons in the form of a fleur-de-lis, of a great height; on the margin are excellent walks planted with trees. The carps come familiarly to hand [to be fed]. Hence they brought us to a spring, which they say being first discovered by a dog, gave occasion of beautifying this place, both with the palace and gardens.<sup>2</sup> The white and terrific rocks at some distance in the forest, yield one of the most august and stupendous prospects imaginable. The park about this place is very large, and the town full of noblemen's houses.

Next morning, we were invited by a painter, who was keeper of the pictures and rarities, to see his own collection. We were led through a gallery of old Rosso's work,<sup>3</sup> at the end of which, in another cabinet, were three Madonnas of Raphael, and two of Andrea del Sarto. In the Academy where the painter himself wrought, was a St. Michael, of Raphael, very rare; St. John Baptist, of Leonardo, and a Woman's head; a Queen of Sicily, and St. Margaret, of Raphael; two more Madonnas, whereof one very large, by the same hand; some more of del Sarto; a St. Jerome, of Pierino del Vaga; the Rape of Proserpine, very good; and a great number of drawings.

Returning part of our way to Paris, that day, we visited a house called Maison Rouge, having an excellent prospect, grot,

<sup>1</sup> ["At the toppe of it there is represented in brasse the Image of *Romulus* very largely made, lying sidelong and leaning, upon one of his elbows. Under one of his legs is carved the shee Wolfe, with *Romulus* and *Remus* very little, like sucklings, sucking at her teats" (Coryat in 1608, *Crudities*, 1776, i. 36).]

<sup>2</sup> [The "Fontaine Bleau" or "de Belle Eau" (supposed by some to give its name to the place), the source of which was lost in forming the artificial ponds. The gardens at Fontainebleau were laid out by Le Nôtre for Louis XIV.]

<sup>3</sup> [Giovannbattista Rosso (Maitre Roux), 1496-1541, a Florentine who designed the Gallery of Francis I. at Fontainebleau, and executed many of the pictures.]

and fountains, one whereof rises fifty feet, and resembles the noise of a tempest, battles of guns, etc., at its issue.

Thence to Essonnes, a house of Monsieur Essling, who is a great virtuoso; there are many good paintings in it; but nothing so observable as his gardens, fountains, fish-pools, especially that in a triangular form, the water cast out by a multitude of heads about it: there is a noble cascade and pretty baths, with all accommodations. Under a marble table is a fountain of serpents twisting about a globe.

We alighted next at Corbeil, a town famous for the siege by Henry IV. Here we slept, and returned next morning to Paris.

*18th March.* I went with Sir J. Cotton, a Cambridgeshire Knight,<sup>1</sup> a journey into Normandy. The first day, we passed by Gaillon, the Archbishop of Rouen's Palace.<sup>2</sup> The gardens are highly commended, but we did not go in, intending to reach Pontoise by dinner. This town is built in a very gallant place, has a noble bridge over the Oise, and is well refreshed with fountains.

This is the first town in Normandy, and the farthest that the vineyards extend to on this side of the country, which is fuller of plains, wood, and enclosures, with some towns towards the sea, very like England.

We lay this night at a village, called Magny. The next day, descending a very steep hill, we dined at Fleury, after riding five leagues down St. Catherine, to Rouen, which affords a goodly prospect, to the ruins of that chapel and mountain. This country so abounds with wolves that a shepherd whom we met, told us one of his companions was strangled by one of them the day before, and that in the midst of his flock. The fields are mostly planted with pears and apples, and other cider fruits. It is plentifully furnished with quarries of stone and slate, and hath iron in abundance.

I lay at the White Cross, in Rouen, which is a very large city, on the Seine, having two smaller rivers besides, called the Aubette and Robec. There stand yet

the ruins of a magnificent bridge of stone,<sup>1</sup> now supplied by one of boats only, to which come up vessels of considerable burden. The other side of the water consists of meadows, and there have the Reformed a Church.

The Cathedral Notre Dame was built, as they acknowledge, by the English; some English words graven in Gothic characters upon the front seem to confirm it. The towers and whole church are full of carving. It has three steeples, with a pyramid; in one of these, I saw the famous bell so much talked of, thirteen feet in height, thirty-two round, the diameter eleven, weighing 40,000 pounds.<sup>2</sup>

In the Chapel d'Amboise, built by a Cardinal of that name,<sup>3</sup> lies his body, with several fair monuments. The Choir has behind it a great dragon painted on the wall, which they say had done much harm to the inhabitants, till vanquished by St. Romain, their Archbishop; for which there is an annual procession. It was now near Easter, and many images were exposed with scenes and stories representing the Passion; made up of little puppets, to which there was great resort and devotion, with offerings. Before the church is a fair palace. St. Ouen is another goodly church and an abbey with fine gardens. Here the King hath lodgings, when he makes his progress through these parts. The structure, where the Court of Parliament is kept,<sup>4</sup> is very magnificent, containing very fair halls and chambers, especially La Chambre Dorée. The town-house is also well built, and so are some gentlemen's houses; but most part of the rest are of timber, like our merchants' in London, in the wooden part of the city.

*21st.* On Easter Monday, we dined at Tôtes, a solitary inn between Rouen and Dieppe, at which latter place we

<sup>1</sup> [Built, in 1167, by Queen Matilda, daughter of Henry I. It lasted till the middle of the fifteenth century, when the bridge of boats was substituted.]

<sup>2</sup> [In the south-west tower (*Tour de Beurre*). It was called George d'Amboise after the Cardinal of that name (Archbishop of Rouen, and the popular Minister of Louis XII.), and was melted at the Revolution, all but a fragment in the Museum.]

<sup>3</sup> [George d'Amboise, 1460-1510, above mentioned. His body, and that of his brother, were torn from their graves in 1793, and the lead of the coffins melted.]

<sup>4</sup> [Now the *Salle d'Assises*.]

<sup>1</sup> [Sir John Cotton, 1621-1701, third Baronet. See *post*, under 12th March, 1668, for reference to his library.]

<sup>2</sup> [Part only of the château of the Archbishops of Rouen now remains, the major portion having been demolished at the Revolution.]

arrived. This town is situated between two mountains, not unpleasantly, and is washed on the north by our English seas.

The port is commodious; but the entrance difficult. It has one very ample and fair street, in which is a pretty church. The Fort Pollet consists of a strong earth-work, and commands the haven, as on the other side does the castle, which is also well fortified, with the citadel before it; nor is the town itself a little strong. It abounds with workmen, who make and sell curiosities of ivory and tortoise-shells; and indeed whatever the East Indies afford of cabinets, porcelain, natural and exotic rarities are here to be had, with abundant choice.

23<sup>rd</sup> March. We passed along the coast by a very rocky and rugged way, which forced us to alight many times before we came to Havre de Grace, where we lay that night.

The next morning, we saw the citadel, strong and regular, well stored with artillery and ammunition of all sorts;<sup>1</sup> the works furnished with fair brass cannon, having a motto, *Ratio ultima Regum*. The allotments of the garrison are uniform; a spacious place for drawing up the soldiers, a pretty chapel, and a fair house for the Governor. The Duke of Richelieu being now in the fort, we went to salute him; who received us very civilly, and commanded that we should be showed whatever we desired to see. The citadel was built by the late Cardinal de Richelieu, uncle of the present Duke, and may be esteemed one of the strongest in France. The haven is very capacious.

When we had done here, we embarked ourselves and horses to pass to Honfleur, about four or five leagues distant, where the Seine falls into the sea. It is a poor fisher-town, remarkable for nothing so much as the odd, yet useful habits which the good women wear, of bears' and other skins, as of rugs at Dieppe, and all along these maritime coasts.

25<sup>th</sup>. We arrived at Caen, a noble and beautiful town, situate on the river Orne, which passes quite through it, the

two sides of the town joined only by a bridge of one entire arch. We lay at the Angel, where we were very well used, the place being abundantly furnished with provisions, at a cheap rate. The most considerable object is the great Abbey and Church, large and rich, built after the Gothic manner, having two spires and middle lantern at the west end, all of stone. The choir round and large, in the centre whereof, elevated on a square, handsome, but plain sepulchre,<sup>1</sup> is this inscription:

Hoc sepulchrum invictissimi juxta et clementissimi conquestoris, Gulielmi, dum viverat Anglorum Regis, Normannorum Cenomannorumque Principis, hujus insignis Abbatæ piissimi Fundatoris: Cum anno 1562 vesano hæreticorum furore direptum fuisset, pio tandem nobilium ejusdem Abbatæ religiosorum gratitudinis sensu in tam beneficium largitorem, instauratum fuit, a<sup>o</sup> D'ni 1642. D'no Johanne de Bailhache Assessorii proto priore. D. D.

On the other side are these monkish rhymes:

Qui rexit rigidos Northmannos, atq. Britannos  
Audacter vicit, fortiter obtinuit,  
Et Cenomannensis virtute coërcuit ensis,  
Imperique sui Legibus applicuit.  
Rex magnus parvâ jacet hæc Gulielm<sup>us</sup> in urnâ,  
Sufficit et magno parva domus Domino.  
Ter septem gradibus te volverat atq. duobus  
Virginis in gremio Phœbus, et hic obiit.

We went to the castle, which is strong and fair, and so is the town-house, built on the bridge which unites the two towns. Here are schools and an University for the Jurists.

The whole town is handsomely built of that excellent stone so well known by that name in England.<sup>2</sup> I was led to a pretty garden, planted with hedges of alaternus,<sup>3</sup> having at the entrance a screen at an exceeding height, accurately cut in topiary work, with well-understood architecture,

<sup>1</sup> [This was a second tomb, erected circa 1626, which had replaced an earlier one, and only contained a thigh-bone of the Conqueror. "In 1742, this second tomb, being considered to be in the way of the services of the church, was removed to another part of the choir, where it was destroyed and rifled in 1793, when the one remaining fragment of the body of William was lost for ever" (Hare's *North-Western France*, 1895, 116).]

<sup>2</sup> [Caen stone, akin to our Bath and Portland stone.]

<sup>3</sup> [A kind of buckthorn.]

<sup>1</sup> [Where Cardinal Mazarin, six years later, shut up the leaders of the Fronde, Condé, Conti, and Longueville,—“the lion, the ape, and the fox,” according to Gaston of Orleans.]

consisting of pillars, niches, friezes, and other ornaments, with great curiosity; some of the columns curiously wreathed, others spiral, all according to art.

28th March. We went towards Paris, lying the first night at Evreux, a Bishop's seat, an ancient town, with a fair cathedral; so the next day we arrived at Paris.

1st April. I went to see more exactly the rooms of the fine Palace of Luxembourg, in the Faubourg St. Germain, built by Marie de Médicis,<sup>1</sup> and I think one of the most noble, entire, and finished piles that is to be seen, taking it with the garden and all its accomplishments. The gallery is of the painting of Rubens, being the history of the Foundress's Life, rarely designed;<sup>2</sup> at the end of it is the Duke of Orleans' library,<sup>3</sup> well furnished with excellent books, all bound in *maroquin* and gilded, the valance of the shelves being of green velvet, fringed with gold. In the cabinet joining to it are only the smaller volumes, with six cabinets of medals, and an excellent collection of shells and agates, whereof some are prodigiously rich. This Duke being very learned in medals and plants, nothing of that kind escapes him.<sup>4</sup> There are other spacious, noble, and princely furnished rooms, which look towards the gardens, which are nothing inferior to the rest.

The court below is formed into a square by a corridor, having over the chief

entrance a stately cupola, covered with stone: the rest is cloistered and arched on pilasters of rustic work. The terrace ascending before the front, paved with white and black marble, is balustered with white marble, exquisitely polished.

Only the hall below is low, and the staircase somewhat of a heavy design, but the *faccia* towards the parterre, which is also arched and vaulted with stone, is of admirable beauty, and full of sculpture.

The gardens are near an English mile in compass, enclosed with a stately wall, and in a good air.<sup>1</sup> The parterre is indeed of box, but so rarely designed and accurately kept cut, that the embroidery makes a wonderful effect to the lodgings which front it. 'Tis divided into four squares, and as many circular knots, having in the centre a noble basin of marble near thirty feet diameter (as I remember), in which a Triton of brass holds a dolphin, that casts a *girandola* of water near thirty feet high, playing perpetually, the water being conveyed from Arcueil by an aqueduct of stone, built after the old Roman magnificence. About this ample parterre, the spacious walks and all included, runs a border of freestone, adorned with pedestals for pots and statues, and part of it near the steps of the terrace, with a rail and baluster of pure white marble.

The walks are exactly fair, long, and variously descending, and so justly planted with limes, elms, and other trees, that nothing can be more delicious, especially that of the hornbeam hedge, which being high and stately, but full on the fountain.

Towards the farther end, is an excavation intended for a vast fish-pool, but never finished, and near it is an inclosure for a garden of simples, well-kept; and here the Duke keeps tortoises in great number, who use the pool of water on one side of the garden. Here is also a conservatory for snow. At the upper part, towards the palace, is a grove of tall elms cut into a star, every ray being a walk, whose centre is a large fountain.

The rest of the ground is made into several inclosures (all hedge-work or rows of trees) of whole fields, meadows, *bocages*, some of them containing divers acres.

<sup>1</sup> [They were also designed originally by Debrosse.]

<sup>1</sup> [Of which the architect was Salomon Debrosse, *d.* 1626, who may have recalled the Pitti Palace at Florence, where Marie de Médicis had passed her younger days. Addison certainly noticed a similarity. "It" [the Pitti Palace], he says, "is not unlike that of Luxembourg at Paris, which was built by Mary de Médicis, and for that Reason perhaps the Workmen fell into the Tuscan humour" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 409). The Luxembourg, now known as the Palais du Sénat, was built 1615-20.]

<sup>2</sup> [Now in the Louvre (twenty-one pictures). They were painted between 1621-25.]

<sup>3</sup> [Gaston-Jean-Baptiste, Duke of Orleans, 1608-60, the King's uncle, second son, by Henry IV., of Marie de Médicis, who bequeathed this palace to him. He was Lieutenant-General, and Governor of Languedoc.]

<sup>4</sup> ["There is no man alive in competition with him for his exquisite skill in medailes, topical memory, and extraordinary knowledge in plants: in both which faculties the most reputed Antiquaries and greatest Botanists do (and that with reason) acknowledge him both their prince and superior" (Evelyn's *State of France, Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 55.)]

Next the street side, and more contiguous to the house, are knots in trail, or grass work, where likewise runs a fountain. Towards the grotto and stables, within a wall, is a garden of choice flowers, in which the Duke spends many thousand pistoles. In sum, nothing is wanted to render this palace and gardens perfectly beautiful and magnificent; nor is it one of the least diversions to see the number of persons of quality, citizens and strangers, who frequent it, and to whom all access is freely permitted, so that you shall see some walks and retirements full of gallants and ladies; in others, melancholy friars; in others, studious scholars; in others, jolly citizens, some sitting or lying on the grass, others running and jumping; some playing at bowls and ball, others dancing and singing; and all this without the least disturbance, by reason of the largeness of the place.

What is most admirable, you see no gardeners, or men at work, and yet all is kept in such exquisite order, as if they did nothing else but work; it is so early in the morning, that all is despatched and done without the least confusion.

I have been the larger in the description of this paradise, for the extraordinary delight I have taken in those sweet retirements. The Cabinet and Chapel nearer the garden-front have some choice pictures. All the houses near this are also very noble palaces, especially Petit-Luxembourg.<sup>1</sup> The ascent of the street is handsome from its breadth, situation, and buildings.

I went next to view Paris from the top of St. Jacques' steeple,<sup>2</sup> esteemed the highest

in the town, from whence I had a full view of the whole city and suburbs, both which, as I judge, are not so large as London: though the dissimilitude of their several forms and situations, this being round, London long,—renders it difficult to determine; but there is no comparison between the buildings, palaces, and materials, this being entirely of stone and more sumptuous, though I esteem our piazzas to exceed theirs.

Hence I took a turn in St. Innocent's churchyard, where the story of the devouring quality of the ground (consuming bodies in twenty-four hours),<sup>1</sup> the vast charnels of bones, tombs, pyramids, and sepulchres, took up much of my time, together with the hieroglyphical characters of Nicholas Flamel's<sup>2</sup> philosophical work, who had founded this church, and divers other charitable establishments, as he testifies in his book.

Here divers clerks get their livelihood by inditing letters for poor maids and other ignorant people who come to them for advice, and to write for them into the country, both to their sweethearts, parents, and friends; every large gravestone serving for a table. Joining to this church is a common fountain, with good *relievs* upon it.<sup>3</sup>

The next day I was carried to see a French gentleman's curious collection, which abounded in fair and rich jewels of all sorts of precious stones, most of them of great sizes and value; agates and onyxes, some of them admirably coloured and antique; nor inferior were his landscapes

perhaps employed it occasionally, when writing up his *Memoirs*, to refresh his memory.]

<sup>1</sup> ["'Tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt," *Hydriotaphia*, 1658 (final par.). The church and churchyard were closed in 1786, and the *Rue* and *Square des Innocents* now occupy the site. A later visitor than Evelyn thus describes this spot:—"St. Innocent's churchyard, the public burying-place of the City of Paris for a 1000 years, when intire (as I once saw it,) and built about with double galleries full of skull and bones, was an awful and venerable sight: but now I found it in ruins, and the greatest of the galleries pulled down, and a row of houses built in their room, and the bones removed I know not whither: the rest of the churchyard in the most neglected and nastiest pickle I ever saw any consecrated place" (Lister's *Travels in France*, 1698).]

<sup>2</sup> [Nicholas Flamel, the alchemist, 1350-1418.]

<sup>3</sup> [The *Fontaine des Innocents*, now moved to another site. Its *relievs* were by Jean Goujon.]

<sup>1</sup> [This, now the residence of the president of the Senate, was a dependency of the greater palace, erected about the same date by Richelieu, who lived here till the Palais Royal was built.]

<sup>2</sup> [St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, of which the tower only now remains, the church having been pulled down in 1789. In climbing it Evelyn was following Howell's suggestion (*Forreine Travels*, 1642, Sect. iii.); and also Lassels, who says (*Voyage of Italy*, 1670, i. p. 121): "I would wish my *Traveler* . . . to make it his constant practise (as I did) to mount up the chief *Steeple* of all great townes."]

Richard Lassels, often referred to in the succeeding notes, was a Roman Catholic divine who died at Montpellier in 1668. He had been professor of classics at the English College at Douay. His travels (in two volumes) were published posthumously at Paris by Vincent du Moutier, under the care of his friend, S. Wilson, who inscribed them to Richard, Lord Lumley, Viscount Waterford. Evelyn was probably familiar with the book; and

from the best hands, most of which he had caused to be copied in miniature; one of which, rarely painted on stone, was broken by one of our company, by the mischance of setting it up: but such was the temper and civility of the gentleman, that it altered nothing of his free and noble humour.

The next morning, I was had by a friend to the garden of Monsieur Morine, who, from being an ordinary gardener, is become one of the most skilful and curious persons in France for his rare collection of shells, flowers, and insects.

His garden is of an exact oval figure, planted with cypress, cut flat and set as even as a wall: the tulips, anemones, ranunculuses, crocuses, etc., are held to be of the rarest, and draw all the admirers of that kind to his house during the season. He lived in a kind of hermitage at one side of his garden, where his collection of porcelain and coral, whereof one is carved into a large crucifix, is much esteemed. He has also books of prints, by Albert [Dürer], Van Leyden, Callot, etc. His collection of all sorts of insects, especially of butterflies, is most curious; these he spreads and so medicates, that no corruption invading them, he keeps them in drawers, so placed as to represent a beautiful piece of tapestry.

He showed me the remarks he had made on their propagation, which he promised to publish. Some of these, as also of his best flowers, he had caused to be painted in miniature by rare hands, and some in oil.

6th April. I sent my sister my own picture in water-colours,<sup>1</sup> which she requested of me, and went to see divers of the fairest palaces of the town, as that of Vendôme, very large and stately; Longueville; Guise; Condé; Chevreuse; Nevers, esteemed one of the best in Paris towards the river.

I often went to the Palais Cardinal, bequeathed by Richelieu to the King, on

<sup>1</sup> In the first and second editions of the Diary—says Forster—many trifling personal details, such as this mention of the author having sent his own picture in water-colours to his sister, were omitted. It is not necessary to point them out in detail. They are always of this personal character; as, among other examples, the mention of the wet weather preventing the diarist from stirring out (see *post*, 15th November), and that of his coming weary to his lodgings (6th November).

condition that it should be called by his name; at this time, the King resided in it, because of the building of the Louvre. It is a very noble house, though somewhat low; the galleries, paintings of the most illustrious persons of both sexes, the Queen's baths, presence-chamber with its rich carved and gilded roof, theatre, and large garden, in which is an ample fountain, grove, and mall, worthy of remark. Here I also frequently went to see them ride and exercise the great horse, especially at the Academy of Monsieur du Plessis, and de Veau,<sup>1</sup> whose schools of that art are frequented by the nobility; and here also young gentlemen are taught to fence, dance, play on music, and something in fortification and the mathematics.<sup>2</sup> The design is admirable, some keeping near a hundred brave horses, all managed to the great saddle.

12th. I took coach, to see a general muster of all the *gens d'armes* about the City, in the Bois de Boulogne, before their Majesties, and all the Grandoes. They were reputed to be near 20,000, besides the spectators, who much exceeded them in number. Here they performed all their motions; and, being drawn up, horse and foot, into several figures, represented a battle.

The summer now drawing near, I determined to spend the rest of it in some more remote town on the river Loire; and, on 19th April, I took leave of Paris, and, by the way of the messenger, agreed for my passage to Orleans.

The way from Paris to this city, as indeed most of the roads in France, is paved with a small square freestone, so that the country does not much molest the traveller with dirt and ill way, as in England, only 'tis somewhat hard to the poor horses' feet, which causes them to

<sup>1</sup> [It must have been at this establishment, or at that of Monsieur del Camp, which Evelyn mentions elsewhere, that he first made acquaintance with Thomas Butler, Earl of Ossory (see *post*, under 26th July, 1680).]

<sup>2</sup> [This was the recognised curriculum. "I followed here [at Paris], says Reresby in 1658, "the exercises of music, fencing, dancing and mathematics, as before" (*Memoirs*, 1875, p. 36). These accomplishments, according to Howell (*Forreigne Travells*, 1642, Sect. iv.), could all be acquired for about 150 pistoles (£110), including lodging and diet. Reresby lived in a *pension* of the Isle du Palais (see *ante*, p. 29).]



ride more temperately, seldom going out of the trot, or *grand pas*, as they call it. We passed divers walled towns, or villages; amongst others of note, Chartres and Étampes, where we lay the first night. This has a fair church. The next day, we had an excellent road; but had like to come short home: for no sooner were we entered two or three leagues into the Forest of Orleans (which extends itself many miles), but the company behind us were set on by rogues, who, shooting from the hedges and frequent covert, slew four upon the spot. Amongst the slain was a captain of Swiss, of the regiment of Picardy, a person much lamented. This disaster made such an alarm in Orleans at our arrival, that the *Prévôt* Marshal, with his assistants, going in pursuit, brought in two whom they had shot, and exposed them in the great market-place, to see if any would take cognisance of them. I had great cause to give God thanks for this escape; when coming to Orleans and lying at the White Cross, I found Mr. John Nicholas, eldest son to Mr. Secretary.<sup>1</sup> In the night a cat kitten on my bed, and left on it a young one having six ears, eight legs, two bodies from the middle downwards, and two tails. I found it dead, but warm, in the morning when I awaked.<sup>2</sup>

21st April. I went about to view the city, which is well built of stone, on the side of the Loire. About the middle of the river is an island, full of walks and fair trees, with some houses. This is contiguous to the town by a stately stone-bridge, reaching to the opposite suburbs, built likewise on the edge of a hill, from whence is a beautiful prospect. At one of the extremes

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Edward Nicholas, 1593-1669, Secretary of State to Charles I. and Charles II., being succeeded by the Earl of Arlington. He had a seat at West Horsley, where he died. See *post*, under 14th September, 1665.]

<sup>2</sup> This passage (says Forster) has not been printed since the quarto editions, and it would be difficult to say what induced its omission in the octavo editions, unless Evelyn's apparent confusion as to the name of the inn at Orleans where the adventure occurred (for he calls it the White Lion as well as the White Cross) may have caused the original editor to doubt the miracle altogether. As printed in the quarto [1819, i. 57], it begins "I lay at the White Lion, where I found Mr. John Nicholas, eldest son to Mr. Secretary," etc. (see note 1, *ante*, p. 14).

of the bridge are strong towers, and about the middle, on one side, is the statue of the Virgin Mary, or *Pietà*, with the dead Christ in her lap, as big as the life. At one side of the cross, kneels Charles VII. armed, and at the other Joan d'Arc, armed also like a cavalier, with boots and spurs, her hair dishevelled, as the deliveress of the town from our countrymen when they besieged it.<sup>1</sup> The figures are all cast in copper, with a pedestal full of inscriptions, as well as a fair column joining it, which is all adorned with fleurs-de-lis and a crucifix, with two saints proceeding (as it were) from two branches out of its capital. The inscriptions on the cross are in Latin: "Mors Christi in cruce nos à contagione labis et æternorum morborum sanavit." On the pedestal: "Rex in hoc signo hostes profligavit, et Johanna Virgo Aureliam obsidio liberavit. Non diu ab impiis diruta, restituta sunt hoc anno D'ni 1578. Jean Buret, m. f."—"Octannoque Galliam servitutē Britannicā liberavit. A Domino factum est illud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris; in quorum memoriā hæc nostræ fidei Insignia." To this is made an annual procession on 12th May, mass being sung before it, attended with great ceremony and concourse of people. The wine of this place is so strong, that the King's cup-bearers are, as I was assured, sworn never to give the King any of it; but it is a very noble liquor, and much of it transported into other countries. The town is much frequented by strangers, especially Germans, for the great purity of the language here spoken, as well as for divers other privileges, and the University, which causes the English to make no long sojourn here, except such as can drink and debauch.<sup>2</sup> The city stands in the county of Beauce (Belsia); was once styled a kingdom, afterwards a duchy, as at present, belonging to the second son of France. Many Councils have been held here, and some Kings crowned. The University is very ancient, divided now by the students into that of four nations, French, High Dutch,

<sup>1</sup> [This statue was broken in pieces by the Revolutionists of 1792 to melt into cannon.]

<sup>2</sup> ["They are at ye Cabaret from morning to night"—says Addison of the Germans at Orleans—"and I suppose come into France on no other account but to Drink" (Addison to Mr. Stanyan, February, 1700).]

Normans, and Picardines, who have each their respective protectors, several officers, treasurers, consuls, seals, etc. There are in it two reasonable fair public libraries, whence one may borrow a book to one's chamber, giving but a note under hand, which is an extraordinary custom, and a confidence that has cost many libraries dear. The first church I went to visit was St. Croix; it has been a stately fabric, but now much ruined by the late civil wars. They report the tower of it to have been the highest in France. There is the beginning of a fair reparation.<sup>1</sup> About this cathedral is a very spacious cemetery. The town-house is also very nobly built, with a high tower to it. The market-place and streets, some whereof are deliciously planted with limes, are ample and straight, so well paved with a kind of pebble, that I have not seen a neater town in France. In fine, this city was by Francis I. esteemed the most agreeable of his vast dominions.

28th April. Taking boat on the Loire, I went towards Blois, the passage and river being both very pleasant. Passing Mehun, we dined at Beaugency, and slept at a little town, called St. Dié.<sup>2</sup> Quitting our bark, we hired horses to Blois, by the way of Chambord, a famous house of the King's built by Francis I. in the middle of a solitary park, full of deer, enclosed with a wall. I was particularly desirous of seeing this palace, from the extravagance of the design, especially the staircase, mentioned by Palladio. It is said that 1800 workmen were constantly employed in this fabric for twelve years: if so, it is wonderful that it was not finished, it being no greater than divers gentlemen's houses in England, both for room and circuit. The carvings are indeed very rich and full. The staircase is devised with four entries, or ascents, which cross one another, so that though four persons meet, they never come in sight, but by small loop-holes, till they land. It consists of 274 steps (as I remember), and is an extraordinary work, but of far greater expense than use or beauty. The chimneys of the house appear like so many towers.

<sup>1</sup> [The Cathedral of St. Croix was begun by Henri IV. in 1601, and continued under Louis XIII., XIV., and XV.]

<sup>2</sup> [St. Dié, a village  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the Château de Chambord,—the Versailles of Touraine.]

About the whole is a large deep moat. The country about is full of corn, and wine, with many fair noblemen's houses.

We arrived at Blois, in the evening. The town is hilly, uneven, and rugged, standing on the side of the Loire, having suburbs joined by a stately stone bridge, on which is a pyramid with an inscription. At the entrance of the castle is a stone statue of Louis XII. on horseback, as large as life, under a Gothic state;<sup>1</sup> and a little below are these words:

Hic ubi natus erat dextro Ludovicus Olympto,  
Sumpsit honoratâ regia sceptrâ manu;  
Felix quæ tanti fulsit Lux nuncia Regis!  
Gallica non alio principe digna fuit.

Under this is a very wide pair of gates, nailed full of wolves and wild-boars' heads. Behind the castle the present Duke Gaston had begun a fair building, through which we walked into a large garden, esteemed for its furniture one of the fairest, especially for simples and exotic plants, in which he takes extraordinary delight.<sup>2</sup> On the right hand is a long gallery full of ancient statues and inscriptions, both of marble and brass; the length, 300 paces, divides the garden into higher and lower ground, having a very noble fountain. There is the portrait of a hart, taken in the forest by Louis XII., which has twenty-four antlers on its head. In the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, we saw many sepulchres of the Earls of Blois.

On Sunday, being May-day, we walked up into Pall Mall, very long, and so noble shaded with tall trees (being in the midst of a great wood), that unless that of Tours, I had not seen a statelier.

From hence, we proceeded with a friend of mine through the adjoining forest, to see if we could meet any wolves, which are here in such numbers that they often come and take children out of the very streets;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [He was born in the Castle, and rebuilt it.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 40. "His greatest delight was in his garden, where he had all sorts of simples, plants and trees that the climate could produce, which he pleased himself with studying the names and virtues of" (Reresby's *Travels*, 1831, p. 25).]

<sup>3</sup> [Reresby confirms this, thirteen years afterwards. "They [the wolves] are so numerous and bold in cold weather, that the winter before my coming thither, a herd of them came into the street and devoured a young child" (*Travels*, 1831, p. 26). See also *ante*, p. 38.]

yet will not the Duke, who is sovereign here, permit them to be destroyed. We walked five or six miles outright; but met with none; yet a gentleman, who was resting himself under a tree, with his horse grazing by him, told us that, half an hour before, two wolves had set upon his horse, and had in probability devoured him, but for a dog which lay by him. At a little village at the end of this wood, we eat excellent cream, and visited a castle builded on a very steep cliff.

Blois is a town where the language is exactly spoken;<sup>1</sup> the inhabitants very courteous; the air so good, that it is the ordinary nursery of the King's children. The people are so ingenious, that, for goldsmith's work and watches, no place in France affords the like. The pastures by the river are very rich and pleasant.

*2nd May.* We took boat again, passing by Chaumont,<sup>2</sup> a proud castle on the left hand; before it is a sweet island, deliciously shaded with tall trees. A little distance from hence, we went on shore at Amboise, a very agreeable village, built of stone, and the houses covered with blue slate, as the towns on the Loire generally are;<sup>3</sup> but the castle chiefly invited us, the thickness of whose towers from the river to the top, was admirable. We entered by the draw-bridge, which has an invention to let one fall, if not premonished. It is full of halls and spacious chambers, and one staircase is large enough, and sufficiently commodious, to receive a coach, and land it on the very tower, as they told us had been done. There is some artillery in it; but that which is most observable is in the

ancient chapel, viz. a stag's head, or branches, hung up by chains, consisting of twenty brow-antlers, the beam bigger than a man's middle, and of an incredible length. Indeed, it is monstrous, and yet I cannot conceive how it should be artificial: they show also the ribs and vertebrae of the same beast; but these might be made of whalebone.<sup>1</sup>

Leaving the castle, we passed Mont Louis, a village having no houses above ground, but such only as are hewn out the main rocks of excellent freestone. Here and there the funnel of a chimney appears on the surface amongst the vineyards which are over them, and in this manner they inhabit the caves, as it were sea-cliffs, on one side of the river for many miles.

We now came within sight of Tours, where we were designed for the rest of the time I had resolved to stay in France, the sojournment being so agreeable. Tours is situate on the easy side of a hill on the river Loire, having a fair bridge of stone called St. Edme; the streets are very long, straight, spacious, well-built, and exceeding clean; the suburbs large and pleasant, joined to the city by another bridge. Both the church and monastery of St. Martin are large, of Gothic building, having four square towers, fair organs, and a stately altar, where they show the bones and ashes of St. Martin, with other relics. The Mall without comparison is the noblest in Europe for length and shade,<sup>2</sup> having seven rows of the tallest and goodliest elms I had ever beheld, the innermost of which do so embrace each other, and at such a height, that nothing can be more solemn and majestic. Here we played a party, or party or two, and then walked about the town-walls, built of square stone, filled with earth, and having a moat. No city in France exceeds it in beauty, or delight.

*6th.* We went to St. Gaten, reported to have been built by our countrymen: the dial and clock-work are much esteemed.

<sup>1</sup> [For which reason Mr. Joseph Addison, some fifty years later, spent twelve months there to acquire the French language at its best. "The place where I am at present,"—he wrote to his friend Stanyan in February, 1700,—“by reason of its situation on the Loire and its reputation for *je Language*, is very much infested with Fogs and German Counts.” Pope, it may be added, touches on the quality of the Blois French:—

A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,  
Bows and begins—“This Lad, Sir, is of Blois. . .  
His French is pure.”

*Imitations of Horace*, Ep. II. Bk. ii. l. 3.]

<sup>2</sup> [The birthplace (1460) of Cardinal George d'Amboise (see *ante*, p. 38), and the residence of Catherine de Médicis.]

<sup>3</sup> [Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine,  
Plus mon Loyre Gaulois que le Tybre Latin,—  
sings Joachim du Bellay in his *Regrets*, 1565.]

<sup>1</sup> [Reresby, who duly mentions the winding staircase, adds: “In the chapel we saw the horns of a stag, of an incredible bigness, which they tell you swam from the sea, and came out of England; as also the neck-bone and one of his ribs, of five cubits and a half long” (*Travels* [in 1656], 1831, p. 26).]

<sup>2</sup> [Reresby calls it “the longest pell mell in France” (*Travels*, 1831, p. 26). See *ante*, p. 44.]

The church has two handsome towers and spires of stone, and the whole fabric is very noble and venerable. To this joins the Palace of the Archbishop, consisting both of old and new building, with many fair rooms, and a fair garden. Here I grew acquainted with one Monsieur Merey, a very good musician. The Archbishop treated me very courteously. We visited divers other churches, chapels, and monasteries, for the most part neatly built, and full of pretty paintings, especially the Convent of the Capuchins, which has a prospect over the whole city, and many fair walks.

8th May. I went to see their manufactures in silk (for in this town they drive a very considerable trade with silk-worms), their pressing and watering the grooms<sup>1</sup> and camlets,<sup>2</sup> with weights of an extraordinary poise, put into a rolling-engine. Here I took a master of the language, and studied the tongue very diligently,<sup>3</sup> recreating myself sometimes at the mall, and sometimes about the town. The house opposite my lodging had been formerly a king's palace; the outside was totally covered with fleur-de-lis, embossed out of the stone. Here Marie de Médicis held her Court, when she was compelled to retire from Paris by the persecution of the great Cardinal.

25th. Was the Fête Dieu, and a goodly procession of all the religious orders, the whole streets hung with their best tapestries, and their most precious movables exposed; silks, damasks, velvets, plate, and pictures in abundance; the streets strewed with flowers, and full of pageantry, banners, and bravery.

6th June. I went by water to visit that goodly and venerable Abbey of Marmoutiers, being one of the greatest in the kingdom: to it is a very ample church of stone, with a very high pyramid. Amongst other relics the Monks showed us is the Holy Ampoule,<sup>4</sup> the same with that which

sacres their Kings at Rheims, this being the one that anointed Henry IV. Ascending many steps, we went into the Abbot's Palace, where we were showed a vast tun (as big as that at Heidelberg), which they report St. Martin (as I remember) filled from one cluster of grapes growing there.

7th. We walked about two miles from the city to an agreeable solitude, called Du Plessis,<sup>1</sup> a house belonging to the King. It has many pretty gardens, full of nightingales: and, in the chapel, lies buried the famous poet, Ronsard.<sup>2</sup>

Returning, we stepped into a Convent of Franciscans, called St. Cosmo, where the cloister is painted with the miracles of their St. Francis à Paula, whose ashes lie in their chapel, with this inscription: "Corpus Sancti Fran. à Paula 1507. 13 Aprilis. concrematur verb ab Hæreticis anno 1562, cujus quidem ossa et cineres hic jacent." The tomb has four small pyramids of marble at each corner.

9th. I was invited to a vineyard, which was so artificially planted and supported with arched poles, that stooping down one might see from end to end, a very great length, under the vines, the bunches hanging down in abundance.

20th. We took horse to see certain natural caves, called Gouttières, near Colombière, where there is a spring within the bowels of the earth, very deep and so excessive cold, that the drops meeting with some lapidescent matter, it converts them into a hard stone, which hangs about it like icicles, having many others in the form of *confitures* and sugar-plums, as we call them.

Near this, we went under the ground almost two furlongs, lighted with candles, to see the source and spring which serves the whole city, by a passage cut through the main rock of freestone.

(having broken one of his ribs) and by applying it found present cure" (Reresby's *Travels*, 1837, p. 27). It was publicly destroyed at Rheims in 1793. Reresby also mentions the Tun "as big as a little room." The Abbey of Marmoutiers (*monasterium*) was on the right bank of the Loire.]

<sup>1</sup> [The château of Plessis-lez-Tours, familiar in ch. iii. of *Quentin Durward*. It was built by Louis XI, who died there in 1483. Nothing but ruins now remain.]

<sup>2</sup> [Pierre de Ronsard, called Ronsard, 1524-85. He had a living at S. Côme-les-Tours.]

<sup>1</sup> [A cloth made with silk and mohair (Old Fr., *gros-grain*).]

<sup>2</sup> [A stuff made of the hair of the Angora goat.]

<sup>3</sup> ["His [the foreign traveller's] first study shall be to master the tongue of the country . . . which ought to be understood perfectly, written congruously, and spoken intelligently" (Preface to Evelyn's *State of France, Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 45).]

<sup>4</sup> ["A cruise of oil, or *la saint[e] ampoule*, which they say St. Martin received from heaven by an Angel

28th June. I went to see the palace and gardens of Chevereux, a sweet place.

30th. I walked through the vineyards as far as Roche Corbon, to the ruins of an old and very strong castle, said to have been built by the English, of great height, on the precipice of a dreadful cliff, from whence the country and river yield a most incomparable prospect.

27th July. I heard excellent music at the Jesuits, who have here a school and convent, but a mean chapel. We have now store of those admirable melons, so much celebrated in France for the best in the kingdom.

1st August. My valet, one Garro, a Spaniard, born in Biscay, having misbehaved, I was forced to discharge him; he demanded of me (besides his wages) no less than 100 crowns to carry him to his country; refusing to pay it, as no part of our agreement, he had the impudence to arrest me; the next day I was to appear in Court, where both our avocats pleaded before the Lieutenant Civil; but it was so unreasonable a pretence, that the Judge had not patience to hear it out. The Judge immediately acquitting me, after he had reproached the *avocat* who took part with my servant, he rose from the Bench, and making a courteous excuse to me, that being a stranger I should be so used, he conducted me through the court to the street-door. This varlet afterwards threatened to pistol me. The next day, I waited on the Lieutenant, to thank him for his great civility.

18th. The Queen of England<sup>1</sup> came to Tours, having newly arrived in France, and going for Paris. She was very nobly received by the people and clergy, who went to meet her with the trained bands. After the harangue, the Archbishop entertained her at his Palace, where I paid my duty to her. The 20th she set forward to Paris.

3th September. Two of my kinsmen came from Paris to this place, where I settled them in their pension and exercises.

<sup>1</sup> [Henrietta Maria. She had left Exeter shortly after the birth (16th June) of her youngest child, the Princess Henrietta, or Henriette-Anne, afterwards Duchess of Orleans. Contriving to elude the Parliamentary forces, she had embarked on the 14th July for France in a Dutch vessel, landing near Brest, on the 16th. The infant princess remained at Exeter in the charge of Lady Dalkeith.]

14th. We took post for Richelieu, passing by l'Isle Bouchard, a village in the way.<sup>1</sup> The next day, we arrived, and went to see the Cardinal's Palace, near it. The town is built in a low, marshy ground, having a narrow river cut by hand, very even and straight, capable of bringing up a small vessel. It consists of only one considerable street, the houses on both sides (as indeed throughout the town) built exactly uniform, after a modern handsome design. It has a large goodly market-house and place, opposite to which is the church built of freestone, having two pyramids of stone, which stand hollow from the towers. The church is well-built, and of a well-ordered architecture, within handsomely paved and adorned. To this place belongs an academy, where, besides the exercise of the horse, arms, dancing, etc., all the sciences are taught in the vulgar French by professors stipendiated by the great Cardinal, who by this, the cheap living there, and divers privileges, not only designed the improvement of the vulgar language, but to draw people and strangers to the town; but since the Cardinal's death,<sup>2</sup> it is thinly inhabited; standing so much out of the way, and in a place not well situated for health, or pleasure. He was allured to build by the name of the place, and an old house there belonging to his ancestors. This pretty town is handsomely walled about and moated, with a kind of slight fortification, two fair gates and drawbridges. Before the gate, towards the palace, is a spacious circle, where the fair is annually kept. About a flight-shot<sup>3</sup> from the town is the Cardinal's house, a princely pile, though on an old design, not altogether Gothic, but mixed, and environed by a clear moat. The rooms are stately, most richly furnished with tissue, damask, arras, and velvet, pictures, statues, vases, and all sorts of antiquities, especially the Cæsars, in oriental alabaster. The long gallery is painted with the famous acts of the founder; the roof with the life of Julius Cæsar; at the end of it is a cupola, or singing theatre, supported by very stately pillars of black marble. The chapel anciently belonged to the family of the

<sup>1</sup> [On the Vienne, a tributary of the Loire. Richelieu lies to the S.E. of it.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 30.]

<sup>3</sup> [A bow-shot.]

founder. The court is very ample. The gardens without are very large, and the parterres of excellent embroidery, set with many statues of brass and marble; the groves, meadows, and walks are a real Paradise.

16th September. We returned to Tours, from whence, after nineteen weeks' sojourn, we travelled towards the more southern part of France, minding now to shape my course so, as I might winter in Italy. With my friend, Mr. Thicknesse,<sup>1</sup> and our guide, we went the first day seven leagues to a castle called Chénonceaux,<sup>2</sup> built by Catherine de Médicis, and now belonging to the Duke de Vendôme, standing on a bridge. In the gallery, amongst divers other excellent statues, is that of Scipio Africanus, of oriental alabaster.

21st. We passed by Villefranche, where we dined, and so by Mennetou, lying at Viaron-au-mouton [?Vierzon], which was twenty leagues. The next day by Murg to Bourges, four leagues, where we spent the day. This is the capital of Berry, an University much frequented by the Dutch, situated on the river Eure. It stands high, is strong, and well placed for defence; is environed with meadows and vines, and the living here is very cheap. In the suburbs of St. Privé, there is a fountain of sharp water which they report wholesome against the stone. They showed us a vast tree which they say stands in the centre of France.<sup>3</sup> The French tongue is spoken with great purity in this place. St. Stephen's church is the cathedral, well-built à la Gothique, full of sepulchres without-side, with the representation of the final Judgment over one of the ports.<sup>4</sup> Here they show the chapel of Claude de la Chastre, a famous soldier, who had served six kings of France in their wars. St. Chapelle is built much like that at Paris, full of relics, and containing the bones of one Briat, a giant of fifteen cubits high. It was erected by John Duke of

Berry, and there is showed the coronet of the dukedom. The great tower is a pharos for defence of the town, very strong, in thickness eighteen feet, fortified with graffs and works; there is a garrison in it, and a strange engine for throwing great stones, and the iron cage where Louis, Duke of Orleans, was kept by Charles VIII. Near the Town-house stands the College of Jesuits, where was heretofore an Amphitheatre. I was courteously entertained by a Jesuit, who had us into the garden, where we fell into disputation. The house of Jacques Cœur is worth seeing.<sup>1</sup> Bourges is an Archbishopric, and Primacy of Aquitaine. I took my leave of Mr. Nicholas,<sup>2</sup> and some other English there; and, on the 23rd, proceeded on my journey by Pont du Charge; and lay that evening at Couleuvre, thirteen leagues.

24th. By Franchesse, St. Menoux, thence to Moulins, where we dined. This is the chief town of the Bourbonnais, on the river Allier, very navigable. The streets are fair; the Castle has a noble prospect, and has been the seat of the Dukes. Here is a pretty park and garden. After dinner, came many who offered knives and scissors to sell; it being a town famous for these trifles. This Duchy of Bourbon is ordinarily assigned for the dowry of the Queens of France.

Hence, we took horse for Varennes, an obscure village,<sup>3</sup> where we lay that night. The next day, we went somewhat out of the way to see the town of Bourbon l'Archambault, from whose ancient and rugged castle is derived the name of the present Royal Family of France. The castle stands on a flinty rock, overlooking the town. In the midst of the streets are some baths of medicinal waters, some of them excessive hot, but nothing so neatly walled and adorned as ours in Somersetshire; and indeed they are chiefly used to drink of, our Queen being then lodged there for that purpose.<sup>4</sup> After dinner, I

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 26.]

<sup>2</sup> [Chénonceaux has also memories of Diane de Poitiers and Louise de Lorraine, widow of Henry III. It escaped the Revolution, owing chiefly to the respect felt for the proprietress, Mme. Dupin, d. 1799, who here entertained Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and Rousseau. The *Devin du Village* of the last was first performed in its little theatre.]

<sup>3</sup> [Bourges is said to be in the centre of France.]

<sup>4</sup> [The central door in the W. façade.]

<sup>1</sup> [Afterwards the Hôtel de Ville.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 43.]

<sup>3</sup> I.e. Varennes, in the Dep. of Allier, not the more noted Varennes-en-Argonne, Dep. of the Meuse.

<sup>4</sup> [Henrietta Maria (see ante, p. 47). She passed some three months at Bourbon, "arriving there in so crippled a condition that she could not walk without being supported on either side, and so weakened in nerves that she was almost always in

went to see the St. Chapelle, a prime place of devotion, where is kept one of the thorns of our Saviour's crown, and a piece of the real cross; excellent paintings on glass, and some few statues of stone and wood, which they show for curiosities. Hence, we went forward to La Palisse, a village that lodged us that night.

26<sup>th</sup> September. We arrived at Roanne, where we quitted our guide, and took post for Lyons. Roanne seemed to me one of the pleasantest and most agreeable places imaginable, for a retired person: for, besides the situation on the Loire, there are excellent provisions cheap and abundant. It being late when we left this town, we rode no farther than Tarare that night (passing St. Symphorien<sup>1</sup>), a little desolate village in a valley near a pleasant stream, encompassed with fresh meadows and vineyards. The hills which we rode over before we descended, and afterwards, on the Lyons side of this place, are high and mountainous; fir and pines growing frequently on them. The air methought was much altered as well as the manner of the houses, which are built flatter, more after the eastern manner. Before I went to bed, I took a landscape<sup>2</sup> of this pleasant terrace. There followed a most violent tempest of thunder and lightning.

27<sup>th</sup>. We rode by Pont Charu to Lyons, which being but six leagues we soon accomplished, having made eighty-five leagues from Tours in seven days. Here, at the Golden Lion, *rue de Flandre*, I met divers of my acquaintance, who, coming from Paris, were designed for Italy. We lost no time in seeing the city, because of being ready to accompany these gentlemen in their journey. Lyons is excellently situated on the confluence of the rivers Saône and Rhone, which wash the walls of the city in a very rapid stream; each of these has its bridge; that over the Rhone consists of twenty-eight arches. The two high cliffs, called St. Just and St. Sebastian, are very stately; on one of

tears." At the conclusion of the treatment she began "to hope she should not die" (*Life of Henrietta Maria*, by Miss I. A. Taylor, 1905, ii. 311). James II. also came to Bourbon shortly before his death. But the visitor most associated with the place is Mme. de Montespan.]

<sup>1</sup> [St.-Symphorien-de-Lay, where the ascent of the Montagne de Tarare begins.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. *post*, p. 50.]

them stands a strong fort, garrisoned. We visited the cathedral, St. Jean, where was one of the fairest clocks for art and busy invention I had ever seen.<sup>1</sup> The fabric of the church is Gothic, as are likewise those of St. Etienne and St. Croix. From the top of one of the towers of St. Jean (for it has four) we beheld the whole city and country, with a prospect reaching to the Alps, many leagues distant. The Archbishop's Palace is fairly built. The church of St. Nizier is the greatest; that of the Jacobins is well built. Here are divers other fine churches and very noble buildings we had not time to visit, only that of the Charité, or great hospital for poor infirm people, entertaining about 1500 souls, with a school, granary, gardens, and all conveniences, maintained at a wonderful expense, worthy seeing. The place of the Belle Cour is very spacious, observable for the view it affords, so various and agreeable, of hills, rocks, vineyards, gardens, precipices, and other extravagant and incomparable advantages, presenting themselves together. The Pall Mall is set with fair trees. In fine, this stately, clean, and noble city, built all of stone, abounds in persons of quality and rich merchants: those of Florence obtaining great privileges above the rest. In the Town-house, they show two tables of brass, on which is engraven Claudius's speech pronounced to the Senate,<sup>2</sup> concerning the franchising of the town, with the Roman privileges. There are also other antiquities.

30<sup>th</sup>. We bargained with a waterman to carry us to Avignon on the river, and got the first night to Vienne, in Dauphiné. This is an Archbishopric, and the province gives title to the Heir-apparent of France.<sup>3</sup> Here we supped and lay, having amongst other dainties, a dish of truffles, which is a certain earth-nut, found out by a hog trained to it, and for which those animals are sold at a great price. It

<sup>1</sup> [By Nicholas Lippeus of Basle, 1508, much like that of Strasburg.]

<sup>2</sup> [When Censor, A.D. 48. Claudius was born at Lyons. The Bronze Tables were discovered in 1528, on the heights of St. Sebastian.]

<sup>3</sup> ["The eldest son of France is, during the life of his father, called the Dauphin, from the stipulation (as it seems) made with Umbert: who bequeathed that province [Dauphiné] conditionally to Philip de Valois" (Evelyn's *State of France*, *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 54).]

is in truth an incomparable meat. We were showed the ruins of an amphitheatre, pretty entire;<sup>1</sup> and many handsome palaces, especially that of Pontius Pilate,<sup>2</sup> not far from the town, at the foot of a solitary mountain, near the river, having four pinnacles. Here it is reported he passed his exile, and precipitated himself into the lake not far from it. The house is modern, and seems to be the seat of some gentleman; being in a very pleasant, though melancholy place. The cathedral of Vienne is St. Maurice; and there are many other pretty buildings, but nothing more so than the mills where they hammer and polish the sword-blades.

Hence, the next morning we swam (for the river here is so rapid that the boat was only steered) to a small village called Tain, where we dined. Over against this is another town, named Tournon, where is a very strong castle under a high precipice. To the castle joins the Jesuits' College, who have a fair library.<sup>3</sup> The prospect was so tempting, that I could not forbear designing it with my crayon.<sup>4</sup>

We then came to Valence, a capital city carrying the title of a Duchy; but the Bishop is now sole Lord temporal of it, and the country about it. The town, having a University famous for the study of the civil law, is much frequented; but the churches are none of the fairest, having been greatly defaced in the time of the wars. The streets are full of pretty fountains. The citadel is strong and garrisoned. Here we passed the night, and the next morning by Pont St. Esprit, which consists of twenty-two arches; in the piers of the arches are windows, as it were, to receive the water when it is high and full. Here we went on shore, it being very dangerous to pass the bridge in a boat.

Hence, leaving our barge, we took horse, seeing at a distance the town and principality of Orange; and, lodging one night on the way, we arrived at noon at Avignon. This town has belonged to the

Popes ever since the time of Clement V.; being, in 1352,<sup>1</sup> alienated by Jane, Queen of Naples and Sicily. Entering the gates, the soldiers at the guard took our pistols and carbines, and examined us very strictly; after that, having obtained the Governor's and the Vice-Legate's leave to tarry three days, we were civilly conducted to our lodging. The city is on the Rhone, and divided from the newer part, or town, which is on the other side of the river, by a very fair stone bridge (which has been broken); at one end is a very high rock, on which is a strong castle well furnished with artillery. The walls of the city are of large square freestone, the most neat and best in repair I ever saw. It is full of well-built palaces; those of the Vice-Legate and Archbishop being the most magnificent. There are many sumptuous churches, especially that of St. Magdalene and St. Martial, wherein the tomb of the Cardinal d'Amboise is the most observable. Clement VI. lies buried in that of the Celestines, the altar whereof is exceeding rich: but for nothing I more admired it than the tomb of Madonna Laura, the celebrated mistress of Petrarch.<sup>2</sup> We saw the Arsenal, the Pope's Palace, and the Synagogue of the Jews, who here are distinguished by their red hats. Vaucluse, so much renowned for the solitude of Petrarch, we beheld from the castle; but could not go to visit it for want of time, being now taking mules and a guide for Marseilles.

We lay at Loumas; the next morning, came to Aix, having passed that extremely rapid and dangerous river of Durance.

<sup>1</sup> [In 1348.]

<sup>2</sup> [In the Church of the Cordeliers, destroyed in the Revolution. It was then, says Arthur Young (*Travels*, etc., 1792, i. 173), "nothing but a stone in the pavement, with a figure engraven on it partly effaced, surrounded by an inscription in Gothic letters, and another in the wall adjoining, with the armorial of the family De Sade"—to which Laura belonged. The last remains of Laura were taken to the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1793—says Mr. Augustus Hare—and have been lost. But he quotes a charming quatrain, either by Francis I. or Clement Marot, which was added when the tomb was opened in 1533:—

*O gentille âme, estant tant estimée,  
Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant ?  
Car la parole est toujours réprimée  
Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.*

*South-Eastern France, 1890, p. 368.]*

<sup>1</sup> [On the slopes of Mont Pipet.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Castle of Salomon. According to Eusebius and others, Pilate was banished to Vienne, after his return to Rome from Judæa.]

<sup>3</sup> [Founded by the favourite of Francis I., the Cardinal de Tournon, in 1542. It was later an École Militaire.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 49.]



In this tract, all the heaths, or commons, are covered with rosemary, lavender, lentiscus, and the like sweet shrubs, for many miles together; which to me was very pleasant. Aix is the chief city of Provence, being a Parliament and Presidential town, with other royal Courts and Metropolitan jurisdiction. It is well built, the houses very high, and the streets ample. The Cathedral, St. Saviour's, is a noble pile adorned with innumerable figures; especially that of St. Michael; the Baptisterie, the Palace, the Court, built in a most spacious piazza, are very fair. The Duke of Guise's house is worth seeing, being furnished with many antiquities in and about it. The Jesuits have here a royal College, and the City is a University.

7th October. We had a most delicious journey to Marseilles, through a country sweetly declining to the south and Mediterranean coasts, full of vineyards and oliveyards, orange trees, myrtles, pomegranates, and the like sweet plantations, to which belong pleasantly-situated villas,<sup>1</sup> to the number of above 1500, built all of freestone, and in prospect showing as if they were so many heaps of snow dropped out of the clouds amongst those perennial greens. It was almost at the shutting of the gates that we arrived. Marseilles is on the sea-coast, on a pleasant rising ground, well-walled, with an excellent port for ships and galleys, secured by a huge chain of iron drawn across the harbour at pleasure; and there is a well-fortified tower with three other forts, especially that built on a rock;<sup>2</sup> but the castle commanding the city is that of Notre Dame de la Garde.<sup>3</sup> In the chapel hung up divers crocodiles' skins.

We went then to visit the galleys, being about twenty-five in number; the *capitaine* of the Galley Royal gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabin, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft music very rarely. Then he showed us how he commanded their motions with a nod, and his whistle making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, their heads being shaven close, and

having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middle and legs, in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded in a trice by an imperious and cruel seaman. One Turk amongst the rest he much favoured, who waited on him in his cabin, but with no other dress than the rest, and a chain locked about his leg, but not coupled. This galley was richly carved and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautiful. After bestowing something on the slaves, the *capitaine* sent a band of them to give us music at dinner where we lodged. I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable caitiffs lie in their galley crowded together; yet there was hardly one but had some occupation, by which, as leisure and calms permitted, they got some little money, inasmuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. The rising-forward and falling-back at their oar, is a miserable spectacle, and the noise of their chains, with the roaring of the beaten waters, has something of strange and fearful in it to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastised by strokes on their backs and soles of their feet, on the least disorder, and without the least humanity, yet are they cheerful and full of knavery.

After dinner, we saw the church of St. Victor, where is that saint's head in a shrine of silver, which weighs 600 pounds. Thence to Notre Dame, exceedingly well-built, which is the cathedral. Thence to the Duke of Guise's Palace, the Palace of Justice, and the *Maison du Roi*; but nothing is more strange than the great number of slaves working in the streets, and carrying burdens, with their confused noises, and jingling of their huge chains. The chief trade of the town is in silks and drugs out of Africa, Syria, and Egypt, and Barbary horses, which are brought hither in great numbers. The town is governed by four captains, has three consuls, and one assessor, three judges royal; the merchants have a judge for ordinary causes. Here we bought umbrellas against the heats,<sup>1</sup> and consulted of our journey to

<sup>1</sup> [The *bastides* or country-houses of Provence.]

<sup>2</sup> [Fort St. Nicolas.]

<sup>3</sup> [The church of Notre Dame de la Garde was rebuilt in 1864 on the site of a former chapel of 1214.]

<sup>1</sup> [Umbrellas, at this date, though used abroad, were unfamiliar in England. "Temperance and an umbrella must be my defence against the heats"]

Cannes by land, for fear of the Picaroon Turks, who make prize of many small vessels about these parts; we not finding a galley bound for Genoa, whither we were designed.

9th October. We took mules, passing the first night very late in sight of St. Baume, and the solitary grot where they affirm Mary Magdalen did her penance. The next day, we lay at Périgueux, a city built on an old foundation; the ruins of a most stately amphitheatre, which I went out to design, being about a flight-shot from the town; they call it now the Rolsies. There is also a strong tower near the town, called the Vésune,<sup>1</sup> but the tower and city are at some distance from each other. It is a bishopric; has a cathedral with divers noblemen's houses in sight of the sea. The place was formerly called Forum Julij, well known by antiquaries.<sup>2</sup>

10th. We proceeded by the ruins of a stately aqueduct. The soil about the country is rocky, full of pines and rare simples.

11th. We lay at Cannes, which is a small port on the Mediterranean; here we agreed with a seaman to carry us to Genoa, and, having procured a bill of health (without which there is no admission at any town in Italy), we embarked on the 12th. We touched at the islands of St. Margaret and St. Honorat, lately re-taken from the Spaniards with great bravery by Prince Harcourt. Here, having paid some small duty, we bought some trifles offered us by the soldiers, but without

writes Edward Browne (Sir Thomas Browne's eldest son) from Venice in 1665: "Coryat describes them thus in 1608:—"Also many of them [the Italians] doe carry other fine things of a far greater price, that will cost at least a duckat, which they commonly call in the Italian tongues *umbrelloes*, that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heate of the sunne. These are made of leather something answerable to the forme of a little canopy, & hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops that extend the *umbrella* in a pretty large compasse. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their hands when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs; and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heate of the sunne from the upper parts of their bodies" (*Crudities*, 1776, i. 135.)

<sup>1</sup> [From Vesuna, its old Roman name.]

<sup>2</sup> [There is some confusion of entries here. Evelyn has apparently mixed up an account of Fréjus in Var with Périgueux in Dordogne.]

going on shore. Hence, we coasted within two leagues of Antibes, which is the utmost town in France. Thence by Nice, a city in Savoy, built all of brick, which gives it a very pleasant appearance towards the sea, having a very high castle which commands it. We sailed by Morgus, now called Monaco, having passed Villa Franca, heretofore Portus Herculis, when, arriving after the gates were shut, we were forced to abide all night in the barge, which was put into the haven, the wind coming contrary. In the morning, we were hastened away, having no time permitted us by our avaricious master to go up and see this strong and considerable place, which now belongs to a prince of the family of Grimaldi, of Genoa, who has put both it and himself under the protection of the French. The situation is on a promontory of solid stone and rock. The town walls very fair. We were told that within it was an ample court, and a palace, furnished with the most rich and princely movables, and a collection of statues, pictures, and massy plate to an immense amount.

We sailed by Mentone and Ventimiglia, being the first city of the republic of Genoa; supped at Oneglia, where we anchored and lay on shore. The next morning, we coasted in view of the Isle of Corsica, and St. Remo, where the shore is furnished with evergreens, oranges, citrons, and date trees; we lay at Porto Maurizio. The next morning by Diano, Alassio, famous for the best coral fishing, growing in abundance on the rocks, deep and continually covered by the sea. By Albenga and Finale, a very fair and strong town belonging to the King of Spain, for which reason a monsieur in our vessel was extremely afraid, as was the patron of our bark, for they frequently catch French prizes, as they creep by these shores to go into Italy; he therefore plied both sails and oars, to get under the protection of a Genoese galley that passed not far before us, and in whose company we sailed as far as the Cape of Savona, a town built at the rise of the Apennines: for all this coast (except a little of St. Remo) is a high and steep mountainous ground, consisting all of rock-marble, without any grass, tree, or *rivage*, formidable to look on. A strange

object it is, to consider how some poor cottages stand fast on the declivities of these precipices, and by what steps the inhabitants ascend to them. The rock consists of all sorts of the most precious marbles.

Here, on the 15th, forsaking our galley, we encountered a little foul weather, which made us creep *terra, terra*, as they call it, and so a vessel that encountered us advised us to do; but our patron, striving to double the point of Savona, making out into the wind put us into great hazard; for blowing very hard from land betwixt those horrid gaps of the mountains, it set so violently, as raised on the sudden so great a sea, that we could not recover the weather-shore for many hours, insomuch that, what with the water already entered, and the confusion of fearful passengers (of which one who was an Irish bishop, and his brother, a priest, were confessing some as at the article of death), we were almost abandoned to despair, our pilot himself giving us up for lost. And now, as we were weary with pumping and laving out the water, almost sinking, it pleased God on the sudden to appease the wind, and with much ado and great peril we recovered the shore, which we now kept in view within half a league in sight of those pleasant villas, and within scent of those fragrant orchards which are on this coast, full of princely retirements for the sumptuousness of their buildings, and nobleness of the plantations, especially those at St. Pietro d' Arena; from whence, the wind blowing as it did, might perfectly be smelt the peculiar joys of Italy in the perfumes of orange, citron, and jasmine flowers, for divers leagues seaward.<sup>1</sup>

16th October. We got to anchor under the Pharos, or watch-tower, built on a high rock at the mouth of the Mole of

Genoa,<sup>1</sup> the weather being still so foul that for two hours at least we durst not stand into the haven. Towards evening we adventured, and came on shore by the Pratique-house, where, after strict examination by the Syndics, we were had to the Ducal Palace, and there our names being taken, we were conducted to our inn, kept by one Zacharias, an Englishman. I shall never forget a story of our host Zachary, who, on the relation of our peril, told us another of his own, being shipwrecked, as he affirmed solemnly, in the middle of a great sea somewhere in the West Indies, that he swam no less than twenty-two leagues to another island, with a tinder-box wrapped up in his hair, which was not so much as wet all the way; that picking up the carpenter's tools with other provisions in a chest, he and the carpenter, who accompanied him (good swimmers it seems both), floated the chest before them; and, arriving at last in a place full of wood, they built another vessel, and so escaped! After this story, we no more talked of our danger; Zachary put us quite down.

17th. Accompanied by a most courteous *marchand*, called Tomson, we went to view the rarities. The city is built in the hollow or bosom of a mountain, whose ascent is very steep, high, and rocky, so that, from the Lantern and Mole to the hill, it represents the shape of a theatre; the streets and buildings so ranged one above another, as our seats are in the playhouses; but, from their materials, beauty, and structure, never was an artificial scene more beautiful to the eye, nor is any place, for the size of it, so full of well-designed and stately palaces, as may be easily concluded by that rare book in a large folio which the great virtuoso and painter, Paul Rubens, has published, though it contains [the description of] only one street and two or three churches.<sup>2</sup>

The first palace we went to visit was that of Hieronymo del Negros, to which we passed by boat across the harbour. Here I could not but observe the sudden

<sup>1</sup> [Evelyn refers to this again in the dedication of his *Fumifugium* (1661) to Charles the Second:—"Those who take notice of the scent of the orange-flowers from the rivage of Genoa, and St. Pietro dell' Arena; the blossomes of the rosemary from the Coasts of Spain, many leagues off at sea; or the manifest, and odoriferous wafts which flow from Fontenay and Vaugirard, even to Paris in the season of roses, with the contrary effect of those less pleasing smells from other accidents, will easily consent to what I suggest" (i.e. that it is wise to plant sweet-smelling trees). *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 208.]

<sup>1</sup> ["At first it was only a little Fort for to help to bridle Genoa, and it was built by Lewis the XII. of France" (Lassels, *Voyage of Italy*, 1670, i. p. 84).]

<sup>2</sup> [*Palazzi di Genova*, 139 plates published by Rubens at Antwerp in 1622, from designs probably made at Genoa in 1607.]

and devilish passion of a seaman, who plying us was intercepted by another fellow, that interposed his boat before him and took us in; for the tears gushing out of his eyes, he put his finger in his mouth and almost bit it off by the joint, showing it to his antagonist as an assurance to him of some bloody revenge, if ever he came near that part of the harbour again. Indeed this beautiful city is more stained with such horrid acts of revenge and murders, than any one place in Europe, or haply in the world, where there is a political government, which makes it unsafe to strangers. It is made a galley matter to carry a knife whose point is not broken off.

This palace of Negros is richly furnished with the rarest pictures; on the terrace, or hilly garden, there is a grove of stately trees, amongst which are sheep, shepherds, and wild beasts, cut very artificially in a grey stone; fountains, rocks, and fish-ponds; casting your eyes one way, you would imagine yourself in a wilderness and silent country; sideways, in the heart of a great city; and backwards, in the midst of the sea. All this is within one acre of ground. In the house, I noticed those red-plaster floors which are made so hard, and kept so polished, that for some time one would take them for whole pieces of porphyry. I have frequently wondered that we never practised this [art] in England for cabinets and rooms of state,<sup>1</sup> for it appears to me beyond any invention of that kind; but by their carefully covering them with canvas and fine mattresses, where there is much passage, I suppose they are not lasting in their glory, and haply they are often repaired.

There are numerous other palaces of particular curiosities, for the *marchands*, being very rich, have, like our neighbours, the Hollanders,<sup>2</sup> little or no extent of ground to employ their estates in; as those in pictures and hangings, so these lay it out on marble houses and rich furniture. One of the greatest here for circuit is that of the Prince Doria, which reaches from the sea to the summit of the mountains. The house is most magnificently built without, nor less

gloriously furnished within, having whole tables<sup>1</sup> and bedsteads of massy silver, many of them set with agates, onyxes, cornelians, lazulis, pearls, turquoises, and other precious stones. The pictures and statues are innumerable. To this palace belong three gardens, the first whereof is beautified with a terrace, supported by pillars of marble:<sup>2</sup> there is a fountain of eagles, and one of Neptune, with other sea-gods, all of the purest white marble; they stand in a most ample basin of the same stone. At the side of this garden is such an aviary as Sir Francis Bacon describes in his *Sermones fidelium*, or Essays,<sup>3</sup> wherein grow trees of more than two feet diameter, besides cypress, myrtles, lentiscuses, and other rare shrubs, which serve to nestle and perch all sorts of birds, who have air and place enough under their airy canopy, supported with huge iron work, stupendous for its fabric and the charge.<sup>4</sup> The other two gardens are full of orange trees, citrons, and pomegranates, fountains, grots, and statues. One of the latter is a colossal Jupiter, under which is the sepulchre of a beloved dog, for the care of which one of this family received of the King of Spain 500 crowns a year, during the life of that faithful animal. The reservoir of water here is a most admirable piece of art; and so is the grotto over against it.

We went hence to the Palace of the Dukes, where is also the Court of Justice; thence to the Merchant's Walk, rarely covered. Near<sup>5</sup> the Ducal Palace we saw the public armoury, which was almost all new, most neatly kept and ordered, sufficient for 30,000 men. We were showed many rare inventions and engines of war peculiar

<sup>1</sup> [In his *Voyage of Italy*, 1670, i. p. 94, Lassels says that one of these weighed 24,000 lbs.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. Lassels, "Its garden towards the Sea is built upon three rows of white marble Rays borne up by white marble pillars, which ascending by degrees, is so beautifull to behold from the Sea, that strangers passing that way to *Genna*, take this garden for a second *Paradise*" (i. p. 92).]

<sup>3</sup> [The Latin title which Bacon chose himself for his Essays in 1638 was *Sermones fideles, sive Interiorum Rerum*.]

<sup>4</sup> ["For Aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that Largeness as they may be Turfed, and have Living Plants and Bushes set in them; That the Birds may have more Scope, and Naturall Nestling, and that no Foulness appear in the Floare of the Aviary" (*Essay* xlv.—"Of Gardens").]

<sup>5</sup> Lassels says (i. p. 89), in the Palace.

<sup>1</sup> There are such at Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire.

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. *ante*, p. 13.]

to that armoury, as in the state when guns were first put in use. The garrison of the town chiefly consists of Germans and Corsicans. The famous Strada Nova, built wholly of polished marble, was designed by Rubens, and for stateliness of the buildings, paving, and evenness of the street, is far superior to any in Europe, for the number of houses;<sup>1</sup> that of Don Carlo Doria is a most magnificent structure. In the gardens of the old Marquess Spinola, I saw huge citrons hanging on the trees applied like our apricots to the walls. The churches are no less splendid than the palaces; that of St. Francis is wholly built of Parian marble; St. Laurence, in the middle of the city, of white and black polished stone, the inside wholly incrustured with marble and other precious materials; on the altar of St. John stand four sumptuous columns of porphyry; and here we were showed an emerald, supposed to be one of the largest in the world.<sup>2</sup> The church of St. Ambrosio, belonging to the Jesuits, will, when finished, exceed all the rest; and that of the Annunziata, founded at the charges of one family,<sup>3</sup> in the present and future design can never be outdone for cost and art. From the churches we walked to the Mole, a work of solid huge stone, stretching itself near 600 paces into the main sea, and secures the harbour, heretofore of no safety. Of all the wonders of Italy, for the art and nature of the design, nothing parallels this. We passed over to the Pharos, or Lantern, a tower of very great height. Here we took horses, and made the circuit of the city as far as the new walls, built of a prodigious height, and with Herculean industry; witness those vast pieces of whole mountains which they have hewn away, and blown up with gunpowder, to render them steep and inaccessible. They are not

much less than twenty English miles in extent,<sup>1</sup> reaching beyond the utmost buildings of the city. From one of these promontories we could easily discern the island of Corsica; and from the same, eastward, we saw a vale having a great torrent running through a most desolate barren country; and then turning our eyes more northward, saw those delicious villas of St. Pietro d' Arena, which present another Genoa to you, the ravishing retirements of the Genoese nobility. Hence, with much pain, we descended towards the Arsenal, where the galleys lie in excellent order.

The inhabitants of the city are much affected to the Spanish mode and stately garb.<sup>2</sup> From the narrowness of the streets, they use sedans and litters, and not coaches.

19th October. We embarked in a felucca for Livorno, or Leghorn; but the sea running very high, we put in at Porto Venere, which we made with peril, between two narrow horrid rocks, against which the sea dashed with great velocity; but we were soon delivered into as great a calm and a most ample harbour, being in the Golfo di Spezia. From hence, we could see Pliny's Delphini Promontorium, now called Capo fino. Here stood that famous city of Luna, whence the port was named Lunaris, being about two leagues over, more resembling a lake than a haven, but defended by castles and excessive high mountains. We landed at Lerici, where, being Sunday, was a great procession, carrying the Sacrament about the streets in solemn devotion. After dinner, we took post-horses, passing through whole groves of olive trees, the way somewhat rugged and hilly at first, but afterwards pleasant. Thus we passed through the

<sup>1</sup> Lassels says (i. p. 83), finished in eighteen months, and yet six miles in compass.

<sup>2</sup> Thus described by Lassels (i. p. 95): "Broad hats without hat-bands; broad leather *girdles* with *steel buckles*, narrow britches with long-wasted doublets and hanging sleeves, to be *à la mode*, as well as in *Madrid*. And I found all the great *Ladies* here to go like the *Donnas of Spain*, in *Guardinfantas* [child-preservers], that is, in horrible overgrown *Vertigals* of whale-bone, which being put about the waste of the *Lady*, and full as broad on both sides, as she can reach with her hands, beare out her coats in such a huffing manner, that she appears to be as broad as long. So that the men here with their little close britches, looked like *tumblers* that leap through the *houps*: and the women like those that danced anciently the *Hobby-horse* in country *Mummings*."

<sup>1</sup> ["The New-Street is a double Range of Palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent Fancy, and fit for the greatest Princes to inhabit" (Addison's *Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 11)]

<sup>2</sup> Lassels calls it a great dish, in which they say here that our Saviour ate the Paschal Lamb with his Disciples; but he candidly adds that he finds no authority for it in any ancient writer, and that to it must be opposed the statement of the Venerable Bede, that the dish used was of *silver*! Of an "authentic Relick" of St. John, he observes that Cardinal Baronius speaks credibly (i. p. 86).

<sup>3</sup> Two brothers, named Lomellini, allowed the third part of their gains (Lassels, i. p. 87).

towns of Sarzana and Massa, and the vast marble quarries of Carrara, and lodged in an obscure inn, at a place called Viareggio. The next morning, we arrived at Pisa, where I met my old friend, Mr. Thomas Henshaw, who was then newly come out of Spain, and from whose company I never parted till more than a year after.<sup>1</sup>

The city of Pisa is as much worth seeing as any in Italy; it has contended with Rome, Florence, Sardinia, Sicily, and even Carthage.<sup>2</sup> The palace and church of St. Stefano (where the order of knighthood called by that name was instituted) drew first our curiosity, the outside thereof being altogether of polished marble; within, it is full of tables relating to this Order; over which hang divers banners and pendants, with other trophies taken by them from the Turks, against whom they are particularly obliged to fight; though a religious order, they are permitted to marry. At the front of the palace stands a fountain, and the statue of the great Duke Cosmo. The Campanile, or Settezonio, built by John Venipont, a German, consists of several orders of pillars, thirty in a row, designed to be much higher. It stands alone on the right side of the cathedral, strangely remarkable for this, that the beholder would expect it to fall, being built exceedingly declining, by a rare address of the architect; and how it is supported from falling I think would puzzle a good geometrician. The Duomo, or Cathedral, standing near it, is a superb structure, beautified with six columns of great antiquity; the gates are of brass, of admirable workmanship. The cemetery called Campo Santo is made of divers galley ladings of earth formerly brought from Jerusalem, said to be of such a nature, as to consume dead bodies in forty hours.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Thomas Henshaw, 1618-1700, of University College, Oxford, and Middle Temple (see *post*, under 15th February, 1645).]

<sup>2</sup> [Addison calls Pisa "still the Shell of a great City, tho' not half furnish'd with Inhabitants" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 400).]

<sup>3</sup> [Archbishop Ubaldo, 1188-1200, the founder of the cemetery, brought the earth from Palestine. Cf. account of St. Innocent's Churchyard, at Paris, *ante*, p. 41. "I have been often at St. Innocent's church yard, and have seen them dig up bones which have been very rotten after 3 weeks or a month's interment. The flesh must needs then bee corrupted in a far shorter space" (Edward Browne to

'Tis cloistered with marble arches; and here lies buried the learned Philip Decius,<sup>1</sup> who taught in this University. At one side of this church, stands an ample and well-wrought marble vessel, which heretofore contained the tribute paid yearly by the city to Cæsar. It is placed, as I remember, on a pillar of opal stone, with divers other antique urns. Near this, and in the same field, is the Baptistry of San Giovanni, built of pure white marble, and covered with so artificial a cupola, that the voice uttered under it seems to break out of a cloud. The font and pulpit, supported by four lions, is of inestimable value for the preciousness of the materials. The place where these buildings stand they call the Area. Hence, we went to the College, to which joins a gallery so furnished with natural rarities, stones, minerals, shells, dried animals, skeletons, etc., as is hardly to be seen in Italy. To this the Physic Garden lies, where is a noble palm tree, and very fine water-works. The river Arno runs through the middle of this stately city, whence the main street is named Lung' Arno. It is so ample that the Duke's galleys, built in the arsenal here, are easily conveyed to Leghorn; over the river is an arch, the like of which, for its flatness, and serving for a bridge, is nowhere in Europe. The Duke has a stately Palace, before which is placed the statue of Ferdinand the Third; over against it is the Exchange, built of marble. Since this city came to be under the Dukes of Tuscany, it has been much depopulated, though there is hardly in Italy any which exceeds it for stately edifices. The situation of it is low and flat; but the inhabitants have spacious gardens, and even fields within the walls.

21st October. We took coach to Leghorn, through the Great Duke's new park full of huge cork trees, the underwood all myrtles, amongst which were many buffaloes feeding, a kind of wild ox, short nose with horns reversed; those who work with them command them, as our bear-wards do the bears, with a ring through the nose, and a cord. Much of this park, as well as a great part of the

his father, 17th May, 1664, Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 62.)]

<sup>1</sup> [Philip Decio, 1454-1535, a famous Italian lawyer.]

country about it, is very fenny, and the air very bad.

Leghorn is the prime port belonging to all the Duke's territories; heretofore a very obscure town, but since Duke Ferdinand has strongly fortified it (after the modern way), drained the marshes by cutting a channel thence to Pisa navigable sixteen miles, and has raised a mole, emulating that at Genoa, to secure the shipping, it is become a place of great receipt; it has also a place for the galleys, where they lie safe. Before the sea is an ample piazza for the market, where are the statues in copper of the four slaves, much exceeding the life for proportion, and, in the judgment of most artists, one of the best pieces of modern work.<sup>1</sup> Here, especially in this piazza, is such a concourse of slaves, Turks, Moors, and other nations, that the number and confusion is prodigious; some buying, others selling, others drinking, others playing, some working, others sleeping, fighting, singing, weeping, all nearly naked, and miserably chained. Here was a tent, where any idle fellow might stake his liberty against a few crowns, at dice, or other hazard; and, if he lost, he was immediately chained and led away to the galleys, where he was to serve a term of years, but from whence they seldom returned: many sottish persons, in a drunken bravado, would try their fortune in this way.

The houses of this neat town are very uniform, and excellently painted, *a fresco* on the outer walls, with representations of many of their victories over the Turks. The houses, though low on account of the earthquakes which frequently happen here (as did one during my being in Italy), are very well built; the piazza is very fair and commodious, and, with the church, whose four columns at the portico are of black marble polished, gave the first hint to the building both of the church and piazza in Covent Garden with us, though very imperfectly pursued.

<sup>1</sup> [They were at the foot of Duke Ferdinand's statue. "These are the 4 slaves that would have stolne away a galley, and have rowed here themselves alone; but were taken in their great enterprise" (Lassels, i. p. 233). Addison also mentions "Donatelli's Statue of the Great Duke, amidst the Four Slaves chain'd to his Pedestal," as among the "noble Sights" of Leghorn (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 392).]

22nd October. From Leghorn, I took coach to Empoli, where we lay, and the next day arrived at Florence, being recommended to the house of Signor Baritière, in the Piazza del Spirito Santo, where we were exceedingly well treated. Florence is at the foot of the Apennines, the west part full of stately groves and pleasant meadows, beautified with more than a thousand houses and country palaces of note, belonging to gentlemen of the town. The river Arno runs through the city, in a broad, but very shallow channel, dividing it, as it were, in the middle, and over it are four most sumptuous bridges, of stone. On that nearest to our quarter are the four Seasons, in white marble;<sup>1</sup> on another are the goldsmiths' shops;<sup>2</sup> at the head of the former stands a column of ophite, upon which a statue of Justice, with her balance and sword, cut out of porphyry, and the more remarkable for being the first which had been carved out of that hard material, and brought to perfection, after the art had been utterly lost; they say this was done by hardening the tools in the juice of certain herbs. This statue was erected in that corner, because there Cosmo was first saluted with the news of Siena being taken.<sup>3</sup>

Near this is the famous Palazzo di Strozzi, a princely piece of architecture, in a rustic manner. The Palace of Pitti was built by that family, but of late greatly beautified by Cosmo with huge square stones of the Doric, Ionic, and the Corinthian orders, with a terrace at each side having rustic uncut balustrades, with a fountain that ends in a cascade seen from the great gate, and so forming a vista to the gardens. Nothing is more admirable than the vacant staircase, marbles, statues, urns, pictures, court, grotto, and water-works. In the quadrangle is a huge jetto of water in a *volto* of four faces, with noble statues at each square, especially the Diana of porphyry above the grotto. We

<sup>1</sup> [These are on the Ponte di Sta. Trinita.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Ponte Vecchio. Longfellow has remembered this feature in his sonnet ending—

Florence adorns me with her *jewelry*;  
And when I think that Michael Angelo  
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.  
*A Masque of Pandora*, 1875, 151.]

<sup>3</sup> [Cosmo I. de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, 1519-74. Siena was annexed to Tuscany in 1557.]

were here showed a prodigious great loadstone.

The garden has every variety, hills, dales, rocks, groves, aviaries, vivaries, fountains, especially one of five jettons, the middle basin being one of the longest stones I ever saw. Here is everything to make such a Paradise delightful. In the garden I saw a rose grafted on an orange tree. There was much topiary-work, and columns in architecture about the hedges. The Duke has added an ample laboratory, over-against which stands a fort on a hill, where they told us his treasure is kept. In this Palace the Duke ordinarily resides, living with his Swiss guards, after the frugal Italian way, and even selling what he can spare of his wines, at the cellar under his very house, wicker bottles dangling over even the chief entrance into the Palace, serving for a vintner's bush.

In the Church of Santo Spirito the altar and reliquary are most rich, and full of precious stones; there are four pillars of a kind of serpentine, and some of blue. Hence we went to another Palace of the Duke's, called Palazzo Vecchio, before which is a statue of David, by Michael Angelo,<sup>1</sup> and one of Hercules killing Cacus, the work of Baccio Bandinelli. The quadrangle about this is of the Corinthian order, and in the hall are many rare marbles, as those of Leo the Tenth and Clement VII., both Popes of the Medicean family; also the acts of Cosmo, in rare painting. In the chapel is kept (as they would make one believe) the original Gospel of St. John, written with his own hand; and the famous Florentine Pandects, and divers precious stones. Near it is another pendent Tower like that of Pisa,<sup>2</sup> always threatening ruin.

Under the Court of Justice is a stately arcade for men to walk in, and over that, the shops of divers rare artists who continually work for the great Duke. Above this is that renowned cimeliarchy, or repository, wherein are hundreds of admirable antiquities, statues of marble and metal, vases of porphyry, etc.; but amongst the statues none so famous as the Scipio,

the Boar, the Idol of Apollo, brought from the Delphic Temple, and two triumphant columns. Over these hang the pictures of the most famous persons and illustrious men in arts or arms, to the number of 300, taken out of the museum of Paulus Jovius.<sup>1</sup> They then led us into a large square room, in the middle of which stood a cabinet of an octangular form, so adorned and furnished with crystals, agates, and sculptures, as exceeds any description. This cabinet is called the Tribuna, and in it is a pearl as big as an hazel-nut. The cabinet is of ebony, lazuli, and jasper; over the door is a round of M. Angelo; on the cabinet, Leo the Tenth, with other paintings of Raphael, del Sarto, Perugino, and Correggio, viz. a St. John, a Virgin, a Boy, two Apostles, two heads of Dürer, rarely carved. Over this cabinet is a globe of ivory, excellently carved; the Labours of Hercules, in massy silver, and many incomparable pictures in small. There is another, which had about it eight Oriental columns of alabaster, on each whereof was placed a head of a Cæsar, covered with a canopy so richly set with precious stones, that they resembled a firmament of stars. Within it was our Saviour's Passion, and the twelve Apostles in amber. This cabinet was valued at two hundred thousand crowns. In another, with calcedon pillars, was a series of golden medals. Here is also another rich ebony cabinet cupolaed with a tortoise-shell, and containing a collection of gold medals esteemed worth 50,000 crowns; a wreathed pillar of oriental alabaster, divers paintings of Da Vinci, Pontormo, del Sarto, an "Ecce Homo" of Titian, a Boy of Bronzini, etc. They showed us a branch of coral fixed on the rock, which they affirm does still grow. In another room, is kept the Tabernacle appointed for the chapel of St. Laurence, about which are placed small statues of Saints, of precious materials; a piece of such art and cost, that, having been these forty years in perfecting, it is one of the most curious things in the world. Here were divers tables of *pietra-commessa*,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Paulus Jovius, or Giovio, 1483-1552, was an Italian historian.]

<sup>2</sup> [*Pietre-commesse*, inlaid marbles peculiar to Florence, often mentioned by Evelyn and other voyagers in Italy. "Who," says Lassel in his *Voyage of Italy* (defending his "exotick words")

<sup>1</sup> [It has now been removed to the Accademia delle Belle Arti.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 56.]



which is a marble ground inlaid with several sorts of marbles and stones of various colours, representing flowers, trees, beasts, birds, and landscapes. In one is represented the town of Leghorn, by the same hand who inlaid the altar of St. Laurence, Domenico Benotti, of whom I purchased nineteen pieces of the same work for a cabinet. In a press near this they showed an iron nail, one half whereof being converted into gold by one Thurnheuser, a German chymist, is looked on as a great rarity; but it plainly appeared to have been soldered together. There is a curious watch, a monstrous turquoise as big as an egg, on which is carved an emperor's head.

In the armoury are kept many antique habits, as those of Chinese kings; the sword of Charlemagne; Hannibal's head-piece; a loadstone of a yard long, which bears up 86 lbs. weight, in a chain of seventeen links, such as the slaves are tied to. In another room are such rare turneries in ivory, as are not to be described for their curiosity. There is a fair pillar of oriental alabaster; twelve vast and complete services of silver plate, and one of gold, all of excellent workmanship; a rich embroidered saddle of pearls sent by the Emperor to this Duke; and here is that embroidered chair set with precious stones in which he sits, when, on St. John's day, he receives the tribute of the cities.<sup>1</sup>

25th October. We went to the Portico where the famous statue of Judith and Holofernes stands, also the Medusa, all of copper; but what is most admirable is the Rape of a Sabine,<sup>2</sup> with another man under foot, the confusion and turning of whose limbs is most admirable. It is of one entire marble, the work of John di Bologna, and is most stupendous; this stands directly against the great piazza, where, to adorn one fountain, are erected four marble statues and eight of brass, representing

"can speak . . . of Wrought Tombs, or inlaid Tables; but hee must speak of bassi rilievi; and of pietre commesse? If any man understand them not, it's his fault, not mine" (*A Preface to the Reader concerning Travelling*).

<sup>1</sup> [Lassels gives a minute description of the contents of the Armoury and different cabinets (i. pp. 164-177).]

<sup>2</sup> [This, like Donatello's Judith and Holofernes, above mentioned, is in Orgagna's Loggia de' Lanzi.]

Neptune and his family of sea-gods, of a Colossean magnitude, with four sea-horses, in Parian marble of Lamedrati, in the midst of a very great basin; a work, I think, hardly to be paralleled. Here is also the famous statue of David, by M. Angelo; Hercules and Cacus, by Baccio Bandinelli;<sup>1</sup> the Perseus, in copper, by Benevento, and the Judith of Donatello, which stand publicly before the old Palace with the Centaur of Bologna, huge Colossean figures. Near this stand Cosmo de' Medici on horseback, in brass on a pedestal of marble, and four copper *basso-rilievos* by John di Bologna, with divers inscriptions; the Ferdinand and the First, on horseback, is of *pietra-tacca*. The brazen Boar, which serves for another public fountain, is admirable.

After dinner, we went to the Church of the Annunciata, where the Duke and his Court were at their devotions, being a place of extraordinary repute for sanctity: for here is a shrine that does great miracles, [proved] by innumerable votive tablets, etc., covering almost the walls of the whole church. This is the image of Gabriel, who saluted the Blessed Virgin, and which the artist finished so well, that he was in despair of performing the Virgin's face so well; whereupon it was miraculously done for him whilst he slept; but others say it was painted by St. Luke himself. Whoever it was, infinite is the devotion of both sexes to it. The altar is set off with four columns of oriental alabaster, and lighted by thirty great silver lamps. There are innumerable other pictures by rare masters. Our Saviour's Passion in brass tables inserted in marble, is the work of John di Bologna and Baccio Bandinelli.

To this church joins a convent, whose cloister is painted in *fresco* very rarely. There is also near it an hospital for 1000 persons, with nurse-children, and several other charitable accommodations.

At the Duke's *Cavalerizza*, the Prince has a stable of the finest horses of all countries, Arabs, Turks, Barbs, Jennets, English, etc., which are continually exercised in the *manège*.

Near this is a place where are kept several wild beasts, as wolves, cats, bears, tigers, and lions. They are loose in a

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 58.]

deep-walled court, and therefore to be seen with more pleasure than those at the Tower of London, in their grates. One of the lions leaped to a surprising height, to catch a joint of mutton which I caused to be hung down.

<sup>1</sup> There are many plain brick towers erected for defence, when this was a free state. The highest is called the Mangio, standing at the foot of the piazza which we went first to see after our arrival. At the entrance of this tower is a chapel open towards the piazza, of marble well adorned with sculpture.

On the other side is the Signoria, or Court of Justice, well built *à la moderne*, of brick; indeed the bricks of Siena are so well made, that they look almost as well as porphyry itself, having a kind of natural polish.

In the Senate-House is a very fair Hall where they sometimes entertain the people with public shows and operas, as they call them. Towards the left are the statues of Romulus and Remus with the wolf,<sup>2</sup> all of brass, placed on a column of ophite stone, which they report was brought from the renowned Ephesian Temple. These ensigns being the arms of the town, are set up in divers of the streets and public ways both within and far without the city.

The piazza compasses the *facciata* of the court and chapel, and, being made with descending steps, much resembles the figure of a scallop-shell. The white ranges of pavement, intermixed with the excellent bricks above mentioned, with which the town is generally well paved, render it very clean. About this market-place (for so it is) are many fair palaces, though not built with excess of elegance. There stands an arch, the work of Baltazzar di Siena, built with wonderful ingenuity, so that it is not easy to conceive how it is supported, yet it has some imperceptible contignations,<sup>3</sup> which do not betray themselves easily to the eye. On the edge of the piazza is a goodly fountain beautified with statues, the water issuing out of the wolves' mouths,

<sup>1</sup> There seems—says Bray—to be here an omission in the MS. between their leaving Florence and going to Siena.

<sup>2</sup> "This wolf received the muzzle," says Lassels, referring to the subjection of the Sienese Republic by Florence in 1555 (i. p. 235.)

<sup>3</sup> [Contignation=joining together (N.E.D.).]

being the work of Jacobo Quercei, a famous artist. There are divers other public fountains in the city, of good design.

After this we walked to the Sapienza, which is the University, or rather College, where the high Germans enjoy many particular privileges when they addict themselves to the civil law: and indeed this place has produced many excellent scholars, besides those three Popes, Alexander, Pius II., and III., of that name, the learned Aeneas Sylvius; and both were of the ancient house of the Piccolomini.

The chief street is called Strada Romana, in which Pius II. has built a most stately Palace of square stone, with an incomparable portico joining near to it. The town is commanded by a castle which hath four bastions and a garrison of soldiers. Near it is a list to ride horses in, much frequented by the gallants in summer.

Not far from hence is the Church and Convent of the Dominicans, where in the chapel of St. Catherine of Siena they show her head, the rest of her body being translated to Rome.<sup>1</sup> The Duomo, or Cathedral, both without and within, is of large square stones of black and white marble polished, of inexpressible beauty, as is the front adorned with sculpture and rare statues. In the middle is a stately cupola and two columns of sundry-streaked coloured marble. About the body of the church, on a cornice within, are inserted the heads of all the Popes. The pulpit is beautified with marble figures, a piece of exquisite work; but what exceeds all description is the pavement, where (besides the various emblems and other figures in the nave) the choir is wrought with the history of the Bible, so artificially expressed in the natural colours of the marbles, that few pictures exceed it.<sup>2</sup> Here stands a Christo, rarely cut in marble, and on the large high altar is a brazen vessel of ad-

<sup>1</sup> [Lassels refers to some of the traditions respecting St. Catherine (i. p. 239); but Addison wisely says, "I think there is as much Pleasure in hearing a Man tell his Dreams, as in reading Accounts of this Nature" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 392).]

<sup>2</sup> "I confesse, I scarce saw anything in Italy which pleased me better than this pavement," says Lassels (i. p. 238). Addison is not so enthusiastic. "Nothing in the World can make a prettier Show to those that prefer false Beauties, and affected Ornaments, to a Noble and Majestick Simplicity" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 391.)

mirable invention and art. The organs are exceeding sweet and well tuned. On the left side of the altar is the library, where are painted the acts of Æneas Sylvius, and others by Raphael. They showed us an arm of St. John the Baptist, wherewith, they say, he baptized our Saviour in Jordan; it was given by the King of Peloponnesus to one of the Popes, as an inscription testifies. They have also St. Peter's sword, with which he smote off the ear of Malchus.

Just against the cathedral, we went into the Hospital,<sup>1</sup> where they entertain and refresh for three or four days, gratis, such pilgrims as go to Rome. In the chapel belonging to it lies the body of St. Susorius, their founder, as yet uncorrupted, though dead many hundreds of years. They show one of the nails which pierced our Saviour, and Saint Chrysostom's Comment on the Gospel, written by his own hand. Below the hill stands the pool called Fonte Brande, where fish are fed for pleasure more than food.

St. Francis's Church is a large pile, near which, yet a little without the city, grows a tree which they report in their legend grew from the Saint's staff, which, on going to sleep, he fixed in the ground, and at his waking found it had grown a large tree. They affirm that the wood of it in decoction cures sundry diseases.

2nd November. We went from Siena, desirous of being present at the cavalcade of the new Pope, Innocent X.,<sup>2</sup> who had not yet made the grand procession to St. John di Laterano.<sup>3</sup> We set out by Porto Romano, the country all about the town being rare for hunting and game. Wild boar and venison are frequently sold in the shops in many of the towns about it. We passed near Monte Oliveto, where the monastery of that Order is pleasantly situated, and worth seeing. Passing over a bridge, which, by the inscription, appears to have been built by Prince Matthias, we went through Buon Convento, famous for the death of the Emperor, Henry VII., who was here poisoned with the holy

Eucharist.<sup>1</sup> Thence, we came to Torri-nieri, where we dined. This village is in a sweet valley, in view of Montalcino, famous for the rare Muscatello.<sup>2</sup> After three miles more, we go by St. Quirico, and lay at a private *osteria* near it, where, after we were provided of lodging, came in Cardinal Donghi, a Genoese by birth, now come from Rome; he was so civil as to entertain us with great respect, hearing we were English, for that, he told us, he had been once in our country. Amongst other discourse, he related how a dove had been seen to sit on the chair in the Conclave at the election of Pope Innocent, which he magnified as a great good omen, with other particulars which we inquired of him, till our suppers parted us. He came in great state with his own bedstead and all the furniture, yet would by no means suffer us to resign the room we had taken up in the lodging before his arrival. Next morning, we rode by Monte Pientio, or, as vulgarly called, Monte Amiata, which is of an excessive height, ever and anon peeping above any clouds with its snowy head, till we had climbed to the inn at Radicofani,<sup>3</sup> built by Ferdinand, the great Duke, for the necessary refreshment of travellers in so inhospitable a place. As we ascended, we entered a very thick, solid, and dark body of clouds, looking like rocks at a little distance, which lasted near a mile in going up; they were dry misty vapours, hanging undissolved for a vast thickness, and obscuring both the sun and earth, so that we seemed to be in the sea rather than in the clouds, till, having pierced through it, we came into a most serene heaven, as if we had been above all human conversation, the mountain appearing more like a great island than joined to any other hills; for we could perceive nothing but a sea of thick clouds rolling under our feet like huge waves, every now and then suffering

<sup>1</sup> [Henry VII., 1263-1313. He is buried in the Duomo at Pisa (see *post*, under 21st May, 1645).]

<sup>2</sup> The wine so called.

<sup>3</sup> ["A vile little town at the foot of an old citadel," says Walpole, who visited it in July, 1740. It reminded him of Hamilton's Bawn in Swift's *Grand Question Debated*; and he gives a whimsical account of his borrowing the only pen in the place, which belonged to the Governor, and was sent to him "under the conduct of a serjeant and two Swiss" (Toynbee's *Walpole's Letters*, 1903, i. p. 74).]

<sup>1</sup> ["Erected," says Addison, "by a Shoemaker that has been Beatified, tho' never Sainted" (*Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 391).]

<sup>2</sup> John Baptist Pamphili, chosen Pope 15th September, 1644, died 7th January, 1655.

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 22nd November, 1644.]

the top of some other mountain to peep through, which we could discover many miles off: and between some breaches of the clouds we could see landscapes and villages of the subjacent country. This was one of the most pleasant, new, and altogether surprising objects that I had ever beheld.<sup>1</sup>

On the summit of this horrid rock (for so it is) is built a very strong fort, garrisoned, and somewhat beneath it is a small town; the provisions are drawn up with ropes and engines, the precipice being otherwise inaccessible. At one end of the town lie heaps of rocks so strangely broken off from the ragged mountain, as would affright one with their horror and menacing postures. Just opposite to the inn gushed out a plentiful and most useful fountain which falls into a great trough of stone, bearing the Duke of Tuscany's arms. Here we dined, and I with my black lead pen took the prospect.<sup>2</sup> It is one of the utmost confines of the Etrurian State towards St. Peter's Patrimony, since the gift of Matilda to Gregory VII., as is pretended.

Here we pass a stone bridge, built by Pope Gregory XIV., and thence immediately to Acquapendente,<sup>3</sup> a town situated on a very ragged rock, down which precipitates an entire river (which gives it the denomination), with a most horrid roaring noise. We lay at the post-house, on which is this inscription:

L' Insegna della Posta, é posta a posta,  
In questa posta, fin che habbia à sua posta  
Ogn' un Cavallo a Vetturi in Posta.

Before it was dark, we went to see the Monastery of the Franciscans, famous for six learned Popes, and sundry other great scholars, especially the renowned physician

<sup>1</sup> [Evelyn's *Diary* was not printed until long after Goldsmith's death. But Goldsmith had evidently seen the same sight in his own wanderings; and he remembered it when he came to write in ll. 189-92 of his *Deserted Village*—  
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.]

<sup>2</sup> An etching of it, with others, is in the library at Wotton.

<sup>3</sup> Some twelve miles from the Great Duke's inn, according to Lassels, i. p. 241.

and anatomist, Fabricius de Acquapendente, who was bred and born there.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>4th November.</sup> After a little riding, we descended towards the Lake of Bolsena, which being above twenty miles in circuit, yields from hence a most incomparable prospect. Near the middle of it are two small islands, in one of which is a convent of melancholy Capuchins, where those of the Farnesian family are interred. Pliny calls it *Tarquiniensis Lacus*, and talks of divers floating islands about it, but they did not appear to us. The lake is environed with mountains, at one of whose sides we passed towards the town Bolsena, anciently Volsinium, famous in those times, as is testified by divers rare sculptures in the court of St. Christiana's church, the urn, altar, and jasper columns.

After seven miles' riding, passing through a wood heretofore sacred to Juno, we came to Montefiascone, the head of the Falisci, a famous people in old time, and heretofore Falernum, as renowned for its excellent wine, as now for the story of the Dutch Bishop,<sup>2</sup> who lies buried in St. Flavian's church with this epitaph:

Propter Est, Est, dominus meus mortuus est.

Because, having ordered his servant to ride before, and inquire where the best wine was, and there write *Est*, the man found some so good that he wrote *Est, Est*, upon the vessels, and the Bishop drinking too much of it, died.

From Montefiascone, we travel a plain and pleasant champaign to Viterbo, which presents itself with much state afar off, in regard of her many lofty pinnacles and towers; neither does it deceive our expectation; for it is exceedingly beautified with public fountains, especially that at the entrance, which is all of brass and adorned with many rare figures, and salutes the

<sup>1</sup> [Jerome Fabricius, 1537-1619.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lassels, who vouches for the story, calls him simply "a Dutchman of condition" (i. pp. 244-45). An old *Guide Voyageur* of 1775 adds (p. 121) some decorative details:—"Le plus beau, c'est cet Evêque ordonna en mourant que tous les ans à la troisième fête de la Pentecôte, jour de son anniversaire, on jettât sur sa tombe deux barils de ce vin; ce qui a été exécuté jusqu'à nos jours que cette fondation pue digne d'un Evêque a été changée en pain & autres choses que l'on donne aux Pauvres." The same authority gives the Bishop's name as Johannes de Fouchris or Touchris.]

passenger with a most agreeable object and refreshing waters. There are many Popes buried in this city, and in the palace is this odd inscription :

Osiris victoriam in Gigantes litteris historiographicis in hoc antiquissimo marmore inscriptam, ex Herculis olim, nunc Divi Laurentij Templo translata, ad conversam : vetustiss : patriæ monumenta atq' decora hic locandum statuit S.P.Q.V.

Under it :

Sum Osiris Rex Jupiter universo in terrarum orbe.	Sum Osiris Rex qui ab Italia in Gigantes exercitus veni, vidi, et vici.	Sum Osiris Rex qui terrarum pacata Italiam decem a'nos quorum inventor fui.
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Near the town is a sulphureous fountain, which continually boils. After dinner we took horse by the new way of Capranica, and so passing near Mount Ciminus and the Lake, we began to enter the plains of Rome ; at which sight my thoughts were strangely elevated, but soon allayed by so violent a shower, which fell just as we were contemplating that proud mistress of the world, and descending by the Vatican (for at that gate we entered), that before we got into the city I was wet to the skin.

I came to Rome on the 4th November, 1644, about five at night ; and being perplexed for a convenient lodging, wandered up and down on horseback, till at last one conducted us to Monsieur Petit's, a Frenchman, near the Piazza Spagnola. Here I alighted, and, having bargained with my host for twenty crowns a month, I caused a good fire to be made in my chamber and went to bed, being so very wet. The next morning (for I was resolved to spend no time idly here) I got acquainted with several persons who had long lived at Rome. I was especially recommended to Father John, a Benedictine monk and Superior of his Order for the English College of Douay, a person of singular learning, religion, and humanity ; also to Mr. Patrick Cary, an Abbot, brother to our learned Lord Falkland, a witty young priest, who afterwards came over to our church ; Dr. Bacon and Dr. Gibbs,<sup>1</sup> physi-

cians who had dependence on Cardinal Caponi, the latter being an excellent poet ; Father Courtney, the chief of the Jesuits in the English College ; my Lord of Somerset, brother to the Marquis of Worcester ;<sup>1</sup> and some others, from whom I received instructions how to behave in town, with directions to masters and books to take in search of the antiquities, churches, collections, etc. Accordingly, the next day, November 6, I began to be very pragmatical.<sup>2</sup>

In the first place, our sights-man<sup>3</sup> (for so they name certain persons here who get their living by leading strangers about to see the city) went to the Palace Farnese, a magnificent square structure, built by Michael Angelo, of the three orders of columns after the ancient manner, and when architecture was but newly recovered from the Gothic barbarity. The court is square and terraced, having two pair of stairs which lead to the upper rooms, and conducted us to that famous gallery painted by Augustine Caracci,<sup>4</sup> than which nothing is more rare of that art ; so deep and well-studied are all the figures, that it would require more judgment than I confess I had, to determine whether they were flat or embossed. Thence, we passed into another, painted in chiaroscuro, representing the fabulous history of Hercules. We went out on a terrace, where was a pretty garden on the leads, for it is built in a place that has no extent of ground backwards. The great hall is wrought by Salvati and Zuccaro, furnished with statues, one of which being modern is the figure of a Farnese, in a triumphant

under a marble bust. He was an extraordinary character. In Wood's *Athenae* is a long account of him, and some curious additional particulars will be found in Warton's *Life of Dr. Bathurst*. He was a writer of Latin poetry, a small collection of which he published at Rome, with his portrait.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas, third son of Edward, fourth Earl of Worcester, made a Knight of the Bath by James I., and in 1626 created Viscount Somerset, of Cashel, Co. Tipperary. He died in 1651.

<sup>2</sup> I.e. "very active and full of business."—in viewing the antiquities and beauties of Rome. Bailey gives "practical" as the first meaning of this word (see also *post*, under 8th November, 1644).

<sup>3</sup> The name for these gentlemen is *cicerone*, but they affect universally the title of antiquaries.

<sup>4</sup> [Annibale Caracci. Lodovico and Agostino assisted him,—Agostino painting the "Triumph of Galatea" and "Cephalus and Aurora."]

<sup>1</sup> James Alban Gibbs—says Bray—a Scotchman bred at Oxford, and resident many years at Rome, where he died 1677, and was buried in the Pantheon there with an epitaph to his memory

posture, of white marble, worthy of admiration. Here we were showed the museum of Fulvius Ursinos, replete with innumerable collections; but the major-domo being absent, we could not at this time see all we wished. Descending into the court, we with astonishment contemplated those two incomparable statues of Hercules and Flora,<sup>1</sup> so much celebrated by Pliny, and indeed by all antiquity, as two of the most rare pieces in the world: there likewise stands a modern statue of Hercules and two Gladiators, not to be despised. In a second court was a temporary shelter of boards over the most stupendous and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired Torso of Amphiön and Dirce,<sup>2</sup> represented in five figures, exceeding the life in magnitude, of the purest white marble, the contending work of those famous statuarys, Apollonius and Taurisco, in the time of Augustus, hewed out of one entire stone, and remaining unblemished, to be valued beyond all the marbles of the world for its antiquity and workmanship. There are divers other heads and busts. At the entrance of this stately palace stand two rare and vast fountains of *garnito* stone, brought into this piazza out of Titus's Baths. Here, in summer, the gentlemen of Rome take the *fresco* in their coaches and on foot. At the sides of this court, we visited the Palace of Signor Pichini, who has a good collection of antiquities, especially the Adonis of Parian marble, which my Lord Arundel would once have purchased, if a great price would have been taken for it.

We went into the Campo Vaccino, by the ruins of the Temple of Peace, built by Titus Vespasianus, and thought to be the largest as well as the most richly furnished of all the Roman dedicated places: it is now a heap rather than a temple, yet the roof and *volto* continue firm, showing it to have been formerly of incomparable workmanship. This goodly structure was, none knows how, consumed by fire the night, by all computation, that our blessed Saviour was born.

<sup>1</sup> [Both these statues are now in the Museo Nazionale at Naples.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Toro Farnese was transferred in 1786 to the Museo Nazionale at Naples. Addison mentions this famous group; but only to remember a passage in Seneca, the tragedian.]

From hence, we passed by the place into which Curtius precipitated himself for the love of his country, now without any sign of a lake, or *vorago*. Near this stand some columns of white marble, of exquisite work, supposed to be part of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, built by Augustus; the work of the capitals (being Corinthian) and architrave is excellent, full of sacrificing utensils. There are three other of Jupiter Stator. Opposite to these are the oratories, or churches, of St. Cosmo and Damiano, heretofore the Temples of Romulus; a pretty old fabric, with a tribunal, or *tholus* within, wrought all of Mosaic. The gates before it are brass, and the whole much obliged to Pope Urban VIII. In this sacred place lie the bodies of those two martyrs; and in a chapel on the right hand is a rare painting of Cavaliere Baglioni.

We next entered St. Lorenzo in Miranda. The portico is supported by a range of most stately columns; the inscription cut in the architrave shows it to have been the Temple of Faustina.<sup>1</sup> It is now made a fair church, and has an hospital which joins it. On the same side is St. Adriano, heretofore dedicated to Saturn. Before this was once placed a military column, supposed to be set in the centre of the city, from whence they used to compute the distance of all the cities and places of note under the dominion of those universal monarchs. To this church are likewise brazen gates and a noble front; just opposite we saw the heaps and ruins of Cicero's Palace. Hence we went towards Mons Capitolinus, at the foot of which stands the arch of Septimus Severus, full and entire, save where the pedestal and some of the lower members are choked up with ruins and earth. This arch is exceedingly enriched with sculpture and trophies, with a large inscription. In the terrestrial and naval battles here graven, is seen the Roman Aries [the battering-ram]; and this was the first triumphal arch set up in Rome. The Capitol, to which we climbed by very broad steps, is built about a

<sup>1</sup> [Faustina the elder, the infamous wife of Antoninus Pius. "Poore man!"—comments Lassels—"he could not make [her] an *honest woman* in her lifetime, and yet he would needs make her a *Goddess* after her death" (ii. 134). There is a bust of her in the British Museum.]

square court, at the right hand of which, going up from Campo Vaccino, gushes a plentiful stream from the statue of Tiber, in porphyry, very antique, and another representing Rome; but, above all, is the admirable figure of Marforius, casting water into a most ample *concha*. The front of this court is crowned with an excellent fabric containing the Courts of Justice, and where the Criminal Notary sits, and others. In one of the halls they show the statues of Gregory XIII. and Paul III., with several others. To this joins a handsome tower, the whole *facciata* adorned with noble statues, both on the outside and on the battlements, ascended by a double pair of stairs, and a stately *posario*.

In the centre of the court<sup>1</sup> stands that incomparable horse bearing the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, as big as the life, of Corinthian metal, placed on a pedestal of marble, esteemed one of the noblest pieces of work now extant, antique and very rare. There is also a vast head of a colossean magnitude, of white marble, fixed in the wall. At the descending stairs are set two horses of white marble governed by two naked slaves, taken to be Castor and Pollux, brought from Pompey's Theatre. On the balustrade, the trophies of Marius against the Cimbrians, very ancient and instructive. At the foot of the steps towards the left hand is that Colonna Miliaria, with the globe of brass on it, mentioned to have been formerly set in Campo Vaccino. On the same hand is the Palace of the Signori Conservatori, or three Consuls, now the civil governors of the city, containing the fraternities, or halls and guilds (as we call them) of sundry companies, and other offices of state. Under the portico within, are the statues of Augustus Cæsar, a Bacchus, and the so renowned Colonna Rostrata of Duillius, with the excellent *basso-relievos*. In a smaller court, the statue of Constantine, on a fountain, a Minerva's head of brass, and that of Commodus, to which belongs a hand, the thumb whereof is at least an ell long, and yet proportionable; but the rest of the coloss is lost. In the corner of this court stand a horse and lion fighting, as big as life, in white marble,

<sup>1</sup> [The Piazza del Campidoglio.]

exceedingly valued; likewise the Rape of the Sabines; two cumbent<sup>1</sup> figures of Alexander and Mammaea; two monstrous feet of a coloss of Apollo; the Sepulchre of Agrippina; and the standard, or antique measure, of the Roman foot. Ascending by the steps of the other corner, are inserted four *basso-relievos*, viz. the triumph and sacrifice of Marcus Aurelius, which last, for the antiquity and rareness of the work, I caused my painter, Carlo Neapolitano,<sup>2</sup> to copy. There are also two statues of the Muses, and one of Adrian, the Emperor: above stands the figure of Marius, and by the wall Marsyas bound to a tree; all of them excellent and antique. Above in the lobby, are inserted into the walls those ancient laws, on brass, called the Twelve Tables; a fair Madonna of Pietro Perugino, painted on the wall; near which are the archives, full of ancient records.

In the great hall are divers excellent paintings of Cavaliero Giuseppe d' Arpino, a statue in brass of Sixtus V. and of Leo X., of marble. In another hall, are many modern statues of their late Consuls and Governors, set about with fine antique heads; others are painted by excellent masters, representing the actions of M. Scævola, Horatius Cocles, etc.—The room where the Conservatori now feast upon solemn days, is tapestried with crimson damask, embroidered with gold, having a state<sup>3</sup> or *baldacchino* of crimson velvet, very rich; the frieze above rarely painted. Here are in brass, Romulus and Remus, sucking the wolf, of brass, with the Shepherd, Faustulus, by them; also the boy plucking the thorn out of his foot, of brass, so much admired by artists.<sup>4</sup> There are also holy statues and heads of saints. In a gallery near adjoining are the names of the ancient Consuls, Prætors, and Fasti Romani, so celebrated by the learned: also the figure of an old woman; two others

<sup>1</sup> [Reclining. Lassels also uses this word.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 14th November, 1644. Three only of the reliefs relate to Marcus Aurelius. That copied for Evelyn represents the "Sacrifice in front of the Capitoline Temple of Jupiter."]   
 <sup>3</sup> [A canopy of state. See *post*, under 18th January, 1645, account of the Vatican.]

<sup>4</sup> [The *Spinario* (Thorn-extractor), or Shepherd Martius, attributed to Boethos of Chalcedon. There are versions in the Vatican, at Florence, and (of a somewhat different character) in the British Museum.]

representing Poverty; and more in fragments. In another large room, furnished with velvet, are the statue of Adonis, very rare, and divers antique heads. In the next chamber, is an old statue of Cicero, one of another Consul, a Hercules in brass, two women's heads of incomparable work, six other statues; and, over the chimney, a very rare *basso-relievo*, and other figures. In a little lobby before the chapel, is the statue of Hannibal, a Bacchus very antique, bustos of Pan and Mercury, with other old heads.—All these noble statues, etc., belong to the city, and cannot be disposed of to any private person, or removed hence, but are preserved for the honour of the place, though great sums have been offered for them by divers Princes, lovers of art and antiquity. We now left the Capitol, certainly one of the most renowned places in the world, even as now built by the design of the famous M. Angelo.

Returning home by Ara Coeli, we mounted to it by more than 100 marble steps, not in devotion, as I observed some to do on their bare knees, but to see those two famous statues of Constantine, in white marble, placed there out of his baths. In this church is a Madonna, reported to be painted by St. Luke, and a column, on which we saw the print of a foot, which they affirm to have been that of the Angel, seen on the Castle of St. Angelo. Here the feast of our Blessed Saviour's nativity being yearly celebrated with divers pageants, they began to make the preparation. Having viewed the Palace and fountain, at the other side of the stairs, we returned weary to our lodgings.

On the 7th November, we went again near the Capitol, towards the Tarpeian rock, where it has a goodly prospect of the Tiber. Thence, descending by the Tullianum, where they told us St. Peter was imprisoned, they showed us a chapel (S. Pietro in Vincoli) in which a rocky side of it bears the impression of his face. In the nave of the church gushes a fountain, which they say was caused by the Apostle's prayers, when having converted some of his fellow-captives he wanted water to make them Christians. The painting of the Ascension is by Raphael. We then walked about Mount Palatinus and the

Aventine, and thence to the Circus Maximus, capable of holding 40,000 spectators, now a heap of ruins, converted into gardens. Then by the Forum Boarium, where they have a tradition that Hercules slew Cacus, some ruins of his temple remaining. The Temple of Janus Quadrifrons, having four arches, importing the four Seasons, and on each side niches for the months, is still a substantial and pretty entire antiquity. Near to this is the Arcus Argentariorum. Bending now towards the Tiber, we went into the Theatre of Marcellus, which would hold 80,000 persons, built by Augustus, and dedicated to his nephew; the architecture, from what remains, appears to be inferior to none. It is now wholly converted into the house of the Savelli, one of the old Roman families. The people were now generally busy in erecting temporary triumphs and arches with statues and flattering inscriptions against his Holiness's grand procession to St. John di Laterano, amongst which the Jews also began one in testimony of gratitude for their protection under the Papal State. The Palazzo Barberini, designed by the present Pope's architect, Cavaliero Bernini, seems from the size to be as princely an object as any modern building in Europe. It has a double portico, at the end of which we ascended by two pair of oval stairs, all of stone, and void in the well. One of these led us into a stately hall, the *volto* whereof was newly painted *a fresco*, by the rare hand of Pietro Berretini il Cortone. To this is annexed a gallery completely furnished with whatever art can call rare and singular, and a library full of worthy collections, medals, marbles, and manuscripts; but, above all, an Egyptian Osyris, remarkable for its unknown material and antiquity. In one of the rooms near this hangs the Sposaliccio of St. Sebastian, the original of Annibale Caracci, of which I procured a copy, little inferior to the prototype; a table, in my judgment, superior to anything I had seen in Rome. In the court is a vast broken *guglia*, or obelisk, having divers hieroglyphics cut on it.

8th November. We visited the Jesuits' Church, the front whereof is esteemed a noble piece of architecture, the design of



Jacomo della Porta and the famous Vignola. In this church lies the body of their renowned Ignatius Loyola, an arm of Xaverius, their other Apostle; and, at the right end of their high altar, their champion, Cardinal Bellarmine.<sup>1</sup> Here Father Kircher<sup>2</sup> (professor of Mathematics and the oriental tongues) showed us many singular courtesies, leading us into their refectory, dispensatory, laboratory, gardens, and finally (through a hall hung round with pictures of such of their order as had been executed for their pragmatical<sup>3</sup> and busy adventures) into his own study,<sup>4</sup> where, with Dutch patience, he showed us his perpetual motions, catoptrics, magnetical experiments, models, and a thousand other crotchets and devices, most of them since published by himself, or his industrious scholar, Schotti.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Cardinal Robert Bellarmine, 1542-1621.]

<sup>2</sup> Athanasius Kircher was born at Geysen, near Fulda, in Germany, early in 1602. He received his education at Würzburg, and entered the Order of Jesuits. He became a good scholar in Oriental literature, and an admirable mathematician; but he directed his attention particularly to the study of hieroglyphics. Father Kircher's works on various abstruse subjects amount to twenty folio volumes, for which he acquired great renown in his day. On Evelyn's visit to Rome, he was considered one of the greatest mathematicians and Hebrew scholars of which the metropolis of Christianity—then the headquarters of learning—could boast. He died at Rome in 1680 (see *post*, under 21st August, 1655).

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 63.]

<sup>4</sup> [Twenty years later, Edward Browne was also admitted to this sanctum. "I have seen Kircher," he writes to his father, Sir Thomas, in January, 1665,—“who was extremely courteous and civil to us, and his closet of rarities; the most considerable, and which I never saw in any other, are his engines for attempting perpetual motions, and other pretty inventions, which I understande much the better for having read Doctor Wilkins' Mechanical Powers. His head that speaks, and which hee calls his Oraculum Delphicum, is no great matter. Hee hath the modell of all the obelisks, and hath invented one himself for the Queen. Ventiducts, aqueducts, and making instruments, are seene neatly performed in so little a space. A Clepsidra hee hath, pictures of many famous men, and most of those rarities which are seen in other Museums” (Browne's *Works*, by Wilkins, 1836, i. 87).]

<sup>5</sup> Caspar Schott, a native of Würzburg, where he was born in 1608, who had the advantage of being the favourite pupil of Father Kircher. He taught philosophy and mathematics at Rome and Palermo, and published several curious and erudite works in philosophy and natural history; but they have long since ceased to possess any authority. He died in 1666.

Returning home, we had time to view the Palazzo de Medici, which was an house of the Duke of Florence near our lodging, upon the brow of Mons Pincius, having a fine prospect towards the Campo Marzo. It is a magnificent, strong building, with a substruction very remarkable, and a portico supported with columns towards the gardens, with two huge lions, of marble, at the end of the balustrade. The whole outside of the *jacciata* is incrustured with antique and rare *basso-relievos* and statues. Descending into the garden is a noble fountain governed by a Mercury of brass. At a little distance, on the left, is a lodge full of fine statues, amongst which the Sabines, antique and singularly rare. In the arcade near this stand twenty-four statues of great price, and hard by is a mount planted with cypresses, representing a fortress, with a goodly fountain in the middle. Here is also a row balustrad with white marble, covered over with the natural shrubs, ivy, and other perennial greens, divers statues and heads being placed as in niches. At a little distance are those famed statues of Niobe and her family, in all fifteen, as large as the life, of which we have ample mention in Pliny,<sup>1</sup> esteemed among the best pieces of work in the world for the passions they express, and all other perfections of that stupendous art. There is likewise in this garden a fair obelisk, full of hieroglyphics. In going out, the fountain before the front casts water near fifty feet in height, when it is received in a most ample marble basin. Here they usually rode the great horse every morning; which gave me much diversion from the terrace of my own chamber, where I could see all their motions. This evening I was invited to hear rare music at the Chiesa Nuova; the black marble pillars within led us to that most precious oratory of Philippus Nerius, their founder; they being of the oratory of secular priests, under no vow. There are in it divers good pictures, as the Assumption of Girolamo Mutiano; the Crucifix; the Visitation of Elizabeth; the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin; “Christo

<sup>1</sup> [*Nat. Hist.* xxxvi. 28. After passing through various hands, the Niobe statues were acquired in 1775 by Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and are now in the Uffizi Palace at Florence.]

Sepolto," of Guido Reni, Caravaggio, Arpino, and others. This fair church consists of fourteen altars, and as many chapels. In it is buried (besides their Saint) Cæsar Baronius, the great annalist.<sup>1</sup> Through this, we went into the *sacristia*, where, the tapers being lighted, one of the Order preached; after him stepped up a child of eight or nine years old, who pronounced an oration with so much grace, that I never was better pleased than to hear Italian so well and so intelligently spoken. This course it seems they frequently use, to bring their scholars to a habit of speaking distinctly, and forming their action and assurance, which none so much want as ours in England. This being finished, began their *motettos*, which, in a lofty cupola richly painted, were sung by eunuchs, and other rare voices, accompanied by theorbos, harpsichords, and viols, so that we were even ravished with the entertainment of the evening. This room is painted by Cortona, and has in it two figures in the niches, and the church stands in one of the most stately streets of Rome.

10th November. We went to see Prince Ludovisi's villa,<sup>2</sup> where was formerly the Viridarium of the poet Sallust. The house is very magnificent, and the extent of the ground exceedingly large, considering that it is in a city; in every quarter of the garden are antique statues, and walks planted with cypress. To this garden belongs a house of retirement, built in the figure of a cross, after a particular *ordonnance*, especially the staircase. The whiteness and smoothness of the excellent pargeting was a thing I much observed, being almost as even and polished as if it had been of marble. Above, is a fair prospect of the city. In one of the chambers hang two famous pieces of Bassano, the one a Vulcan, the other a Nativity; there is a German clock full of rare and extraordinary motions; and in a little room below are many precious marbles, columns, urns, vases, and noble statues of porphyry, oriental alabaster,

and other rare materials. About this fabric is an ample area, environed with sixteen vast jars of red earth, wherein the Romans used to preserve their oil, or wine rather, which they buried, and such as are properly called *testæ*. In the Palace I must never forget the famous statue of the Gladiator,<sup>3</sup> spoken of by Pliny, so much followed by all the rare artists as the many copies testify, dispersed through almost all Europe, both in stone and metal. There is also a Hercules, a head of porphyry, and one of Marcus Aurelius. In the villa-house is a man's body flesh and all, petrified, and even converted to marble, as it was found in the Alps, and sent by the Emperor to one of the Popes; it lay in a chest, or coffin, lined with black velvet, and one of the arms being broken, you may see the perfect bone from the flesh which remains entire. The Rape of Proserpine in marble, is of the purest white, the work of Bernini. In the cabinet near it are innumerable small brass figures, and other curiosities. But what some look upon as exceeding all the rest, is a very rich bedstead (which sort of gross furniture the Italians much glory in, as formerly did our grandfathers in England in their inlaid wooden ones) inlaid with all sorts of precious stones and antique heads, onyxes, agates, and cornelians, esteemed to be worth 80 or 90,000 crowns. Here are also divers cabinets and tables of the Florence work, besides pictures in the gallery, especially the Apollo—a conceited chair<sup>2</sup> to sleep in with the legs stretched out with hooks, and pieces of wood to draw out longer or shorter.

From this villa, we went to see Signor Angeloni's study, who very courteously showed us such a collection of rare medals as is hardly to be paralleled; divers good pictures, and many outlandish and Indian curiosities, and things of nature.

From him, we walked to Monte Cavallo, heretofore called Mons Quirinalis, where we saw those two rare horses, the work of the rivals Phidias and Praxiteles,<sup>3</sup> as they were

<sup>1</sup> [Cardinal Cæsar Baronius, 1538-1607. His "incomparable Ecclesiastical History" is often quoted by Lessels. He was a priest of this house.]

<sup>2</sup> [The remains of the Villa of Sallust were blown up in 1884-1885; and the Villa Ludovisi has now been pulled down for building purposes.]

<sup>1</sup> [This, now more accurately described as "The Dying Gaul," has passed to the Capitol.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Conceited" here=ingenious.]

<sup>3</sup> [Keysler, who does not attribute them to the sculptors named, gives a translation of an inscription on the pedestal:—"These colossal statues were brought from the neighbouring baths of

sent to Nero [by Tiridates King] out of Armenia. They were placed on pedestals of white marble by Sixtus V., by whom I suppose their injuries were repaired, and are governed by four [?] naked slaves, like those at the foot of the Capitol. Here runs a most noble fountain, regarding four of the most stately streets for building and beauty to be seen in any city of Europe. Opposite to these statues is the Pope's summer palace,<sup>1</sup> built by Gregory XIII.;<sup>2</sup> and, in my opinion, it is, for largeness and the architecture, one of the most conspicuous in Rome, having a stately portico which leads round the court under columns, in the centre of which there runs a beautiful fountain. The chapel is incrustured with such precious materials that nothing can be more rich, or glorious, nor are the other ornaments and movables about it at all inferior. The Hall is painted by Lanfranco, and others. The garden, which is called the Belvedere di Monte Cavallo, in emulation to that of the Vatican, is most excellent for air and prospect; its exquisite fountains, close walks, grots, piscinas, or stews for fish, planted about with venerable cypresses, and refreshed with water music, aviaries, and other rarities.

12th November. We saw Diocletian's Baths, whose ruins testify the vastness of the original foundation and magnificence: by what M. Angelo took from the ornaments about it, 'tis said he restored the then almost lost art of architecture. This

Constantine (the damages they had suffered by time being repaired, and the ancient inscriptions replaced) and erected in this Quirinal area by order of pope Sixtus V. in the year of Christ 1589, and the fourth of his pontificate" (ii. 307). They are now known as Castor and Pollux. Their position was changed by Pius VI. Clough has hexametrised them as follows in Canto i. of the *Amours de Voyage* :—

Ye, too, marvellous Twain, that erect on the Monte Cavallo  
Stand by your rearing steeds, in the grace of your motionless movement,  
Stand with upstretched arms and tranquil regardant faces,  
Stand as instinct with life in the might of immutable manhood,  
O ye mighty and strange, ye ancient divine ones of Hellas.]

<sup>1</sup> [Now the Royal Palace, where Victor Emmanuel II. died, January 9, 1878.]

<sup>2</sup> [It was begun by Gregory XIII. in 1574, but was continued and enlarged by his successors.]

monstrous pile was built by the labour of the primitive Christians, then under one of the ten great persecutions.<sup>1</sup> The Church of St. Bernardo is made out of one only of these ruinous cupolas, and is in the form of an urn with a cover.

Opposite to this, is the Fontana delle Terme, otherwise called Fons Felix; in it is a *basso-relievo* of white marble, representing Moses striking the rock, which is adorned with camels, men, women, and children drinking, as large as life; a work for the design and vastness truly magnificent. The water is conveyed no less than twenty-two miles in an aqueduct by Sixtus V., *ex agro Columna*, by way of Præneste, as the inscription testifies. It gushes into three ample lavers raised about with stone, before which are placed two lions of a strange black stone, very rare and antique. Near this are the store-houses for the city's corn, and over-against it the Church of St. Susanna, where were the gardens of Sallust. The *facciata* of this church is noble, the *soffita* within gilded and full of pictures; especially famous is that of Susanna, by Baldassa di Bologna. The tribunal of the high altar is of exquisite work, from whose marble steps you descend under-ground to the repository of divers Saints. The picture over this altar is the work of Jacomo Siciliano. The foundation is for Bernardine Nuns.

Santa Maria della Vittoria presents us with the most ravishing front. In this church was sung the Te Deum by Gregory XV., after the signal victory of the Emperor at Prague; the standards then taken still hang up, and the impress<sup>2</sup> waving this motto over the Pope's arms, *Extirpentur*. I observed that the high altar was much frequented for an image of the Virgin. It has some rare statues, as Paul ravished into the third heaven, by Fiamingo, and some good pictures. From this, we bend towards Diocletian's Baths, never satisfied with contemplating that immense pile, in building which 150,000 Christians were destined to labour fourteen

<sup>1</sup> ["It is stated by Cardinal Baronius [see *ante*, p. 68] that 40,000 Christians were employed in the work; some bricks marked with crosses have occurred in the ruins" (*Hare's Walks in Rome*, by St. Clair Baddeley, 1905, p. 355).]

<sup>2</sup> [Device,—Italian, *Impresa*.]

years, and were then all murdered.<sup>1</sup> Here is a monastery of Carthusians, called Santa Maria degli Angeli, the architecture of M. Angeo, and the cloister encompassing walls in an ample garden.

Mont Alto's villa is entered by a stately gate of stone built on the Viminalis, and is no other than a spacious park full of fountains, especially that which salutes us at the front; stews for fish; the cypress walks are so beset with statues, inscriptions, *rilievos*, and other ancient marbles, that nothing can be more stately and solemn. The citron trees are uncommonly large. In the Palace joining to it are innumerable collections of value. Returning, we stepped into St. Agnes church, where there is a tribunal of antique mosaic, and on the altar a most rich *ciborio* of brass, with a statue of St. Agnes in oriental alabaster. The church of Santa Constanza has a noble cupola. Here they showed us a stone ship borne on a column heretofore sacred to Bacchus, as the *rilievo* intimates by the drunken emblems and instruments wrought upon it. The altar is of rich porphyry, as I remember. Looking back, we had the entire view of the Via Pia down to the two horses before the Monte Cavallo,<sup>2</sup> before mentioned, one of the most glorious sights for state and magnificence that any city can show a traveller. We returned by Porta Pia, and the Via Salaria, near Campo Scelerato, in whose gloomy caves the wanton Vestals were heretofore immured alive.<sup>3</sup>

Thence to Via Felix, a straight and noble street, but very precipitous, till we came to the four fountains of Lepidus, built at the abutments of four stately ways, making an exact cross of right angles; and, at the fountains, are as many cumbent<sup>4</sup> figures of marble, under very large

niches of stone, the water pouring into huge basins. The church of St. Carlo is a singular fabric for neatness, of an oval design, built of a new white stone; the columns are worth notice. Under it is another church of a structure nothing less admirable.

Next, we came to Santa Maria Maggiore,<sup>1</sup> built upon the Esquiline Mountain, which gives it a most conspicuous face to the street at a great distance. The design is mixed, partly antique, partly modern. Here they affirm that the Blessed Virgin appearing, showed where it should be built 300 years since. The first pavement is rare and antique; so is the portico built by P. P. Eugenius II. The *ciborio* is the work of Paris Romano, and the tribunal of mosaic.

We were showed in the church a *concha* of porphyry, wherein they say Patricius, the founder, lies. This is one of the most famous of the seven Roman Churches, and is, in my opinion at least, after St. Peter's, the most magnificent. Above all, for incomparable glory and materials, are the two chapels of Sixtus V. and Paulus V. That of Sixtus was designed by Dom. Fontana, in which are two rare great statues, and some good pieces of painting; and here they pretended to show some of the Holy Innocents' bodies slain by Herod: as also that renowned tabernacle of metal, gilt, sustained by four angels, holding as many tapers, placed on the altar. In this chapel is the statue of Sixtus, in copper, with *basso-rilievos* of most of his famous acts, in Parian marble; but that of P. Paulus, which we next entered, opposite to this, is beyond all imagination glorious, and above description. It is so encircled with agates, and other most precious materials, as to dazzle and confound the beholders. The *basso-rilievos* are for the most part of pure snowy marble, intermixed with figures of molten brass, double gilt, on *lapis lazuli*. The altar is a most stupendous piece; but most incomparable is the cupola painted by Guido Reni, and the present Baglioni, full of exquisite sculptures. There is a most sumptuous *sacristia*; and the piece over the altar was by the hand of St. Luke; if you will

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 69 n.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 69.]

<sup>3</sup> ["When condemned by the college of pontifices, she [the vestal] was stripped of her vitta and other badges of office, was scourged (Dionys. ix. 40), was attired like a corpse, placed in a close litter and borne through the forum attended by her weeping kindred, with all the ceremonies of a real funeral . . . to the Campus Sceleratus. . . In every case the paramour was publicly scourged to death in the forum" (Smith's *Dictionary of Antiquities*, 1891, ii. 942).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 65.]

<sup>1</sup> [There is a description of S. Maria Maggiore in *folio*, 1621, by Paulus de Angelis.]

believe it.<sup>1</sup> Paulus V. hath here likewise built two other altars; under the one lie the bones of the Apostle, St. Matthias. In another oratory, is the statue of this Pope, and the head of the Congo Ambassador, who was converted at Rome, and died here. In a third chapel, designed by Michael Angelo, lie the bodies of Platina, and the Cardinal of Toledo, Honorius III., Nicephorus IV., the ashes of St. Hierom, and many others. In that of Sixtus V., before mentioned, was showed us part of the crib in which Christ was swaddled at Bethlehem; there is also the statue of Pius V.; and going out at the further end, is the Resurrection of Lazarus, by a very rare hand. In the portico, is this late inscription: "Cardinali Antonio Barberino Archypresbytero, aream marmoream quam Christianorum pietas exculpavit, laborante sub Tyrannide ecclesiâ, ut esset loci sanctitate venerabilior, Francis Gualdus Arm. Eques S. Stephani è suis ædibus huc transtulit et ornavit, 1632." Just before this portico, stands a very sublime and stately Corinthian column, of white marble, translated hither for an ornament from the old Temple of Peace, built by Vespasian, having on the plinth of the capital the image of our Lady, gilt on metal; at the pedestal runs a fountain. Going down the hill, we saw the obelisk taken from the Mausoleum of Augustus, and erected in this place by Domenico Fontana, with this epigraph: "Sextus V. Pont. Max. Obeliscum ex Egypto advectum, Augusti in Mausoleo dicatum, eversum, deinde et in plures confractum partes, in via ad S. Rochum jacentem, in pristinam faciem restitutum Salutiferæ Cruci felicitis hic erigi jussit, anno MDLXXXVIII, Pont. III." :—and so we came weary to our lodgings.

At the foot of this hill, is the Church of St. Pudentiana,<sup>2</sup> in which is a well, filled with the blood and bones of several martyrs, but grated over with iron, and visited by

<sup>1</sup> ["In the center . . . is the picture of the Virgin Mary, with Jesus sitting on one of her arms, said to be painted by St. Luke, in a frame of *lapis lazuli*; and over her head hangs a crown of gold enriched with jewels" (Keyser's *Travels*, 1760, ii. p. 222).]

<sup>2</sup> [Keyser says this church contains "a fine piece by Rosetti, which was designed by Zuccaro, representing St. Pudentiana gathering up the blood, heads, and bones of the martyred Christians" (ii. 306).]

many devotees. Near this stands the church of her sister, St. Praxedæ,<sup>1</sup> much frequented for the same reason. In a little obscure place, cancelled in with iron work, is the pillar, or stump, at which they relate our Blessed Saviour was scourged, being full of bloody spots, at which the devout sex are always rubbing their chaplets, and convey their kisses by a stick having a tassel on it. Here, besides a noble statue of St. Peter, is the tomb of the famous Cardinal Cajetan, an excellent piece: and here they hold that St. Peter said his first mass at Rome, with the same altar and the stone he kneeled on, he having been first lodged in this house, as they compute about the forty-fourth year of the Incarnation. They also show many relics, or rather rags, of his mantle. St. Laurence in Panisperna did next invite us, where that martyr was cruelly broiled on the gridiron, there yet remaining.<sup>2</sup> St. Bridget is buried in this church under a stately monument. In the front of the pile is the suffering of St. Laurence painted a *fresco* on the wall. The fabric is nothing but Gothic. On the left is the Therma Novatii; and, on the right, Agrippina's Lavacrum.

14th November. We passed again through the stately Capitol and Campo Vaccino towards the Amphitheatre of Vespasian, but first stayed to look at Titus's Triumphal Arch, erected by the people of Rome, in honour of his victory at Jerusalem; on the left hand whereof he is represented drawn in a chariot with four horses abreast; on the right hand, or side of the arch within, is sculptured in figures, or *basso-relievo* as big as the life (and in one entire marble) the Ark of the Covenant, on which stands the seven-branched candlestick described in Leviticus, as also the two Tables of the Law, all borne on men's shoulders by the bars, as they are described in some of St.

<sup>1</sup> [This St. Praxedæ's or Praxed's is the church where Browning's Bishop is supposed to order the splendid tomb which is to outdo his old rival, Gandolf. Praxedæ and Pudentiana were daughters of the Roman senator Pudens (with whom St. Paul lodged, A.D. 41 to 50), and lived in the reign of Antoninus Pius. "The Bishop's tomb"—writes Mrs. Sutherland Orr—"is entirely fictitious; but something which is made to stand for it is shown to credulous sightseers in St. Praxed's Church" (*Handbook to Browning's Works*, 1885, p. 241).]

<sup>2</sup> [According to Hare's *Walks in Rome*, by St. Clair Baddeley, 1905, p. 325, St. Laurence's gridiron and chains are shown at S. Lorenzo in Lucina.]

Hierom's bibles; before this, go many crowned and laureated figures, and twelve Roman fasces, with other sacred vessels. This much confirmed the idea I before had; and therefore, for the light it gave to the Holy History, I caused my painter, Carlo,<sup>1</sup> to copy it exactly. The rest of the work of the Arch is of the noblest, best understood *composita*; and the inscription is this, in capital letters;

S. P. Q. R.

D. TITO, D. VESPASIANI, F. VESPASIANI  
AVGVSTO.

Santa Maria Nuova is on the place where they told us Simon Magus fell out of the air at St. Peter's prayer, and burst himself to pieces on a flint. Near this is a marble monument, erected by the people of Rome in memory of the Pope's return from Avignon.

Being now passed the ruins of Meta-Sudante (which stood before the Colosseum, so called, because there once stood here the statue of Commodus provided to refresh the gladiators<sup>2</sup>), we enter the mighty ruins of the Vespasian Amphitheatre, begun by Vespasian, and finished by that excellent prince, Titus. It is 830 Roman palms in length (*i.e.* 130 paces), 90 in breadth at the area, with caves for the wild beasts which used to be baited by men instead of dogs; the whole oval periphery 2888½ palms, and capable of containing 87,000 spectators with ease and all accommodation: the three rows of circles are yet entire; the first was for the senators, the middle for the nobility, the third for the people. At the dedication of this place were 5000 wild beasts slain in three months during which the feast lasted, to the expense of ten millions of gold. It was built of Tiburtine stone, a vast height, with the five orders of architecture, by 30,000 captive Jews. It is without, of a perfect circle, and was once adorned thick with statues, and remained entire, till of late that some of the stones were carried away to repair the city walls and build the Farnesian Palace. That which still appears most admirable is, the contrivance of the porticos, vaults, and stairs, with the excessive alti-

tude, which well deserves this distich of the poet:<sup>1</sup>

Omnis Cæsareo cedat labor Amphitheatro;  
Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus.

Near it is a small chapel called Santa Maria della Pietà nel Colisseo, which is erected on the steps, or stages, very lofty at one of its sides, or ranges, within, and where there lives only a melancholy hermit. I ascended to the very top of it with wonderful admiration.

The Arch of Constantine the Great is close by the Meta-Sudante, before mentioned, at the beginning of the Via Appia, on one side Monte Celio, and is perfectly entire, erected by the people in memory of his victory over Maxentius, at the Pons Milvius, now Ponte Mole. In the front is this inscription:

IMP. CAES. FL. CONSTANTINO MAXIMO  
P. F. AVGVSTO S. P. Q. R.  
QVOD INSTINCTV DIVINITATIS MENTIS  
MAGNITVDINE CVM EXERCITV SVO  
TAM DE TYRANNO QVAM DE OMNI EIVS  
FACTIONE VNO TEMPORE IVSTIS.  
REMPVBLICAM VLTIVS EST ARMIS  
ARCVN TRIVMPHIS INSIGNEM DICAVIT.

Hence, we went to St. Gregorio, in Monte Celio, where are many privileged altars, and there they showed us an arm of that saint, and other relics. Before this church stands a very noble portico.

15<sup>th</sup> November. Was very wet, and I stirred not out, and the 16th I went to visit Father John, Provincial of the Benedictines.

17<sup>th</sup>. I walked to Villa Borghese, a house and ample garden on Mons Pincius, yet somewhat without the city walls, circumscribed by another wall full of small turrets and banqueting-houses; which makes it appear at a distance like a little town. Within it is an elysium of delight, having in the centre of it a noble palace; but the entrance of the garden presents us with a very glorious fabric, or rather door-case, adorned with divers excellent marble statues. This garden abounded with all sorts of delicious fruit and exotic simples, fountains of sundry inventions, groves, and small rivulets. There is also adjoining to it a vivarium for ostriches, peacocks, swans, cranes, etc., and divers strange beasts,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 65.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lassels calls the statue on the fountain "a Statue of Jupiter of trasse" (ii. 123).]

<sup>1</sup> [Martial, *De Spect.*, Ep. i. ll. 7-8.]

deer, and hares. The grotto is very rare, and represents, among other devices, artificial rain, and sundry shapes of vessels, flowers, etc.; which is effected by changing the heads of the fountains. The groves are of cypress, laurel, pine, myrtle, and olive. The four sphinxes are very antique, and worthy observation. To this is a volary, full of curious birds. The house is square with turrets, from which the prospect is excellent towards Rome, and the surrounding hills, covered as they now are with snow, which indeed commonly continues even a great part of the summer, affording sweet refreshment. Round the house is a baluster of white marble, with frequent jettons of water, and adorned with a multitude of statues. The walls of the house are covered with antique incrustations of history, as that of Curtius, the Rape of Europa, Leda, etc. The cornices above consist of fruitages and festoons, between which are niches furnished with statues, which order is observed to the very roof. In the lodge, at the entry, are divers good statues of Consuls, etc., with two pieces of field-artillery upon carriages (a mode much practised in Italy before the great men's houses), which they look on as a piece of state more than defence. In the first hall within, are the twelve Roman Emperors, of excellent marble; betwixt them stand porphyry columns, and other precious stones of vast height and magnitude, with urns of oriental alabaster. Tables of *pietra commessa*: and here is that renowned Diana which Pompey worshipped, of eastern marble: the most incomparable Seneca of touch,<sup>1</sup> bleeding in a huge vase of porphyry, resembling the drops of his blood; the so famous Gladiator,<sup>2</sup> and the Hermaphrodite upon a quilt of stone. The new piece of Daphne, and David, of Cavaliero Bernini,<sup>3</sup> is observable for the pure whiteness of the stone, and the art of the statuary plainly

stupendous. There is a multitude of rare pictures of infinite value, by the best masters; huge tables of porphyry, and two exquisitely wrought vases of the same. In another chamber, are divers sorts of instruments of music; amongst other toys that of a satyr, which so artificially expressed a human voice, with the motion of eyes and head, that it might easily affright one who was not prepared for that most extravagant sight. They showed us also a chair that catches fast any who sits down in it, so as not to be able to stir out, by certain springs concealed in the arms and back thereof, which at sitting down surprises a man on the sudden, locking him in by the arms and thighs, after a true treacherous Italian guise. The perspective is also considerable, composed by the position of looking-glasses, which render a strange multiplication of things resembling divers most richly furnished rooms. Here stands a rare clock of German work; in a word, nothing but what is magnificent is to be seen in this Paradise.

The next day, I went to the Vatican, where, in the morning, I saw the ceremony of Pamfilio, the Pope's nephew, receiving a Cardinal's hat; this was the first time I had seen his Holiness in *pontificalibus*. After the Cardinals and Princes had met in the consistory, the ceremony was in the Pope's chapel, where he was at the altar invested with most pompous rites.

19th November. I visited St. Peter's, that most stupendous and incomparable Basilica, far surpassing any now extant in the world, and perhaps, Solomon's Temple excepted, any that was ever built. The largeness of the piazza before the portico is worth observing, because it affords a noble prospect of the church, not crowded up, as for the most part is the case in other places where great churches are erected. In this is a fountain, out of which gushes a river rather than a stream which, ascending a good height, breaks upon a round emboss of marble into millions of pearls that fall into the subjacent basins with great noise; I esteem this one of the goodliest fountains I ever saw.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Touchstone or basanite (*Lydius lapis*). "Its of a black stone like Ieat"—says Lassels of the statue—"then which nothing can be blacker but the crimes of *Nero the Magistricide*, who put this rare man his master to death" (ii. 172).]

<sup>2</sup> [This is the so-called *Borghese Gladiator* of Agasias, the Ephesian. It has been in the Louvre since 1808.]

<sup>3</sup> [Daphne changed into a Laurel from Ovid, and David with the Sling,—the former executed in 1616, the latter when Bernini was in his eighteenth year.]

<sup>1</sup> [Lassels (ii. p. 28) adds a detail. It "throweth up such a quantity of water, that it maketh a *mist* always about it, and oftentimes a *rainbow*,—when the *Sun* strikes obliquely upon it."]

Next is the obelisk transported out of Egypt, and dedicated by Octavius Augustus to Julius Caesar, whose ashes it formerly bore on the summit; but, being since overturned by the barbarians, was re-erected with vast cost and a most stupendous invention by Domenico Fontana,<sup>1</sup> architect to Sixtus V. The obelisk consists of one entire square stone without hieroglyphics, in height seventy-two feet, but comprehending the base and all it is 108 feet high, and rests on four Lions of gilded copper, so as you may see through the base of the obelisk and plinth of the pedestal.

Upon two faces of the obelisk is engraven

DIVO CAES. DIVI  
IVLII F. AVGVSTO  
TI. CAES. DIVI AVG.  
F. AVGVS. SACRVM.

It now bears on the top a cross in which it is said that Sixtus V. inclosed some of the holy wood; and under it is to be read by good eyes:

SANCTISSIMAE CRVCI  
SEXTVS V. PONT. MAX.  
CONSECRAVIT.  
E. PRIORE SEDE AVVLVSVM  
ET CAESS. AVG. AC TIB.  
I. L. ABLATVM M.D.LXXXVI.

On the four faces of the base below:

I. CHRISTVS VINCIT.  
CHRISTVS REGNAT.  
CHRISTVS IMPERAT.  
CHRISTVS AB OMNI MALO  
PLEBEM SVAM DEFENDAT.

2. SEXTVS V. PONT. MAX.  
OBELISCV M VATICANVM DIIS GENTIV M  
IMPIO CVLTV DICATVM  
AD APOSTOLORVM LIMINA  
OPERO SO LABORE TRANSTVLIT  
AN. M.D.LXXXVI. PONT. II.

3. ECCE CRVX DOMINI  
FVGITE PARTES  
ADVERSAE  
VINCIT LEO  
DE TRIBV IVDA.

4. SEXTVS V. PONT. MAX.  
CRVCI INVICTAE  
OBELISCV M VATICANVM  
AB IMPIA SVPERSTITIONE  
EXPIATVM IVSTIVS  
ET FELICITVS CONSECRAVIT  
AN. M.D.LXXXVI. PONT. II.

A little lower:

DOMINICVS FONTANA EX PAGO MILIAGRI  
NOVOCOMENSIS TRANSTVLIT ET EREXIT.

It is reported to have taken a year in erecting, to have cost 37,975 crowns, the labour of 907 men, and 75 horses: this being the first of the four Egyptian obelisks set up at Rome, and one of the forty-two brought to the city out of Egypt, set up in several places, but thrown down by the Goths, Barbarians, and earthquakes.<sup>1</sup> Some coaches stood before the steps of the ascent, whereof one, belonging to Cardinal Medici, had all the metal work of massy silver, viz. the bow behind and other places. The coaches at Rome, as well as covered waggons also much in use, are generally the richest and largest I ever saw. Before the *facciata* of the church is an ample pavement. The church was first begun by St. Anacletus, when rather a chapel, on a foundation, as they give out, of Constantine the Great, who, in honour of the Apostles, carried twelve baskets full of sand to the work. After him, Julius II. took it in hand, to which all his successors have contributed more or less.

The front is supposed to be the largest and best-studied piece of architecture in the world; to this we went up by four steps of marble. The first entrance is supported by huge pilasters; the *volto* within is the richest possible, and overlaid with gold. Between the five large anti-ports are columns of enormous height and compass, with as many gates of brass, the work and sculpture of Pollajuolo, the Florentine, full of cast figures and histories in deep *rilievo*. Over this runs a terrace of like amplitude and ornament, where the Pope, at solemn times, bestows his benediction on the vulgar. On each side of this portico are two campaniles, or

<sup>1</sup> [Domenico Fontana, 1543-1607. In 1590, he gave a folio account (with his portrait) of the erection of this monument, entitled *Della transportatione dell' Obelisco Vaticano, etc., Roma.*]

<sup>1</sup> [Lassels adds (ii. p. 28) :—"The whole *Guglia* [obelisk] is said to weigh 956,148 pound weight. I wonder what scales they had to weigh it with."]



towers, whereof there was but one perfected, of admirable art. On the top of all, runs a balustrade which edges it quite round, and upon this at equal distances are Christ and the twelve Disciples, of gigantic size and stature, yet below showing no greater than the life. Entering the church, admirable is the breadth of the *volto*, or roof, which is all carved with foliage and roses overlaid with gold in nature of a deep *basso-rilievo*, à l'antique. The nave, or body, is in form of a cross, whereof the foot-part is the longest; and, at the *internodium* of the transept, rises the cupola, which being all of stone and of prodigious height is more in compass than that of the Pantheon (which was the largest amongst the old Romans, and is yet entire) or any other known. The inside, or concave, is covered with most exquisite mosaic, representing the Celestial Hierarchy, by Giuseppe d' Arpino, full of stars of gold; the convex, or outside, exposed to the air, is covered with lead, with great ribs of metal double gilt (as are also the ten other lesser cupolas, for no fewer adorn this glorious structure), which gives a great and admirable splendour in all parts of the city. On the summit of this is fixed a brazen globe gilt, capable of receiving thirty-five persons.<sup>1</sup> This I entered, and engraved my name amongst other travellers. Lastly, is the Cross, the access to which is between the leaden covering and the stone convex, or arch-work; a most truly astonishing piece of art! On the battlements of the church, also all overlaid with lead and marble, you would imagine yourself in a town, so many are the cupolas, pinnacles, towers, juttings, and not a few houses inhabited by men who dwell there, and have enough to do to look after the vast reparations which continually employ them.

Having seen this we descended into the body of the church, full of collateral chapels and large oratories, most of them exceeding the size of ordinary churches; but the principal are four incrustured with most precious marbles and stones of various colours, adorned with an infinity of statues, pictures, stately altars, and innumerable

relics. The altar-piece of St. Michael being of mosaic, I could not pass without particular note, as one of the best of that kind. The chapel of Gregory XIII., where he is buried, is most splendid. Under the cupola, and in the centre of the church, stands the high altar, consecrated first by Clement VIII., adorned by Paul V., and lately covered by Pope Urban VIII.; with that stupendous canopy of Corinthian brass, which heretofore was brought from the Pantheon; it consists of four wreathed columns, partly channelled and encircled with vines, on which hang little *putti*, birds and bees (the arms of the Barberini), sustaining a *baldachino* of the same metal. The four columns weigh an hundred and ten thousand pounds, all over richly gilt; this, with the pedestals, crown, and statues about it, forms a thing of that art, vastness, and magnificence, as is beyond all that man's industry has produced of the kind; it is the work of Bernini, a Florentine sculptor, architect, painter, and poet,<sup>2</sup> who, a little before my coming to the city, gave a public opera (for so they call shows of that kind), wherein he painted the scenes, cut the statues, invented the engines, composed the music, writ the comedy, and built the theatre. Opposite to either of these pillars, under those niches which, with their columns, support the weighty cupola, are placed four exquisite statues of Parian marble, to which are four altars; that of St. Veronica, made by Fra. Mochi, has over it the reliquary, where they showed us the miraculous *Sudarium* indued with the picture of our Saviour's face, with this inscription: "Salvatoris imaginem Veronicæ Sudario exceptam ut loci majestas decenter custodiret, Urbanus VIII. Pont. Max. Marmoreum signum et Altare addidit, Conditiorum extruxit et ornavit."<sup>2</sup>

Right against this is that of Longinus, of a colossean magnitude, also by Bernini, and over him the conservatory of the iron lance inserted in a most precious crystal,

<sup>1</sup> [Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini, 1598-1680. For this work Bernini received from Urban VIII. (Cardinal Maffeo Barberini) 10,000 scudi, a pension, and two livings for his brothers.]

<sup>2</sup> [More briefly described by Lassels (ii. p. 33) as "the *Volto Sacro*, or print of our Saviour's face, which he imprinted in the handkercher of S. Veronica."]

<sup>1</sup> [Lassels (ii. p. 46) says thirty. "We were eight in it at once; and I am sure we could have placed thrice as many more."]

with this epigraph: "Longini Lanceam quam Innocentius VIII. à Bajazete Turcarum Tyranno accepit, Urbanus VIII. statuâ appositâ, et Sacello substructo, in exornatum Conditorium transtulit."

The third chapel has over the altar the statue of our countrywoman, St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great; the work of Boggi, an excellent sculptor; and here is preserved a great piece of the pretended wood of the holy cross which she is said to have first detected miraculously in the Holy Land. It was placed here by the late Pope with this inscription: "Partem Crucis quam Helena Imperatrix è Calvario in Urbem adduxit, Urbanus VIII. Pont. Max. è Sissorianâ Basilicâ desumptam, additis arâ et statuâ, hic in Vaticano collocavit."

The fourth hath over the altar, and opposite to that of St. Veronica, the statue of St. Andrew, the work of Fiamingo, admirable above all the other; above is preserved the head of that Apostle, richly encased. It is said that this excellent sculptor died mad to see his statue placed in a disadvantageous light by Bernini, the chief architect, who found himself outdone by this artist. The inscription over it is this;

St. Andreæ caput quod Pius II. ex Achaïâ in Vaticanum asportandum curavit, Urbanus VIII. novis hic ornamentis decoratum, sacrisq' statuæ ac Sacelli honoribus coli voluit

The relics showed and kept in this church are without number, as are also the precious vessels of gold, silver, and gems, with the vests and services to be seen in the Sacristy, which they showed us. Under the high altar is an ample grot inlaid with *pietra-commessa*, wherein half of the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul are preserved; before hang divers great lamps of the richest plate, burning continually. About this and contiguous to the altar, runs a balustrade, in form of a theatre, of black marble. Towards the left, as you go out of the church by the portico, a little beneath the high altar, is an old brass statue of St. Peter sitting, under the soles of whose feet many devout persons rub their heads, and touch their chaplets. This was formerly cast from a

statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. In another place, stands a column grated about with iron, whereon they report that our Blessed Saviour was often wont to lean as he preached in the Temple. In the work of the reliquary under the cupola there are eight wreathed columns brought from the Temple of Solomon. In another chapel, they showed us the chair of St. Peter, or, as they name it, the Apostolical Throne. But amongst all the chapels the one most glorious has for an altar-piece a Madonna bearing a dead Christ on her knees, in white marble, the work of Michael Angelo.<sup>1</sup> At the upper end of the Cathedral, are several stately monuments, especially that of Urban VIII. Round the cupola, and in many other places in the church, are confession-seats, for all languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, English, Irish, Welsh, Sclavonian, Dutch, etc., as it is written on their friezes in golden capitals, and there are still at confessions some of all nations. Towards the lower end of the church, and on the side of a vast pillar sustaining a weighty roof, is the *depositum* and statue of the Countess Matilda, a rare piece, with *basso-relievos* about it of white marble, the work of Bernini. Here are also those of Sixtus IV. and Paulus III., etc. Amongst the exquisite pieces in this sumptuous fabric is that of the ship with St. Peter held up from sinking by our Saviour; the emblems about it are the mosaic of the famous Giotto, who restored and made it perfect after it had been defaced by the barbarians. Nor is the pavement under the cupola to be passed over without observation, which with the rest of the body and walls of the whole church are all inlaid with the richest of *pietra-commessa*, in the most splendid colours of polished marbles, agates, serpentine, porphyry, calcedon, etc., wholly incrustated to the very roof. Coming out by the portico at which we entered, we were showed the Porta Santa, never opened but at the year of jubilee. This glorious foundation hath belonging to it thirty canons, thirty-six beneficiates, twenty-eight clerks beneficed, with innumerable chaplains, etc., a Cardinal being always arch-priest; the present

<sup>1</sup> [The famous *Pietà*,—the only work the artist signed.]

Cardinal was Francesco Barberini, who also styled himself Protector of the English, to whom he was indeed very courteous.<sup>1</sup>

20th November. I went to visit that ancient See and Cathedral of St. John di Laterano, and the holy places thereabout. This is a church of extraordinary devotion, though, for outward form, not comparable to St. Peter's, being of Gothic *ordonnance*. Before we went into the cathedral, the Baptistery of St. John Baptist presented itself, being formerly part of the Great Constantine's Palace, and, as it is said, his chamber where by St. Silvester he was made a Christian. It is of an octagonal shape, having before the entrance eight fair pillars of rich porphyry, each of one entire piece, their capitals of divers orders, supporting lesser columns of white marble, and these supporting a noble cupola, the moulding whereof is excellently wrought. In the chapel which they affirm to have been the lodging-place of this Emperor, all women are prohibited from entering, for the malice of Herodias who caused him to lose his head. Here are deposited several sacred relics of St. James, Mary Magdalen, St. Matthew, etc., and two goodly pictures. Another chapel, or oratory near it, is called St. John the Evangelist, well adorned with marbles and tables, especially those of Cavalière Giuseppe,<sup>2</sup> and of Tempesta, in fresco. We went hence into another called St. Venantius, in which is a tribunal all of mosaic in figures of Popes. Here is also an altar of the Madonna, much visited, and divers Sclavonish saints, companions of Pope John IV. The portico of the church is built of materials brought from Pontius Pilate's house in Jerusalem.

The next sight which attracted our attention, was a wonderful concourse of people at their devotions before a place called Scala Sancta, to which is built a noble front. Entering the portico, we saw those

large marble stairs, twenty-eight in number, which are never ascended but on the knees, some lip devotion being used on every step; on which you may perceive divers red specks of blood under a grate, which they affirm to have been drops of our Blessed Saviour, at the time he was so barbarously used by Herod's soldiers; for these stairs are reported to have been translated hither from his palace in Jerusalem.<sup>1</sup> At the top of them is a chapel, whereat they enter (but we could not be permitted) by gates of marble, being the same our Saviour passed when he went out of Herod's house. This they name the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, and over it we read this epigraph:

Non est in toto sanctor orbe locus.

Here, through a grate, we saw that picture of Christ painted (as they say) by the hand of St. Luke, to the life.<sup>2</sup> Descending again, we saw before the church the obelisk, which is indeed most worthy of admiration. It formerly lay in the Circo Maximo, and was erected here by Sixtus V., in 1587, being 112 feet in height without the base or pedestal; at the foot nine and a half one way, and eight the other. This pillar was first brought from Thebes at the utmost confines of Egypt, to Alexandria, from thence to Constantinople, thence to Rome, and is said by Ammianus Marcellinus to have been dedicated to Rameses, King of Egypt. It was transferred to this city by Constantine the son of the Great, and is full of hieroglyphics, serpents, men, owls, falcons, oxen, instruments, etc., containing (as Father Kircher the Jesuit will shortly tell us in a book which he is ready to publish<sup>3</sup>) all the recondite and abstruse learning of that people. The vessel, galley, or float, that brought it to Rome so many hundred leagues, must needs have been of wonder-

<sup>1</sup> [Francesco Barberini, 1597-1679, Founder of the Barberini Library, and Vice-Chancellor of the Church of Rome. He is buried in S. Maria della Concezione, under the modest epitaph, *Hic jacet pulvis, cinis, et nihil*. Milton was introduced to him, in 1638, by Lucas Holstenius, the librarian of the Vatican; and it was probably at the Barberini Palace that Milton heard Leonora Baroni sing (Pattison's *Milton*, 1879, p. 38). See *post*, under 19th February, and 4th May, 1645.]

<sup>2</sup> [d' Arpino.]

<sup>1</sup> ["These holy staircases were Sent from Hierusalem to Constantin the Great, by his Mother Queen Helen, together with many other Relicks kept in S. John Laterans Church. They are of white marble and above six foot long" (Lassels, ii. p. 114).]

<sup>2</sup> ["Its about a foot & a halfe long"—adds Lassels—"and its sayd to have been begun by S. Luke, but ended miraculously by an Angel" (ii. p. 114).]

<sup>3</sup> [*Obeliscus Pamphilus, etc.*, 1650, Roma, folio, 3 vols. (see *post*, under 6th May, 1656).]

ful bigness and strange fabric. The stone is one and entire, and [having been thrown down] was erected by the famous Dom. Fontana for that magnificent Pope, Sixtus V., as the rest were; it is now cracked in many places, but solidly joined. The obelisk is thus inscribed at the several *facciatas* :

Fl. Constantinus Augustus, Constantini Augusti F. Obeliscum à patre suo motum diuq; Alexandriæ jacentem, trecentorum remigum impositum navi mirandæ vastitatis per mare Tyberimq; magnis molibus Romam convectum in Circo Max. ponendum S.P.Q.R.D.D.

On the second square :

Fl. Constantinus Max : Aug : Christianæ fidei Vindex & Assertor Obeliscum ab Ægyptio Rege impuro voto Soli dicatum, sedibus avulsum suis per Nilum transfer. Alexandriam, ut Novam Romam ab se tunc conditam eo decoraret monumento.

On the third :

Sextus V. Pontifex Max : Obeliscum hunc specie eximiâ temporum calamitate fractum, Circi Maximi ruinis humo, limoq; altè demersum, multâ impensâ extraxit, hunc in locum magno labore transtulit, formâq; pristinâ accuratè vestitum, Cruci invictissimæ dicavit anno M.D.LXXXVIII. Pont. IIII.

On the fourth :

Constantinus per Crucem Victor à Silvestro hic Baptizatus Crucis gloriam propagavit.

Leaving this wonderful monument (before which is a stately public fountain, with a statue of St. John in the middle of it), we visited his Holiness's Palace, being a little on the left hand, the design of Fontana, architect to Sixtus V. This I take to be one of the best Palaces in Rome;<sup>1</sup> but not staying we entered the church of St. John di Laterano, which is

properly the Cathedral of the Roman See, as I learned by these verses engraven upon the architrave of the portico :

Dogmate Papali datur, et simul Imperiali  
Quòd sim cunctarum mater caput Ecclesiæ  
Hinc Salvatoris cœlestia regna datoris  
Nominè Sanxerunt, cum cuncta peracta fuerunt ;  
Sic vos ex toto conversi supplice voto  
Nostra quòd hæc ædes ; tibi Christe sit inclitya  
sedes

It is called Lateran, from a noble family formerly dwelling it seems hereabouts, on Mons Cælius. The church is Gothic, and hath a stately tribunal ; the paintings are of Pietro Pisano. It was the first church that was consecrated with the ceremonies now introduced, and where altars of stone supplied those of wood heretofore in use, and made like large chests for the easier removal in times of persecution ; such an altar is still the great one here preserved, as being that on which (they hold) St. Peter celebrated mass at Rome ; for which reason none but the Pope may now presume to make that use of it. The pavement is of all sorts of precious marbles, and so are the walls to a great height, over which it is painted *a fresco* with the life and acts of Constantine the Great, by most excellent masters. The organs are rare, supported by four columns. The *soffitta* is all richly gilded, and full of pictures. Opposite to the porta is an altar of exquisite architecture, with a tabernacle on it all of precious stones, the work of Targoni ;<sup>1</sup> on this is a *cana* of plate, the invention of Curtius Vanni, of exceeding value ; the tables hanging over it are of Giuseppe d' Arpino. About this are four excellent columns transported out of Asia by the Emperor Titus, of brass, double gilt, about twelve feet in height ; the walls between them are incrustèd with marble and set with statues in niches, the vacuum reported to be filled with holy earth, which St. Helena sent from Jerusalem to her son, Constantine, who set these pillars where they now stand. At one side of this is an oratory full of rare paintings and monuments, especially those of the great Connestabile Colonna.<sup>2</sup> Out of this we came

<sup>1</sup> [“Near this Church [S. Giovanni Laterano] Pope Sixtus V. caused an old decayed palace to be entirely rebuilt, and with suitable splendour and magnificence ; but his successors never liked it so well as to make it their constant residence. In the year 1693 Innocent XII. converted it into an hospital for poor women, and its present endowment is at least thirty thousand *scudi* or crowns” (Keyser’s *Travels*, 1760, ii. p. 197).]

<sup>1</sup> [Pomp. Targoni, — “the engineer who made the famous dykes at Rochelle,” says Keyser (ii. p. 197).]

<sup>2</sup> [The Constable Colonna was the husband of Mazarin’s niece, Maria Mancini.]

into the Sacristia, full of good pictures of Albert<sup>1</sup> and others. At the end of the church is a flat stone supported by four pillars which they affirm to have been the exact height of our Blessed Saviour, and say they never fitted any mortal man that tried it, but he was either taller or shorter; two columns of the veil of the Temple which rent at his passion; the stone on which they threw lots for his seamless vesture; and the pillar on which the cock crowed, after Peter's denial; and, to omit no fine thing, the just length of the Virgin Mary's foot as it seems her shoemaker affirmed! Here is a sumptuous cross, beset with precious stones, containing some of the *very* wood of the holy cross itself; with many other things of this sort: also numerous most magnificent monuments, especially those of St. Helena, of porphyry; Cardinal Farnese; Martin I., of copper; the pictures of Mary Magdalen, Martin V., Laurentius Valla, etc., are of Gaetano; the Nunciata, designed by M. Angelo; and the great crucifix of Sermoneta. In a chapel at one end of the porch is a statue of Henry IV. of France, in brass, standing in a dark hole, and so has done many years; perhaps from not believing him a thorough proselyte. The two famous Œcumenical Councils were celebrated in this Church by Pope Simachus, Martin I., Stephen, etc.

Leaving this venerable church (for in truth it has a certain majesty in it), we passed through a fair and large hospital of good architecture, having some inscriptions put up by Barberini, the late Pope's nephew.<sup>2</sup> We then went by St. Sylvia, where is a noble statue of St. Gregory P., begun by M. Angelo;<sup>3</sup> a St. Andrew, and the bath of St. Cecilia. In this church are some rare paintings, especially that story on the wall of Guido Reni. Thence to SS. Giovanni e Paolo, where the friars are reputed to be great chymists. The choir, roof, and paintings in the *tribuna* are excellent.

Descending the Mons Cælius, we came against the vestiges of the Palazzo Maggiore, heretofore the Golden House of

Nero, now nothing but a heap of vast and confused ruins, to show what time and the vicissitude of human things does change from the most glorious and magnificent to the most deformed and confused. We next went into St. Sebastian's Church, which has a handsome front: then we passed by the place where Romulus and Remus were taken up by Faustus, the Forum Romanum, and so by the edge of the Mons Palatinus; where we saw the ruins of Pompey's house, and the Church of St. Anacletus; and so into the Circus Maximus, heretofore capable of containing a hundred and sixty thousand spectators, but now all one entire heap of rubbish, part of it converted into a harden of pot-herbs. We concluded this evening with hearing the rare voices and music at the Chiesa Nuova.<sup>1</sup>

21st November. I was carried to see a great virtuoso, Cavaliéro Pozzo,<sup>2</sup> who showed us a rare collection of all kinds of antiquities, and a choice library, over which are the effigies of most of our late men of polite literature. He had a great collection of the antique *basso-relievos* about Rome, which this curious man had caused to be designed in several folios: many fine medals; the stone which Pliny calls *enhydros*; it had plainly in it the quantity of half a spoonful of water, of a yellow pebble colour, of the bigness of a walnut. A stone paler than an amethyst, which yet he affirmed to be the true carbuncle, and harder than a diamond; it was set in a ring, without foil, or anything at the bottom, so as it was transparent, of a greenish yellow, more lustrous than a diamond. He had very pretty things painted on crimson velvet, designed in black, and shaded and heightened with white, set in frames; also a number of choice designs and drawings.

Hence we walked to the Suburra and Ærarium Saturni, where yet remains some

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 67.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lassels also visited Pozzo. "Behinde this Church [S. Andrea della Valle] lived, when I first was acquainted with Rome, an other great *virtuoso* and *Gentleman* of Rome, I meane the ingenious *Cavaliéro Pozzo*, with whom I was brought acquainted, and saw all his rarities, his curious *pictures*, *medals*, *bassi relievi*, his excellent *bookes* of the rarest things in the world, which he caused to be painted, copied, and designed out with great cost" (ii. 217).]

<sup>1</sup> [Dürer.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Hospital of S. Giovanni Laterano.]

<sup>3</sup> [This statue of St. Gregory, St. Sylvia's son, was finished by Franciosini (Keysler, ii. p. 205).]

ruins and an inscription. From thence to S. Pietro in Vincoli, one of the seven churches on the Esquiline, an old and much-frequented place of great devotion for the relics there, especially the bodies of the seven Maccabean brethren, which lie under the altar. On the wall is a St. Sebastian, of mosaic, after the Greek manner;<sup>1</sup> but what I chiefly regarded was, that noble sepulchre of Pope Julius II.,<sup>2</sup> the work of M. Angelo; with that never-sufficiently-to-be-admired statue of Moses, in white marble, and those of Vita Contemplativa and Activa, by the same incomparable hand. To this church belongs a monastery, in the court of whose cloisters grow two tall and very stately palm trees. Behind these, we walked a turn amongst the Baths of Titus, admiring the strange and prodigious receptacles for water, which the vulgar call the Sette Sale, now all in heaps.

**22nd November.** Was the solemn and greatest ceremony of all the State Ecclesiastical, viz. the procession of the Pope (Innocent X.) to St. John di Laterano,<sup>3</sup> which, standing on the steps of Ara Coeli, near the Capitol, I saw pass in this manner:—First went a guard of Switzers to make way, and divers of the *avant-guard* of horse carrying lances. Next followed those who carried the robes of the Cardinals, two and two; then the Cardinals' mace-bearers; the *caudatari*,<sup>4</sup> on mules; the masters of their horse; the Pope's barber, tailor, baker, gardener, and other domestic officers, all on horseback in rich liveries; the squires belonging to the Guard; five men in rich liveries led five noble Neapolitan horses, white as snow, covered to the ground with trappings richly embroidered; which is a service paid by the King of Spain for the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, pretended feudatories to the Pope; three mules of exquisite beauty and price, trapped in crimson velvet; next

followed three rich litters with mules, the litters empty; the master of the horse alone, with his squires; five trumpeters; the *armerieri extra muros*; the fiscal and consistorial advocates; *capellani*, *camerieri di honore*, *cubiculari* and chamberlains, called *secreti*.

Then followed four other *camerieri*, with four caps of the dignity-pontifical, which were Cardinals' hats carried on staves; four trumpets; after them, a number of noble Romans and gentlemen of quality, very rich, and followed by innumerable *staffieri* and pages; the secretaries of the *cancellaria*, *abbreviatori-accoliti* in their long robes, and on mules; *auditori di roti*; the dean of the *roti* and master of the sacred palace, on mules, with grave, but rich foot-clothes, and in flat episcopal hats; then went more of the Roman and other nobility and courtiers, with divers pages in most rich liveries on horseback; fourteen drums belonging to the Capitol; the marshals with their staves; the two syndics; the conservators of the city, in robes of crimson damask; the knight-gonfalonier and prior of the R. R., in velvet toques; six of his Holiness's mace-bearers; then the captain, or governor, of the Castle of St. Angelo, upon a brave prancer; the governor of the city; on both sides of these two long ranks of Switzers; the masters of the ceremonies; the cross-bearer on horseback, with two priests at each hand on foot; pages, footmen, and guards, in abundance. Then came the Pope himself, carried in a litter, or rather open chair, of crimson velvet, richly embroidered, and borne by two stately mules; as he went, he held up two fingers, blessing the multitude who were on their knees, or looking out of their windows and houses, with loud *vivas* and acclamations of felicity to their new Prince. This chair was followed by the master of his chamber, cup-bearer, secretary, and physician; then came the Cardinal-Bishops, Cardinal-Priests, Cardinal-Deacons, Patriarchs, Archbishops, and Bishops, all in their several and distinct habits, some in red, others in green flat hats with tassels, all on gallant mules richly trapped with velvet, and led by their servants in great state and multitudes; after them, the apostolical *protonotari*, auditor, treasurer, and referendaries; lastly,

<sup>1</sup> [It represents St. Sebastian in old age with white hair and beard, carrying a martyr's crown.]

<sup>2</sup> [Pope Julius II. is really buried in the chapel of the Sacrament at St. Peter's. His tomb at St. Peter in Vincoli was but partially completed. Four only out of more than forty statues were finished; three, the Moses, Leah, and Rachel (Active and Contemplative Life), being used for the existing monument.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 61.]

<sup>4</sup> [*Caudataires*, train-bearers.]

the trumpets of the rear-guard, two pages of arms in helmets with feathers, and carrying lances; two captains; the pontifical standard of the Church; the two *alferi*, or cornets, of the Pope's light horse, who all followed in armour and carrying lances; which, with innumerable rich coaches, litters, and people, made up the procession. What they did at St. John di Laterano, I could not see, by reason of the prodigious crowd; so I spent most of the day in viewing the two triumphal arches which had been purposely erected a few days before, and till now covered; the one by the Duke of Parma, in the Foro Romano, the other by the Jews in the Capitol, with flattering inscriptions. They were of excellent architecture, decorated with statues and abundance of ornaments proper for the occasion, since they were but temporary, and made up of boards, cloth, etc., painted and framed on the sudden, but as to outward appearance, solid and very stately. The night ended with fireworks. What I saw was that which was built before the Spanish Ambassador's house, in the Piazza del Trinita, and another, before that of the French. The first appeared to be a mighty rock, bearing the Pope's Arms, a dragon, and divers figures, which being set on fire by one who flung a rocket at it, kindled immediately, yet preserving the figure both of the rock and statues a very long time; insomuch as it was deemed ten thousand reports of squibs and crackers spent themselves in order. That before the French Ambassador's Palace was a Diana drawn in a chariot by her dogs, with abundance of other figures as large as the life, which played with fire in the same manner. In the meantime the windows of the whole city were set with tapers put into lanterns, or sconces, of several coloured oiled paper, that the wind might not annoy them; this rendered a most glorious show. Besides these, there were at least twenty other fireworks of vast charge and rare art for their invention before divers Ambassadors', Princes', and Cardinals' Palaces, especially that on the Castle of St. Angelo, being a pyramid of lights, of great height, fastened to the ropes and cables which support the standard-pole. The streets were this night as light as day, full of bonfires, cannon

roaring, music playing, fountains running wine, in all excess of joy and triumph.

23rd November. I went to the Jesuits' College again,<sup>1</sup> the front whereof gives place to few for its architecture, most of its ornaments being of rich marble. It has within a noble portico and court, sustained by stately columns, as is the corridor over the portico, at the sides of which are the schools for arts and sciences, which are here taught as at the University. Here I heard Father Athanasius Kircher<sup>2</sup> upon a part of Euclid, which he expounded. To this joins a glorious and ample church for the students; a second is not fully finished; and there are two noble libraries, where I was showed that famous wit and historian, Famianus Strada.<sup>3</sup> Hence we went to the house of Hippolito Vitellesco (afterwards bibliothecary of the Vatican library), who showed us one of the best collections of statues in Rome, to which he frequently talks as if they were living, pronouncing now and then orations, sentences, and verses, sometimes kissing and embracing them. He has a head of Brutus scarred in the face by order of the Senate for killing Julius; this is much esteemed. Also a Minerva, and others of great value. This gentleman not long since purchased land in the kingdom of Naples, in hope, by digging the ground, to find more statues; which it seems so far succeeded, as to be much more worth than the purchase. We spent the evening at the Chiesa Nuova, where was excellent music; but, before that began, the courteous fathers led me into a nobly furnished library, contiguous to their most beautiful convent.

28th. I went to see the garden and house of the Aldobrandini, now Cardinal Borghese's.<sup>4</sup> This Palace is, for archi-

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 66.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 67.]

<sup>3</sup> Famian Strada, 1572-1649. Joining the Society of Jesus in 1592, he was appointed professor of rhetoric in their college in Rome. [His history of the "Low Country Warres" (*De Bello Belgico*) was "englished" by Sir R. Stapylton in 1650.] He is chiefly known, however, to the English reader by his *Profusiones Academicæ*, in which he introduced clever imitations of the Latin poets, translations of several of which Addison published in the *Guardian* (Nos. 115, 119, and 122). [He also refers to him in *Spectator*, Nos. 241 and 617, in the latter of which he styles Strada "the Cleveland of his age."]

<sup>4</sup> [Cardinal Scipio Borghese?]

ture, magnificence, pomp, and state, one of the most considerable about the city. It has four fronts, and a noble piazza before it. Within the courts, under arches supported by marble columns, are many excellent statues. Ascending the stairs, there is a rare figure of Diana, of white marble. The St. Sebastian and Hermaphrodite are of stupendous art. For paintings, our Saviour's Head, by Correggio; several pieces of Raphael, some of which are small; some of Bassano Veronese; the Leda, and two admirable Venuses, are of Titian's pencil; so is the Psyche and Cupid; the Head of St. John, borne by Herodias; two heads of Albert Dürer, very exquisite. We were shown here a fine cabinet and tables of Florence-work in stone. In the gardens are many fine fountains, the walls covered with citron trees, which being rarely spread, invest the stone-work entirely; and, towards the street, at a back gate, the port is so handsomely clothed with ivy as much pleased me. About this palace are many noble antique *basso-relievos*: two especially are placed on the ground, representing armour, and other military furniture of the Romans; beside these, stand about the garden numerous rare statues, altars, and urns. Above all for antiquity and curiosity (as being the only rarity of that nature now known to remain) is that piece of old Roman painting representing the Roman *Sponsalia*, or celebration of their marriage, judged to be 1400 years old, yet are the colours very lively, and the design very entire, though found deep in the ground. For this morsel of painting's sake only, it is said the Borghesi purchased the house, because this being on a wall in a kind of banqueting-house in the garden, could not be removed, but passes with the inheritance.

29th November. I a second time visited the Medicean Palace,<sup>1</sup> being near my lodging, the more exactly to have a view of the noble collections that adorn it, especially the *basso-relievos* and antique friezes inserted about the stone-work of the house. The Saturn, of metal, standing in the portico, is a rare piece; so is the Jupiter and Apollo, in the hall. We were now led into those rooms above we could not see before, full of incomparable statues and

antiquities; above all, and haply preferable to any in the world, are the Two Wrestlers,<sup>1</sup> for the inextricable mixture with each other's arms and legs is stupendous. In the great chamber is the Gladiator, whetting a knife;<sup>2</sup> but the Venus is without parallel,<sup>3</sup> being the masterpiece of one whose name you see graven under it in old Greek characters;<sup>4</sup> nothing in sculpture ever approached this miracle of art. To this add Marcius, Ganymede, a little Apollo playing on a pipe; some *rilievi* incrusted on the palace-walls; and an antique vase of marble, near six feet high. Among the pictures may be mentioned the Magdalen and St. Peter, weeping. I pass over the cabinets and tables of *pietra-commessa*, being the proper invention of the Florentines. In one of the chambers is a whimsical chair, which folded into so many varieties, as to turn into a bed, a bolster, a table, or a couch. I had another walk in the garden, where are two huge vases, or baths of stone.

I went further up the hill to the Pope's Palaces at Monte Cavallo,<sup>5</sup> where I now saw the garden more exactly, and found it to be one of the most magnificent and pleasant in Rome. I am told the gardener is annually allowed 2000 scudi for the keeping of it. Here I observed hedges of myrtle above a man's height; others of laurel, oranges, nay, of ivy and juniper; the close walks, and rustic grotto; a cryptall, of which the laver, or basin, is of one vast, entire, antique porphyry, and below this flows a plentiful cascade; the steps of the grotto and the roofs being of rich mosaic. Here are hydraulic organs, a fishpond, and an ample bath. From hence, we went to taste some rare Greco; and so home.

Being now pretty weary of continual walking, I kept within, for the most part, till the 6th December; and, during this time, I entertained one Signor Alessandro, who gave me some lessons on the theorbo.

<sup>1</sup> [*I Lottatori*. It is now in the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence. A copy of this remarkable group forms the frontispiece to Crossley's excellent "Golden Treasury" Epictetus (1903), one of the deliverances in which it effectively illustrates.]

<sup>2</sup> [*L'Arrotino*, or Knife-Grinder, now in the Uffizi.]

<sup>3</sup> [This is also in the Uffizi.]

<sup>4</sup> [Kleomenes, son of Apollodorus.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 69.]

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 67.]



The next excursion was over the Tiber, which I crossed in a ferry-boat, to see the Palazzo di Chigi [Farnesina], standing in Trastevere, fairly built, but famous only for the painting *a fresco* on the *volto* of the portico towards the garden; the story is the Amours of Cupid and Psyche, by the hand of the celebrated Raphael d' Urbino. Here you always see painters designing and copying after it, being esteemed one of the rarest pieces of that art in the world; and with great reason. I must not omit that incomparable table of Galatea (as I remember), so carefully preserved in the cupboard at one of the ends of this walk, to protect it from the air, being a most lively painting. There are likewise excellent things of Baldassare, and others.

Thence we went to the noble house of the Duke of Bracciano, fairly built, with a stately court and fountain.

Next, we walked to St. Mary's Church, where was the *Taberna Meritoria*, where the old Roman soldiers received their triumphal garland, which they ever after wore. The high altar is very fair, adorned with columns of porphyry: here is also some mosaic work about the choir, and the Assumption is an esteemed piece. It is said that this church was the first that was dedicated to the Virgin at Rome. In the opposite piazza is a very sumptuous fountain.

12th December. I went again to St. Peter's, to see the chapels, churches, and grots under the whole church (like our St. Faith's under Paul's), in which lie interred a multitude of Saints, Martyrs, and Popes; amongst them our countryman, Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear), in a chest of porphyry; St. J. Chrysostom; Petronella; the heads of St. James Minor, St. Luke, St. Sebastian, and our Thomas à Becket; a shoulder of St. Christopher; an arm of Joseph of Arimathea; Longinus; besides 134 more Bishops, Soldiers, Princes, Scholars, Cardinals, Kings, Emperors, their wives; too long to particularise.

Hence we walked into the cemetery, called Campo Santo, the earth consisting of several shiploads of mould, transported from Jerusalem, which consumes a carcase in twenty-four hours.<sup>1</sup> To this joins that rare hospital, where once was Nero's

Circus; the next to this is the Inquisition-house and prison, the inside whereof, I thank God, I was not curious to see. To this joins his Holiness's Horse-guards.

On Christmas-eve, I went not to bed, being desirous of seeing the many extraordinary ceremonies performed then in their churches, as midnight masses and sermons. I walked from church to church the whole night in admiration at the multitude of scenes and pageantry which the friars had with much industry and craft set out, to catch the devout women and superstitious sort of people, who never parted without dropping some money into a vessel set on purpose; but especially observable was the puppetry in the Church of the Minerva, representing the Nativity. I thence went and heard a sermon at the Apollinare; by which time it was morning. On Christmas-day, his Holiness sang mass, the artillery of St. Angelo went off, and all this day was exposed the cradle of our Lord.

29th. We were invited by the English Jesuits to dinner, being their great feast of Thomas [à Becket] of Canterbury. We dined in their common refectory, and afterwards saw an Italian comedy acted by their alumni before the Cardinals.

1645: January. We saw pass the new officers of the people of Rome; especially, for their noble habits were most conspicuous, the three Consuls, now called Conservators, who take their places in the Capitol, having been sworn the day before between the hands of the Pope. We ended the day with the rare music at the Chiesa Nuova.

6th. Was the ceremony of our Saviour's baptism in the Church of St. Athanasius, and at Ara Coeli was a great procession, del Bambino, as they call it, where were all the magistrates, and a wonderful concourse of people.

7th. A sermon was preached to the Jews, at Ponte Sisto, who are constrained to sit till the hour is done; but it is with so much malice in their countenances, spitting, humming, coughing, and motion, that it is almost impossible they should hear a word from the preacher. A conversion is very rare.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. Browning's "Holy-Cross Day" (*Men and Women*, 1855). By Papal Bull of 1584, Jews were

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 41 and 56.]

14th January. The heads of St. Peter and St. Paul are exposed at St. John di Laterano.

15th. The *stille*, or young wenches, which are to have portions given them by the Pope, being poor, and to marry them, walked in procession to St. Peter's, where the Veronica was showed.<sup>1</sup>

I went to the Ghetto, where the Jews dwell as in a suburb by themselves; being invited by a Jew of my acquaintance to see a circumcision. I passed by the Piazza Judea, where their seraglio begins; for, being environed with walls, they are locked every night. In this place remains yet part of a stately fabric, which my Jew told me had been a palace of theirs for the ambassador of their nation, when their country was subject to the Romans. Being led through the Synagogue into a private house, I found a world of people in a chamber; by and by came an old man, who prepared and laid in order divers instruments brought by a little child of about seven years old in a box. These the man laid in a silver basin; the knife was much like a short razor to shut into the half. Then they burnt some incense in a censer, which perfumed the room all the while the ceremony was performing. In the basin was a little cap made of white paper like a capuchin's hood, not bigger than the finger: also a paper of a red astringent powder, I suppose of bole; a small instrument of silver, cleft in the middle at one end, to take up the prepuce withal; a fine linen cloth wrapped up. These being all in order, the woman brought the infant swaddled, out of another chamber, and delivered it to the Rabbi, who carried and presented it before an altar, or cupboard, dressed up, on which lay the five books of Moses, and the Commandments, a little unrolled. Before this, with profound reverence, and mumbling a few words, he moved the child to and fro awhile; then he delivered it to another Rabbi, who sate all this time upon a table. Whilst the ceremony was performing, all the company fell singing a Hebrew hymn, in a barbarous tone, waving themselves to and

compelled to hear sermons at the Church of St. Angelo in Pescheria [*i.e.* Fish Market] close to the Ghetto or Jews' quarter in Rome (Berdoe's *Browning Cyclopaedia*, 1892, p. 208). This custom was abolished in 1848 by Pius IX.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 11th April, 1645.]

fro; a ceremony they observe in all their devotions.<sup>1</sup>—The Jews in Rome all wear yellow hats, live only upon brokerage and usury, very poor and despicable, beyond what they are in other territories of Princes where they are permitted.

18th. I went to see the Pope's Palace, the Vatican, where he for the most part keeps his Court. It was first built by Pope Simachus, and since augmented to a vast pile of building by his successors. That part of it added by Sixtus V. is most magnificent. This leads us into divers terraces arched *sub dio*, painted by Raphael with the histories of the Bible, so esteemed that artists come from all parts of Europe to make their studies from these designs. The foliage and grotesque about some of the compartments are admirable.<sup>2</sup> In another room are represented at large, maps and plots of most countries in the world, in vast tables, with brief descriptions. The stairs which ascend out of St. Peter's portico into the first hall, are rarely contrived for ease; these lead into the hall of Gregory XIII., the walls whereof halfway to the roof, are incrustated with most precious marbles of various colours and works. So is also the pavement inlaid work; but what exceeds description is the *volto*, or roof itself, which is so exquisitely painted, that it is almost impossible for the skilfullest eye to discern whether it be the work of the pencil upon a flat, or of a tool cut deep in stone. The *rota dentata*, in this admirable perspective, on the left hand as one goes out, the *stella*, etc., are things of art incomparable. Certainly this is one of the most superb and royal apartments in the world, much too beautiful for a guard of gigantic Switzers, who do nothing but drink and play at cards in it. Going up these stairs is a painting of St. Peter, walking on the sea towards our Saviour.

Out of this I went into another hall, just before the chapel, called the Sala del Conclave, full of admirable paintings; amongst

<sup>1</sup> [This must have been one of the sights of Rome, for Edward Browne witnessed it in January, 1665 (Sir Thomas Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 86). Lassels also "once saw a *circumcision*, but [he says] it was so painful to the child, that it was able to make a man heartily thank *God* that he is a *Christian*" (ii. 81).]

<sup>2</sup> [Painted from the designs of Raphael, by John of Udine, his scholar.]

others is the Assassination of Coligni, the great [Protestant] French Admiral, murdered by the Duke of Guise, in the Parisian massacre at the nuptials of Henry IV. with Queen Margaret; under it is written, "Coligni et sociorum cædes": on the other side, "Rex Coligni necem probat."<sup>1</sup>

There is another very large picture,<sup>2</sup> under which is inscribed:

Alexander Papa III., Frederici Primi Imperatoris iram et impetum fugiens, abdidit se Venetijs; cognitum et à senatu perhonorificè susceptum, Othone Imperatoris filio navali prælio victo captoq; Fredericus, pace facta, supplex adorat; fidem et obedientiam pollicitus. Ita Pontifici sua dignitas Venet. Reip. beneficio restituta MCLXXVIII.

This inscription I the rather took notice of, because Urban VIII. had caused it to be blotted out during the difference between him and that State; but it was now restored and refreshed by his successor, to the great honour of the Venetians. The Battle of Lepanto is another fair piece here.<sup>3</sup>

Now we came into the Pope's chapel, so much celebrated for the Last Judgment painted by M. Angelo Buonarroti. It is a painting in fresco, upon a dead wall at the upper end of the chapel, just over the high altar, of a vast design and miraculous fancy, considering the multitude of naked figures and variety of posture. The roof also is full of rare work. Hence, we went into the *sacristia*, where were showed all the most precious vestments, copes, and furniture of the chapel. One priestly cope, with the whole suite, had been sent from one of our English Henrys, and is shown for a great

<sup>1</sup> [Keyser says this picture was by Vasari. But when he wrote, the second inscription had for some time been covered "with a little gilded border."]

<sup>2</sup> Pope Alexander III., flying from the wrath and violence of the Emperor Frederick I., took shelter at Venice, where he was acknowledged, and most honourably received by the Senate. The Emperor's son, Otho, being conquered and taken in a naval battle, the Emperor, having made peace, became a suppliant to the Pope, promising fealty and obedience. Thus his dignity was restored to the Pontiff, by the aid of the Republic of Venice, MCLXXVIII. The picture is by Giuseppe Salviotti.

<sup>3</sup> ["The famous sea-fight against the Turks at Lepanto in the pontificate of Pius V. is the joint work of Frederico and Taddeo Zuccari, Donato de Formello, and Livio Agresti" (Keyser, ii. 284). See also *post*, account of the Courts of Justice at Venice, 1645.]

rarity.<sup>1</sup> There were divers of the Pope's pantoufles that are kissed on his foot, having rich jewels embroidered on the instep, covered with crimson velvet; also his tiara, or triple crown, divers mitres, crosiers, etc., all bestudded with precious stones, gold, and pearl, to a very great value; a very large cross, carved (as they affirm) out of the holy wood itself; numerous utensils of crystal, gold, agate, amber, and other costly materials for the altar.

We then went into those chambers painted with the Histories of the burning of Rome, quenched by the procession of a Crucifix; the victory of Constantine over Maxentius; St. Peter's delivery out of Prison; all by Julio Romano, and are therefore called the Painters' Academy, because you always find some young men or other designing from them; a civility which is not refused in Italy, where any rare pieces of the old and best masters are extant, and which is the occasion of breeding up many excellent men in that profession.

The Sala Clementina's *soffitta* is painted by Cherubin Alberti<sup>2</sup> with an ample landscape of Paul Bril's.

We were then conducted into a new gallery, whose sides were painted with views of the most famous places, towns, and territories in Italy, rarely done, and upon the roof the chief Acts of the Roman Church since St. Peter's pretended See there. It is doubtless one of the most magnificent galleries in Europe. — Out of this we came into the Consistory, a noble room, the *volto* painted in grotesque, as I remember. At the upper end, is an elevated throne and a *baldacchino*, or canopy of state, for his Holiness, over it.

From thence, through a very long gallery (longer, I think, than the French Kings' at the Louvre), but only of bare walls, we were brought into the Vatican Library. This passage was now full of poor people, to each of whom, in his passage to St. Peter's, the Pope gave a *messio grosse*. I

<sup>1</sup> [This must have been "the neat *Chasuble* of cloth of tyssue with the pictures of the ministring the seven Sacraments, all embroidered in it in silk and gold so rarely that the late Lord *Mareschal of England Tho. Earle of Arundel* [d. 1646] got leave to have it painted out, and so much the more willingly, because it had been given to the Pope by King Henry the VIII. a little before his *Schisme*" (Lassels, ii. p. 51).]

<sup>2</sup> [Cherubino Alberti, 1550-1615.]

believe they were in number near 1500 or 2000 persons.

This library is the most nobly built, furnished, and beautified of any in the world; ample, stately, light, and cheerful, looking into a most pleasant garden. The walls and roof are painted, not with antiques and grotesques, like our Bodleian at Oxford, but emblems, figures, diagrams, and the like learned inventions, found out by the wit and industry of famous men, of which there are now whole volumes extant. There were likewise the effigies of the most illustrious men of letters and fathers of the church, with divers noble statues, in white marble, at the entrance, viz. Hippolytus and Aristides. The General Councils are painted on the side-walls. As to the ranging of the books, they are all shut up in presses of wainscot, and not exposed on shelves to the open air, nor are the most precious mixed amongst the more ordinary, which are showed to the curious only; such are those two Virgils written on parchment, of more than a thousand years old; the like, a Terence;<sup>1</sup> the Acts of the Apostles in golden capital letters; Petrarch's Epigrams, written with his own hand; also a Hebrew parchment, made up in the ancient manner, from whence they were first called *Volumina*, with the Cornua; but what we English do much inquire after, the book which our Henry VIII. writ against Luther.<sup>2</sup>

The largest room is 100 paces long; at the end is the gallery of printed books; then the gallery of the Duke of Urban's library,<sup>3</sup> in which are MSS. of remarkable

miniature, and divers China, Mexican, Samaritan, Abyssinian, and other oriental books.

In another wing of the edifice, 200 paces long, were all the books taken from Heidelberg, of which the learned Gruter, and other great scholars, had been keepers.<sup>1</sup> These walls and *volto* are painted with representations of the machines invented by Domenico Fontana for erection of the obelisks;<sup>2</sup> and the true design of Mahomet's sepulchre at Mecca.

Out of this we went to see the Conclave, where, during a vacancy, the Cardinals are shut up till they are agreed upon a new election; the whole manner whereof was described to us.

Hence we went into the Pope's Armoury, under the Library. Over the door is this inscription:

URBANUS VIII. LITTERIS ARMA, ARMA  
LITTERIS.

I hardly believe any Prince in Europe is able to show a more completely furnished library of Mars, for the quality and quantity, which is 40,000<sup>3</sup> complete for horse and foot, and neatly kept. Out of this we passed again by the long gallery, and at the lower end of it down a very large pair of stairs, round, without any steps as usually, but descending with an evenness so ample and easy, that a horse-litter, or coach, may with ease be drawn up; the sides of the vacuity are set with columns: those at Amboise, on the Loire, in France, are something of this invention, but nothing so spruce.<sup>4</sup> By these, we descended into the Vatican gardens, called Belvedere, where entering first into a kind of court, we were showed those incomparable statues (so famed by Pliny and others) of Laocoon with his three sons embraced by a huge serpent, all of one entire Parian stone,<sup>5</sup> very white and perfect, somewhat bigger than the life, the work of those three celebrated sculptors, Agesandrus, Polydorus, and Artemidorus, Rhodians; it was

<sup>1</sup> ["Here also is a manuscript of Terence, with representations of the *personæ* or masques used on the stage by the ancient comedians" (Keysler, ii. 291.)]

<sup>2</sup> This very book, by one of those curious chances that occasionally happen, found its way into England some forty years ago, and was seen by Bray. It may be worth remarking that wherever, in the course of it, the title of *Defender of the Faith* was subjoined to the name of Henry, the Pope had drawn his pen through the title. The name of the King occurred in his own handwriting both at the beginning and end; and on the binding were the Royal Arms. Its possessor had purchased it in Italy for a few shillings from an old book-stall. ["When it appeared that I was come from England," says Gilbert Burnet,—"King Henry VIII.'s book of the Seven Sacraments, with an inscription writ upon it with his own hand to Pope Leo X., was showed me" (*Travels* [in 1685-86], 1737, p. 187.)]

<sup>3</sup> [Bequeathed to the Vatican by the Duke (Lassels, ii. p. 64).]

<sup>1</sup> ["Sent to Rome by the Duke of Bavaria after he had dispossessed the Elector Frederick Prince Palatin of Rhein" (Lassels, ii. p. 65).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 74 and 77.]

<sup>3</sup> [Lassels says 30,000 (ii. p. 69).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 45.]

<sup>5</sup> [Pliny says "*ex uno lapide*." But the Vatican group is said to be of six pieces.]

found amongst the ruins of Titus's Baths, and placed here. Pliny says this statue is to be esteemed before all pictures and statues in the world;<sup>1</sup> and I am of his opinion, for I never beheld anything of art approach it. Here are also those two famous images of Nilus with the Children playing about him, and that of Tiber; Romulus and Remus with the Wolf; the dying Cleopatra; the Venus and Cupid, rare pieces; the Mercury; Cybele; Hercules; Apollo; Antinous: most of which are, for defence against the weather, shut up in niches with wainscot doors. We were likewise showed the relics of the Hadrian Moles, viz. the Pine, a vast piece of metal which stood on the summit of that mausoleum; also a peacock of copper, supposed to have been part of Scipio's monument.

In the garden without this (which contains a vast circuit of ground) are many stately fountains, especially two casting water into antique lavers, brought from Titus's Baths; some fair grots and water-works,<sup>2</sup> that noble cascade where the ship dances, with divers other pleasant inventions, walks, terraces, meanders, fruit trees, and a most goodly prospect over the greatest part of the city. One fountain under the gate I must not omit, consisting of three jets of water gushing out of the mouths or probosces of bees (the arms of the late Pope),<sup>3</sup> because of the inscription:

Quid miraris Apem, quæ mel de floribus haurit?  
Si tibi mellitam gutture fundit aquam.

23rd January. We went without the walls of the city to visit St. Paul's, to which place it is said the Apostle bore his own head after Nero had caused it to be cut off. The church was founded by the great Constantine; the main roof is supported by 100 vast columns of marble, and the mosaic work of the great arch is wrought with a very ancient story A° 440; as is likewise that of the *facciata*. The gates are brass, made at Constantinople in 1070, as you may read by those Greek verses engraven on them. The Church is near 500 feet long and 258 in breadth, and has five

great aisles joined to it, on the basis of one of whose columns is this odd title: "Fl. Eugenius Asellus C. C. Præf. Urbis V. S. I. reparavit." Here they showed us that miraculous Crucifix which they say spake to St. Bridget: and, just before the Ciborio, stand two excellent statues. Here are buried part of the bodies of St. Paul and St. Peter. The pavement is richly interwoven with precious oriental marbles about the high altar, where are also four excellent paintings, whereof one, representing the stoning of St. Stephen, is by the hand of a Bolognian lady, named Lavinia.<sup>1</sup> The tabernacle on this altar is of excellent architecture, and the pictures in the Chapel del Sacramento are of Lanfranco. Divers other relics there be also in this venerable church, as a part of St. Anna; the head of the Woman of Samaria; the chain which bound St. Paul, and the *equuleus*<sup>2</sup> used in tormenting the primitive Christians. The church stands in the Via Ostiensis, about a mile from the walls of the city, separated from many buildings near it except the Tre Fontane, to which (leaving our coach) we walked, going over the mountain or little rising, upon which story says a hundred seventy and four thousand Christians had been martyred by Maximianus, Diocletian, and other bloody tyrants. On this stand St. Vincent's and St. Anastasius; likewise the Church of St. Maria Scala del Cielo, in whose Tribuna is a very fair mosaic work. The Church of the Tre Fontane (as they are called) is perfectly well built, though but small (whereas that of St. Paul is but Gothic), having a noble cupola in the middle; in this they show the pillar to which St. Paul was bound, when his head was cut off, and from whence it made three prodigious leaps, where there immediately broke out the three remaining fountains, which give denomination to this church. The waters are reported to be medicinal; over each is erected an altar and a chained ladle, for better tasting of the waters. That most excellent picture of St. Peter's Crucifixion is of Guido.<sup>3</sup>

25th. I went again to the Palazzo Farnese, to see some certain statues and

<sup>1</sup> [*"Opus omnibus et pictura et statuaria artis præferendum"* (Pliny, *N.H.* xxxvi. p. 37).]

<sup>2</sup> [*"Great variety of Grottes and wetting sports,"* says Lassels, ii. p. 69.]

<sup>3</sup> [Urban VIII. (Maffeo Barberini), *d.* 29th July 1644.]

<sup>1</sup> [Lavinia Fontana (Lassels, ii. p. 89). She died at Rome in 1614.]

<sup>2</sup> [A wooden rack in the shape of a horse.]

<sup>3</sup> [According to Lassels, ii. p. 90, an altar-piece in the *Tre Fontane*.]

antiquities which, by reason of the majordomo not being within, I could not formerly obtain. In the hall stands that triumphant coloss of one of the family,<sup>1</sup> upon three figures, a modern, but rare piece. About it stood some Gladiators; and, at the entrance into one of the first chambers, are two cumbent figures of Age and Youth, brought hither from St. Peter's to make room for the Longinus under the cupola. Here was the statue of a ram running at a man on horseback, a most incomparable expression of Fury, cut in stone; and a table of *pietra-commessa*, very curious. The next chamber was all painted *a fresco*, by a rare hand, as was the carving in wood of the ceiling, which, as I remember, was in cedar, as the Italian mode is, and not poor plaster, as ours are; some of them most richly gilt. In a third room, stood the famous Venus, and the child Hercules strangling a serpent, of Corinthian brass, antique, on a very curious *basso-rilievo*; the sacrifice to Priapus; the Egyptian Isis, in the hard, black ophite stone, taken out of the Pantheon, greatly celebrated by the antiquaries: likewise two tables of brass, containing divers old Roman laws. At another side of this chamber, was the statue of a wounded Amazon falling from her horse, worthy the name of the excellent sculptor, whoever the artist was. Near this was a *basso-rilievo* of a Bacchanalia, with a most curious Silenus. The fourth room was totally environed with statues; especially observable was that so renowned piece of a Venus looking backward over her shoulder, and divers other naked figures, by the old Greek masters. Over the doors are two Venuses, one of them looking on her face in a glass, by M. Angelo; the other is painted by Caracci. I never saw finer faces, especially that under the mask, whose beauty and art are not to be described by words. The next chamber is also full of statues; most of them the heads of philosophers, very antique. One of the Cæsars and another of Hannibal cost 1200 crowns. Now I had a second view of that never-to-be-sufficiently-admired gallery, painted in deep *rilievo*, the work of ten years' study, for a trifling reward. In

1 [Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, famous in the Flemish wars.]

the wardrobe above they showed us fine wrought plate, porcelain, mazers<sup>1</sup> of beaten and solid gold, set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; a treasure, especially the workmanship considered, of inestimable value. This is all the Duke of Parma's. Nothing seemed to be more curious and rare in its kind than the complete service of the purest crystal, for the altar of the chapel, the very bell, cover of a book, sprinkler, etc., were all of the rock, incomparably sculptured, with the holy story in deep *levati*; thus was also wrought the crucifix, chalice, vases, flower-pots, the largest and purest crystal that my eyes ever beheld. Truly I looked on this as one of the greatest curiosities I had seen in Rome. In another part were presses furnished with antique arms, German clocks, perpetual motions, watches, and curiosities of Indian works. A very ancient picture of Pope Eugenius; a St. Bernard; and a head of marble found long since, supposed to be a true portrait of our Blessed Saviour's face.

Hence, we went to see Dr. Gibbs,<sup>2</sup> a famous poet and countryman of ours, who had some intendency in an Hospital built on the Via Triumphalis, called Christ's Hospital, which he showed us. The Infirmary, where the sick lay, was paved with various coloured marbles, and the walls hung with noble pieces; the beds are very fair; in the middle is a stately cupola, under which is an altar decked with divers marble statues, all in sight of the sick, who may both see and hear mass, as they lie in their beds. The organs are very fine, and frequently played on to recreate the people in pain. To this joins an apartment destined for the orphans; and there is a school: the children wear blue, like ours in London, at an hospital of the same appellation.<sup>3</sup> Here are forty nurses, who give suck to such children as are accidentally found exposed and abandoned. In another quarter, are children of a bigger growth, 450 in number, who are taught letters. In another, 500 girls, under the tuition of divers religious matrons, in a monastery, as it were, by itself. I

<sup>1</sup> [A mazer is a bowl-shaped drinking vessel, sometimes having a low foot.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 65.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Blue Coat School.]

was assured there were at least 2000 more maintained in other places. I think one apartment had in it near 1000 beds; these are in a very long room, having an inner passage for those who attend, with as much care, sweetness, and convenience as can be imagined, the Italians being generally very neat. Under the portico, the sick may walk out and take the air. Opposite to this, are other chambers for such as are sick of maladies of a more rare and difficult cure, and they have rooms apart. At the end of the long corridor is an apothecary's shop, fair and very well stored; near which are chambers for persons of better quality, who are yet necessitous. Whatever the poor bring is, at their coming in, delivered to a treasurer, who makes an inventory, and is accountable to them or their representatives if they die.

To this building joins the house of the Commendator, who, with his officers attending the sick, make up ninety persons; besides a convent and an ample church for the friars and priests who daily attend. The church is extremely neat, and the *sacristia* is very rich. Indeed it is altogether one of the most pious and worthy foundations I ever saw. Nor is the benefit small which divers young physicians and churgeons reap by the experience they learn here amongst the sick, to whom those students have free access. Hence, we ascended a very steep hill, near the Port St. Pancrazio, to that stately fountain called Acqua Paula, being the aqueduct which Augustus had brought to Rome, now re-edified by Paulus V.; a rare piece of architecture, and which serves the city after a journey of thirty-five miles, here pouring itself into divers ample lavers, out of the mouths of swans and dragons, the arms of this Pope. Situate on a very high mount, it makes a most glorious show to the city, especially when the sun darts on the water as it gusheth out. The inscriptions on it are:

Paulus V. Romanus Pontifex Opt. Max.  
Aquæductus ab Augusto Cesare extructos,  
ævi longinquâ vetustate collapsos, in ampli-  
orem formam restituit anno salutis M.D.CIX.  
Pont. V.

And, towards the fields:

Paulus V. Rom. Pontifex Optimus Maxi-

mus, priori ductu longissimâ temporis injuriâ  
penè diruto, sublimiorem

[One or more leaves are here wanting in Evelyn's MS., descriptive of other parts of Rome, and of his leaving the city.]

Thence to Velletri, a town heretofore of the Volsci, where is a public and fair statue of P. Urban VIII., in brass, and a stately fountain in the street. Here we lay, and drank excellent wine.

28th January. We dined at Sermoneta, descending all this morning down a stony mountain, unpleasant, yet full of olive trees; and, anon, pass a tower built on a rock, kept by a small guard against the banditti who infest these parts, daily robbing and killing passengers, as my Lord Banbury<sup>1</sup> and his company found to their cost a little before. To this guard we gave some money, and so were suffered to pass, which was still on the Appian to the Tres Tabernæ (whither the brethren came from Rome to meet St. Paul, Acts, c. 28); the ruins whereof are yet very fair, resembling the remainder of some considerable edifice, as may be judged by the vast stones and fairness of the arched work. The country environing this passage is hilly, but rich; on the right hand stretches an ample plain, being the *Pomptini Campi*. We reposed this night at Piperno, in the post-house without the town; and here I was extremely troubled with a sore hand, from a mischance at Rome, which now began to fester, upon my base, unlucky, stiff-necked, trotting, carrion mule; which are the most wretched beasts in the world. In this town was the poet Virgil's Camilla born.<sup>2</sup>

The day following, we were fain to hire a strong convoy of about thirty firelocks, to guard us through the cork-woods (much infested with the banditti) as far as Fossa Nuova, where was the Forum Appii, and now stands a church with a great monastery, the place where Thomas Aquinas both studied and lies buried.<sup>3</sup> Here we all alighted, and were most courteously re-

<sup>1</sup> [Nicholas Knollys, 1631-74, third Earl of Banbury.]

<sup>2</sup> [Virgil, Bk. vii. of *Æneid*. Piperno — her birthplace — was the ancient Privernum.]

<sup>3</sup> [*"Fossa Nuova"* — says Lassel — "where S. Thomas of Aquin going to the Council of Lyons, fell sick and dyed" (ii. p. 259).]

ceived by the Monks, who showed us many relics of their learned Saint, and at the high altar the print forsooth of the mule's hoof which he caused to kneel before the Host. The church is old, built after the Gothic manner; but the place is very agreeably melancholy. After this, pursuing the same noble [Appian] way (which we had before left a little), we found it to stretch from Capua to Rome itself, and afterwards as far as Brundisium. It was built by that famous Consul,<sup>1</sup> twenty-five feet broad, every twelve feet something ascending for the ease and firmer footing of horse and man; both the sides are also a little raised for those who travel on foot. The whole is paved with a kind of beach-stone, and, as I said, ever and anon adorned with some old ruin, sepulchre, or broken statue. In one of these monuments Pancirollus tells us that, in the time of Paul III., there was found the body of a young lady, swimming in a kind of bath of precious oil, or liquor, fresh and entire as if she had been living, neither her face discoloured, nor her hair disordered; at her feet burnt a lamp, which suddenly expired at the opening of the vault; having flamed, as was computed, now 1500 years, by the conjecture that she was Tulliola, the daughter of Cicero, whose body was thus found, and as the inscription testified. We dined this day at Terracina, heretofore the famous Anxur, which stands upon a very eminent promontory, the Cercean by name. Whilst meat was preparing, I went up into the town, and viewed the fair remainders of Jupiter's Temple, now converted into a church, adorned with most stately columns; its architecture has been excellent, as may be deduced from the goodly cornices, mouldings, and huge white marbles of which it is built. Before the portico stands a pillar thus inscribed:

Incluta Gothorum Regis monumenta vetusta  
Anxuri hoc Oculos exposuere loco;

for, it seems, Theodoric drained their marches.

On another more ancient:

Imp. Cæsar Divi Nervæ Filius Nerva  
Trojanus Aug. Germanicus Dacicus. Pontif.

<sup>1</sup> [Appius Claudius Cæcus, the Censor, 312 B.C.  
The Via Appia is about eleven Roman miles in length.]

Max. Trib. Pop. XVIII. Imp. VI. Cos. V. p. p.  
XVIII. Silices suâ pecuniâ stravit.

Meaning, doubtless, some part of the Via Appia. Then:

Tit. Upio. Aug. optato Pontano Procuratori et Præfect. Classis. — Ti. Julius. T. Fab. optatus II. vir.

Here is likewise a Columna Milliaria, with something engraven on it, but I could not stay to consider it. Coming down again, I went towards the sea-side to contemplate that stupendous strange rock and promontory, cleft by hand, I suppose, for the better passage. Within this is the Cercean Cave, which I went into a good way; it makes a dreadful noise, by reason of the roaring and impetuous waves continually assaulting the beach, and that in an unusual manner. At the top, at an excessive height, stands an old and very great castle. We arrived this night at Fondi, a most dangerous passage for robbing; and so we passed by Galba's villa, and anon entered the kingdom of Naples, where, at the gate, this epigraph saluted us: "Hospes, hic sunt fines Regni Neopolitani; si amicus advenis, pacatè omnia invenies, et malis moribus pulsas, bonas leges." The Via Appia is here a noble prospect; having before considered how it was carried through vast mountains of rocks for many miles, by most stupendous labour: here it is infinitely pleasant, beset with sepulchres and antiquities, full of sweet shrubs in the envying hedges. At Fondi, we had oranges and citrons for nothing, the trees growing in every corner, charged with fruit.

29th January. We descried Mount Cæcubus, famous for the generous wine it heretofore produced, and so rid onward the Appian Way, beset with myrtles, lentiscuses, bays, pomegranates, and whole groves of orange trees, and most delicious shrubs, till we came to Formia [Formiæ], where they showed us Cicero's Tomb, standing in an olive grove, now a rude heap of stones without form or beauty; for here that incomparable orator was murdered. I shall never forget how exceedingly I was delighted with the sweetness of this passage, the sepulchre mixed amongst all sorts of verdure; besides being now come within sight of the noble



city, Caeta [Gaeta], which gives a surprising prospect along the Tyrrhene Sea, in manner of a theatre: and here we beheld that strangely cleft rock, a frightful spectacle, which they say happened upon the passion of our Blessed Saviour; but the haste of our *proaccio*<sup>1</sup> did not suffer us to dwell so long on these objects and the many antiquities of this town as we desired.

At Formiæ, we saw Cicero's grot, dining at Mola, and passing Sinuessa, Garigliano (once the city Minturnæ), and beheld the ruins of that vast amphitheatre and aqueduct yet standing; the river Liris, which bounded the old Latium, Falernus, or Mons Massicus, celebrated for its wine, now named Garo; and this night we lodged at a little village, called St. Agatha, in the Falernian Fields, near to Aurunca and Sessa.

The next day, having passed [the river] Vulturum, we come by the Torre di Francolisi, where Hannibal, in danger from Fabius Maximus, escaped by debauching his enemies;<sup>2</sup> and so at last we entered the most pleasant plains of Campania, now called Terra di Lavoro; in very truth, I think, the most fertile spot that ever the sun shone upon. Here we saw the slender ruins of the once mighty Capua, contending at once both with Rome and Carthage, for splendour and empire, now nothing but a heap of rubbish, except showing some vestige of its former magnificence in pieces of temples, arches, theatres, columns, ports, vaults, colosses, etc., confounded together by the barbarous Goths and Longobards; there is, however, a new city, nearer to the road by two miles, fairly raised out of these heaps. The passage from this town to Naples (which is about ten or twelve English post miles) is as straight as a line, of great breadth, fuller of travellers than I remember any of our greatest and most frequented roads near London; but, what is extremely pleasing, is the great fertility of the fields, planted with fruit-trees, whose boles are serpented with excellent vines, and they so exuberant, that it is commonly reported one vine will load five mules with

its grapes. What adds much to the pleasure of the sight is, that the vines, climbing to the summit of the trees, reach in festoons and fruitages from one tree to another, planted at exact distances, forming a more delightful picture than painting can describe. Here grow rice, canes for sugar, olives, pomegranates, mulberries, citrons, oranges, figs, and other sorts of rare fruits. About the middle of the way is the town Aversa,<sup>1</sup> whither came three or four coaches to meet our lady-travellers, of whom we now took leave, having been very merry by the way with them and the *capudano*, their gallant.

*31st January.* About noon, we entered the city of Naples, alighting at the Three Kings, where we found the most plentiful fare all the time we were in Naples. Provisions are wonderfully cheap; we seldom sat down to fewer than eighteen or twenty dishes of exquisite meat and fruits.

The morrow after our arrival, in the afternoon, we hired a coach to carry us about the town. First, we went to the castle of St. Elmo,<sup>2</sup> built on a very high rock, whence we had an entire prospect of the whole city, which lies in shape of a theatre upon the sea-brink, with all the circumjacent islands, as far as Capræ,<sup>3</sup> famous for the debauched recesses of Tiberius. This fort is the bridle of the whole city, and was well stored and garrisoned with native Spaniards.<sup>4</sup> The strangeness of the precipice and rareness of the prospect of so many magnificent and stately palaces, churches, and monasteries, with the Arsenal, the Mole, and Mount Vesuvius in the distance, all in full command of the eye, make it one of the richest landscapes in the world.

Hence, we descended to another strong castle, called Il Castello Nuovo,<sup>5</sup> which protects the shore; but they would by no entreaty permit us to go in; the outward defence seems to consist but in four towers, very high, and an exceeding deep graff,

<sup>1</sup> ["Here it was that *Queen Ioanne of Naples* strangled her husband *Andreasso*, and was herself, not long after, served so too in the same place" (Lassels, ii. p. 269).]

<sup>2</sup> [Built by Charles VI.]

<sup>3</sup> [Capri, off the coast of Campania.]

<sup>4</sup> [Naples was at this date under the Spaniards, who held it of the Pope (see *post*, 8th February, 1645).]

<sup>5</sup> [Built by Charles of Anjou.]

<sup>1</sup> ["The Guide or Messenger in Italy, which in the morning calls to horse" (*Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 49 n.).]

<sup>2</sup> [7th December, 43 B.C.]

with thick walls. Opposite to this is the tower of St. Vincent, which is also very strong.

Then we went to the very noble Palace of the Viceroy, partly old, and part of a newer work; but we did not stay long here. Towards the evening, we took the air upon the Mole, a street on the rampart, or bank, raised in the sea for security of their galleys in port, built as that of Genoa. Here I observed a rich fountain in the middle of the piazza, and adorned with divers rare statues of copper, representing the Sirens, or Deities of the Parthenope, spouting large streams of water into an ample shell, all of cast metal, and of great cost. This stands at the entrance of the Mole, where we met many of the nobility both on horseback and in their coaches to take the *fresco* from the sea, as the manner is, it being in the most advantageous quarter for good air, delight and prospect. Here we saw divers goodly horses who handsomely become their riders, the Neapolitan gentlemen. This Mole is about 500 paces in length, and paved with a square hewn stone. From the Mole, we ascend to a church of great antiquity, formerly sacred to Castor and Pollux, as the Greek letters carved on the architrave and the busts of their two statues testify. It is now converted into a stately oratory by the Theatines.

The Cathedral is a most magnificent pile, and except St. Peter's in Rome, Naples exceeds all cities for stately churches and monasteries. We were told that this day the blood of St. Januarius and his head should be exposed, and so we found it, but obtained not to see the miracle of the boiling of this blood.<sup>1</sup> The next we went to see was St. Peter's, richly adorned, the chapel especially, where that Apostle said mass, as is testified on the wall.

After dinner, we went to St. Dominic, where they showed us the crucifix that is reported to have said these words to St. Thomas,<sup>2</sup> "Benè de me scripsisti, Thoma." Hence, to the Padri Olivetani, famous for

the monument of the learned Alexander-ab-Alexandro.

We proceeded, the next day, to visit the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where we spent much time in surveying the chapel of Joh. Jov. Pontanus,<sup>1</sup> and in it the several and excellent sentences and epitaphs on himself, wife, children, and friends, full of rare wit, and worthy of recording, as we find them in several writers. In the same chapel is showed an arm of Titus Livius, with this epigraph: "Titi Livij brachium quod Anton. Panormita a Patavinis impetravit, Jo. Jovianus Pontanus multos post annos hœc in loco ponendum curavit."

Climbing a steep hill, we came to the monastery and Church of the Carthusians,<sup>2</sup> from whence is a most goodly prospect towards the sea and city, the one full of galleys and ships, the other of stately palaces, churches, monasteries, castles, gardens, delicious fields and meadows, Mount Vesuvius smoking, the Promontory of Minerva and Misenum, Capræ, Prochyta, Ischia, Pausilippus, Puteoli, and the rest, doubtless one of the most *divertissant* and considerable vistas in the world. The church is most elegantly built; the very pavements of the common cloister being all laid with variously polished marbles, richly figured. They showed us a massy cross of silver, much celebrated for the workmanship and carving, and said to have been fourteen years in perfecting. The choir also is of rare art; but above all to be admired, is the yet unfinished church of the Jesuits, certainly, if accomplished, not to be equalled in Europe. Hence, we passed by the Palazzo Caraffi, full of ancient and very noble statues: also the Palace of the Orsini. The next day, we did little but visit some friends, English merchants, resident for their negotiation; only this morning at the Viceroy's *Cavallerizza* I saw the noblest horses that I had ever beheld, one of his sons riding the *manège* with that address and dexterity as I had never seen anything approach it.

4th February. We were invited to the collection of exotic rarities in the Museum of Ferdinando Imperati, a Neapolitan nobleman, and one of the most observable palaces in the city, the repository of in-

<sup>1</sup> [S. Januarius was Bishop of Benevent and Patron of Naples. Lassels describes the miracle Evelyn did not see. The blood of the Saint, "being conserved in a little *glasse* and concrete, melts and growes liquid when its placed neare to his *Head*, and even bubbles in the *glasse*" (ii. p. 274).]

<sup>2</sup> [Aquinas.]

<sup>1</sup> [A famous lawyer, author of the *Genialium Dierum*. He died in 1523.] <sup>2</sup> [St. Martin's.]

comparable rarities. Amongst the natural herbs most remarkable was the *byssus marina* and *pinna marina*; the male and female chamelion; an *onocrotalus*; <sup>1</sup> an extraordinary great crocodile; some of the Orcades anates, held here for a great rarity; likewise a salamander; the male and female *manucodiata*, <sup>2</sup> the male having a hollow in the back, in which it is reported the female both lays and hatches her eggs; the mandragoras, of both sexes; papyrus, made of several reeds, and some of silk; tables of the rinds of trees, written with Japonic characters; another of the branches of palm; many Indian fruits; a crystal that had a quantity of uncongealed water within its cavity; a petrified fisher's net; divers sorts of tarantulas, being a monstrous spider, with laik-like claws, and somewhat bigger.

*5th February.* This day we beheld the Vice-king's procession, which was very splendid for the relics, banners, and music that accompanied the Blessed Sacrament. The ceremony took up most of the morning.

*6th.* We went by coach to take the air, and see the diversions, or rather madness, of the Carnival; the courtesans (who swarm in this city to the number, as we are told, of 30,000, registered and paying a tax to the State) flinging eggs of sweet water into our coach, as we passed by the houses and windows. Indeed, the town is so pestered with these cattle, that there needs no small mortification to preserve from their enchantment, whilst they display all their natural and artificial beauty, play, sing, feign compliment, and by a thousand studied devices seek to inveigle foolish young men.

*7th.* The next day, being Saturday, we went four miles out of town on mules, to see that famous volcano, Mount Vesuvius. Here we pass a fair fountain, called Labulla, which continually boils, supposed to proceed from Vesuvius, and thence over a river and bridge, where on a large upright stone, is engraven a notable inscription relative to the memorable eruption in 1630.<sup>3</sup>

Approaching the hill, as we were able with our mules, we alighted, crawling up

the rest of the proclivity with great difficulty, now with our feet, now with our hands, not without many untoward slips which did much bruise us on the various coloured cinders, with which the whole mountain is covered, some like pitch, others full of perfect brimstone, others metallic, interspersed with innumerable pumices (of all which I made a collection), we at the last gained the summit of an extensive altitude. Turning our faces towards Naples, it presents one of the goodliest prospects in the world; all the Baie, Cumæ, Elysian Fields, Capræ, Ischia, Prochyta, Misenus, Puteoli, that goodly city, with a great portion of the Tyrrhene Sea, offering themselves to your view at once, and at so agreeable a distance, as nothing can be more delightful. The mountain consists of a double top, the one pointed very sharp, and commonly appearing above any clouds, the other blunt. Here, as we approached, we met many large gaping clefts and chasms, out of which issued such sulphureous blasts and smoke, that we durst not stand long near them. Having gained the very summit, I laid myself down to look over into that most frightful and terrible *vorago*, <sup>1</sup> a stupendous pit of near three miles in circuit, and half a mile in depth, by a perpendicular hollow cliff (like that from the highest part of Dover Castle), with now and then a craggy prominence jetting out. The area at the bottom is plane, like an even floor, which seems to be made by the wind circling the ashes by its eddy blasts. In the middle and centre is a hill, shaped like a great brown loaf, appearing to consist of sulphureous matter, continually vomiting a foggy exhalation, and ejecting huge stones with an impetuous noise and roaring, like the report of many muskets discharging. This horrid *barathrum* <sup>2</sup> engaged our attention for some hours, both for the strangeness of the spectacle, and the mention which the old histories make of it, as one of the most stupendous curiosities in nature, and which made the learned and inquisitive Pliny adventure his life to detect the causes, and to lose it in too desperate an approach.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 13.]

<sup>2</sup> [The old name for bird of paradise.]

<sup>3</sup> It may be seen at length in Wright's *Travels*, and in M. Misson's *New Voyage to Italy*.

<sup>1</sup> [Crater, abyss.]

<sup>2</sup> [Gulf, abyss.]

<sup>3</sup> [He died 24th August, A.D. 79, during the eruption of Vesuvius, which overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum.]

It is likewise famous for the stratagem of the rebel, Spartacus, who did so much mischief to the State, lurking amongst and protected by, these horrid caverns, when it was more accessible and less dangerous than it is now; but especially notorious it is for the last conflagration, when, in anno 1630,<sup>1</sup> it burst out beyond what it had ever done in the memory of history; throwing out huge stones and fiery pumices in such quantity, as not only environed the whole mountain, but totally buried and overwhelmed divers towns and their inhabitants, scattering the ashes more than a hundred miles, and utterly devastating all those vineyards, where formerly grew the most incomparable Greco; when, bursting through the bowels of the earth, it absorbed the very sea, and, with its whirling waters, drew in divers galleys and other vessels to their destruction, as is faithfully recorded. We descended with more ease than we climbed up, through a deep valley of pure ashes, which at the late eruption was a flowing river of melted and burning brimstone, and so came to our mules at the foot of the mountain.

On Sunday, we with our guide visited the so much celebrated Baia, and natural rarities of the places adjacent. Here we entered the mountain Pausilippus, at the left hand of which they showed us Virgil's sepulchre erected on a steep rock, in form of a small rotunda or cupolated column, but almost overgrown with bushes and wild bay trees. At the entrance is this inscription:

Stanisi Cencovius.

1589.

Qui cineres? Tumuli hæc vestigia, conditur olim  
Ille hoc qui cecinit Pascua, Rura Duces.  
Can. Ree MDLIII.<sup>2</sup>

After we were advanced into this noble and altogether wonderful crypt, consisting of a passage spacious enough for two coaches to go abreast, cut through a rocky

mountain near three-quarters of a mile<sup>1</sup> (by the ancient Cimmerii as reported, but as others say by L. Cocceius, who employed a hundred thousand men on it), we came to the midway, where there is a well bored through the diameter of this vast mountain, which admits the light into a pretty chapel, hewn out of the natural rock, wherein hang divers lamps, perpetually burning. The way is paved under foot; but it does not hinder the dust, which rises so excessively in this much-frequented passage, that we were forced at mid-day to use a torch. At length, we were delivered from the bowels of the earth into one of the most delicious plains in the world: the oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and other fruits, blushing yet on the perpetually green trees; for the summer is here eternal, caused by the natural and adventitious heat of the earth, warmed through the subterranean fires, as was shown us by our guide, who alighted, and cutting up a turf with his knife, and delivering it to me, it was so hot, I was hardly able to hold it in my hands. This mountain is exceedingly fruitful in vines, and exotics grow readily.

We now came to a lake of about two miles in circumference, environed with hills; the water of it is fresh and sweet on the surface, but salt at bottom; some mineral salt conjectured to be the cause, and it is reported of that profundity in the middle that it is bottomless. The people call it Lago d' Agnano, from the multitude of serpents which, involved together about the spring, fall down from the cliffy hills into it. It has no fish, nor will any live in it. We tried the old experiment on a dog in the Grotto del Cane, or Charon's Cave; it is not above three or four paces deep, and about the height of a man, nor very broad. Whatever having life enters it, presently expires. Of this we made trial with two dogs, one of which we bound to a short pole to guide

<sup>1</sup> [1763 (17th December) when Torre del Greco and 4000 persons were destroyed.]

<sup>2</sup> Such is the inscription, as copied by Evelyn; but as its sense is not very clear, and as the Diary contains instances of incorrectness in transcribing, it may be desirable to subjoin the distich said (by Keyser in his *Travels*) to be the only one in the whole mausoleum:

Quæ cineres tumulo hæc vestigia? conditur olim  
Ille hoc qui cecinit pascua, rura, duces.

<sup>1</sup> ["If a Man would form to himself a just Idea of this Place, he must fancy a vast Rock undermined from one End to the other, and a Highway running thro' it, near as long and as broad as the Mail in St. James's Park. . . . Towards the middle are Two large Funnels, bo'd thro' the Roof of the Mountain, to let in Light and fresh Air" (Addison, *Remarks on Italy*, 1705, p. 217). The "Mail" of King Edward VII., it may be observed, is much broader than it was in Addison's days.]

him the more directly into the further part of the den, where he was no sooner entered but—without the least noise, or so much as a struggle, except that he panted for breath, lolling out his tongue, his eyes being fixed—we drew him out dead to all appearance; but immediately plunging him into the adjoining lake, within less than half an hour he recovered, and swimming to shore, ran away from us. We tried the same on another dog, without the application of the water, and left him quite dead. The experiment has been made on men, as on that poor creature whom Peter of Toledo caused to go in; likewise on some Turkish slaves; two soldiers, and other fool-hardy persons, who all perished,<sup>1</sup> and could never be recovered by the water of the lake, as are dogs; for which many learned reasons have been offered, as Simon Majolus in his book of the Canicular-days has mentioned, colloq. 15. And certainly the most likely is, the effect of those hot and dry vapours which ascend out of the earth, and are condensed by the ambient cold, as appears by their converting into crystalline drops on the top, whilst at the bottom it is so excessively hot, that a torch being extinguished near it, and lifted a little distance, was suddenly re-lighted.<sup>2</sup>

Near to this cave are the natural stoves of St. Germain,<sup>3</sup> of the nature of sudatories, in certain chambers partitioned with stone for the sick to sweat in, the vapours here being exceedingly hot, and of admirable success in the gout, and other cold distempers of the nerves. Hence, we climbed up a hill, the very highway in several places even smoking with heat like a furnace. The mountains were by the

Greeks called Leucogæi, and the fields Phlegræan. Hercules here vanquished the Giants, assisted with lightning. We now came to the Court of Vulcan,<sup>1</sup> consisting of a valley near a quarter of a mile in breadth, the margin environed with steep cliffs, out of whose sides and foot break forth fire and smoke in abundance, making a noise like a tempest of water, and sometimes discharging in loud reports, like so many guns. The heat of this place is wonderful, the earth itself being almost insufferable, and which the subterranean fires have made so hollow, by having wasted the matter for so many years, that it sounds like a drum to those who walk upon it; and the water thus struggling with those fires, bubbles and spouts aloft into the air. The mouths of these spiracles are bestrewed with variously coloured cinders, which rise with the vapour, as do many coloured stones, according to the quality of the combustible matter, inasmuch as it is no little adventure to approach them. They are, however, daily frequented both by sick and well; the former receiving the fumes, have been recovered of diseases esteemed incurable. Here we found a great deal of sulphur made, which they refine in certain houses near the place, casting it into canes, to a very great value. Near this we were showed a hill of alum, where is one of the best mineries, yielding a considerable revenue. Some flowers of brass are found here; but I could not but smile at those who persuade themselves that here are the gates of purgatory (for which it may be they have erected, very near it, a convent, and named it St. Januarius),<sup>2</sup> reporting to have often heard screeches and horrible lamentations proceeding from these caverns and volcanoes; with other legends of birds that are never seen, save on Sundays, which cast themselves into the lake at night, appearing no more all the week after.

We now approached the ruins of a very stately temple, or theatre, of 172 feet in length, and about 80 in breadth, thrown down by an earthquake, not long since; it was consecrated to Vulcan, and under

<sup>1</sup> [Edward Browne, nineteen years later, seems to have narrowly escaped the fate of the fool-hardy. "I went into the grot myself, and finding no inconvenience from those poisonous exhalations, either by standing or putting my hand to the place where the dog died, I was about to put my head to it also; when, to the hindrance of my satisfaction in this point, my companions and the guide furiously tore me out of the grot, and I think, without some persuasion, would have throwne me into the lake also" (Sir Thomas Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 78).]

<sup>2</sup> [Addison devotes several pages of his *Remarks on Italy* to this famous Grotto (pp. 230-34), and he mentions that a Dr. Connor made a Discourse in one of the Academies at Rome upon the subject.]

<sup>3</sup> [Gennaro.]

<sup>1</sup> [The Sulphatara; or Forum Vulcani.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lassels says that the Convent of the Capuchins stands where S. Januarius was beheaded (ii. p. 295.)]

the ground are many strange meanders ; from which it is named the Labyrinth ; this place is so haunted with bats, that their perpetual fluttering endangered the putting out our links.

Hence, we passed again those boiling and smoking hills, till we came to Pozzuoli, formerly the famous Puteoli, the landing-place of St. Paul, when he came into Italy, after the tempest described in the Acts of the Apostles. Here we made a good dinner, and bought divers medals, antiquities, and other curiosities, of the country-people, who daily find such things amongst the very old ruins of those places. This town was formerly a Greek colony, built by the Samians, a reasonable commodious port, and full of observable antiquities. We saw the ruins of Neptune's Temple, to whom this place was sacred, and near it the stately Palace and gardens of Peter de Toledo, formerly mentioned.<sup>1</sup> Afterwards, we visited that admirably built Temple of Augustus, seeming to have been hewn out of an entire rock, though indeed consisting of several square stones. The inscription remains thus : "L. Calphurnius L. E. Templum Augusto cum ornamentis D.D." ; and under it, "L. Coccejus L. C. Postumi L. Auctus Architectus." It is now converted into a church, in which they showed us huge bones, which they affirm to have been of some giant.

We went to see the ruins of the old haven, so compact with that bituminous sand in which the materials are laid, as the like is hardly to be found, though all this has not been sufficient to protect it from the fatal concussions of several earthquakes (frequent here) which have almost demolished it, thirteen vast piles of marble only remaining ; a stupendous work in the bosom of Neptune ! To this joins the bridge of Caligula, by which (having now embarked ourselves) we sailed to the pleasant Baïæ, almost four miles in length, all which way that proud Emperor would pass in triumph. Here we rowed along towards a villa of the orator Cicero's, where we were showed the ruins of his Academy ; and, at the foot of a rock, his Baths, the waters reciprocating their tides with the neighbouring sea. Hard at hand, rises Mount Gaurus, being, as I conceived,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 95.]

nothing save a heap of pumices, which here float in abundance on the sea, exhausted of all inflammable matter by the fire, which renders them light and porous, so as the beds of nitre, which lie deep under them, having taken fire, do easily eject them. They dig much for fancied treasure said to be concealed about this place. From hence, we coasted near the ruins of Portus Julius, where we might see divers stately palaces that had been swallowed up by the sea after earthquakes. Coming to shore, we pass by the Lucrine Lake, so famous heretofore for its delicious oysters, now producing few or none, being divided from the sea by a bank of incredible labour, the supposed work of Hercules ; it is now half choked up with rubbish, and by part of the new mountain, which rose partly out of it, and partly out of the sea, and that in the space of one night and a day, to a very great altitude, on the 29th September, 1538, after many terrible earthquakes, which ruined divers places thereabout, when at midnight the sea retiring near 200 paces, and yawning on the sudden, it continued to vomit forth flames and fiery stones in such quantity, as produced this whole mountain by their fall, making the inhabitants of Pozzuoli to leave their habitations, supposing the end of the world had been come.

From the left part of this, we walked to the Lake Avernus, of a round form, and totally environed with mountains. This lake was feigned by the poet for the gates of hell, by which Æneas made his descent, and where he sacrificed to Pluto and the Manes. The waters are of a remarkably black colour ; but I tasted of them without danger ; hence they feign that the river Styx has its source. At one side, stand the handsome ruins of a Temple dedicated to Apollo, or rather Pluto, but it is contriverted. Opposite to this, having new lighted our torches, we enter a vast cave, in which having gone about two hundred paces, we pass a narrow entry which leads us into a room of about ten paces long, proportionable broad and high ; the side walls and roof retain still the golden mosaic, though now exceedingly decayed by time. Here is a short cell or rather niche, cut out of the solid rock, somewhat resembling a couch, in which they report that the Sibylla lay, and uttered her Oracles ; but it is

supposed by most to have been a bath only. This subterranean grot leads quite through to Cumæ, but is in some places obstructed by the earth which has sunk in, so as we were constrained back again, and to creep on our bellies, before we came to the light. It is reported Nero had once resolved to cut a channel for two great galleys that should have extended to Ostia, 150 miles distant. The people now call it Licola.

From hence, we ascended to that most ancient city of Italy, the renowned Cumæ, built by the Grecians. It stands on a very eminent promontory, but is now a heap of ruins. A little below, stands the Arco Felice, heretofore part of Apollo's Temple, with the foundations of divers goodly buildings; amongst whose heaps are frequently found statues and other antiquities, by such as dig for them. Near this is the Lake Acherusia, and Acheron. Returning to the shore, we came to the Bagni de Tritoli and Diana, which are only long narrow passages cut through the main rock, where the vapours ascend so hot, that entering with the body erect you will even faint with excessive perspiration; but, stooping lower, as sudden a cold surprises. These sudatories are much in request for many infirmities. Now we entered the haven of the Baïæ, where once stood that famous town, so called from the companion of Ulysses here buried; not without great reason celebrated for one of the most delicious places that the sun shines on, according to that of Horace:

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis.<sup>1</sup>

Though, as to the stately fabrics, there now remain little save the ruins, whereof the most entire is that of Diana's Temple, and another of Venus. Here were those famous pools of lampreys that would come to hand when called by name, as Martial tells us.<sup>2</sup> On the summit of the rock stands a strong castle garrisoned to protect the shore from Turkish pirates. It was once the retiring-place of Julius Cæsar.

<sup>1</sup> [Horace, *Ep.* i. 1. 83.]

<sup>2</sup> [Book iv. *Ep.* 30—*Ad Piscatorem*. Izaak Walton, who translates this in part in the *Complete Angler* ("The Fourth Day"), further cites Pliny (through Hakewill) to the effect that "one of the emperors had particular fish-ponds, and, in them, several fish that appeared and came when they were called by their particular names."]

Passing by the shore again, we entered Bauli,<sup>1</sup> observable from the monstrous murder of Nero committed on his mother Agrippina. Her sepulchre was yet showed us in the rock, which we entered, being covered with sundry heads and figures of beasts. We saw there the roots of a tree turned into stone, and are continually dropping.

Thus having viewed the foundations of the old Cimmeria, the palaces of Marius, Pompey, Nero, Hortensius, and other villas and antiquities, we proceeded towards the promontory of Misenus, renowned for the sepulchre of Æneas's Trumpeter. It was once a great city, now hardly a ruin, said to have been built from this place to the promontory of Minerva, fifty miles distant, now discontinued and demolished by the frequent earthquakes. Here was the villa of Caius Marius, where Tiberius Cæsar died; and here runs the Aqueduct, thought to be dug by Nero, a stupendous passage, heretofore nobly arched with marble, as the ruins testify. Hence, we walked to those receptacles of water called Piscina Mirabilis, being a vault of 500 feet long, and twenty-two in breadth, the roof propped up with four ranks of square pillars, twelve in a row; the walls are brick, plastered over with such a composition as for strength and politure resembles white marble. 'Tis conceived to have been built by Nero, as a conservatory for fresh water; as were also the Cento Camerelle, into which we were next led. All these crypta being now almost sunk into the earth, show yet their former amplitude and magnificence.

Returning towards the Baïæ, we again pass the Elysian Fields, so celebrated by the poets, not unworthily, for the situation and verdure, being full of myrtles and sweet shrubs, and having a most delightful prospect towards the Tyrrhene Sea. Upon the verge of these remain the ruins of the Mercato di Saboto, formerly a Circus; over the arches stand divers urns, full of Roman ashes.

Having well satisfied our curiosity among these antiquities, we retired to our felucca, which rowed us back again towards Pozzuoli, at the very place of St. Paul's landing. Keeping along the shore, they showed

<sup>1</sup> [Now Bacoli.]

us a place where the sea-water and sands did exceedingly boil. Thence, to the island Nesis, once the fabulous Nymph; and thus we leave the Baie, so renowned for the sweet retirements of the most opulent and voluptuous Romans. They certainly were places of uncommon amenity, as their yet tempting site, and other circumstances of natural curiosities, easily invite me to believe, since there is not in the world so many stupendous rarities to be met with, as in the circle of a few miles which environ these blissful abodes.

8th February. Returned to Naples, we went to see the Arsenal, well furnished with galleys and other vessels. The city is crowded with inhabitants, gentlemen and merchants. The government is held of the Pope by an annual tribute of 40,000 ducats and a white jennet; but the Spaniard trusts more to the power of those his natural subjects there; Apulia and Calabria yielding him near four millions of crowns yearly to maintain it. The country is divided into thirteen Provinces, twenty Archbishops, and one hundred and seven Bishops; the estates of the nobility, in default of the male line, reverting to the King. Besides the Vice-Roy, there are amongst the Chief Magistrates a High Constable, Admiral, Chief Justice, Great Chamberlain, and Chancellor, with a Secretary; these being prodigiously avaricious, do wonderfully enrich themselves out of the miserable people's labour, silks, manna, sugar, oil, wine, rice, sulphur, and alum; for with all these riches is this delicious country blest. The manna falls at certain seasons on the adjoining hills in form of a thick dew. The very winter here is a summer, ever fruitful, so that in the middle of February we had melons, cherries, apricots, and many other sorts of fruit.

The building of the city is for the size the most magnificent of any in Europe, the streets exceeding large, well-paved, having many vaults and conveyances under them for the sulliage; which renders them very sweet and clean, even in the midst of winter. To it belongeth more than 3000 churches and monasteries, and these the best built and adorned of any in Italy. They greatly affect the Spanish gravity in their habit; delight in good horses; the

streets are full of gallants on horseback, in coaches and sedans, from hence brought first into England by Sir Sanders Duncombe.<sup>1</sup> The women are generally well-featured, but excessively libidinous. The country people so jovial and addicted to music, that the very husbandmen almost universally play on the guitar, singing and composing songs in praise of their sweet-hearts, and will commonly go to the field with their fiddle; they are merry, witty, and genial; all which I much attribute to the excellent quality of the air. They have a deadly hatred to the French, so that some of our company were flouted at for wearing red cloaks, as the mode then was.

This I made the *non ultra* of my travels, sufficiently sated with rolling up and down, and resolving within myself to be no longer an *individuum vagum*, if ever I got home again; since from the report of divers experienced and curious persons, I had been assured there was little more to be seen in the rest of the civil world, after Italy, France, Flanders, and the Low Countries, but plain and prodigious barbarism.

Thus, about the 7th of February,<sup>2</sup> we set out on our return to Rome by the same way we came, not daring to adventure by sea, as some of our company were inclined to do, for fear of Turkish pirates hovering on that coast; nor made we any stay save at Albano, to view the celebrated place and sepulchre of the famous duellists who decided the ancient quarrel between their imperious neighbours with the loss of their lives. These brothers, the Horatii and Curiatii, lie buried near the highway, under two ancient pyramids of stone, now somewhat decayed and overgrown with rubbish. We took the opportunity of tasting the wine here, which is famous.

Being arrived at Rome on the 13th

<sup>1</sup> [This is an error. The first user of the sedan-chair was George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, to whom Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I.) gave two out of three which had been presented to him by the Spanish Prime Minister, the Duke of Olivares. Sir Sanders Duncombe (see *ante*, p. 5) only popularised them ("Memoirs of the Sedan Chair," by J. Holden Macmichael, *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1904, p. 402).]

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn's dates in this portion of his Diary—remarks Forster—appear to require occasionally that qualification of "about."



February, we were again invited to Signor Angeloni's study,<sup>1</sup> where with greater leisure we surveyed the rarities, as his cabinet and medals especially, esteemed one of the best collections of them in Europe. He also showed us two antique lamps, one of them dedicated to Pallas, the other *Laribus Sacru'*, as appeared by their inscriptions; some old Roman rings and keys; the Egyptian Isis, cast in iron; sundry rare *basso-relievs*; good pieces of painting, principally the Christ of Correggio, with this painter's own face admirably done by himself; divers of both the Bassanos; a great number of pieces by Titian, particularly the Triumphs; an infinity of natural rarities, dried animals, Indian habits and weapons, shells, etc.; divers very antique statues of brass; some lamps of so fine an earth that they resembled cornelians, for transparency and colour; hinges of Corinthian brass, and one great nail of the same metal found in the ruins of Nero's golden house.

In the afternoon, we ferried over to Trastevere, to the Palace of Chigi,<sup>2</sup> to review the works of Raphael: and, returning by St. Angelo, we saw the castle as far as was permitted, and on the other side considered those admirable pilasters supposed to be of the foundation of the Pons Sublicius, over which Horatius Cocles passed; here anchor three or four water-mills, invented by Belizarius: and thence had another sight of the Farnese's gardens, and of the terrace where is that admirable painting of Raphael, being a Cupid playing with a Dolphin, wrought *a fresco*, preserved in shutters of wainscot, as well it merits, being certainly one of the most wonderful pieces of work in the world.

*14th February.* I went to Santa Cecilia, a church built and endowed by Cardinal Sfondiato, who has erected a stately altar near the body of this martyr, not long before found in a vesture of silk girt about, a veil on her head, and the bloody scars of three wounds on the neck; the body is now in a silver chest, with her statue over it, in snow-white marble.<sup>3</sup> Other Saints

lie here, decorated with splendid ornaments, lamps, and incensories of great cost. A little farther, they show us the Bath of St. Cecilia, to which joins a Convent of Friars, where is the picture of the Flagellation by Vanni, and the columns of the portico, taken from the Baths of Septimius Severus.

*15th.* Mr Henshaw<sup>1</sup> and I walked by the Tiber, and visited the Isola Tiberina (now St. Bartholomew's), formerly cut in the shape of a ship, and wharfed with marble, in which a lofty obelisk represented the mast.<sup>2</sup> In the Church of St. Bartholomew is the body of the Apostle. Here are the ruins of the Temple of Æsculapius, now converted into a stately hospital and a pretty convent. Opposite to it, is the convent and church of St. John Calabita, where I saw nothing remarkable, save an old broken altar. Here was the Temple of Fortuna Virilis. Hence, we went to a cupola, now a church, formerly dedicated to the sun. Opposite to it, Santa Maria Schola Græca, where formerly that tongue was taught; said to be the second church dedicated in Rome to the Blessed Virgin; bearing also the title of a Cardinalate. Behind this stands the great altar of Hercules, much demolished. Near this, being at the foot of Mount Aventine, are the Pope's salt-houses.<sup>3</sup> Ascending the hill, we came to St. Sabina, an ancient fabric, formerly sacred to Diana; there, in a chapel, is an admirable picture, the work of Livia Fontana,<sup>4</sup> set about with columns of alabaster, and in the middle of the church is a stone, cast, as they report, by the Devil at St. Dominic, whilst he was at mass.<sup>5</sup> Hence, we travelled towards a

marble statue was the work of Stephano Maderno (Keysler, ii. p. 173.)

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 56.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Basilica and Convent of S. Bartolommeo occupy the western end of the island, and give it its name. "The remains which exist are not of sufficient size to bear out the assertion often made that the whole island was enclosed in the travertine form of a ship, of which the north-western end formed the prow and the small obelisk the mast" (Hare's *Walks in Rome*, by St. Clair Baddeley, 1905, §87).]

<sup>3</sup> [The *Salina* existed until 1888.]

<sup>4</sup> [Lavinia Fontana; see *ante*, p. 87.]

<sup>5</sup> Having (according to Keysler, ii. p. 317) previously "missed his throw" at the Three Kings of Cologne.]

<sup>1</sup> *Ante*, p. 68.

<sup>2</sup> *Ante*, p. 83. [Now the Farnesina.]

<sup>3</sup> [The silver shrine was the gift of Clement VIII., who was said to have been cured of the gout by St. Cecilia's intercession. The Parian

heap of rubbish, called the Marmorata, on the bank of the Tiber, a magazine of stones; and near which formerly stood a triumphal arch, in honour of Horatius vanquishing the Tuscans. The ruins of the bridge yet appear.

We were now got to Mons Testaceus, a heap of potsherds, almost 200 feet high,<sup>1</sup> thought to have been thrown there and amassed by the subjects of the Commonwealth bringing their tribute in earthen vessels, others (more probably) that it was a quarter of the town where potters lived; at the summit Rome affords a noble prospect. Before it is a spacious green, called the Hippodrome, where Olympic games were celebrated, and the people mustered, as in our London Artillery-Ground.<sup>2</sup> Going hence, to the old wall of the city, we much admired the pyramid, or tomb, of Caius Cestius, of white marble, one of the most ancient entire monuments, inserted in the wall, with this inscription:

C. Cestius L. F. Pob. Epulo (an order of priests) Pr. Tr. pl. VII. Vir. Epulonum.

And a little beneath:

Opus absolutum ex testamento diebus CCCXXX. arbitrato. Ponti P. F. Cla. Melæ Heredis et Pothi L.

At the left hand, is the Port of St. Paul, once Tergemina, out of which the three Horatii passed to encounter the Curiatii of Albano. Hence, bending homewards by St. Sabba, by Antoninus's Baths (which we entered), is the marble sepulchre of Vespasian. The thickness of the walls and stately ruins show the enormous magnitude of these baths. Passing by a corner of the Circus Maximus, we viewed the place where stood the Septizonium, demolished by Sixtus V., for fear of its falling. Going by Mons Cælius, we beheld the devotions of St. Maria in Naviculâ, so named from a ship carved out in white marble standing on a pedestal before it, supposed to be the

vow of one escaped from shipwreck. It has a glorious front to the street. Adjoining to this are the Horti Mathæi, which only of all the places about the city I omitted visiting, though I was told inferior to no garden in Rome for statues, ancient monuments, aviaries, fountains, groves, and especially a noble obelisk, and maintained in beauty at an expense of 6000 crowns yearly, which, if not expended to keep up its beauty, forfeits the possession of a greater revenue to another family: so curious are they in their villas and places of pleasure, even to excess.

The next day, we went to the once famous Circus Caracalla, in the midst of which there now lay prostrate one of the most stately and ancient obelisks, full of Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was broken into four pieces, when overthrown by the barbarians, and would have been purchased and transported into England by the magnificent Thomas Earl of Arundel, could it have been well removed to the sea. This is since set together and placed on the stupendous artificial rock made by Innocent X., and serving for a fountain in Piazza Navona, the work of Bernini, the Pope's architect. Near this is the sepulchre of Metellus, of massy stone, pretty entire, now called Capo di Bove. Hence, to a small oratory, named *Domine, quo vadis*; where the tradition is, that our Blessed Saviour met St. Peter as he fled, and turned him back again.

St. Sebastian's was the next, a mean structure (the *facciata* excepted), but is venerable, especially for the relics and grots, in which lie the ashes of many holy men. Here is kept the pontifical chair sprinkled with the blood of Pope Stephen, to which great devotion is paid; also a well full of martyrs' bones, and the sepulchre of St. Sebastian, with one of the arrows (used in shooting him). These are preserved by the Fulgentine Monks, who have their monastery, and who led us down into a grotto which they affirmed went divers furlongs under ground; the sides or walls which we passed were filled with bones and dead bodies, laid (as it were) on shelves, whereof some were shut up with broad stones, and now and then a cross, or a palm, cut in them. At the end of some of these subterranean passages, were square

<sup>1</sup> [The Monte Testaccio is not more than 160 feet high. "It has been artificially formed by shards of amphoræ, conveying corn and wine to Rome from Spain and Africa, landed near this, and broken in unloading, between 140 and 251 A.D." (Hare's *Walks in Rome*, by St. Clair Baddeley, 1905, 612).]

<sup>2</sup> [At Finsbury.]

rooms with altars in them, said to have been the receptacles of primitive Christians, in the times of persecution, nor seems it improbable.

17th February. I was invited, after dinner, to the academy of the Humorists,<sup>1</sup> kept in a spacious hall belonging to Signor Mancini, where the wits of the towns meet on certain days to recite poems, and debate on several subjects. The first that speaks is called the Lord, and stands in an eminent place, and then the rest of the Virtuosi recite in order. By these ingenious exercises, besides the learned discourses, is the purity of the Italian tongue daily improved. The room is hung round with devices, or emblems, with mottoes under them. There are several other Academies of this nature, bearing like fantastical titles.<sup>2</sup> In this of the Humorists is the picture of Guarini, the famous author of the *Pastor Fido*, once of this society.<sup>3</sup> The chief part of the day we spent in hearing the academic exercises.

18th. We walked to St. Nicholas in Carcere; it has a fair front, and within are parts of the bodies of St. Mark and Marcellino; on the Tribuna is a painting of Gentileschi, and the altar of Caval; Baglioni, with some other rare paintings. Coming round from hence, we passed by the Circus Flaminius, formerly very large, now totally in ruins. In the afternoon, we visited the English Jesuits, with whose Superior, P. Stafford, I was well acquainted; who received us courteously.<sup>4</sup> They call their church and college S. Tommaso degli Inglesi, and is a seminary. Amongst other trifles, they show the relics of Becket, their reputed martyr. Of paintings there is one of Durante, and many representing the sufferings of several of their society executed in England, especially E. Campion.<sup>5</sup>

In the Hospital of the Pelerini della S.

<sup>1</sup> [Evelyn refers to the *Humoristi* in a letter to Pepys of 12th August, 1689.]

<sup>2</sup> [*I.e.* Della Crusca, Svogliati (Florence), Incogniti (Venice), Elevati (Ferrara), Otiosi (Bologna), Recoverati and Infiammati (Padua), Olimpici (Vicenza), Nascosti (Milan), Insensati, Abbandonati, Arcadi, Confusi, etc. Milton attended the meetings of the Svogliati in 1638 and 1639, and wrote some Italian poems for them (Pattison's *Milton*, 1879, pp. 35, 39).]

<sup>3</sup> [John Baptist Guarini, 1537-1612.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 83.]

<sup>5</sup> [Edmund Campion, executed December, 1581.]

Trinita, I had seen the feet of many pilgrims washed by Princes, Cardinals, and noble Romans,<sup>1</sup> and served at table, as the ladies and noble women did to other poor creatures in another room. It was told us that no less than 444,000 men had been thus treated in the Jubilee of 1600, and 25,500 women, as appears by the register, which brings store of money.

Returning homeward, I saw the Palace of Cardinal Spada,<sup>2</sup> where is a most magnificent hall painted by Daniel de Volterra and Giulio Piacentino, who made the fief in the little Court; but the rare perspectives are of Bolognesi. Near this is the Mont Pietà, instituted as a bank for the poor, who, if the sum be not great, may have money upon pawns. To this joins St. Martino, to which belongs a Schola, or Corporation, that do many works of charity. Hence, we came through Campo de' Fiori, or herb-market, in the midst of which is a fountain casting out water of a dolphin, in copper; and in this piazza is common execution done.

19th. I went, this afternoon, to visit my Lord John Somerset, brother to the Marquis of Worcester,<sup>3</sup> who had his apartment in Palazzo della Cancellaria, belonging to Cardinal Francesco Barberini, as Vice-chancellor of the Church of Rome, and Protector of the English.<sup>4</sup> The building is of the famous architect, Bramante, of incrustated marble, with four ranks of noble lights; the principal entrance is of Fontana's design, and all marble; the portico within sustained by massy columns; on the second peristyle above, the chambers are rarely painted by Salviati and Vasari; and so ample is this Palace, that six princes with their families have been received in it at one time, without incommoding each other.

20th. I went as was my usual custom and spent an afternoon in Piazza Navona, as well as to see what antiquities I could purchase among the people who hold market there for medals, pictures, and such curiosities, as to hear the mountebanks prate, and distribute their medicines. This

<sup>1</sup> [Wilkie made this ceremony the subject of two pictures,—one of which was entitled "Cardinals, Priests, and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' Feet."]

<sup>2</sup> [Now the Court of Cassation.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 63.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 77.]

was formerly the Circus Agonalis, dedicated to sports and pastimes, and is now the greatest market of the city, having three most noble fountains, and the stately palaces of the Pamfilii, S. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli belonging to that nation, to which add two convents for Friars and Nuns, all Spanish. In this Church was erected a most stately *catafalco*, or Capella ardente, for the death of the Queen of Spain; the church was hung with black, and here I heard a Spanish sermon, or funeral oration, and observed the statues, devices, and impresses hung about the walls, the church and pyramid stuck with thousands of lights and tapers, which made a glorious show. The statue of St. James is by Sansovino; there are also some good pictures of Caracci. The *facciata*, too, is fair. Returning home, I passed by the stumps of old Pasquin, at the corner of a street, called Strada Pontificia; here they still paste up their drolling lampoons and scurrilous papers.<sup>1</sup> This had formerly been one of the best statues for workmanship and art in all the city, as the remaining bust does still show.

21st February. I walked in the morning up the hill towards the Capuchins, where was then Cardinal Unufrio (brother to the late Pope Urban VIII.) of the same order. He built them a pretty church, full of rare pictures, and there lies the body of St. Felix, that they say still does miracles. The piece at the great altar is by Lanfranco. It is a lofty edifice, with a beautiful avenue of trees, and in a good air. After dinner, passing along the Strada del Corso, I observed the column of Antoninus, passing under Arco Portugallo, which is but a relic, heretofore erected in honour of Domitian, called now Portugallo, from a Cardinal living near it. A little further on the right hand stands the column in a small piazza, heretofore set up in honour of M. Aurelius Antoninus, comprehending in a *basso-rilievo* of white marble his hostile acts against the Parthians, Armenians, Germans, etc.; but it is now somewhat decayed. On the summit has been placed the image of St. Paul, of gilded copper.

<sup>1</sup> [The *pasquinata* were pasted upon the pedestal of a statue of a gladiator which stood opposite the shop of a sixteenth-century cobbler named Pasquin, who was credited with the earlier ones.]

The pillar is said to be 161 feet high, ascended by 207 steps, receiving light by fifty-six apertures, without defacing the sculpture.

At a little distance, are the relics of the Emperor's Palace, the heads of whose pillars show them to have been Corinthian.

Turning a little down, we came to another piazza, in which stands a sumptuous vase of porphyry, and a fair fountain; but the grace of this market, and indeed the admiration of the whole world, is the Pantheon, now called S. Maria della Rotonda, formerly sacred to all the Gods, and still remaining the most entire antiquity of the city. It was built by Marcus Agrippa, as testifies the architrave of the portico, sustained by thirteen pillars of Theban marble, six feet thick, and fifty-three in height, of one entire stone. In this porch is an old inscription.

Entering the church, we admire the fabric, wholly covered with one cupola, seemingly suspended in the air, and receiving light by a hole in the middle only. The structure is near as high as broad, viz. 144 feet, not counting the thickness of the walls, which is twenty-two more to the top, all of white marble; and, till Urban VIII. converted part of the metal into ordnance of war against the Duke of Parma, and part to make the high altar in St. Peter's, it was all over covered with Corinthian brass, ascending by forty degrees within the roof, or convex, of the cupola, richly carved in octagons in the stone. There are niches in the walls, in which stood heretofore the statues of Jupiter and the other Gods and Goddesses; for here was that Venus which had hung in her ear the other union<sup>1</sup> which Cleopatra was about to dissolve and drink up, as she had done its fellow. There are several of these niches, one above another, for the celestial, terrestrial, and subterranean deities; but the place is now converted into a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints. The pavement is excellent, and the vast folding-gates, of Corinthian brass. In a word, it is of all the Roman antiquities the most worthy of notice. There lie interred in this Temple the famous Raphael

<sup>1</sup> [A pearl of the finest kind (Lat. *unio*), *Hamlet*, Act V. Sc. ii. (Dyce's *Shakespeare Glossary*, by Littledale, 1902, p. 525).]

di Urbino, Pierino del Vaga, T. Zuccaro, and other painters.

Returning home, we pass by Cardinal Cajetan's Palace, a noble piece of architecture of Vincenzo Ammanati, which is the grace of the whole Corso.

22nd February. I went to Trinità del Monte, a monastery of French, a noble church built by Louis XI. and Charles VIII., the chapels well painted, especially that by Zaccara [Daniele?] da Volterra, and the cloister with the miracles of their St. Francis de Paolo, and the heads of the French Kings. In the *pergola* above, the walls are wrought with excellent perspective, especially the St. John; there are the Babylonish dials, invented by Kircher, the Jesuit.<sup>1</sup> This convent, so eminently situated on Mons Pincius, has the entire prospect of Campus Martius, and has a fair garden which joins to the Palazzo di Medici.

23rd. I went to hear a sermon at S. Giacomo degli Incurabili, a fair church built by F. da Volterra, of good architecture, and so is the hospital, where only desperate patients are brought. I passed the evening at S. Maria del Popolo, heretofore Nero's sepulchre, where his ashes lay many years in a marble chest. To this church joins the monastery of St. Augustine, which has pretty gardens on Mons Pincius, and in the church is the miraculous shrine of the Madonna which Pope Paul III. brought barefooted to the place, supplicating for a victory over the Turks in 1464. In a chapel of the Chigi, are some rare paintings of Raphael, and noble sculptures. Those two in the choir are by Sansovino, and in the chapel de Cerasii, a piece of Caravaggio. Here lie buried many great scholars and artists, of which I took notice of this inscription:

Hospes, disce novum mortis genus; improba felix,  
Dum trahitur, digitum mordet, et intereo.

Opposite to the *facciata* of the church is a superb obelisk full of hieroglyphics, the same that Sennertus, King of Egypt, dedicated to the Sun; brought to Rome by Augustus, erected in the Circus Maximus, and since placed here by Pope Sixtus V.<sup>2</sup> It is eighty-eight feet high, of one entire stone, and placed with great art and engines by the famous Domenico Fontana.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 67.]

<sup>2</sup> [In 1589.]

Hence, turning on the right out of the Porta del Popolo, we came to Justinian's gardens, near the Muro Torto, so prominently built as threatening every moment to fall, yet standing so for these thousand years. Under this is the burying-place for the common prostitutes, where they are put into the ground, *sans cérémonie*.

24th. We walked to St. Roche's and Martine's [SS. Rocco e Martino] near the brink of the Tiber, a large hospital for both sexes. Hence, to the Mausoleum Augusti, betwixt the Tiber and the Via Flaminia, now much ruined, which had formerly contended for its sumptuous architecture. It was intended as a cemetery for the Roman Emperors, had twelve ports, and was covered with a cupola of white marble, environed with stately trees and innumerable statues, all of it now converted into a garden. We passed the afternoon at the Sapienza, a very stately building full of good marbles, especially the portico, of admirable architecture. These are properly the University Schools, where lectures are read on Law, Medicine, and Anatomy, and students perform their exercises.

Hence, we walked to the church of S. Andrea della Valle, near the former Theatre of Pompey, and the famous Piccolomini,<sup>1</sup> but given to this church and the Order, who are Theatins. The Barberini have in this place a chapel, of curious incrustated marbles of several sorts, and rare paintings. Under it is the place where St. Sebastian is said to have been beaten with rods before he was shot with darts. The cupola is painted by Lanfranco, an inestimable work,<sup>2</sup> and the whole fabric and monastery adjoining are admirable.

25th. I was invited by a Dominican Friar, whom we usually heard preach to a number of Jews, to be godfather to a converted Turk and Jew. The ceremony was performed in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, near the Capitol. They were clad in white; then exorcised at their entering the church with abundance of ceremonies, and, when led into the choir,

<sup>1</sup> [Æneas Silvius Piccolomini (Pius II.), 1405-1464.]

<sup>2</sup> [Giovanni Lanfranco, 1581-1648. This cupola, which was to have been painted by Domenichino, is one of Lanfranco's best works.]

were baptized by a Bishop, *in pontificalibus*. The Turk lived afterwards in Rome, sold hot waters, and would bring us presents when he met us, kneeling and kissing the hems of our cloaks; but the Jew was believed to be a counterfeit.<sup>1</sup> This church, situated on a spacious rising, was formerly consecrated to Minerva. It was well built and richly adorned, and the body of St. Catherine di Siena lies buried here.<sup>2</sup> The paintings of the chapel are by Marcello Venuti; the Madonna over the altar is by Giovanni di Fiesole, called the Angelic Painter, who was of the Order of these Monks. There are many charities dealt publicly here, especially at the procession on the Annunciation, when I saw his Holiness, with all the Cardinals, Prelates, etc., *in pontificalibus*; dowries being given to 300 poor girls all clad in white.<sup>3</sup> The Pope had his tiara on his head, and was carried on men's shoulders in an open arm-chair, blessing the people as he passed. The statue of Christ, at the Columna, is esteemed one of the masterpieces of M. Angelo: innumerable are the paintings by the best artists, and the organ is accounted one of the sweetest in Rome. Cardinal Bembo is interred here. We returned by St. Mark's, a stately church, with an excellent pavement, and a fine piece by Perugino, of the Two Martyrs. Adjoining to this is a noble palace built by the famous Bramante.

26th February. Ascending the hill, we came to the Forum Trajanum, where his column stands yet entire, wrought with admirable *basso-rilievo* recording the Dacian war, the figures at the upper part appearing of the same proportion with those below. It is ascended by 192 steps, enlightened with 44 apertures, or windows, artificially disposed; in height from the pedestal 140 feet.

It had once the ashes of Trajan and his statue, where now stands St. Peter's of gilt brass, erected by Pope Sixtus V. The sculpture of this stupendous pillar is thought to be the work of Apollodorus; but what is very observable is, the descent to the plinth of the pedestal, showing how this ancient city lies now buried in her ruins; this monument being at first set up

on a rising ground. After dinner, we took the air in Cardinal Bentivoglio's delicious gardens, now but newly deceased.<sup>1</sup> He had a fair palace built by several good masters on part of the ruins of Constantine's Baths; well adorned with columns and paintings, especially those of Guido Reni.

27th. In the morning, Mr. Henshaw and myself walked to the Trophies of Marius, erected in honour of his victory over the Cimbrians, but these now taken out of their niches are placed on the balusters of the Capitol, so that their ancient station is now a ruin. Keeping on our way, we came to St. Croce of Jerusalem, built by Constantine over the demolition of the Temple of Venus and Cupid, which he threw down; and it was here they report he deposited the wood of the true Cross found by his mother, Helena; in honour whereof this church was built, and in memory of his victory over Maxentius when that holy sign appeared to him. The edifice without is Gothic, but very glorious within, especially the roof, and one tribuna (gallery) well painted. Here is a chapel dedicated to St. Helena, the floor whereof is of earth brought from Jerusalem; the walls are of fair mosaic, in which they suffer no women to enter, save once a year. Under the high altar of the Church is buried St. Anastasius, in Lydian marble, and Benedict VII.; and they show a number of relics, exposed at our request; with a phial of our blessed Saviour's blood; two thorns of his crown; three chips of the real cross; one of the nails, wanting a point; St. Thomas's doubting finger; and a fragment of the title (put on the cross), being part of a thin board; some of Judas's pieces of silver; and many more, if one had faith to believe it. To this venerable church joins a Monastery, the gardens taking up the space of an ancient amphitheatre.

Hence, we passed beyond the walls out at the Port of St. Laurence, to that Saint's church, and where his ashes are enshrined. This was also built by the same great Constantine, famous for the Coronation of Pietro Altissiodorensis, Emperor of

<sup>1</sup> [Cardinal Guido Bentivoglio, 1579-1644. He wrote the *History of the Wars of Flanders*, englished in 1678 by Henry Earl of Monmouth (see *post*, p. 116).]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 83.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 69.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, p. 105.]

Constantinople, by Honorius the Second. It is said the corpse of St. Stephen, the proto-martyr, was deposited here by that of St. Sebastian, which it had no sooner touched, but Sebastian gave it place of its own accord. The Church has no less than seven privileged altars, and excellent pictures. About the walls are painted this martyr's sufferings; and, when they built them, the bones of divers saints were translated to other churches. The front is Gothic. In our return, we saw a small ruin of an aqueduct built by Quintus Marcius, the prætor; and so passed through that incomparable straight street leading to Santa Maria Maggiore, to our lodging, sufficiently tired.

We were taken up next morning in seeing the impertinences of the Carnival, when all the world are as mad at Rome as at other places; but the most remarkable were the three races of the Barbary horses, that run in the Strada del Corso without riders, only having spurs so placed on their backs, and hanging down by their sides, as by their motion to stimulate them: then of mares, then of asses, of buffaloes, naked men, old and young, and boys, and abundance of idle ridiculous pastime. One thing is remarkable, their acting comedies on a stage placed on a cart, or *plaustrum*, where the scene, or tiring-place, is made of boughs in a rural manner, which they drive from street to street with a yoke or two of oxen, after the ancient guise. The streets swarm with prostitutes, buffoons, and all manner of rabble.

*1st March.* At the Greek Church, we saw the Eastern ceremonies performed by a Bishop, etc., in that tongue. Here the unfortunate Duke<sup>1</sup> and Duchess of Bouillon received their ashes, it being the first day of Lent. There was now as much trudging up and down of devotees, as the day before of licentious people; all saints alike to appearance.

The gardens of Justinian, which we next visited, are very full of statues and antiquities, especially urns; amongst which is that of Minutius Felix; a terminus that formerly stood in the Appian way, and a huge coloss of the Emperor Justinian.

<sup>1</sup> Frédéric-Maurice de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon, 1605-52. He abjured Calvinism at Rome in 1644.]

There is a delicate aviary on the hill; the whole gardens furnished with rare collections, fresh, shady, and adorned with noble fountains. Continuing our walk a mile farther, we came to Pons Milvius, now Mela, where Constantine overthrew Maxentius, and saw the miraculous sign of the cross, *In hoc signo vinces*. It was a sweet morning, and the bushes were full of nightingales. Hence, to Aqua Claudia again, an aqueduct finished by that Emperor at the expense of eight millions. In the afternoon, to Farnese's gardens, near the Campo Vaccino; and upon the Palatine Mount to survey the ruins of Juno's Temple, in the Piscina, a piazza so called near the famous bridge built by Antoninus Pius, and re-edified by Pope Sixtus IV.

The rest of this week, we went to the Vatican, to hear the sermons, at St. Peter's, of the most famous preachers, who discourse on the same subjects and text yearly, full of Italian eloquence and action. On our Lady-day, 25th March, we saw the Pope and Cardinals ride in pomp to the Minerva, the great guns of the Castle of St. Angelo being fired, when he gives portions to 500 *zitelle* (young women),<sup>1</sup> who kiss his feet in procession, some destined to marry, some to be nuns;—the scholars of the college celebrating the blessed Virgin with their compositions. The next day, his Holiness was busied in blessing golden roses, to be sent to several great Princes; the Procurator of the Carmelites preaching on our Saviour's feeding the multitude with five loaves, the ceremony ends. The sacrament being this day exposed, and the relics of the Holy Cross, the concourse about the streets is extraordinary. On Palm Sunday, there was a great procession, after a papal mass.

*11th April.* St. Veronica's handkerchief (with the impression of our Saviour's face) was exposed, and the next day the spear, with a world of ceremony. On Holy Thursday, the Pope said mass, and afterwards carried the Host in procession about the chapel, with an infinity of tapers. This finished, his Holiness was carried in his open chair on men's shoulders to the place where, reading the Bull *In Cænâ Domini*, he both curses and blesses all in

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 104.]

a breath; then the guns are again fired. Hence, he went to the Ducal hall of the Vatican, where he washed the feet of twelve poor men, with almost the same ceremony as it is done at Whitehall;<sup>1</sup> they have clothes, a dinner, and alms, which he gives with his own hands, and serves at their table; they have also gold and silver medals, but their garments are of white woollen long robes, as we paint the Apostles. The same ceremonies are done by the Conservators and other officers of state at St. John di Laterano; and now the table on which they say our blessed Lord celebrated his last supper is set out, and the heads of the Apostles. In every famous church they are busy in dressing up their pageantries to represent the Holy Sepulchre, of which we went to visit divers.

On Good Friday, we went again to St. Peter's, where the handkerchief, lance, and cross were all exposed, and worshipped together. All the confession seats were filled with devout people, and at night was a procession of several who most lamentably whipped themselves till the blood stained their clothes, for some had shirts, others upon the bare back, having visors and masks on their faces; at every three or four steps dashing the knotted and ravelled whip-cord over their shoulders, as hard as they could lay it on; whilst some of the religious orders and fraternities sung in a dismal tone, the lights and crosses going before, making all together a horrible and indeed heathenish pomp.

The next day, there was much ceremony at St. John di Laterano, so as the whole week was spent in running from church to church, all the town in busy devotion, great silence, and unimaginable superstition.

Easter-day, I was awakened by the guns from St. Angelo: we went to St Peter's, where the Pope himself celebrated mass, showed the relics before named, and gave a public Benediction.

Monday, we went to hear music in the Chiesa Nuova: and, though there were abundance of ceremonies at the other great churches, and great exposure of relics, yet

being wearied with sights of this nature, and the season of the year, summer, at Rome being very dangerous, by reason of the heats minding us of returning northwards, we spent the rest of our time in visiting such places as we had not yet sufficiently seen. Only I do not forget the Pope's benediction of the *Gonfalone*, or Standard, and giving the hallowed palms; and, on May-day, the great procession of the University and the muleteers at St. Anthony's, and their setting up a foolish May-pole in the Capitol, very ridiculous. We therefore now took coach a little out of town, to visit the famous Roma Sotterranea, being much like what we had seen at St. Sebastian's. Here, in a corn-field, guided by two torches, we crept on our bellies into a little hole, about twenty paces, which delivered us into a large entry that led us into several streets, or alleys, a good depth in the bowels of the earth, a strange and fearful passage for divers miles, as Bosio has measured and described them in his book.<sup>1</sup> We ever and anon came into pretty square rooms, that seemed to be chapels with altars, and some adorned with very ordinary ancient painting. Many skeletons and bodies are placed on the sides one above the other in degrees like shelves, whereof some are shut up with a coarse flat stone, having engraven on them *Pro Christo*, or a cross and palms, which are supposed to have been martyrs. Here, in all likelihood, were the meetings of the Primitive Christians during the persecutions, as Pliny the younger describes them. As I was prying about, I found a glass phial, filled (as was conjectured) with dried blood, and two lachrymatories. Many of the bodies, or rather bones (for there appeared nothing else), lay so entire, as if placed by the art of the chirurgion, but being only touched fell all to dust. Thus, after wandering two or three miles in this subterranean meander, we returned almost blind when we came into the daylight, and even choked by the smoke of the torches. It is said that a French bishop and his retinue adventuring too far in these dens, their lights going out, were never heard of more.

We were entertained at night with an

<sup>1</sup> [By the monarch on Maundy Thursday. James II. was the last to perform this to its full extent. It was afterwards deputed to the Lord High Almoner, and is now entirely given up.]

<sup>1</sup> *Roma Sotterranea*, by Antonio Bosio, folio, Roma, 1632.



English play at the Jesuits', where we before had dined;<sup>1</sup> and the next day at Prince Galicano's, who himself composed the music to a magnificent opera, where were present Cardinal Pamphilio, the Pope's nephew, the Governors of Rome, the cardinals, ambassadors, ladies, and a number of nobility and strangers. There had been in the morning a joust and tournament of several young gentlemen on a formal defy, to which we had been invited; the prizes being distributed by the ladies, after the knight-errantry way. The lancers and swordsmen running at tilt against the barriers, with a great deal of clatter, but without any bloodshed, giving much diversion to the spectators, and was new to us travellers.

The next day, Mr. Henshaw and I spent the morning in attending the entrance and cavalcade of Cardinal Medici, the ambassador from the Grand Duke of Florence, by the Via Flaminia. After dinner, we went again to the Villa Borghese, about a mile without the city;<sup>2</sup> the garden is rather a park, or a Paradise, contrived and planted with walks and shades of myrtles, cypress, and other trees, and groves, with abundance of fountains, statues, and *basso-relievos*, and several pretty murmuring rivulets. Here they had hung large nets to catch woodcocks. There was also a vivary, where, amongst other exotic fowls, was an ostrich; besides a most capacious aviary; and, in another inclosed part, a herd of deer. Before the Palace (which might become the court of a great prince) stands a noble fountain, of white marble enriched with statues. The outer walls of the house are encrusted with excellent antique *basso-relievos*, of the same marble, incornished with festoons and niches set with statues from the foundation to the roof. A stately portico joins the Palace, full of statues and columns of marble, urns, and other curiosities of sculpture. In the first hall were the Twelve Cæsars, of antique marble,<sup>3</sup> and the whole apartments furnished with pictures of the most celebrated masters, and two rare tables of porphyry, of great value. But of this already; for I often visited this delicious place.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 83.]<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 72.]<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 73.]

This night were glorious fire-works at the Palace of Cardinal Medici before the gate, and lights of several colours all about the windows through the city, which they contrive by setting the candles in little paper lanterns dyed with various colours, placing hundreds of them from story to story; which renders a gallant show.

*4<sup>th</sup> May.* Having seen the entry of the ambassador of Lucca, I went to the Vatican, where by favour of our Cardinal Protector, Fran. Barberini,<sup>1</sup> I was admitted into the Consistory, heard the ambassador make his oration in Latin to the Pope, sitting on an elevated state, or throne, and changing two pontifical mitres; after which, I was presented to kiss his toe, that is, his embroidered slipper, two Cardinals holding up his vest and surplice; and then, being sufficiently blessed with his thumb and two fingers for that day, I returned home to dinner.

We went again to see the medals of Signor Godefredi, which are absolutely the best collection in Rome.

Passing the Ludovisi Villa, where the petrified human figure lies, found on the snowy Alps; I measured the hydra, and found it not a foot long; the three necks and fifteen heads seem to be but patched up with several pieces of serpents' skins.

*5<sup>th</sup>.* We took coach, and went fifteen miles out of the city to Frascati, formerly Tusculum, a villa of Cardinal Aldobrandini, built for a country-house; but, surpassing, in my opinion, the most delicious places I ever beheld for its situation, elegance, plentiful water, groves, ascents, and prospects. Just behind the Palace (which is of excellent architecture) in the centre of the enclosure, rises a high hill, or mountain, all over clad with tall wood, and so formed by nature, as if it had been cut out by art, from the summit whereof falls a cascade, seeming rather a great river than a stream precipitating into a large theatre of water, representing an exact and perfect rainbow, when the sun shines out. Under this, is made an artificial grot, wherein are curious rocks, hydraulic organs, and all sorts of singing birds, moving and chirping by force of the water, with several other pageants and surprising inventions. In the centre of one of these rooms, rises a

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 101.]

copper ball that continually dances about three feet above the pavement, by virtue of a wind conveyed secretly to a hole beneath it; with many other devices to wet the unwary spectators, so that one can hardly step without wetting to the skin. In one of these theatres of water, is an Atlas spouting up the stream to a very great height; and another monster makes a terrible roaring with a horn; but, above all, the representation of a storm is most natural, with such fury of rain, wind, and thunder, as one would imagine oneself in some extreme tempest. The garden has excellent walks and shady groves, abundance of rare fruit, oranges, lemons, etc., and the goodly prospect of Rome, above all description, so as I do not wonder that Cicero and others have celebrated this place with such encomiums. The Palace is indeed built more like a cabinet than anything composed of stone and mortar; it has in the middle a hall furnished with excellent marbles and rare pictures, especially those of Giuseppe d' Arpino; the movables are princely and rich. This was the last piece of architecture finished by Giacomo della Porta, who built it for Pietro, Cardinal Aldobrandini, in the time of Clement VIII.<sup>1</sup>

We went hence to another house and garden not far distant, on the side of a hill called Mondragone, finished by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, an ample and kingly edifice. It has a very long gallery, and at the end a theatre for pastimes, spacious courts, rare grots, vineyards, olive-grounds, groves, and solitudes. The air is so fresh and sweet, as few parts of Italy exceed it; nor is it inferior to any palace in the city itself for statues, pictures, and furniture; but, it growing late, we could not take such particular notice of these things as they deserved.

6th May. We rested ourselves; and next day, in a coach, took our last farewell of visiting the circumjacent places, going to Tivoli, or the old Tiburtum. At about six miles from Rome, we pass the Teverone, a bridge built by Mammea, the mother of Severus, and so by divers ancient sepulchres, amongst others that of Valerius

Volusi; and near it past the stinking sulphureous river over the Ponte Lucano, where we found a heap, or turret, full of inscriptions, now called the Tomb of Plautius. Arrived at Tivoli, we went first to see the Palace d' Este, erected on a plain, but where was formerly an hill. The Palace is very ample and stately. In the garden, on the right hand, are sixteen vast *conchas* of marble, jetting out waters; in the midst of these stands a Janus quadrifrons, that cast forth four *girandolas*, called from the resemblance (to a particular exhibition in fire-works so-named) the Fontana di Speccho (looking-glass). Near this is a place for tilting. Before the ascent of the Palace is the famous fountain of Leda, and not far from that, four sweet and delicious gardens. Descending thence are two pyramids of water, and in a grove of trees near it the fountains of Tethys, Esculapius, Arethusa, Pandora, Pomona, and Flora; then the prancing Pegasus, Bacchus, the Grot of Venus, the two colosses of Melicerta and Sibylla Tiburtina, all of exquisite marble, copper, and other suitable adornments. The Cupids pouring out water are especially most rare, and the urns on which are placed the ten nymphs. The grots are richly paved with *pietra-commessa*, shells, coral, etc.

Towards Roma Triumphans, leads a long and spacious walk, full of fountains, under which is historised the whole Ovidian Metamorphosis, in rarely sculptured *mezzorilievo*. At the end of this, next the wall, is the city of Rome as it was in its beauty, of small models, representing that city, with its amphitheatres; *naumachi*, *thermæ*, temples, arches, aqueducts, streets, and other magnificences, with a little stream running through it for the Tiber, gushing out of an urn next the statue of the river. In another garden is a noble aviary, the birds artificial, and singing till an owl appears, on which they suddenly change their notes. Near this is the fountain of dragons, casting out large streams of water with great noise. In another grotto, called Grotto di Natura, is an hydraulic organ; and, below this, are divers stews and fish-ponds, in one of which is the statue of Neptune in his chariot on a sea-horse, in another a Triton; and, lastly, a garden of simples. There are besides in

<sup>1</sup> Cardinal Hippolito Aldobrandini was elected Pope in January, 1592, by the name of Clement VIII., and died in March, 1605.

the palace many rare statues and pictures, bedsteads richly inlaid, and sundry other precious movables: the whole is said to have cost the best part of a million.

Having gratified our curiosity with these artificial miracles, and dined, we went to see the so famous natural precipice and cascade of the river Anio, rushing down from the mountains of Tivoli with that fury that, what with the mist it perpetually casts up by the breaking of the water against the rocks, and what with the sun shining on it and forming a natural *iris*, and the prodigious depth of the gulf below, it is enough to astonish one that looks on it. Upon the summit of this rock stands the ruin and some pillars and cornices of the Temple of Sibylla Tiburtina, or Albunea, a round fabric, still discovering some of its pristine beauty. Here was a great deal of gunpowder drying in the sun, and a little beneath, mills belonging to the Pope.

And now we returned to Rome. By the way, we were showed, at some distance, the city Praeneste, and the Hadrian villa, now only a heap of ruins; and so came late to our lodging.

We now determined to desist from visiting any more curiosities, except what should happen to come in our way, when my companion, Mr. Henshaw, or myself should go to take the air; only I may not omit that one afternoon, diverting ourselves in the Piazza Navona, a mountebank there to allure curious strangers, taking off a ring from his finger, which seemed set with a dull, dark stone a little swelling out, like what we call (though untruly) a toadstone, and wetting his finger a little in his mouth, and then touching it, it emitted a luculent flame as bright and large as a small wax candle;<sup>1</sup> then, blowing it out, repeated this several times. I have much regretted that I did not purchase the receipt of him for making that composition at what price soever; for though there is a process in Jo. Baptista Porta<sup>2</sup> and others how to do it, yet on several trials they none of them have succeeded.

<sup>1</sup> [Perhaps the *lapis illuminabilis*, hereafter mentioned (see *post*, p. 115).]

<sup>2</sup> [John Baptista Porta, 1550-1615, a Neapolitan physician, author of *Magia Naturalis*, 1539, etc.]

Amongst other observations I made in Rome are these: as to coins and medals, ten *asses* make the Roman *denarius*, five the *quinarius*, ten *denarii* an *aureus*; which account runs almost exactly with what is now in use of *quattrini*, *baïocs*, *julios*, and *scudi*, each exceeding the other in the proportion of ten. The *sestertius* was a small silver coin, marked H. S. or rather LL<sup>s</sup>, valued two pounds and a half of silver, viz. 250 *denarii*, about twenty-five golden *ducati*. The stamp of the Roman *denarius* varied, having sometimes a Janus bifrons, the head of Roma armed, or with a chariot and two horses, which were called *bigae*; if with four, *quadrigae*: if with a Victoria, so named. The mark of the *denarius* was distinguished > | <, thus, or X; the *quinarius* of half value, had, on one side, the head of Rome and V; the reverse, Castor and Pollux on horseback, inscribed *Roma*, etc.

I observed that in the Greek church they made the sign of the cross from the right hand to the left; contrary to the Latins and the schismatic Greeks; gave the benediction with the first, second, and little finger stretched out, retaining the third bent down, expressing a distance of the third Person of the Holy Trinity from the first two.

For sculptors and architects, we found Bernina and Algardi<sup>1</sup> were in the greatest esteem; Fiamingo, as a statuary;<sup>2</sup> who made the Andrea in St. Peter's, and is said to have died mad because it was placed in an ill light. Amongst the painters, Antonio de la Cornea, who had such an address of counterfeiting the hands of the ancient masters so well as to make his copies pass for originals; Pietro de Cortone, Monsieur Poussin, a Frenchman, and innumerable more. Fioravanti, for armour, plate, dead life, tapestry, etc. The chief masters of music, after Marc Antonio, the best treble, is Cavalier Lauretto, an eunuch; the next Cardinal Bichi's eunuch, Bianchi, tenor, and Nicholai, base. The Jews in Rome wore red hats, till the Cardinal of Lyons, being short-sighted, lately saluted one of them, thinking him to be a Cardinal as he passed by his coach; on which an order was made, that they should use only

<sup>1</sup> [Alessandro Algardi, d. 10th June, 1654.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 76.]

the yellow colour. There was now at Rome one Mrs. Ward, an English devotee, who much solicited for an order of Jesuitesses.

At executions I saw one, a gentleman, hanged in his cloak and hat for murder. They struck the malefactor with a club that first stunned him and then cut his throat. At Naples they use a frame, like ours at Halifax.<sup>1</sup>

It is reported that Rome has been once no less than fifty miles in compass, now not thirteen, containing in it 3000 churches and chapels, monasteries, etc. It is divided into fourteen regions or wards; has seven mountains, and as many *campi* or valleys; in these are fair parks, or gardens, called villas, being only places of recess and pleasure, at some distance from the streets, yet within the walls.

The bills of exchange I took up from my first entering Italy till I went from Rome, amounting but to 616 *ducats di banco*, though I purchased many books, pictures, and curiosities.

18<sup>th</sup> May. I intended to have seen Loretto, but, being disappointed of monies long expected, I was forced to return by the same way I came, desiring, if possible, to be at Venice by the Ascension, and therefore I diverted to take Leghorn on the way, as well to furnish me with credit by a merchant there, as to take order for transporting such collections as I had made at Rome. When on my way, turning about to behold this once and yet glorious city, from an eminence, I did not, without some regret, give it my last farewell.

Having taken leave of our friends at Rome, where I had sojourned now about seven months, autumn, winter, and spring, I took coach, in company with two courteous Italian gentlemen. In the afternoon, we arrived at a house, or rather castle, belonging to the Duke of Parma, called Caprarola,<sup>2</sup> situate on the brow of a hill, that overlooks a little town, or rather a natural and stupendous rock; witness those vast caves serving now for cellarage, where we were entertained with most generous wine of several sorts, being just under the foundation. The Palace was built by the famous archi-

tect, Vignola,<sup>1</sup> at the cost of Cardinal Alex. Farnese, in form of an octagon, the court in the middle being exactly round, so as rather to resemble a fort, or castle; yet the chambers within are all of them square, which makes the walls exceedingly thick. One of these rooms is so artificially contrived, that from the two opposite angles may be heard the least whisper; they say any perfect square does it. Most of the paintings are by Zuccaro. It has a stately entry, on which spouts an artificial fountain within the porch. The hall, chapel, and a great number of lodging chambers are remarkable; but most of all the pictures and witty inventions of Annibale Caracci;<sup>2</sup> the Dead Christ is incomparable. Behind are the gardens full of statues and noble fountains, especially that of the Shepherds. After dinner, we took horse, and lay that night at Monte Rossi, twenty miles from Rome.

19<sup>th</sup>. We dined at Viterbo, and lay at St. Laurenzo. Next day, at Radicofani,<sup>3</sup> and slept at Turnera.

21<sup>st</sup>. We dined at Siena, where we could not pass admiring the great church<sup>4</sup> built entirely both within and without with white and black marble in polished squares, by Macarino, showing so beautiful after a shower has fallen. The floor within is of various coloured marbles, representing the story of both Testaments, admirably wrought. Here lies Pius the Second. The *biblioteca* is painted by P. Perugino and Raphael. The life of Æneas Sylvius is in *fresco*; in the middle are the Three Graces, in antique marble, very curious, and the front of this building, though Gothic, is yet very fine. Amongst other things, they show St. Catherine's disciplining cell, the door whereof is half cut out into chips by the pilgrims and devotees, being of deal wood.

Setting out hence for Pisa, we went again to see the Duomo in which the Emperor Henry VII. lies buried, poisoned by a monk in the Eucharist.<sup>5</sup> The bending

<sup>1</sup> [Giacomi Barocci da Vignola, 1507-73.]

<sup>2</sup> [It is a common mistake in the descriptions of Caprarola, instead of the *commandeur* Annibal Caro, to attribute the invention of these pieces to the painter Annibal Caracci, who was not born till the year 1560" (Keysler, ii. p. 95).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 61.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 60.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 61.]

<sup>1</sup> [A guillotine (see *post*, p. 124.)]

<sup>2</sup> ["Ten Italian miles from Viterbo towards Rome," says Keysler, ii. p. 94.]

tower was built by Busqueto Delichio,<sup>1</sup> a Greek architect, and is a stupendous piece of art. In the gallery of curiosities is a fair mummy; the tail of a sea-horse; coral growing on a man's skull; a chariot automaton; two pieces of rock crystal, in one of which is a drop of water, in the other three or four small worms; two embalmed children; divers petrifications, etc. The garden of simples is well furnished, and has in it the deadly yew, or *taxus*, of the ancients; which Dr. Belluccio, the superintendent, affirms that his workmen cannot endure to clip for above the space of half an hour at a time, from the pain of the head which surprises them.

We went hence from Leghoin, by coach, where I took up ninety crowns for the rest of my journey, with letters of credit for Venice, after I had sufficiently complained of my defeat of correspondence at Rome.

The next day, I came to Lucca, a small but pretty territory and state of itself. The city is neat and well fortified, with noble and pleasant walks of trees on the works, where the gentry and ladies used to take the air. It is situate on an ample plain by the river Serchio, yet the country about it is hilly. The Senate-house is magnificent. The church of St. Michael is a noble piece, as is also St. Fredian, more remarkable to us for the corpse of St. Richard, an English king,<sup>2</sup> who died here on his pilgrimage towards Rome. This epitaph is on his tomb:—

Hic rex Richardus requiescit, sceptifer, almus :  
Rex fuit Anglorum ; regnum tenet iste Polorum.  
Regnum demisit ; pro Christo cuncta reliquit.  
Ergo, Richardum nobis dedit Anglia sanctum.  
Hic genitor Sanctæ Wulburgæ Virginis almæ  
Est Vîllebaldi sancti simul et Vinebaldi,  
Suffragium quorum nobis det regna Polorum.

Next this, we visited St. Croce,<sup>3</sup> an excellent structure all of marble both without and within, and so adorned as may

<sup>1</sup> [Modern authorities give it not to Busketus, but to Bonannus of Pisa and William of Innsbruck, 1174-1350.]

<sup>2</sup> [A pencil note in a copy of Lassels, i. p. 227, says, "Bp. of Chichester." But the Bishop referred to, Richard de Wyche, 1077-1253, was buried in Chichester Cathedral. He was canonised in 1262.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Duomo or Cathedral. The *Volto Sacro di Lucca*—which furnished his favourite asseveration to William Rufus—was said to have been miraculously brought to Lucca in 782.]

view with many of the fairest even in Rome : witness the huge cross, valued at £15,000, above all venerable for that sacred *volto* which (as tradition goes) was miraculously put on the image of Christ, and made by Nicodemus, whilst the artist, finishing the rest of the body, was meditating what face to set on it. The inhabitants are exceedingly civil to strangers, above all places in Italy, and they speak the purest Italian. It is also cheap living, which causes travellers to set up their rest here more than in Florence, though a more celebrated city; besides, the ladies here are very conversable, and the religious women not at all reserved; of these we bought gloves and embroidered stomachers, generally worn by gentlemen in these counties. The circuit of this state is but two easy days' journey, and lies mixed with the Duke of Tuscany's, but having Spain for a protector (though the least bigoted of all Roman Catholics), and being one of the fortified cities in Italy, it remains in peace. The whole country abounds in excellent olives, etc.

Going hence for Florence, we dined at Pistoia, where, besides one church, there was little observable: only in the highway we crossed a rivulet of salt water, though many miles from the sea. The country is extremely pleasant, full of gardens, and the roads straight as a line for the best part of that whole day, the hedges planted with trees at equal distances, watered with clear and plentiful streams.

Rising early the next morning, we arrived at Poggio Imperiale, being a Palace of the Great Duke, not far from the city, having omitted it in my passage to Rome. The ascent to the house is by a stately gallery as it were of tall and overgrown cypress trees for near half a mile. At the entrance of these ranges, are placed statues of the Tiber and Arno, of marble; those also of Virgil, Ovid, Petrarch, and Dante. The building is sumptuous, and curiously furnished within with cabinets of *pietra-commessa* in tables, pavements, etc., which is a magnificence, or work, particularly affected at Florence. The pictures are, Adam and Eve by Albert Dürer, very excellent; as is that piece of carving in wood by the same hand standing in a cupboard. Here is painted the whole Austrian

line; the Duke's mother,<sup>1</sup> sister to the Emperor, the foundress of this palace, than which there is none in Italy that I had seen more magnificently adorned, or furnished.

We could not omit in our passage to re-visit the same, and other curiosities which we had neglected on our first being at Florence. We went, therefore, to see the famous piece of Andrea del Sarto,<sup>2</sup> in the Annunziata. The story is, that the painter in a time of dearth borrowed a sack of corn of the religious of that convent, and repayment being demanded, he wrought it out in this picture, which represents Joseph sitting on a sack of corn, and reading to the Blessed Virgin; a piece infinitely valued. There fell down in the cloister an old man's face painted on the wall in *fresco*, greatly esteemed, and brake into crumbs; the Duke sent his best painters to make another instead of it, but none of them would presume to touch a pencil where Andrea had wrought, like another Apelles; but one of them was so industrious and patient, that, picking up the fragments, he laid and fastened them so artificially together, that the injury it had received was hardly discernible. Andrea del Sarto lies buried in the same place. Here is also that picture of Bartolommeo, who having spent his utmost skill in the face of the angel Gabriel, and being troubled that he could not exceed it in the Virgin, he began the body and to finish the clothes, and so left it, minding in the morning to work on the face; but, when he came, no sooner had he drawn away the cloth that was hung before it to preserve it from the dust, than an admirable and ravishing face was found ready painted; at which miracle all the city came in to worship. It is now kept in the chapel of the Salutation, a place so enriched by the devotees, that none in Italy, save Loretto, is said to exceed it. This picture is always covered with three shutters, one of which is of massy silver; methinks it is very brown, the forehead and cheeks whiter, as if it had been scraped. They report that those who have the honour of seeing it never lose their sight—happy then we! Belonging to this

church is a world of plate, some whole statues of it, and lamps innumerable, besides the costly vows hung up, some of gold, and a cabinet of precious stones.

Visiting the Duke's repository again,<sup>1</sup> we told at least forty ranks of porphyry and other statues, and twenty-eight whole figures, many rare paintings and *rilieeos*, two square columns with trophies. In one of the galleries, twenty-four figures, and fifty antique heads; a Bacchus of M. Angelo, and one of Bandinelli; a head of Bernini, and a most lovely Cupid, of Parian marble; at the further end, two admirable women sitting, and a man fighting with a centaur; three figures in little of Andrea; a huge candlestick of amber; a table of Titian's painting, and another representing God the Father sitting in the air on the Four Evangelists; animals; divers smaller pieces of Raphael; a piece of pure virgin gold, as big as an egg. In the third chamber of rarities is the square cabinet, valued at 80,000 crowns, showing, on every front, a variety of curious work; one of birds and flowers, of *pietra-commessa*; one, a descent from the cross, of M. Angelo; on the third, our Blessed Saviour and the Apostles, of amber; and, on the fourth, a crucifix of the same. Betwixt the pictures, two naked Venuses, by Titian; Adam and Eve, by Durer; and several pieces of Pordenone, and del Frate. There is a globe of six feet diameter. In the Armoury, were an entire elk, a crocodile, and amongst the harness, several targets and antique horse-arms, as that of Charles V.; two set with turquoises, and other precious stones; a horse's tail, of a wonderful length. Then, passing the Old Palace, which has a very great hall for feasts and comedies, the roof rarely painted, and the side-walls with six very large pictures representing battles, the work of Gio. Vasari. Here is a magazine full of plate; a harness of emeralds; the furnitures of an altar four feet high, and six in length, of massy gold; in the middle is placed the statue of Cosmo II.; the *basso-rilievo* is of precious stones, his breeches covered with diamonds; the mouldings of this statue, and other ornaments, festoons, etc., are garnished with jewels and great pearls, dedicated to St. Charles, with this inscription, in rubies:

<sup>1</sup> [Magdalen of Austria, wife of the Grand Duke Cosmo II., by whom Poggio Imperiale was built about 1622.]

<sup>2</sup> ["La Madonna del Sacco."]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 58.]

Cosimus Secundus Dei gratiâ Magnus Dux  
Etruriæ ex voto.

There is also a King on horseback, of massy gold, two feet high, and an infinity of such-like rarities. Looking at the Justice, in copper, set up on a column by Cosmo, in 1555, after the victory over Siena, we were told that the Duke, asking a gentleman how he liked the piece, he answered, that he liked it very well, but that it stood too high for poor men to come at it.

Prince Leopold has, in this city, a very excellent collection of paintings, especially a St. Catherine of P. Veronese; a Venus of marble, veiled from the middle to the feet, esteemed to be of that Greek workman who made the Venus at the Medicis' Palace in Rome,<sup>1</sup> altogether as good, and better preserved, an inestimable statue, not long since found about Bologna.

Signor Gaddi is a lettered person, and has divers rarities, statues, and pictures of the best masters, and one bust of marble as much esteemed as the most antique in Italy, and many curious manuscripts; his best paintings are, a Virgin of del Sarto, mentioned by Vasari, a St. John by Raphael, and an "Ecce Homo" by Titian.

The hall of the Academy de la Crusca<sup>2</sup> is hung about with impresses<sup>3</sup> and devices painted, all of them relating to corn sifted from the bran; the seats are made like bread-baskets and other rustic instruments used about wheat, and the cushions of satin, like sacks.

We took our farewell of St. Laurence, more particularly noticing that piece of the Resurrection, which consists of a prodigious number of naked figures, the work of Pontormo. On the left hand, is the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, by Bronzino, rarely painted indeed. In a chapel is the tomb of Pietro di Medici, and his brother John, of copper, excellently designed, standing on two lions' feet, which end in foliage, the work of M. Angelo. Over against this, are sepulchres of all the ducal

family. The altar has a statue of the Virgin giving suck, and two Apostles. Paulus Jovius<sup>1</sup> has the honour to be buried in the cloister. Behind the choir is the superb chapel of Ferdinand I., consisting of eight faces, four plain, four a little hollowed; in the other are to be the sepulchres, and a niche of paragon<sup>2</sup> for the statue of the prince now living, all of copper gilt; above, is a large table of porphyry, for an inscription for the Duke, in letters of jasper. The whole chapel, walls, pavement, and roof, are full of precious stones united with the mouldings, which are also of gilded copper, and so are the bases and capitals of the columns. The tabernacle, with the whole altar, is inlaid with cornelians, lazuli, serpentine, agates, onyxes, etc. On the other side, are six very large columns of rock crystal, eight figures of precious stones of several colours, inlaid in natural figures, not inferior to the best paintings, amongst which are many pearls, diamonds, amethysts, topazes, sumptuous and sparkling beyond description. The windows without-side are of white marble. The library is the architecture of Raphael; before the port is a square vestibule of excellent art, of all the orders, without confusion; the ascent to it from the library is excellent. We numbered eighty-eight shelves, all MSS. and bound in red, chained; in all about 3500 volumes, as they told us.

The arsenal has sufficient to arm 70,000 men, accurately preserved and kept, with divers lusty pieces of ordnance, whereof one is for a ball of 300 pounds weight, and another for 160, which weighs 72,500 pounds.

When I was at Florence, the celebrated masters were: for *pietra-commessa* (a kind of mosaic, or inlaying, of various coloured marble, and other more precious stones), Dominico Benotti and Mazotti; the best statuary, Vincentio Brochi. This statuary makes those small figures in plaster and pasteboard, which so resemble copper that, till one handles them, they cannot be distinguished, he has so rare an art of bronzing them; I bought four of him. The best painter, Pietro Berretini di Cortona.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Kleomenes.]

<sup>2</sup> [*Crusca* = bran, and the function of this body was the "sifting of the corn from the bran."]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 69. A fresh illustration of the word is afforded by Mr. Sidney Lee's Shakespeare discovery, where the poet figures as having designed an "impresso" for the Duke of Rutland in 1613 (*Times*, 27th December, 1905).]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 58.]

<sup>2</sup> [*Paragone* - the black marble of Bergamo.]

<sup>3</sup> [Pietro Berretini da Cortona, 1596-1669, a Florentine, whose frescoes are in the Pitti Gallery.]

This Duke has a daily tribute for every courtesan, or prostitute, allowed to practise that infamous trade in his dominions, and so has his Holiness the Pope, but not so much in value.

Taking leave of our two jolly companions, Signor Giovanni and his fellow,<sup>1</sup> we took horses for Bologna; and, by the way, alighted at a villa of the Grand Duke's, called Pratolino. The house is a square of four pavilions, with a fair platform about it, balustrated with stone, situate in a large meadow, ascending like an amphitheatre, having at the bottom a huge rock, with water running in a small channel, like a cascade; on the other side are the gardens. The whole place seems consecrated to pleasure and summer retirement. The inside of the Palace may compare with any in Italy for furniture of tapestry, beds, etc., and the gardens are delicious, and full of fountains. In the grove sits Pan feeding his flock, the water making a melodious sound through his pipe; and a Hercules, whose club yields a shower of water, which, falling into a great shell, has a naked woman riding on the backs of dolphins. In another grotto is Vulcan and his family, the walls richly composed of corals, shells, copper, and marble figures, with the hunting of several beasts, moving by the force of water. Here, having been well washed for our curiosity, we went down a large walk, at the sides whereof several slender streams of water gush out of pipes concealed underneath, that interchangeably fall into each other's channels, making a lofty and perfect arch, so that a man on horseback may ride under it, and not receive one drop of wet. This canopy, or arch of water, I thought one of the most surprising magnificences I had ever seen, and very refreshing in the heat of the summer. At the end of this very long walk, stands a woman in white marble, in posture of a laundress wringing water out of a piece of linen, very naturally formed, into a vast laver, the work and invention of M. Angelo Buonarroti.<sup>2</sup> Hence, we ascended Mount

Parnassus, where the Muses played to us on hydraulic organs. Near this is a great aviary. All these waters came from the rock in the garden, on which is the statue of a giant<sup>1</sup> representing the Apennines, at the foot of which stands this villa. Last of all, we came to the labyrinth, in which a huge coloss of Jupiter throws out a stream over the garden. This is fifty feet in height, having in his body a square chamber, his eyes and mouth serving for windows and door.

We took horse and supped that night at Il Ponte, passing a dreadful ridge of the Apennines, in many places capped with snow, which covers them the whole summer. We then descended into a luxurious and rich plain. The next day we passed through Scarperia, mounting the hills again, where the passage is so straight and precipitous towards the right hand, that we climbed them with much care and danger; lodging at Fiorenzuola, which is a fort built amongst the rocks, and defending the confines of the Great Duke's territories.

The next day we passed by the Pietra Mala, a burning mountain. At the summit of this prodigious mass of hills, we had an unpleasant way to Pianoro, where we slept that night and were entertained with excellent wine. Hence to Scarica l'Asino, and to bed at Lojano. This plain begins about six miles from Bologna.

Bologna belongs to the Pope, and is a famous University, situate in one of the richest spots of Europe for all sorts of provisions. It is built like a ship, whereof the Torre d'Asinelli may go for the mainmast. The city is of no great strength, having a trifling wall about it, in circuit

ful and natural conceit in the Artificer, implying this rule; That all designs of this kind, should be proper" (*Reliquia Wottoniana*, 1685, p. 65). He also praises the water arch as "An Invention for refreshment, surely far exceeding all the *Alexandrian Delicacies*, and *Pneumatics of Hero*" (*ib.* pp. 65-66.)

<sup>1</sup> [The giant rock at Pratolino, "roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form," of which Walpole writes to Chute, 20th August, 1743. Reresby refers to it as follows:—"In the upper part of this garden stands the statue of a giant, forty-five ells in height; about him are several nymphs, carved in stone, casting out water" (*Travels*, 1831, p. 91). He also mentions the arch of water, p. 90; and the statue of the laundress which, "by the turning of a cock, beats a buck (*i.e.* a tub or basket of linen) with a battledore, and turns clothes with the left hand" (p. 91).]

<sup>1</sup> [Not hitherto mentioned.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Henry Wotton describes this as "matchlesse pattern" of a "figured Fountain, . . . done by the famous hand of Michael Angelo da Buonarroti, in the figure of a sturdy woman, washing and winding of linen cloths; in which Act, she wrings out the water that made the Fountain, which was a grace-



near five miles, and two in length. This Torre d' Asinelli, ascended by 447 steps of a foot rise, seems exceedingly high, is very narrow, and the more conspicuous from another tower called Garisendi, so artificially built of brick (which increases the wonder), that it seems ready to fall. It is not now so high as the other; but they say the upper part was formerly taken down, for fear it should really fall and do mischief.

Next, we went to see an imperfect church, called St. Petronius, showing the intent of the founder had he gone on. From this, our guide led us to the schools, which indeed are very magnificent. Thence to St. Dominic's, where that saint's body lies richly enshrined. The stalls, or seats, of this goodly church have the history of the Bible inlaid with several woods, very curiously done, the work of one Fr. Damiano di Bergamo, and a friar of that order.<sup>1</sup> Amongst other relics, they show the two books of Esdras, written with his own hand. Here lie buried Jac. Andreas,<sup>2</sup> and divers other learned persons. To the church joins the convent, in the quadrangle whereof are old cypresses, said to have been planted by their saint.

Then we went to the Palace of the Legate; a fair brick building, as are most of the houses and buildings, full of excellent carving and mouldings, so as nothing in stone seems to be better finished or more ornamental;<sup>3</sup> witness those excellent columns to be seen in many of their churches, convents, and public buildings; for the whole town is so cloistered, that one may pass from house to house through the streets without being exposed either to rain, or sun.

Before the stately hall of this Palace stands the statue of Paul IV. and divers others; also the monument of the corona-

<sup>1</sup> ["This kind of *Mosaic work* in wood was anciently (sayth *Vasari*) called *Tarsia*, and in this kind of worke *Brunelleschi* and *Matiano* did good things in *Florence*" (Lassels, i. p. 143).]

<sup>2</sup> [John Andreas, 1275-1348, canonist at Bologna.]

<sup>3</sup> [Here (according to Lassels, i. p. 147) was the "rare Cabinet and Study" of the great Aldrovandus, which Evelyn does not seem to have seen. It is also mentioned in 1665 by Edward Browne. "I saw Aldrovandi museum, where are the greatest collection of natural things I ever saw; and besides bookes painted of all sorts of animall, there are twelve large folios of plants, most exquisitely painted" (Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 89).]

tion of Charles V. The piazza before it is the most stately in Italy, St. Mark's at Venice only excepted. In the centre of it is a fountain of Neptune, a noble figure in copper. Here I saw a Persian walking about in a rich vest of cloth of tissue, and several other ornaments, according to the fashion of his country, which much pleased me;<sup>1</sup> he was a young handsome person, of the most stately mien.

I would fain have seen the library of St. Saviour, famous for the number of rare manuscripts; but could not, so we went to St. Francis, a glorious pile, and exceedingly adorned within.

After dinner, I inquired out a priest and Dr. Montalbano, to whom I brought recommendations from Rome; this learned person invented, or found out, the composition of the *lapis illuminabilis*, or phosphorus. He showed me their property (for he had several), being to retain the light of the sun for some competent time, by a kind of imbibition, by a particular way of calcination. Some of these presented a blue colour, like the flame of brimstone, others like coals of a kitchen fire. The rest of the afternoon was taken up in St. Michael in Bosco, built on a steep hill on the edge of the city, for its fabric, pleasant shade and groves, cellars, dormitory, and prospects, one of the most delicious retirements I ever saw; art and nature contending which shall exceed; so as till now I never envied the life of a friar. The whole town and country to a vast extent are under command of their eyes, almost as far as Venice itself. In this convent there are many excellent paintings of Guido Reni;<sup>2</sup> above all, the little cloister of eight faces, painted by Caracci<sup>3</sup> in *fresco*. The carvings in wood, in the sacristy, are admirable, as is the inlaid work about the chapel, which even emulates the best paintings; the work is so delicate and tender. The paintings of the Saviour are of Caracci and Leonardo, and there are excellent things of Raphael which we could not see.

In the Church of St. John is a fine piece

<sup>1</sup> [This dress, for a brief space, was adopted by the court of Charles II. (see *post*, under 18th October, 1666).]

<sup>2</sup> [Guido Reni, 1575-1642, was a Bolognese, and died at Bologna.]

<sup>3</sup> [Lodovico Caracci, 1555-1619.]

of St. Cecilia, by Raphael.<sup>1</sup> As to other paintings, there is in the Church of St. Gregory an excellent picture of a Bishop giving the habit of St. Bernard to an armed soldier, with several other figures in the piece, the work of Guercino. Indeed, this city is full of rare pieces, especially of Guido Domenico, and a virgin named Isabella Sirani, now living, who has painted many excellent pieces, and imitates Guido so well, that many skilful artists have been deceived.<sup>2</sup>

At the Mendicants are the Miracles of St. Eloy, by Reni, after the manner of Caravaggio, but better; and here they showed us that famous piece of Christ calling St. Matthew, by Annibal Caracci. The Marquis Magniani has the whole frieze of his hall painted in *fresco* by the same hand.

Many of the religious men nourish those lap-dogs which the ladies are so fond of, and which they here sell. They are a pigmy sort of spaniels, whose noses they break when puppies; which in my opinion deforms them.

At the end of the turning in one of the wings of the dormitory of St. Michael, I found a paper pasted near the window, containing the dimensions of most of the famous churches in Italy compared with their towers here, and the length of this gallery, a copy whereof I took.

	Braccia <sup>3</sup>	Piedi di Bologna	Canna di Roma.
St. Pietro di Roma, longo	284	473	84
Cupalo del muro, alta	210	350	60
Torre d' Asinello, alto	208½	348	59 pr. mi 6
Dormitorio de St. Mich. a Bologn. longo	254	423	72½

<sup>1</sup> [Now in the Gallery of Bologna. There is a famous engraving of the original drawing by Marc Antonio.]

<sup>2</sup> Giovanni Andrea Sirani, a Bolognese artist, 1610-70, had three daughters. The most celebrated, Elizabetta, born 1638, and died August 1665, is the lady alluded to by Evelyn as having been so famous a copyist of Guido, of whom her father was a pupil and imitator. Her sisters, Anna and Barbara, were also artists, but never reached the excellence of Elizabetta.

<sup>3</sup> A measure of half an ell.

From hence, being brought to a subterranean territory of cellars, the courteous friars made us taste a variety of excellent wines; and so we departed to our inn.

The city is famous also for sausages; and here is sold great quantities of Parmegiano cheese, with botargo,<sup>1</sup> caviare, etc., which make some of their shops perfume the streets with no agreeable smell. We furnished ourselves with wash-balls, the best being made here, and being a considerable commodity. This place has also been celebrated for lutes made by the old masters, Mollen, Hans Fries, and Nicholas Sconvelt, which were of extraordinary price; the workmen were chiefly Germans. The cattle used for draught in this country (which is very rich and fertile, especially in pasturage) are covered with housings of linen fringed at the bottom, that dangle about them, preserving them from flies, which in summer are very troublesome.

From this pleasant city, we proceeded towards Ferrara, carrying with us a *bulletino*, or bill of health (customary in all these parts of Italy, especially in the State of Venice), and so put ourselves into a boat that was towed with horses, often interrupted by the sluices (inventions there to raise the water for the use of mills, and to fill the artificial canals) at every [one] of which we stayed till passage was made. We went by the Castle Bentivoglio,<sup>2</sup> and, about night, arrived at an ugly inn called Mal Albergo, agreeable to its name, whence, after we had supped, we embarked and passed that night through the Fens, where we were so pestered with those flying glow-worms, called *luciole*, that one who had never heard of them, would think the country full of sparks of fire. Beating some of them down, and applying them to a book, I could read in the dark by the light they afforded.

<sup>1</sup> [Botargos—the *boutargues* of Rabelais—are sausages made with mullet or tunny roe, provoking thirst. In some verses on observing Lent, Howell seems to include Botargos in a Lenten diet:—

Not to let down Lamb, Kid or Veal,  
Hen, Plover, Turkey-cock or Teal,  
And eat Botargo, Caviar,  
Anchovies, Oysters and like fare—

is, he contends, but "to play the juggling Hypocrite" in fasting (*Familiar Letters*, Bk. IV. Letter v.)]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 104.]

Quitting our boat, we took coach, and by morning got to Ferrara, where, before we could gain entrance, our guns and arms were taken from us of custom, the lock being taken off before, as we were advised. The city is in a low marshy country, and therefore well fortified. The houses and streets have nothing of beauty, except the palace and church of St. Benedict, where Ariosto lies buried,<sup>1</sup> and there are some good statues, the Palazzo del Diamante,<sup>2</sup> citadel, church of St. Dominico. The market-place is very spacious, having in its centre the figure of Nicholao Olao, once Duke of Ferrara, on horseback, in copper. It is, in a word, a dirty town, and, though the streets be large, they remain ill paved; yet it is a University, and now belongs to the Pope. Though there are not many fine houses in the city, the inn where we lodged was a very noble palace, having an Angel for its sign.

We parted from hence about three in the afternoon, and went some of our way on the canal, and then embarked on the Po, or Padus, by the poets called Eridanus, where they feign Phaeton to have fallen after his rash attempt, and where Io was metamorphosed into a cow. There was in our company, amongst others, a Polonian Bishop, who was exceeding civil to me in this passage, and afterwards did me many kindnesses at Venice. We supped this night at a place called Corbola, near the ruins of the ancient city, Adria, which gives name to the Gulf, or Sea. After three miles, having passed thirty on the Po, we embarked in a stout vessel, and through an artificial canal, very straight, we entered the Adige, which carried us by break of day into the Adriatic, and so sailing prosperously by Chioggia (a town upon an island in this sea), and Pelestrina, we came over against Malamocco (the chief port and anchorage where our English merchantmen lie that trade to Venice) about seven at night, after we had stayed at least two hours for permission to land,

<sup>1</sup> ["I saw also Ariosto's tomb, in the Benedictine's church," says Edward Browne in 1665; "and a good comedie at night" (Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 90). The poet's house still stands in the *Via di Arioste* at Ferrara.]

<sup>2</sup> [Of white marble "cut *diamant wise* into sharp points" (Lassels, ii. p. 359).]

our bill of health being delivered, according to custom. So soon as we came on shore, we were conducted to the Dogana, where our portmanteaus were visited, and then we got to our lodging, which was at honest Signor Paulo Rhodomante's at the Black Eagle, near the Rialto, one of the best quarters of the town. This journey from Rome to Venice cost me seven pistoles, and thirteen julios.

*June.* The next morning, finding myself extremely weary and beaten with my journey, I went to one of their bagnios, where you are treated after the eastern manner, washing with hot and cold water, with oils, and being rubbed with a kind of strigil of seal's skin, put on the operator's hand like a glove. This bath did so open my pores, that it cost me one of the greatest colds I ever had in my life, for want of necessary caution in keeping myself warm for some time after; for, coming out, I immediately began to visit the famous places of the city; and travellers who come into Italy do nothing but run up and down to see sights, and this city well deserved our admiration, being the most wonderfully placed of any in the world, built on so many hundred islands, in the very sea, and at good distance from the continent. It has no fresh water, except what is reserved in cisterns from rain, and such as is daily brought from *terra firma* in boats, yet there was no want of it, and all sorts of excellent provisions were very cheap.

It is said that when the Huns overran Italy, some mean fishermen and others left the mainland, and fled for shelter to these despicable and muddy islands, which, in process of time, by industry are grown to the greatness of one of the most considerable States, considered as a Republic, and having now subsisted longer than any of the four ancient Monarchies, flourishing in great state, wealth, and glory, by the conquest of great territories in Italy, Dacia, Greece, Candia, Rhodes, and Sclavonia, and at present challenging the empire of all the Adriatic Sea, which they yearly espouse by casting a gold ring into it with great pomp and ceremony, on Ascension-day; the desire of seeing this was one of the reasons that hastened us from Rome.

The Doge, having heard mass in his

robes of state (which are very particular, after the eastern fashion), together with the Senate in their gowns, embarked in their gloriously painted, carved, and gilded Bucentaur, environed and followed by innumerable galleys, gondolas, and boats, filled with spectators, some dressed in masquerade, trumpets, music, and cannons. Having rowed about a league into the Gulf, the Duke, at the prow, casts a gold ring and cup into the sea, at which a loud acclamation is echoed from the great guns of the Arsenal and at the Lido. We then returned.

Two days after, taking a gondola, which is their water-coach (for land ones, there are many old men in this city who never saw one, or rarely a horse), we rowed up and down the channels, which answer to our streets. These vessels are built very long and narrow, having necks and tails of steel, somewhat spreading at the beak like a fish's tail, and kept so exceedingly polished as to give a great lustre; some are adorned with carving, others lined with velvet (commonly black), with curtains and tassels, and the seats like couches, to lie stretched on, while he who rows, stands upright on the very edge of the boat, and, with one oar bending forward as if he would fall into the sea, rows and turns with incredible dexterity: thus passing from channel to channel, landing his fare, or patron, at what house he pleases. The beaks of these vessels are not unlike the ancient Roman rostrums.

The first public building I went to see was the Rialto, a bridge of one arch over the grand canal, so large as to admit a galley to row under it, built of good marble, and having on it, besides many pretty shops, three ample and stately passages for people without any inconvenience, the two utmost nobly balustraded with the same stone; a piece of architecture much to be admired. It was evening, and the canal where the *noblesse* go to take the air, as in our Hyde Park, was full of ladies and gentlemen. There are many times dangerous stops, by reason of the multitude of gondolas ready to sink one another; and indeed their effect to lean them on one side, that one who is not accustomed to it, would be afraid of over-setting. Here they were singing, playing

on harpsichords, and other music, and serenading their mistresses; in another place, racing, and other pastimes on the water, it being now exceeding hot.

Next day, I went to their Exchange, a place like ours, frequented by merchants, but nothing so magnificent: from thence, my guide led me to the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, which is their magazine, and here many of the merchants, especially Germans, have their lodging and diet, as in a college. The outside of this stately fabric is painted by Giorgione da Castelfranco, and Titian himself.

Hence, I passed through the Merceria, one of the most delicious streets in the world for the sweetness of it, and is all the way on both sides tapestried as it were with cloth of gold, rich damasks and other silks, which the shops expose and hang before their houses from the first floor, and with that variety that for near half the year spent chiefly in this city, I hardly remember to have seen the same piece twice exposed; to this add the perfumes, apothecaries' shops, and the innumerable cages of nightingales which they keep, that entertain you with their melody from shop to shop, so that shutting your eyes, you would imagine yourself in the country, when indeed you are in the middle of the sea. It is almost as silent as the middle of a field, there being neither rattling of coaches nor trampling of horses. This street, paved with brick, and exceedingly clean, brought us through an arch into the famous piazza of St. Mark.

Over this porch stands that admirable clock, celebrated next to that of Strasburg for its many movements; amongst which, about twelve and six, which are their hours of Ave Maria, when all the town are on their knees, come forth the three Kings led by a star, and passing by the image of Christ in his Mother's arms, do their reverence, and enter into the clock by another door. At the top of this turret, another automaton strikes the quarters. An honest merchant told me that one day walking in the piazza, he saw the fellow who kept the clock struck with this hammer so forcibly, as he was stooping his head near the bell, to mend something amiss at the instant of striking, that being stunned, he reeled over the battlements, and broke

his neck. The buildings in this piazza are all arched, on pillars, paved within with black and white polished marble, even to the shops, the rest of the fabric as stately as any in Europe, being not only marble, but the architecture is of the famous Sansovino, who lies buried in St. Jacomo, at the end of the piazza.<sup>1</sup> The battlements of this noble range of building are railed with stone, and thick-set with excellent statues, which add a great ornament. One of the sides is yet much more Roman-like than the other which regards the sea, and where the church is placed. The other range is plainly Gothic: and so we entered into St. Mark's Church, before which stand two brass pedestals exquisitely cast and figured, which bear as many tall masts painted red, on which, upon great festivals, they hang flags and streamers. The church is also Gothic; yet for the preciousness of the materials, being of several rich marbles, abundance of porphyry, serpentine, etc., far exceeding any in Rome, St. Peter's hardly excepted. I much admired the splendid history of our blessed Saviour, composed all of mosaic over the *facciata*, below which and over the chief gates are cast four horses in copper as big as the life, the same that formerly were transported from Rome by Constantine to Byzantium, and thence by the Venetians hither.<sup>2</sup> They are supported by eight porphyry columns, of very great size and value. Being come into the Church, you see nothing, and tread on nothing, but what is precious. The floor is all inlaid with agates, lazulis, chalcedons, jaspers, porphyries, and other rich marbles, admirable also for the work; the walls sumptuously incrustured, and presenting to the imagination the shapes of men, birds, houses, flowers, and a thousand varieties. The roof is of most excellent mosaic; but what most persons admire is the new work of the emblematic tree at the other passage out of the church. In the midst of this rich *volto* rise five cupolas, the middle very large and sustained by thirty-six marble columns, eight of which are of precious

marbles; under these cupolas is the high altar, on which is a reliquary of several sorts of jewels, engraven with figures, after the Greek manner, and set together with plates of pure gold. The altar is covered with a canopy of opHITE, on which is sculptured the story of the Bible, and so on the pillars, which are of Parian marble, that support it. Behind these, are four other columns of transparent and true oriental alabaster, brought hither out of the mines of Solomon's Temple, as they report. There are many chapels and notable monuments of illustrious persons, dukes, cardinals, etc., as Zeno, J. Soranzi, and others; there is likewise a vast baptistry, of copper. Among other venerable relics is a stone, on which they say our blessed Lord stood preaching to those of Tyre and Sidon, and near the door is an image of Christ, much adorned, esteeming it very sacred, for that a rude fellow striking it, they say, there gushed out a torrent of blood. In one of the corners lies the body of St. Isidoro, brought hither 500 years since from the island of Chios. A little farther, they show the picture of St. Dominic and Francis, affirmed to have been made by the Abbot Joachim (many years before any of them were born). Going out of the Church, they showed us the stone where Alexander III. trod on the neck of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, pronouncing that verse of the psalm, "*super basiliscum*," etc. The doors of the church are of massy copper. There are near 500 pillars in this building, most of them porphyry and serpentine, and brought chiefly from Athens, and other parts of Greece, formerly in their power. At the corner of the Church, are inserted into the main wall four figures, as big as life, cut in porphyry; which they say are the images of four brothers who poisoned one another, by which means were escheated to the Republic that vast treasury of relics now belonging to the Church.<sup>1</sup> At the other entrance that looks towards the sea, stands

<sup>1</sup> [Query, — St. Geminiano. It was pulled down in 1809; and Sansovino's remains were removed (Murray's *Northern Italy*, 1853, 393).]

<sup>2</sup> "These horses" (says Lassels, ii. p. 405) "came out of the shop, not out of the stable, of *Lisippus*, a famous statuarius in Greece, and were given to Nero by *Tiridates*, King of Armenia."

<sup>1</sup> [Lassels calls them (ii. p. 403) "four marchants and strangers, who afterwards poisoning one another, out of covetousness, left this *State* heire of all." Coryat, who speaks of them in 1608 as "four Noble Gentlemen of Albania that were brothers," also tells the story, to which his attention was directed by Sir Henry Wotton (*Crudities*, 1776, i. pp. 239-41).]

in a small chapel that statue of our Lady, made (as they affirm) of the same stone, or rock, out of which Moses brought water to the murmuring Israelites at Horeb, or Meribah.

After all that is said, this church is, in my opinion, much too dark and dismal, and of heavy work, the fabric,—as is much of Venice, both for buildings and other fashions and circumstances,—after the Greeks, their next neighbours.

The next day, by favour of the French ambassador, I had admittance with him to view the Reliquary, called here Tesoro di San Marco, which very few, even of travellers, are admitted to see. It is a large chamber full of presses. There are twelve breast-plates or pieces of pure golden armour, studded with precious stones, and as many crowns dedicated to St. Mark, by so many noble Venetians, who had recovered their wives taken at sea by the Saracens: many curious vases of agates; the cap, or coronet, of the Duke of Venice, one of which had a ruby set on it, esteemed worth 200,000 crowns; two unicorns' horns; numerous vases and dishes of agate, set thick with precious stones and vast pearls; divers heads of Saints, en-chased in gold; a small ampulla, or glass, with our Saviour's blood; a great morsel of the real cross; one of the nails; a thorn; a fragment of the column to which our Lord was bound, when scourged; the standard, or ensign, of Constantine; a piece of St. Luke's arm; a rib of St. Stephen; a finger of Mary Magdalen; numerous other things, which I could not remember. But a priest, first vesting himself in his sacerdotal, with the stole about his neck, showed us the gospel of St. Mark (their tutelar patron) written by his own hand, and whose body they show buried in the church, brought hither from Alexandria many years ago.

The Religious of the Servi have fine paintings of Paolo Veronese, especially the Magdalen.

A French gentleman and myself went to the Courts of Justice, the Senate-house, and Ducal Palace. The first court near this church is almost wholly built of several coloured sorts of marble, like chequer-work on the outside; this is sustained by vast pillars, not very shapely,

but observable for their capitals, and that out of thirty-three no two are alike. Under this fabric is the cloister where merchants meet morning and evening, as also the grave senators and gentlemen, to confer of state-affairs, in their gowns and caps, like so many philosophers; it is a very noble and solemn spectacle. In another quadrangle, stood two square columns of white marble, carved, which they said had been erected to hang one of their Dukes on, who designed to make himself Sovereign. Going through a stately arch, there were standing in niches divers statues of great value, amongst which is the so celebrated Eve, esteemed worth its weight in gold; it is just opposite to the stairs where are two Colossuses of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino. We went up into a corridor built with several Tribunals and Courts of Justice; and by a well-contrived staircase were landed in the Senate-hall, which appears to be one of the most noble and spacious rooms in Europe, being seventy-six paces long, and thirty-two in breadth. At the upper end, are the Tribunals of the Doge, Council of Ten, and Assistants: in the body of the hall, are lower ranks of seats, capable of containing 1500 Senators; for they consist of no fewer on grand debates. Over the Duke's throne are the paintings of the "Final Judgment," by Tintoret, esteemed among the best pieces in Europe. On the roof are the famous Acts of the Republic, painted by several excellent masters, especially Bassano; next them, are the effigies of the several Dukes, with their Eulogies. Then, we turned into a great Court painted with the Battle of Lepanto, an excellent piece;<sup>1</sup> afterwards, into the Chamber of the Council of Ten, painted by the most celebrated masters. From hence, by the special favour of an Illustrissimo, we were carried to see the private Armoury of the Palace, and so to the same court we first entered, nobly built of polished white marble, part

<sup>1</sup> ["Vicentino's commemorative painting still decorates the Hall of Scrutiny in Venice; but the more celebrated picture of Tintoretto has mysteriously disappeared" (Fitzmaurice - Kelly's *Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra*, 1892, p. 32). According to Mrs. Charles Roundell's *Ham House, its History and Treasures*, 1904, i. 25, Tintoretto's picture is in the Ham House gallery. See ante, p. 85.]

of which is the Duke's Court, *pro tempore*; there are two wells adorned with excellent work, in copper. This led us to the sea-side, where stand those columns of ophite-stone<sup>1</sup> in the entire piece, of a great height, one bearing St. Mark's Lion, the other St. Theodorus; these pillars were brought from Greece, and set up by Nicholas Baraterius, the architect; between them public executions are performed.

Having fed our eyes with the noble prospect of the Island of St. George, the galleys, gondolas, and other vessels passing to and fro, we walked under the cloister on the other side of this goodly piazza, being a most magnificent building, the design of Sansovino. Here we went into the Zecca, or Mint; at the entrance, stand two prodigious giants, or Hercules, of white marble: we saw them melt, beat, and coin silver, gold, and copper. We then went up into the Procuratory, and a library of excellent MSS. and books belonging to it and the public. After this, we climbed up the tower of St. Mark, which we might have done on horseback, as it is said one of the French Kings did; there being no stairs, or steps, but returns that take up an entire square on the arches forty feet, broad enough for a coach. This steeple stands by itself, without any church near it, and is rather a watch-tower in the corner of the great piazza, 230 feet in height, the foundation exceeding deep; on the top, is an angel, that turns with the wind; and from hence is a prospect down the Adriatic, as far as Istria and the Dalmatian side, with the surprising sight of this miraculous city, lying in the bosom of the sea, in the shape of a lute, the numberless Islands tacked together by no fewer than 450 bridges. At the foot of this tower, is a public tribunal of excellent work, in white marble polished, adorned with several brass statues and figures of stone and *mezzo-rilievo*, the performance of some rare artist.

It was now Ascension-week, and the great mart, or fair, of the whole year was kept, everybody at liberty and jolly; the noblemen stalking with their ladies on *choppines*.<sup>2</sup> These are high-heeled shoes,

particularly affected by these proud dames, or, as some say, invented to keep them at home, it being very difficult to walk with them; whence, one being asked how he liked the Venetian ladies, replied, they were *mezzo carne, mezzo legno*, half flesh, half wood, and he would have none of them. The truth is, their garb is very odd, as seeming always in masquerade; their other habits also totally different from all nations. They wear very long crisp hair, of several streaks and colours, which they make so by a wash, dishevelled it on the brims of a broad hat that has no crown, but a hole to put out their heads by; they dry them in the sun, as one may see them at their windows. In their tire, they set silk flowers and sparkling stones, their petticoats coming from their very arm-pits, so that they are near three-quarters and a half apron; their sleeves are made exceeding wide, under which their shift-sleeves as wide, and commonly tucked up to the shoulder, showing their naked arms, through false sleeves of tiffany, girt with a bracelet or two, with knots of point richly tagged about their shoulders and other places of their body, which they usually cover with a kind of yellow veil, of lawn, very transparent. Thus attired, they set their hands on the heads of two matron-like servants, or old women, to support them, who are mumbling their beads. It is ridiculous to see how these ladies crawl in and out of their gondolas, by reason of their *choppines*; and what dwarfs they appear, when taken down from their wooden scaffolds; of these I saw near thirty together, stalking half as high again as the rest of the world. For courtesans, or the citizens, may not wear *choppines*, but cover their bodies and faces with a veil of a certain glittering taffeta, or *lustrée*, out of which they now and then dart a glance of their eye, the whole face being otherwise entirely hid with it: nor may the common misses take this habit; but go abroad barefaced. To the corner

Spain and Italy. There is a long account of "Chapineys" (as he calls them) in Coryat (*Cruities*, 1776, ii. p. 36). Shakespeare refers to them in *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. ii. "Your Ladyship is nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a *chopine*," says the Prince to the boy who took the female part in the *Murder of Gonzago*.]

<sup>1</sup> [Murray says "granite."]

<sup>2</sup> [The chopine was a stilt-like clog, sometimes eighteen inches high, worn by the ladies of

of these virgin-veils hang broad but flat tassels of curious *point de Venise*. The married women go in black veils. The nobility wear the same colour, but a fine cloth lined with taffeta, in summer, with fur of the bellies of squirrels, in the winter, which all put on at a certain day, girt with a girdle embossed with silver; the vest not much different from what our Bachelors of Arts wear in Oxford, and a hood of cloth, made like a sack, cast over their left shoulder, and a round cloth black cap fringed with wool, which is not so comely; they also wear their collar open, to show the diamond button of the stock of their shirt. I have never seen pearl for colour and bigness comparable to what the ladies wear, most of the noble families being very rich in jewels, especially pearls, which are always left to the son, or brother who is destined to marry; which the eldest seldom do. The Doge's vest is of crimson velvet, the Procurator's, etc., of damask, very stately. Nor was I less surprised with the strange variety of the several nations seen every day in the streets and piazzas; Jews, Turks, Armenians, Persians, Moors, Greeks, Sclavonians, some with their targets and bucklers, and all in their native fashions, negotiating in this famous emporium, which is always crowded with strangers.

This night, having with my Lord Bruce<sup>1</sup> taken our places before, we went to the Opera, where comedies and other plays are represented in recitative music, by the most excellent musicians, vocal and instrumental, with a variety of scenes painted and contrived with no less art of perspective, and machines for flying in the air, and other wonderful notions; taken together, it is one of the most magnificent and expensive diversions the wit of man can invent. The history was Hercules in Lydia; the scenes changed thirteen times. The famous voices, Anna Rencia, a Roman, and reputed the best treble of women; but there was an eunuch who, in my opinion, surpassed her; also a Genoese that sung an incomparable bass. This held us by the eyes and ears till two in the morning,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Bruce, first Earl of Elgin, in Scotland; created by Charles I. on the 13th July, 1640, Baron Bruce, of Whorlton, Yorkshire, in the English peerage. He died in 1663 (see *post*, under 14th February, 1656, and 9th January, 1684).

when we went to the Chetto de San Felice, to see the noblemen and their ladies at basset, a game at cards which is much used; but they play not in public, and all that have inclination to it are in masquerade, without speaking one word, and so they come in, play, lose or gain, and go away as they please. This time of licence is only in Carnival and this Ascension-week; neither are their theatres open for that other magnificence, or for ordinary comedians, save on these solemnities, they being a frugal and wise people, and exact observers of all sumptuary laws.

There being at this time a ship bound for the Holy Land, I had resolved to embark, intending to see Jerusalem, and other parts of Syria, Egypt, and Turkey; but after I had provided all necessaries, laid in snow to cool our drink, bought some sheep, poultry, biscuit, spirits, and a little cabinet of drugs, in case of sickness, our vessel (whereof Captain Powell was master) happened to be pressed for the service of the State, to carry provisions to Candia, now newly attacked by the Turks; which altogether frustrated my design, to my great mortification.

On the . . . June, we went to Padua, to the fair of their St. Anthony, in company of divers passengers. The first *terra firma* we landed at was Fusina, being only an inn where we changed our barge, and were then drawn up by horses through the river Brenta, a straight channel as even as a line for twenty miles, the country on both sides deliciously adorned with country villas and gentlemen's retirements, gardens planted with oranges, figs, and other fruit, belonging to the Venetians. At one of these villas we went ashore to see a pretty contrived palace. Observable in this passage was buying their water of those who farm the sluices; for this artificial river is in some places so shallow, that reserves of water are kept with sluices, which they open and shut with a most ingenious invention, or engine, governed even by a child. Thus they keep up the water, or let it go till the next channel be either filled by the stop, or abated to the level of the other; for which every boat pays a certain duty. Thus, we stayed near half an hour and more, at three several places, so as it was evening before



we got to Padua. This is a very ancient city, if the tradition of Antenor's being the founder be not a fiction; but thus speaks the inscription over a stately gate :

Hanc antiquissimam urbem literarum omnium asyllum, cujus agrum fertilitatis Lumen Natura esse voluit, Antenor condidit, an' o ante Christum natum M Cxviii; Senatus autem Venetus his belli propugnaculis ornavit.

The town stands on the river Padus, whence its name, and is generally built like Bologna, on arches and on brick, so that one may walk all round it, dry, and in the shade; which is very convenient in these hot countries, and I think I was never sensible of so burning a heat as I was this season, especially the next day, which was that of the fair, filled with noble Venetians, by reason of a great and solemn procession to their famous cathedral. Passing by St. Lorenzo, I met with this inscription :

Inclutus Antenor patriam vox nisa quietem  
Transtulit huc Henetum Dardanidumq; fuga,  
Expulit Euganeos, Patavinam condidit urbem,  
Quem tegit hic humili marmore cassa domus.

Under the tomb, was a cobbler at his work. Being now come to St. Anthony's (the street most of the way straight, well-built, and outside excellently painted in *fresco*) we surveyed the spacious piazza, in which is erected a noble statue of copper of a man on horseback, in memory of one Gattamelata,<sup>2</sup> a renowned captain. The church, *à la Greca*, consists of five handsome cupolas, leaded. At the left hand within is the tomb of St. Anthony and his altar, about which a *mezzo-rilievo* of the miracles ascribed to him is exquisitely wrought in white marble by the three famous sculptors, Tullius Lombardus, Jacobus Sansovinus, and Hieronymus Compagno. A little higher is the choir, walled parapet-fashion, with sundry coloured stone, half *rilievo*, the work of Andrea Reccio. The altar within is of

<sup>1</sup> Keyser very justly observes (*Travels*, 1760, iii. p. 399), that the first line of this inscription conveys no meaning.

<sup>2</sup> Lassels (ii. p. 429) calls him Gatta Mela, the Venetian General, nicknamed Gatta [cat], because of his watchfulness. His tomb was in St. Anthony's church, and his armour with a cat in his headpiece, in the Arsenal.

the same metal, which, with the candlestick and bases, is, in my opinion, as magnificent as any in Italy. The wainscot of the choir is rarely inlaid and carved. Here are the sepulchres of many famous persons, as of Rodolphus Fulgosi, etc.; and, among the rest, one for an exploit at sea, has a galley exquisitely carved thereon. The procession bore the banners with all the treasure of the cloister, which was a very fine sight.

Hence, walking over the Prato delle Valle, I went to see the convent of St. Justina, than which I never beheld one more magnificent. The church is an excellent piece of architecture, of Andrea Palladio, richly paved, with a stately cupola that covers the high altar enshrining the ashes of that saint. It is of *pietra-commessa*,<sup>1</sup> consisting of flowers very naturally done. The choir is inlaid with several sorts of wood representing the holy history, finished with exceeding industry.<sup>2</sup> At the far end, is that rare painting of St. Justina's Martyrdom, by Paolo Veronese; and a stone on which they told us divers primitive Christians had been decapitated. In another place (to which leads a small cloister well painted) is a dry well covered with a brass-work grate, wherein are the bones of divers martyrs. They show also the bones of St. Luke, in an old alabaster coffin; three of the Holy Innocents; and the bodies of St. Maximus and Prodocimus.<sup>3</sup> The dormitory above is exceedingly commodious and stately; but what most pleased me, was the old cloister so well painted with the legendary saints, mingled with many ancient inscriptions, and pieces of urns dug up, it seems, at the foundation of the church. Thus, having spent the day in rambles, I returned the next day to Venice.

The arsenal is thought to be one of the best-furnished in the world. We entered by a strong port, always guarded, and ascending a spacious gallery, saw arms of back, breast, and head, for many thousands; in another were saddles, over them, ensigns taken from the Turks. Another hall is

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 58.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. account of St. Dominic's (*ante*, p. 115) and St. Michael in Bosco (*ante*, p. 115) at Bologna.]

<sup>3</sup> St. Peter's disciple, first Bishop of Padua (Lassels, ii. p. 430).

for the meeting of the Senate; passing a graff, are the smiths' forges, where they are continually employed on anchors and iron work. Near it is a well of fresh water, which they impute to two rhinoceros's horns which they say lie in it, and will preserve it from ever being poisoned. Then we came to where the carpenters were building their magazines of oars, masts, etc., for an hundred galleys and ships, which have all their apparel and furniture near them. Then the foundry, where they cast ordnance; the forge is 450 paces long, and one of them has thirteen furnaces. There is one cannon, weighing 16,573 lbs., cast whilst Henry the Third dined, and put into a galley built, rigged, and fitted for launching within that time. They have also arms for twelve galleasses, which are vessels to row, of almost 150 feet long, and thirty wide, not counting prow or poop, and contain twenty-eight banks of oar, each seven men, and to carry 1300 men, with three masts. In another, a magazine for fifty galleys, and place for some hundreds more. Here stands the Bucentaur,<sup>1</sup> with a most ample deck, and so contrived that the slaves are not seen, having on the poop a throne for the Doge to sit, when he goes in triumph to espouse the Adriatic. Here is also a gallery of 200 yards long for cables, and above that a magazine of hemp. Opposite these, are the saltpetre houses, and a large row of cells, or houses, to protect their galleys from the weather. Over the gate, as we go out, is a room full of great and small guns, some of which discharge six times at once.<sup>2</sup> Then, there is a court full of cannon, bullets, chains, grapples, grenades, etc., and over that arms for 800,000 men, and by themselves arms for 400, taken from some that were in a plot against the State; together with weapons of offence and defence for sixty-two ships; thirty-two pieces of ordnance, on carriages taken from the Turks, and one prodigious mortar-piece. In a word, it is not to be reckoned up what this large place contains of this sort. There were now twenty-three galleys, and four galley-grossi, of 100 oars of a side. The whole

arsenal is walled about, and may be in compass about three miles, with twelve towers for the watch, besides that the sea environs it. The workmen, who are ordinarily 500, march out in military order, and every evening receive their pay through a small hole in the gate where the governor lives.

The next day, I saw a wretch executed, who had murdered his master, for which he had his head chopped off by an axe that slid down a frame of timber,<sup>1</sup> between the two tall columns in St. Mark's piazza, at the sea-brink;<sup>2</sup> the executioner striking on the axe with a beetle; and so the head fell off the block.

Hence, by Gudala, we went to see Grimani's Palace, the portico whereof is excellent work. Indeed, the world cannot show a city of more stately buildings,<sup>3</sup> considering the extent of it, all of square stone, and as chargeable in their foundations as superstructure, being all built on piles at immense cost. We returned home by the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, before which is, in copper, the statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, on horseback, double gilt, on a stately pedestal, the work of Andrea Verrochio, a Florentine! This is a very fine church, and has in it many rare altar-pieces of the best masters, especially that on the left hand, of the Two Friars slain,<sup>4</sup> which is of Titian.

The day after, being Sunday, I went over to St. George's to the ceremony of the schismatic Greeks, who are permitted to have their church, though they are at defiance with Rome. They allow no carved images, but many painted, especially the story of their patron and his dragon. Their rites differ not much from the Latins, save that of communicating in both species, and distribution of the holy bread. We afterwards fell into a dispute with a Candiote, concerning the procession of the Holy Ghost. The church is a noble fabric.

The church of St. Zachary is a Greek

<sup>1</sup> The maiden at Halifax, in Yorkshire, and the guillotine in France, were constructed after the same manner.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 121.]

<sup>3</sup> ["The best are, of Justiniani, Mocenigo, Grimani, Priuli, Contarini, Foscoli, Loredano, Gussoni, and Cornaro" (Lassels, ii. p. 425).]

<sup>4</sup> [St. John and St. Paul.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 118.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lassels speaks of a cannon "shooting three-score shots in ten barrels" (ii. p. 398).]

building, by Leo IV., Emperor, and has in it the bones of that prophet, with divers other saints. Near this, we visited St. Luke's, famous for the tomb of Aretin.<sup>1</sup>

Tuesday, we visited several other churches, as Santa Maria, newly incrusted with marble on the outside, and adorned with porphyry, ophite, and Spartan stone. Near the altar and under the organ, are sculptures, that are said to be of the famous artist, Praxiteles. To that of St. Paul I went purposely, to see the tomb of Titian. Then to St. John the Evangelist, where, amongst other heroes, lies Andrea Baldarius, the inventor of oars applied to great vessels for fighting.

We also saw St. Roche, the roof whereof is, with the school, or hall, of that rich confraternity, admirably painted by Tintoretto, especially the Crucifix in the *sacristia*. We saw also the church of St. Sebastian, and Carmelites' monastery.

Next day, taking our gondola on St. Mark's, I passed to the island of S. Giorgio Maggiore, where is a Convent of Benedictines, and a well-built church of Andrea Palladio, the great architect. The pavement, cupola, choir, and pictures, very rich and sumptuous. The cloister has a fine garden to it, which is a rare thing at Venice, though this is an island a little distant from the city; it has also an olive orchard, all environed by the sea. The new cloister now building has a noble staircase paved with white and black marble.

From hence, we visited St. Spirito, and St. Laurence, fair churches in several islands; but most remarkable is that of the Padri Olivetani, in St. Helen's island, for the rare paintings and carvings, with inlaid work, etc.

The next morning we went again to Padua, where, on the following day, we visited the market, which is plentifully furnished, and exceedingly cheap. Here we saw the great hall,<sup>2</sup> built in a spacious piazza, and one of the most magnificent in Europe; its ascent is by steps a good height, of a reddish marble polished, much used in these parts, and happily found not far off; it is almost 200 paces long, and forty in breadth, all covered with lead,

without any support of columns. At the farther end, stands the bust, in white marble, of Titus Livius, the historian. In this town is the house wherein he was born, full of inscriptions, and pretty fair.

Near to the monument of Sperone Speroni,<sup>1</sup> is painted on the ceiling the celestial zodiac, and other astronomical figures; withoutside, there is a corridor, in manner of a balcony, of the same stone; and at the entry of each of the three gates is the head of some famous person, as Albert Eremitano, Julio Paullo (lawyers), and Peter Aponius. In the piazza is the Podesta's and Capitano Grande's Palace, well built; but, above all, the Monte Pietà, the front whereof is of most excellent architecture. This is a foundation of which there is one in most of the cities in Italy, where there is a continual bank of money to assist the poorer sort, on any pawn, and at reasonable interest, together with magazines for deposit of goods, till redeemed.

Hence, to the Schools of this flourishing and ancient University, especially for the study of physic and anatomy. They are fairly built in quadrangle, with cloisters beneath, and above with columns. Over the great gate are the arms of the Venetian State, and under, the lion of St. Mark.

Sic ingredere, ut teipso quotidie doctior; sic egredere ut indies Patriæ Christianæq; Reipublicæ utilior evadas; ita demum Gynnasium a te feliciter se ornatum existimabit.

CIC. IX.

About the court-walls, are carved in stone and painted the blazons of the Consuls of all the nations, that from time to time have had that charge and honour in the University, which at my being there was my worthy friend Dr. Rogers, who here took that degree.<sup>2</sup>

The Schools for the lectures of the several sciences are above, but none of them comparable, or so much frequented, as the theatre for anatomy, which is excellently contrived both for the dissector and spectators. I was this day invited to dinner, and in the afternoon (30th July), received

<sup>1</sup> [Sperone Speroni, 1500-88, like Livy, was a famous Paduan author.]

<sup>2</sup> [Of Doctor in Physic (see *post*, under 15th August, 1682). He was elected Consul of the English, 1645-6, on August 1, 1645; and took his M.D. degree, 1646.]

<sup>1</sup> [The Italian satirist Peter Aretino, 1492-1557.]

<sup>2</sup> [Il Palazzo di Ragione (Lassels).]

my *matricula*, being resolved to spend some months here at study, especially physic and anatomy, of both which there were now the most famous professors in Europe. My *matricula* contained a clause, that I, my goods, servants, and messengers, should be free from all tolls and reprises, and that we might come, pass, return, buy, or sell, without any toll, etc.

The next morning, I saw the garden of simples, rarely furnished with plants, and gave order to the gardener to make me a collection of them for an *hortus hyemalis*,<sup>1</sup> by permission of the Cavalier Dr. Veslingius,<sup>2</sup> then Prefect and Botanic Professor as well as of Anatomy.

This morning, the Earl of Arundel, now in this city, a famous collector of paintings and antiquities,<sup>3</sup> invited me to go with him to see the garden of Mantua, where, as one enters, stands a huge coloss of Hercules. From hence to a place where was a room covered with a noble cupola, built purposely for music; the fillings up, or cove, betwixt the walls, were of urns and earthen pots, for the better sounding; it was also well painted. After dinner, we walked to the Palace of Foscari all' Arena, there remaining yet some appearances of an ancient theatre, though serving now for a court only before the house. There were now kept in it two eagles, a crane, a Mauritanian sheep, a stag, and sundry fowls, as in a vivary.

Three days after, I returned to Venice,

<sup>1</sup> [The *Hortus siccus* or *hyemalis* here described, is still preserved at Wotton House (Bright's *Dorking*, 1884, p. 315).]

<sup>2</sup> John Vesling, 1598-1649, was born at Minden, in Germany, and became Professor of Anatomy in the University of Padua. Evelyn says that at his visit he was anatomical and botanical professor, and prefect. He had the care of the botanical garden, and published a catalogue of its plants. He wrote also *Syntagma Anatomicum*, 1641, and shortly afterwards travelled into Egypt, where he seems to have paid a good deal of attention to the artificial means of hatching poultry, then an Egyptian marvel (see also *post*, pp. 128 and 129).

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 9. "He was the first"—says Walpole—"who professedly began to collect in this country, and led the way to Prince Henry, King Charles, and the Duke of Buckingham" (*Anecdotes of Painting*, 1762, ii. 72). Part of the antiquities to which Evelyn refers were eventually secured by him for the University of Oxford in 1667 (see *post*, under 19th September). John Selden described the Arundel marbles in his *Marmora Arundelliana*, 1628, afterwards incorporated in H. Prideaux's *Marmora Oxoniensia ex Arundellianis . . . conflata*, 1676 (see *post*, 28th April in that year).]

and passed over to Murano, famous for the best glasses in the world, where having viewed their furnaces, and seen their work, I made a collection of divers curiosities and glasses, which I sent for England by long sea. It is the white flints they have from Pavia, which they pound and sift exceedingly small, and mix with ashes made of a sea-weed brought out of Syria, and a white sand, that causes this manufacture to excel. The town is a Podestaria<sup>1</sup> by itself, at some miles distant on the sea from Venice, and like it built upon several small islands. In this place, are excellent oysters, small and well-tasted like our Colchester, and they were the first, as I remember, that I ever could eat; for I had naturally an aversion to them.

At our return to Venice, we met several gondolas full of Venetian ladies, who come thus far in fine weather to take the air, with music and other refreshments. Besides that, Murano is itself a very nobly built town, and has divers noblemen's palaces in it, and handsome gardens.

In coming back, we saw the islands of St. Christopher and St. Michael, the last of which has a church enriched and incrustured with marbles and other architectonic ornaments, which the monks very courteously showed us. It was built and founded by Margaret Emiliana of Verona, a famous courtesan, who purchased a great estate, and by this foundation hoped to commute for her sins. We then rowed by the isles of St. Nicholas, whose church, with the monuments of the Justinian family, entertained us awhile: and then got home.

The next morning, Captain Powell,<sup>2</sup> in whose ship I was to embark towards Turkey, invited me on board, lying about ten miles from Venice, where we had a dinner of English powdered beef<sup>3</sup> and other good meat, with store of wine and great guns, as the manner is. After dinner, the Captain presented me with a stone he had lately brought from Grand Cairo, which he took from the mummy-pits, full of hieroglyphics; I drew it on paper with the true dimensions, and sent it in a letter to Mr. Henshaw to com-

<sup>1</sup> [Burgh, or bailiwick.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 122.]

<sup>3</sup> [Salted. Cf. Prior's *Down Hall*:—"She roasted red veal and she powder'd lean beef."]

municate to Father Kircher, who was then setting forth his great work *Obeliscus Pamphilius*,<sup>1</sup> where it is described, but without mentioning my name. The stone was afterwards brought for me into England, and landed at Wapping, where, before I could hear of it, it was broken into several fragments, and utterly defaced, to my no small disappointment.

The boatswain of the ship also gave me a hand and foot of a mummy, the nails whereof had been overlaid with thin plates of gold, and the whole body was perfect, when he brought it out of Egypt; but the avarice of the ship's crew broke it to pieces, and divided the body among them. He presented me also with two Egyptian idols, and some loaves of the bread which the Copts use in the holy Sacrament, with other curiosities.

8th August. I had news from Padua of my election to be *Syndicus Artistarum*, which caused me, after two days' idling in a country villa with the Consul of Venice, to hasten thither, that I might discharge myself of that honour, because it was not only chargeable, but would have hindered my progress, and they chose a Dutch gentleman in my place, which did not well please my countrymen, who had laboured not a little to do me the greatest honour a stranger is capable of in that University. Being freed from this impediment, and having taken leave of Dr. Janicius, a Polonian, who was going physician in the Venetian galleys to Candia, I went again to Venice, and made a collection of several books and some toys. Three days after, I returned to Padua, where I studied hard till the arrival of Mr Henshaw, Bramston,<sup>2</sup> and some other English gentlemen whom I had left at Rome, and who made me go back to Venice, where I spent some time in showing them what I had seen there.

26th September. My dear friend, and till now my constant fellow-traveller, Mr. Thicknesse, being obliged to return to England upon his particular concern, and who had served his Majesty in the wars,

I accompanied him part of his way, and, on the 28th, returned to Venice.

29th. Michaelmas-day, I went with my Lord Mowbray<sup>1</sup> (eldest son to the Earl of Arundel, and a most worthy person) to see the collection of a noble Venetian, Signor Rugini. He has a stately Palace, richly furnished with statues and heads of Roman Emperors, all placed in an ample room. In the next, was a cabinet of medals, both Latin and Greek, with divers curious shells and two fair pearls in two of them; but, above all, he abounded in things petrified, walnuts, eggs in which the yolk rattled, a pear, a piece of beef with the bones in it, a whole hedgehog, a plaice on a wooden trencher turned into stone and very perfect, charcoal, a morsel of cork yet retaining its levity, sponges, and a piece of taffety part rolled up, with innumerable more. In another cabinet, supported by twelve pillars of oriental agate, and railed about with crystal, he showed us several noble intaglios of agate, especially a head of Tiberius, a woman in a bath with her dog, some rare cornelians, onyxes, crystals, etc., in one of which was a drop of water not congealed, but moving up and down, when shaken; above all, a diamond which had a very fair ruby growing in it; divers pieces of amber, wherein were several insects, in particular one cut like a heart that contained in it a salamander without the least defect, and many pieces of mosaic. The fabric of this cabinet was very ingenious, set thick with agates, turquoises, and other precious stones, in the midst of which was an antique of a dog in stone scratching his ear, very rarely cut, and comparable to the greatest curiosity I had ever seen of that kind for the accurateness of the work. The next chamber had a bedstead all inlaid with agates, crystals, cornelians, lazuli, etc., esteemed worth 16,000 crowns; but, for the most part, the bedsteads in Italy are of forged iron gilded, since it is impossible to keep the wooden ones from the *cimices*.

<sup>1</sup> James Lord Mowbray and Maltravers, the eldest son of Lord Arundel, died in 1624, before his father. Evelyn's friend was Henry Frederick (1608-52), the Earl's second son, who, on his father's death in Italy (1646), succeeded to the earldom of Arundel. He married, in 1626, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Esmé Stuart, Earl of March, and afterwards Duke of Lennox, who will be found noticed occasionally by Evelyn.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 77.]

<sup>2</sup> [Francis Bramston, d. 1683, brother of Sir John Bramston of the *Autobiography*. He was made a Baron of the Exchequer in 1678. He travelled for four years in France and Italy (see *post*, under 10th October).]

From hence, I returned to Padua, when that town was so infested with soldiers, that many houses were broken open in the night, some murders committed, and the nuns next our lodging disturbed, so as we were forced to be on our guard with pistols and other firearms to defend our doors; and indeed the students themselves take a barbarous liberty in the evenings when they go to their strumpets, to stop all that pass by the house where any of their companions in folly are with them. This custom they call *chi vali*, so as the streets are very dangerous, when the evenings grow dark; nor is it easy to reform this intolerable usage, where there are so many strangers of several nations.

Using to drink my wine cooled with snow and ice, as the manner here is, I was so afflicted with an angina and sore throat, that it had almost cost me my life. After all the remedies Cavalier Veslingius, chief professor here, could apply, old Salvatico (that famous physician) being called, made me be cupped and scarified in the back in four places; which began to give me breath, and consequently life; for I was in the utmost danger; but, God being merciful to me, I was after a fortnight abroad again; when, changing my lodging, I went over against Pozzo Pinto, where I bought for winter provision 3000 weight of excellent grapes, and pressed my own wine, which proved incomparable liquor.

This was on 10th October. Soon after came to visit me from Venice Mr. Henry Howard, grand-child to the Earl of Arundel,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bramston,<sup>2</sup> son to the Lord Chief Justice,<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Henshaw, with whom I went to another part of the city to lodge near St. Catherine's, over against the monastery of nuns, where we hired the whole house, and lived very nobly. Here

<sup>1</sup> Second son of Henry Frederick Howard (p. 127 n.). He succeeded his elder brother, Thomas, who had been restored in 1660 to the dukedom of Norfolk, as sixth duke (1677), though he had previously been created Baron Howard of Castle Rising (1669) and Earl of Norwich (1677). He was also created Earl Marshal of England, and died 11th January, 1684. Evelyn often mentions this family.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 127; and *post*, under 3rd August, 1668.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir John Bramston of Borsham, 1577-1654, Chief Justice of King's Bench, 1635, and father of Sir John Bramston, K.B., 1611-1700, author of the *Autobiography*.]

I learned to play on the theorbo, taught by Signor Dominico Bassano, who had a daughter married to a doctor of laws, that played and sung to nine several instruments, with that skill and address as few masters in Italy exceeded her; she likewise composed divers excellent pieces: I had never seen any play on the Naples viol before. She presented me afterwards with two *recitativos* of hers, both words and music.

31st October. Being my birthday,<sup>1</sup> the nuns of St. Catherine's sent me flowers of silk-work. We were very studious all this winter till Christmas, when, on Twelfth-day, we invited all the English and Scots in town to a feast, which sunk our excellent wine considerably.

1645-6. In January, Signor Molino was chosen Doge of Venice, but the extreme snow that fell, and the cold, hindered my going to see the solemnity, so as I stirred not from Padua till Shrovetide, when all the world repair to Venice, to see the folly and madness of the Carnival; the women, men, and persons of all conditions disguising themselves in antique dresses, with extravagant music and a thousand gambols, traversing the streets from house to house, all places being then accessible and free to enter. Abroad, they fling eggs filled with sweet water, but sometimes not over-sweet. They also have a barbarous custom of hunting bulls about the streets and piazzas, which is very dangerous, the passages being generally narrow. The youth of the several wards and parishes contend in other masteries and pastimes, so that it is impossible to recount the universal madness of this place during this time of license. The great banks are set up for those who will play at basset; the comedians have liberty, and the operas are open; witty pasquils are thrown about, and the mountebanks have their stages at every corner. The diversion which chiefly took me up was three noble operas, where were excellent voices and music, the most celebrated of which was the famous Anna Rencia,<sup>2</sup> whom we invited to a fish-dinner after four days in Lent, when they had given over at the theatre. Accompanied with an eunuch whom she brought with her, she entertained us with

<sup>1</sup> [He was twenty-five.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 122.]

rare music, both of them singing to a harpsichord. It growing late, a gentleman of Venice came for her, to show her the galleys, now ready to sail for Candia. This entertainment produced a second, given us by the English consul of the merchants, inviting us to his house, where he had the Genoese, the most celebrated bass in Italy, who was one of the late opera-band. This diversion held us so late at night, that, conveying a gentlewoman who had supped with us to her gondola at the usual place of landing, we were shot at by two carbines from another gondola, in which were a noble Venetian and his courtesan unwilling to be disturbed, which made us run in and fetch other weapons, not knowing what the matter was, till we were informed of the danger we might incur by pursuing it farther.

Three days after this I took my leave of Venice, and went to Padua, to be present at the famous anatomy lecture, celebrated here with extraordinary apparatus, lasting almost a whole month. During this time, I saw a woman, a child, and a man dissected with all the manual operations of the chirurgion on the human body. The one was performed by Cavalier Veslingius and Dr. Jo. Athelsteinus Leoncenus, of whom I purchased those rare tables of veins and nerves,<sup>1</sup> and caused him to prepare a third of the lungs, liver, and *nervi sexti par*: with the gastric veins, which I sent into England, and afterwards presented to the Royal Society, being the first of that kind that had been seen there, and, for aught I know, in the world, though afterwards there were others.<sup>2</sup> When the anatomy lectures, which were in the mornings, were ended, I went to see cures done in the hospitals; and certainly as there are the greatest helps and the most skilful physicians, so there are the most miserable and deplorable objects to exercise upon. Nor is there any, I should think, so powerful an argument against the vice

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, 5th November, 1652, and 31st October, 1667.]

<sup>2</sup> [Writing from Padua in 1665, of one Marchetti, who had learned dissection of Sir John Finch, Sir Heneage Finch's younger brother, "and one that in anatomy hath taken as much pains as most now living," Edward Browne says: "He [Marchetti] hath tables of the veins, nerves, and arteries, five times more exact than are described in any author" (Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 92).]

reigning in this licentious country, as to be spectator of the misery these poor creatures undergo. They are indeed very carefully attended, and with extraordinary charity.

*20th March.* I returned to Venice, where I took leave of my friends.

*22nd.* I was invited to excellent English potted venison, at Mr. Hobbson's, a worthy merchant.

*23rd.* I took my leave of the Patriarch and the Prince of Wirtemberg, and Monsieur Grotius (son of the learned Hugo<sup>1</sup>) now going as commander to Candia; and, in the afternoon, received of Vandervoort, my merchant, my bills of exchange of 300 ducats for my journey. He showed me his rare collection of Italian books, esteemed very curious, and of good value.

The next day, I was conducted to the Ghetto, where the Jews dwell together in as a tribe or ward, where I was present at a marriage. The bride was clad in white, sitting in a lofty chair, and covered with a white veil; then two old Rabbis joined them together, one of them holding a glass of wine in his hand, which, in the midst of the ceremony, pretending to deliver to the woman, he let fall, the breaking whereof was to signify the frailty of our nature, and that we must expect disasters and crosses amidst all enjoyments. This done we had a fine banquet, and were brought into the bride-chamber, where the bed was dressed up with flowers, and the counterpane strewed in works. At this ceremony, we saw divers very beautiful Portuguese Jewesses, with whom we had some conversation.

I went to the Spanish Ambassador with Bonifacio, his confessor, and obtained his pass to serve me in the Spanish dominions; without which I was not to travel, in this pompous form:

Don Gaspar de Teves y Guzman, Marques de la Fuente, Señor Le Lerena y Verazuza, Commendador de Colos, en la Orden de Sant Yago, Alcalde Mayor perpetuo y Escrivano Mayor de la Ciudad de Sevilla, Gentilhombre de la Camara de S. M. su Azimilero Mayor, de su Consejo, su Embaxador extraordinario a los Principes de Italia, y Alemania, y a esta serenissima Republica de Venetia, etc. Haviendo de partir de esta Ciudad para La Milan el Signior Cavallero Evelyn Ingles,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 13.]

con un Criado, mi han pedido Passa-porte para los Estados de su M. Le he mandado dar el presente, firmado de mi mano, y sellado con el sello de mis armas, por el qual encargo a todos los menestros de S. M. antes quien le presentase y a los que no lo son, suplico les dare passar libremente sin permitir que se le haya vexacion alguna antes mandar le las favor para continuar su viage. Fecho en Venecia a 24 del mes de Marzo del an'o 1646. MAR. DE LA FUENTES, etc.

Having packed up my purchases of books, pictures, casts, treacle, etc. (the making and extraordinary ceremony whereof I had been curious to observe, for it is extremely pompous and worth seeing), I departed from Venice, accompanied with Mr. Waller (the celebrated poet),<sup>1</sup> now newly gotten out of England, after the Parliament had extremely worried him for attempting to put in execution the commission of Array, and for which the rest of his colleagues were hanged by the rebels.

The next day, I took leave of my comrades at Padua, and receiving some directions from Dr. Salvatico<sup>2</sup> as to the care of my health, I prepared for my journey towards Milan.

It was Easter-Monday that I was invited to breakfast at the Earl of Arundel's.<sup>3</sup> I took my leave of him in his bed, where I left that great and excellent man in tears on some private discourse of crosses that had befallen his illustrious family, particularly the undutifulness of his grandson Philip's turning Dominican Friar (since Cardinal of Norfolk),<sup>4</sup> and the misery of his country now embroiled in civil war. He caused his gentleman to give me directions, all written with his own hand, what curiosities I should inquire after in my

journey; and, so enjoining me to write sometimes to him, I departed. There stayed for me below, Mr. Henry Howard (afterwards Duke of Norfolk), Mr. J. Digby, son of Sir Kenelm Digby,<sup>1</sup> and other gentlemen, who conducted me to the coach.

The famous lapidaries of Venice for false stones and pastes, so as to emulate the best diamonds, rubies, etc., were Marco Terrasso and Gilbert.

*An account of what Bills of Exchange I took up at Venice since my coming from Rome, till my departure from Padua.*

11th Aug., 1645 . . .	200
7th Sept. . . . .	135
1st Oct. . . . .	100
15th Jan., 1646 . . .	100
23rd April . . . . .	300

835 Ducati di Banco

In company, then, with Mr. Waller, one Captain Wray<sup>2</sup> (son of Sir Christopher, whose father had been in arms against his Majesty, and therefore by no means welcome to us), with Mr. Abdy,<sup>3</sup> a modest and learned man, we got that night to Vicenza, passing by the Euganean hills, celebrated for the prospects and furniture of rare simples, which we found growing about them. The ways were something deep, the whole country flat and even as a bowling-green. The common fields lie square, and are orderly planted with fruit trees, which the vines run and embrace, for many miles, with delicious streams creeping along the ranges.

Vicenza is a city in the Marquisate of Treviso, yet appertaining to the Venetians, full of gentlemen and splendid palaces, to which the famous Palladio,<sup>4</sup> born here, has exceedingly contributed, having been the architect. Most conspicuous is the Hall of Justice; it has a tower of excellent work; the lower pillars are of the first order; those in the three upper corridors are Doric; under them, are shops in a spacious piazza. The hall was built in imitation of that at Padua, but of a nobler design, *à la moderne*. The next morning,

<sup>1</sup> [Edmund Waller, 1606-87. After being imprisoned in the Tower for "Waller's Plot" to seize London for Charles I., he had been fined and banished, November, 1644.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 128.]

<sup>3</sup> Lassels, who travelled a short time after Evelyn, says (ii. p. 429), that the Earl died here, and that his bowels are buried under a black marble stone, inscribed, "Interiora Thomæ Howardi Comitiss Arondeliæ."

<sup>4</sup> Philip Howard, 1629-94, was the third son of Henry Frederick, afterwards third Earl of Arundel (see *ante*, p. 127 *n.*). He entered the Church of Rome, as stated by Evelyn, and afterwards rose to the dignity of Cardinal, and became Lord Almoner to Catherine, consort of Charles II.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 19. John Digby was his second son, his eldest son being Kenelm, afterwards killed in the Civil Wars.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, p. 143.]

<sup>3</sup> [See Introduction.]

<sup>4</sup> [Andrea Palladio, 1518-80.]



we visited the theatre, as being of that kind the most perfect now standing, and built by Palladio, in exact imitation of the ancient Romans, and capable of containing 5000 spectators.<sup>1</sup> The scene, which is all of stone, represents an imperial city, the order Corinthian, decorated with statues. Over the Scenario is inscribed, "Virtutis ac Genio Olympior: Academia Theatrum hoc à fundamentis erexit Palladio Architect: 1584." The scene declines eleven feet, the *soffitta* painted with clouds. To this there joins a spacious hall for solemn days to ballot in, and a second for the Academics. In the Piazza is also the Podesta, or governor's house, the *facciata* being of the Corinthian order, very noble. The Piazza itself is so large as to be capable of jousts and tournaments, the nobility of this city being exceedingly addicted to this knight-errantry, and other martial diversions. In this place are two pillars in imitation of those at St. Mark's at Venice, bearing one of them a winged lion, the other the statue of St. John the Baptist.

In a word, this sweet town has more well-built palaces than any of its dimensions in all Italy, besides a number begun and not yet finished (but of stately design) by reason of the domestic dissensions betwixt them and those of Brescia, fomented by the sage Venetians, lest by combining, they might think of recovering their ancient liberty. For this reason, also, are permitted those disorders and insolences committed at Padua among the youth of these two territories. It is no dishonour in this country to be some generations in finishing their palaces, that without exhausting themselves by a vast expense at once, they may at last erect a sumptuous pile. Count Oleine's Palace is near perfected in this manner. Count Ulmarini<sup>2</sup> is more famous for his gardens, being without the walls, especially his *cedrario*, or conserve of oranges, eleven score of my paces long, set in order and ranges, making a canopy all the way by their intermixing branches for more than 200 of my single paces, and which, being full of fruit and blossoms, was a most delicious sight. In the middle

of this garden, was a cupola made of wire, supported by slender pillars of brick, so closely covered with ivy, both without and within, that nothing was to be perceived but green; betwixt the arches there dangled festoons of the same. Here is likewise a most inextricable labyrinth.

I had in this town recommendation to a very civil and ingenious apothecary, called Angelico, who had a pretty collection of paintings. I would fain have visited a Palace, called the Rotonda,<sup>1</sup> which was a mile out of town, belonging to Count Martio Capra; but one of our companions hastening to be gone, and little minding anything save drinking and folly, caused us to take coach sooner than we would have done.

A little from the town, we passed the Campo Martio, set out in imitation of ancient Rome, wherein the nobles exercised their horses, and the ladies make the Corso; it is entered by a stately triumphal arch, the invention of Palladio.

Being now set out for Verona, about midway we dined at Ostaria Nova, and came late to our resting-place, which was the Cavaletto, just over the monument of the Scaligeri,<sup>2</sup> formerly princes of Verona, adorned with many devices in stone of ladders, alluding to the name.

Early next morning, we went about the city, which is built on the gentle declivity, and bottom of a hill, environed in part with some considerable mountains and downs of fine grass, like some places in the south of England, and, on the other side, having the rich plain where Caius Marius overthrew the Cimbrians. The city is divided in the midst by the river Adige, over which are divers stately bridges, and on its banks are many goodly palaces, whereof one is well painted in *chiaroscuro* on the outside, as are divers in this dry climate of Italy.

The first thing that engaged our attention and wonder, too, was the amphitheatre, which is the most entire of ancient remains now extant. The inhabitants call it the Arena: it has two porticoes, one within the other, and is thirty-four rods long, twenty-

<sup>1</sup> [Lassels says three thousand.]

<sup>2</sup> Lassels (ii. p. 435) calls him Valmerana, [and mentions the "curious Labyrinth in the garden" of which Evelyn speaks].

<sup>1</sup> ["Palladio's Villa," copied by Lord Burlington at Chiswick.]

<sup>2</sup> [Or della Scala, from whom—says Lassels—*Joseph and Julius Scaliger* pretend to have come" (ii. p. 437).]

two in breadth, with forty-two ranks of stone benches, or seats, which reach to the top. The vastness of the marble stones is stupendous. "L. V. Flaminius, Consul. anno. urb. con. LIII." This I esteem to be one of the noblest antiquities in Europe, it is so vast and entire, having escaped the ruins of so many other public buildings for above 1400 years.

There are other arches, as that of the victory of Marius; temples, aqueducts, etc., showing still considerable remains in several places of the town, and how magnificent it has formerly been. It has three strong castles, and a large and noble wall. Indeed, the whole city is bravely built, especially the Senate-house, where we saw those celebrated statues of Cornelius Nepos, Æmilius Marcus, Plinius, and Vitruvius, all having honoured Verona by their birth; and, of later date, Julius Cæsar Scaliger, that prodigy of learning.<sup>1</sup>

In the evening we saw the garden of Count Giusti's villa, where are walks cut out of the main rock, from whence we had the pleasant prospect of Mantua and Parma, though at great distance. At the entrance of this garden, grows the goodliest cypress, I fancy, in Europe, cut in a pyramid; it is a prodigious tree both for breadth and height, entirely covered, and thick to the base.

Dr. Cortone, a civilian, showed us, amongst other rarities, a St. Dorothea, of Raphael. We could not see the rare drawings, especially of Parmensis, belonging to Dr. Marcello, another advocate, on account of his absence.

Verona deserved all those eulogies Scaliger has honoured it with; for, in my opinion, the situation is the most delightful I ever saw, it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and valleys, so elegantly planted with trees on which Bacchus seems riding as it were in triumph every autumn, for the vines reach from tree to tree; here, of all places I have seen in Italy, would I fix a residence. Well has that learned man given it the name of the very eye of the world:

Ocelle mundi, Sidus Itali cœli,  
Flos Urbium, flos cornicuumq' amœnum,  
Quot sunt, eruntve, quot fuer, Verona.

The next morning we travelled over the

downs where Marius fought, and fancied ourselves about Winchester, and the country towards Dorsetshire. We dined at an inn called Cavalli Caschieri, near Peschiera, a very strong fort of the Venetian Republic, and near the Lago di Garda, which disembogues into that of Mantua, near forty miles in length, highly spoken of by my Lord Arundel to me, as the most pleasant spot in Italy, for which reason I observed it with the more diligence, alighting out of the coach, and going up to a grove of cypresses growing about a gentleman's country-house, from whence indeed it presents a most surprising prospect. The hills and gentle risings about it produce oranges, citrons, olives, figs, and other tempting fruits, and the waters abound in excellent fish, especially trouts. In the middle of this lake, stands Sermonea [Sermione], on an island; here Captain Wray bought a pretty nag of the master of our inn where we dined, for eight pistoles, which his wife, our hostess, was so unwilling to part with, that she did nothing but kiss and weep and hang about the horse's neck, till the captain rode away.

We came this evening to Brescia, which next morning we traversed, according to our custom, in search of antiquities and new sights. Here, I purchased of old Lazarino Cominazzo<sup>1</sup> my fine carbine, which cost me nine pistoles, this city being famous for these firearms, and that workman, Jo. Bap. Franco, the best esteemed. The city consists most in artists, every shop abounding in guns, swords, armourers, etc. Most of the workmen come out of Germany. It stands in a fertile plain, yet the castle is built on a hill. The streets abound in fair fountains. The Torre della Pallada is of a noble Tuscan order, and the Senate-house is inferior to few. The piazza is but indifferent; some of the houses arched as at Padua. The Cathedral was under repair. We would from hence have visited Parma, Piacenza, Mantua, etc.; but the banditti and other dangerous parties being abroad, committing many enormities, we were contented with a Pisgah sight of them.

We dined next day, at Ursa Vecchia, and, after dinner, passed by an exceeding strong fort of the Venetians, called Ursa

<sup>1</sup> [Julius Cæsar Scaliger, 1484-1558, father of Joseph Justus (see *ante*, p. 17).]

<sup>1</sup> [Lassels calls him the "famous" Lazarino Cominazzo.]

Nova, on their frontier. Then by the river Oglio, and so by Sonzino, where we enter the Spanish dominions, and that night arrived at Crema, which belongs to Venice, and is well defended. The Podesta's Palace is finely built, and so is the Duomo, or Cathedral, and the tower to it, with an ample piazza.

Early next day, after four miles' riding, we entered into the State of Milan, and passed by Lodi,<sup>1</sup> a great city famous for cheese, little short of the best Parmeggiano. We dined at Marignano, ten miles before coming to Milan, where we met half-a-dozen suspicious cavaliers, who yet did us no harm. Then, passing as through a continual garden, we went on with exceeding pleasure; for it is the Paradise of Lombardy, the highways as even and straight as a line, the fields to a vast extent planted with fruit about the enclosures, vines to every tree at equal distances, and watered with frequent streams. There was likewise much corn, and olives in abundance. At approach of the city, some of our company, in dread of the Inquisition (severer here than in all Spain), thought of throwing away some Protestant books and papers. We arrived about three in the afternoon, when the officers searched us thoroughly for prohibited goods; but, finding we were only gentlemen travellers, dismissed us for a small reward, and we went quietly to our inn, the Three Kings, where, for that day, we refreshed ourselves, as we had need. The next morning, we delivered our letters of recommendation to the learned and courteous Ferrarius, a Doctor of the Ambrosian College,<sup>2</sup> who conducted us to all the remarkable places of the town, the first of which was the famous Cathedral. We entered by a portico, so little inferior to that of Rome that, when it is finished, it will be hard to

say which is the fairest; the materials are all of white and black marble, with columns of great height, of Egyptian granite. The outside of the church is so full of sculpture, that you may number 4000 statues, all of white marble, amongst which that of St. Bartholomew is esteemed a masterpiece.<sup>1</sup> The church is very spacious, almost as long as St. Peter's at Rome, but not so large. About the choir, the sacred story is finely sculptured, in snow-white marble, nor know I where it is exceeded. About the body of the church are the miracles of St. Charles Borromeo,<sup>2</sup> and in the vault beneath is his body before the high altar, grated, and enclosed, in one of the largest crystals in Europe.<sup>3</sup> To this also belongs a rich treasure. The cupola is all of marble within and without, and even covered with great planks of marble, in the Gothic design. The windows are most beautifully painted. Here are two very fair and excellent organs. The fabric is erected in the midst of a fair piazza, and in the centre of the city.

Hence, we went to the Palace of the Archbishop, which is a quadrangle, the architecture of Tibaldi, who designed much for Philip II. in the Escorial, and has built much in Milan. Hence, into the Governor's Palace, who was Constable of Castile. Tempted by the glorious tapestries and pictures, I adventured so far alone, that peeping into a chamber where the great man was under the barber's hands, he sent one of his negroes (a slave) to know what I was. I made the best excuse I could, and that I was only admiring the pictures, which he returning and telling his lord, I heard the Governor reply that I was a spy; on which I retired with all the speed I could, passed the guard of Swiss, got into the street, and in a moment to my company, who were gone to the Jesuits' Church, which in truth is a noble structure, the front especially, after the modern. After dinner, we were conducted to St. Celso, a church of rare architecture, built by Bramante; the carvings of the marble *facciata* are by

<sup>1</sup> Celebrated in later years for the victory gained by Buonaparte over the Austrians.

<sup>2</sup> Francisco Bernardino Ferrari, 1577-1669, for his extensive knowledge of books selected by Frederick Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, as a proper person to travel and collect books and manuscripts for a noble library he was desirous of founding in that city. He collected a great number of works in all classes of literature, which, with later additions, has since been known as the Ambrosian Library. Lassels speaks also of Octavius Ferrarius, 1607-64, a Milanese archaeologist.

<sup>1</sup> [By Christophoro Cibo.]

<sup>2</sup> [Charles Borromeo, St. Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, 1538-1584, "another St. Ambrose in Pastoral dignity, zeale and sanctity," says Lassels, i. p. 118.]

<sup>3</sup> [The coffin is made of "great squares of crystal."]

Annibal Fontana, whom they esteem at Milan equal to the best of the ancients. In a room joining to the Church, is a marble Madonna, like a coloss, of the same sculptor's work, which they will not expose to the air. There are two *sacristias*, in one of which is a fine Virgin, of Leonardo da Vinci; in the other is one of Raphael d'Urbino, a piece which all the world admires. The Sacristan showed us a world of rich plate, jewels, and embroidered copes, which are kept in presses.

Next, we went to see the Great Hospital, a quadrangular cloister of a vast compass, a truly royal fabric, with an annual endowment of 50,000 crowns of gold. There is in the middle of it a cross building for the sick, and, just under it, an altar so placed as to be seen in all places of the Infirmary.

There are divers colleges built in this quarter, richly provided for by the same Borromeo and his nephew, the last Cardinal Frederico,<sup>1</sup> some not yet finished, but of excellent design.

In St. Eustorgio, they tell us, formerly lay the bodies of the three Magi, since translated to Cologne in Germany; they, however, preserve the tomb, which is a square stone, on which is engraven a star, and, under it, "Sepulchrum trium Magorum."

Passing by St. Laurence, we saw sixteen columns of marble, and the ruins of a Temple of Hercules, with this inscription yet standing:

Imp. Cæsari L. Aurelio Vero Aug. Arminiacio Medio Parthico Max. Trib. Pot. VII. Imp. IIII. Cos. III. P. P. Divi Antonini Pij Divi Hadriani Nepoti Divi Trajani Parthici Pro-Nepoti Divi Nervæ Abnepoti Dec. Dec.

We concluded this day's wandering at the Monastery of Madonna delle Grazie, and in the refectory admired that celebrated "Coena Domini" of Leonardo da Vinci, which takes up the entire wall at the end, and is the same that the great virtuoso, Francis the First of France, was so enamoured of, that he consulted to remove the whole wall by binding it about with ribs of iron and timber, to convey it

into France.<sup>1</sup> It is indeed one of the rarest paintings that was ever executed by Leonardo, who was long in the service of that Prince, and so dear to him that the King coming to visit him in his old age and sickness, he expired in his arms. But this incomparable piece is now exceedingly impaired.<sup>2</sup>

Early next morning came the learned Dr. Ferrarius to visit us, and took us in his coach to see the Ambrosian Library, where Cardinal Fred. Borromeo has expended so vast a sum on this building, and furnishing with curiosities, especially paintings and drawings of inestimable value amongst painters. It is a school fit to make the ablest artists. There are many rare things of Hans Brueghel, and amongst them the "Four Elements."<sup>3</sup> In this room stands the glorious [boasting] inscription of Cavaliero Galeazzo Arconati, valuing his gift to the library of several drawings by Da Vinci; but these we could not see, the keeper of them being out of town, and he always carrying the keys with him; but my Lord Marshal, who had seen them, told me all but one book are small, that a huge folio contained 400 leaves full of scratches of Indians, etc. But whereas the inscription pretends that our King Charles had offered £1000 for them,—the truth is, and my Lord himself told me, that it was he who treated with Galeazzo for himself, in the name and by permission of the King, and that the Duke of Feria, who was then Governor, should make the bargain; but my Lord, having seen them since, did not think them of so much worth.

In the great room, where is a goodly

<sup>1</sup> The *Painter's Voyage of Italy*, published in 1679, does not notice it; and probably it was then almost invisible from decay. It has since been frequently retouched, and it still remains in the refectory of the monastery in which Evelyn saw it; but the damage received from the dampness of the wall has left it but the most indistinct shadow of what it once was. This, however, is less to be deplored since the magnificent print of it by Raphael Morghen, justly esteemed one of the finest works of art in this kind that has ever been executed. The old previous engraving from it by Peter Soutman by no means exhibited a true delineation of the characters of the piece, as nobly designed by Leonardo.

<sup>2</sup> [Lassels only mentions Titian's picture in the church ("Christ crowned with Thorns").]

<sup>3</sup> [Lassels calls them copies.]

<sup>1</sup> [Frederick Borromeo, 1564-1631, Archbishop of Milan.]

library, on the right hand of the door, is a small wainscot closet, furnished with rare manuscripts. Two original letters of the Grand Signor were showed us, sent to two Popes, one of which was (as I remember) to Alexander VI. [Borgia], and the other mentioning the head of the lance which pierced our Blessed Saviour's side, as a present to the Pope: I would fain have gotten a copy of them, but could not; I hear, however, that they are since translated into Italian, and that therein is a most honourable mention of Christ.

We re-visited St. Ambrose's church. The high altar is supported by four porphyry columns, and under it lie the remains of that holy man. Near it they showed us a pit, or well (an obscure place it is), where they say St. Ambrose baptized St. Augustine, and recited the *Te Deum*; for so imports the inscription. The place is also famous for some Councils that have been held here, and for the coronation of divers Italian Kings and Emperors, receiving the iron crown from the Archbishop of this see.<sup>1</sup> They show the History by Josephus, written on the bark of trees. The high altar is wonderfully rich.

Milan is one of the most princely cities in Europe: it has no suburbs, but is circled with a stately wall for ten miles, in the centre of a country that seems to flow with milk and honey. The air is excellent; the fields fruitful to admiration, the market abounding with all sorts of provisions. In the city are near 100 churches, 71 monasteries, and 40,000 inhabitants; it is of a circular figure, fortified with bastions, full of sumptuous palaces and rare artists, especially for works in crystal, which is here cheap, being found among the Alps. They have curious straw-work among the nuns, even to admiration. It has a good river, and a citadel at some small distance from the city, commanding it, of great strength for its works and munition of all kinds. It was built by Galeatius the Second, and consists of four bastions, and works at the angles and fronts; the graff is faced with brick to a very great depth; has two strong towers as one enters, and within is another fort, and spacious lodgings for the soldiers, and for exercising

them. No accommodation for strength is wanting, and all exactly uniform. They have here also all sorts of work and tradesmen, a great magazine of arms and provisions. The fosse is of spring water, with a mill for grinding corn, and the ramparts vaulted underneath. Don Juan Vasques Coronada was now Governor; the garrison Spaniards only.

There is nothing better worth seeing than the collection of Signor Septalla,<sup>1</sup> a canon of St. Ambrose, famous over Christendom for his learning and virtues. Amongst other things, he showed us an Indian wood, that has the perfect scent of civet; a flint, or pebble, that has a quantity of water in it, which is plainly to be seen, it being clear as agate; divers crystals that have water moving in them, some of them having plants, leaves, and hog's bristles in them; much amber full of insects, and divers things of woven amianthus.<sup>2</sup>

Milan is a sweet place, and though the streets are narrow, they abound in rich coaches, and are full of *noblesse*, who frequent the course every night. Walking a turn in the portico before the dome, a *cavaliero* who passed by, hearing some of us speaking English, looked a good while earnestly on us, and by and by sending his servant, desired we would honour him the next day at dinner. We looked on this as an odd invitation, he not speaking to us himself, but we returned his civility with thanks, though

<sup>1</sup> There are two descriptive Catalogues of this collection, in its day one of the most celebrated in all Italy; both are in small quarto, the one in Latin, the other and more detailed one in Italian. To this latter is prefixed a large inside view of the museum, exhibiting its curious contents of busts, statues, pictures, urns, and every kind of rarity, natural and artificial. Keyser, in his *Travels*, laments the not being able to inspect it, on account of a law-suit then pending; and, probably in consequence of that law-suit, it has now been long dispersed. [Gilbert Burnet, however, had seen it in 1685, and he describes some items which should have attracted Evelyn. "There are many curious motions, where, by an unseen spring, a ball, after it hath roll'd down through many winding descents, is thrown up, and so it seems to be a perpetual motion: this is done in several forms, and is well enough disguised to deceive the vulgar. Many motions of little animals, that run about by springs, are also very pretty" (Burnet's *Travels*, 1737, p. 93).]

<sup>2</sup> Buonaparte afterwards took it, and placed it on his own head.

<sup>3</sup> [Flexible asbestos, or earth flax, an incombustible substance sometimes wrought into cloth.]

not fully resolved what to do, or indeed what might be the meaning of it in this jealous place; but on inquiry, it was told us he was a Scots Colonel, who had an honourable command in the city, so that we agreed to go. This afternoon, we were wholly taken up in seeing an opera represented by some Neapolitans, performed all in excellent music with rare scenes, in which there acted a celebrated beauty.

Next morning, we went to the Colonel's, who had sent his servant again to conduct us to his house, which we found to be a noble palace, richly furnished. There were other guests, all soldiers, one of them a Scotchman, but we could not learn one of their names. At dinner, he excused his rudeness that he had not himself spoken to us; telling us it was his custom, when he heard of any English travellers (who but rarely would be known to pass through that city for fear of the Inquisition), to invite them to his house, where they might be free. We had a sumptuous dinner; and the wine was so tempting, that after some healths had gone about, and we had risen from table, the Colonel led us into his hall, where there hung up divers colours, saddles, bridles, pistols, and other arms, being trophies which he had taken with his own hands from the enemy; amongst them, he would needs bestow a pair of pistols on Captain Wray, one of our fellow-travellers, and a good drinking gentleman, and on me a Turkish bridle woven with silk and very curiously embossed, with other silk trappings, to which hung a half-moon finely wrought, which he had taken from a bashaw whom he had slain. With this glorious spoil, I rid the rest of my journey as far as Paris, and brought it afterwards into England. He then showed us a stable of brave horses, with his *manège* and *cavallerizza*. Some of the horses he caused to be brought out, which he mounted, and performed all the motions of an excellent horseman. When this was done, and he had alighted,—contrary to the advice of his groom and page, who knew the nature of the beast, and that their master was a little spirited with wine, he would have a fiery horse that had not yet been managed and was very

ungovernable, but was otherwise a very beautiful creature; this he mounting, the horse, getting the reins in a full *carrière*, rose so desperately that he fell quite back, crushing the Colonel so forcibly against the wall of the *manège*, that though he sat on him like a Centaur, yet recovering the jade on all fours again, he desired to be taken down and so led in, where he cast himself on a pallet; and, with infinite lamentations, after some time we took leave of him, being now speechless. The next morning, going to visit him, we found before the door the canopy which they usually carry over the host, and some with lighted tapers: which made us suspect he was in very sad condition, and so indeed we found him, an Irish Friar standing by his bedside as confessing him, or at least disguising a confession, and other ceremonies used *in extremis*; for we afterwards learned that the gentleman was a Protestant, and had this Friar, his confidant; which was a dangerous thing at Milan, had it been but suspected. At our entrance, he sighed grievously, and held up his hands, but was not able to speak. After vomiting some blood, he kindly took us all by the hand, and made signs that he should see us no more, which made us take our leave of him with extreme reluctance and affliction for the accident. This sad disaster made us consult about our departure as soon as we could, not knowing how we might be inquired after, or engaged, the Inquisition being so cruelly formidable and inevitable, on the least suspicion. The next morning, therefore, discharging our lodgings, we agreed for a coach to carry us to the foot of the Alps, not a little concerned for the death of the Colonel, which we now heard of, and who had so courteously entertained us.

The first day we got as far as Castellanza, by which runs a considerable river into Lago Maggiore; here, at dinner, were two or three Jesuits, who were very pragmatical<sup>1</sup> and inquisitive, whom we declined conversation with as decently as we could: so we pursued our journey through a most fruitful plain, but the weather was wet and uncomfortable. At night, we lay at Sesto.

The next morning, leaving our coach,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 63.]

we embarked in a boat to carry us over the lake (being one of the largest in Europe), and whence we could see the towering Alps, and amongst them the great San Bernardo, esteemed the highest mountain in Europe, appearing to be some miles above the clouds. Through this vast water, passes the river Ticinus, which discharges itself into the Po, by which means Helvetia transports her merchandises into Italy, which we now begin to leave behind us.

Having now sailed about two leagues, we were hauled ashore at Arona, a strong town belonging to the Duchy of Milan, where, being examined by the Governor, and paying a small duty, we were dismissed. Opposite to this fort, is Angera, another small town, the passage very pleasant with the prospect of the Alps covered with pine and fir trees, and above them snow. We passed the pretty island Isabella, about the middle of the lake, on which is a fair house built on a mount; indeed, the whole island is a mount ascended by several terraces and walks all set about with orange and citron trees.

The next we saw was Isola,<sup>1</sup> and we left on our right hand the Isle of S. Giovanni;<sup>1</sup> and so sailing by another small town built also on an island, we arrived at night at Mergozzo, an obscure village at the end of the lake, and at the very foot of the Alps, which now rise as it were suddenly after some hundreds of miles of the most even country in the world, and where there is hardly a stone to be found, as if Nature had here swept up the rubbish of the earth in the Alps, to form and clear the plains of Lombardy, which we had hitherto passed since our coming from Venice. In this wretched place, I lay on a bed stuffed with leaves, which

made such a crackling, and did so prick my skin through the tick, that I could not sleep. The next morning I was furnished with an ass, for we could not get horses; instead of stirrups, we had ropes tied with a loop to put our feet in, which supplied the place of other trappings. Thus, with my gallant steed, bridled with my Turkish present,<sup>1</sup> we passed through a reasonably pleasant but very narrow valley, till we came to Domo, where we rested, and, having showed the Spanish pass, the Governor would press another on us, that his Secretary might get a crown. Here we exchanged our asses for mules, sure-footed on the hills and precipices, being accustomed to pass them. Hiring a guide, we were brought that night through very steep, craggy, and dangerous passages to a village called Vedra, being the last of the King of Spain's dominions in the Duchy of Milan. We had a very infamous wretched lodging.

The next morning, we mounted again through strange, horrid, and fearful crags and tracts, abounding in pine trees, and only inhabited by bears, wolves, and wild goats; nor could we anywhere see above a pistol-shot before us, the horizon being terminated with rocks and mountains, whose tops, covered with snow, seemed to touch the skies, and in many places pierced the clouds. Some of these vast mountains were but one entire stone, betwixt whose clefts now and then precipitated great cataracts of melted snow, and other waters, which made a terrible roaring, echoing from the rocks and cavities; and these waters in some places breaking in the fall, wet us as if we had passed through a mist, so as we could neither see nor hear one another, but, trusting to our honest mules, we jogged on our way. The narrow bridges, in some places made only by felling huge fir trees, and laying them athwart from mountain to mountain, over cataracts of stupendous depth, are very dangerous, and so are the passages and edges made by cutting away the main rock; others in steps; and in some places we pass between mountains that have been broken and fallen on one another; which is very terrible, and one had need of a sure foot and steady head to climb some of these preci-

<sup>1</sup> [M. Maximilien Misson, in a passage cited by Southey to illustrate the seventeenth-century disregard of picturesque beauty, speaks contemptuously of the Borromean Islands. They are, he admits, "*agréables, particulièrement d'un peu loin. Mais il n'y a rien du tout de rare, ni d'extraordinaire*" (*Nouveau Voyage d'Italie*, 5<sup>e</sup> ed. 1722, iii. 235). Burnet, on the other hand, is ecstatic. "They are certainly the loveliest spots of ground in the world. There is nothing in all Italy that can be compared to them; they have the full view of the lake, and the ground rises so sweetly in them, that nothing can be imagined like the terrasses here" (Burnet's *Travels in the years 1685 and 1686*, 1737, p. 83).]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 136.]

pices, besides that they are harbours for bears and wolves, who have sometimes assaulted travellers. In these straits, we frequently alighted, now freezing in the snow, and anon frying by the reverberation of the sun against the cliffs as we descend lower, when we meet now and then a few miserable cottages so built upon the declining of the rocks, as one would expect their sliding down. Amongst these, inhabit a goodly sort of people, having monstrous gullets, or wens of flesh, growing to their throats, some of which I have seen as big as an hundred-pound bag of silver hanging under their chins; among the women especially, and that so ponderous, as that to ease them, many wear linen cloth bound about their head, and coming under the chin to support it; but *quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?*<sup>1</sup> Their drinking so much snow-water, is thought to be the cause of it; the men, using more wine, are not so strumous as the women. The truth is, they are a peculiar race of people, and many great water-drinkers here have not these prodigious tumours; it runs, as we say, in the blood, and is a vice in the race, and renders them so ugly, shrivelled and deformed, by its drawing the skin of the face down, that nothing can be more frightful;<sup>2</sup> to this add a strange puffing dress, furs, and that barbarous language, being a mixture of corrupt High German, French, and Italian. The people are of great stature, extremely fierce and rude, yet very honest and trusty.

This night, through almost inaccessible heights, we came in prospect of Mons Sempronius,<sup>3</sup> now Mount Simphon, which has on its summit a few huts and a chapel. Approaching this, Captain Wray's water-spaniel (a huge filthy cur that had followed

him out of England) hunted a herd of goats down the rocks into a river made by the melting of the snow. Arrived at our cold harbour (though the house had a stove in every room) and supping on cheese and milk with wretched wine, we went to bed in cupboards<sup>1</sup> so high from the floor, that we climbed them by a ladder; we were covered with feathers, that is, we lay between two ticks stuffed with them, and all little enough to keep one warm. The ceilings of the rooms are strangely low for those tall people. The house was now (in September) half covered with snow, nor is there a tree, or a bush, growing within many miles.

From this uncomfortable place, we prepared to hasten away the next morning; but, as we were getting on our mules, comes a huge young fellow demanding money for a goat which he affirmed that Captain Wray's dog had killed; expostulating the matter, and impatient of staying in the cold, we set spurs and endeavoured to ride away, when a multitude of people being by this time gotten together about us (for it being Sunday morning and attending for the priest to say mass), they stopped our mules, beat us off our saddles, and, disarming us of our carbines, drew us into one of the rooms of our lodging, and set a guard upon us. Thus we continued prisoners till mass was ended, and then came half a score grim Swiss, who, taking on them to be magistrates, sate down on the table, and condemned us to pay a pistole for the goat, and ten more for attempting to ride away, threatening that if we did not pay it speedily, they would send us to prison, and keep us to a day of public justice, where, as they perhaps would have exaggerated the crime, for they pretended we had primed our carbines and would have shot some of them (as indeed the Captain was about to do), we might have had our heads cut off, as we were told afterwards, for that amongst these rude people a very small misdemeanour does often meet that sentence. Though the proceedings appeared highly unjust,<sup>2</sup> on consultation among ourselves

<sup>1</sup> [Juvenal, *Sat.* xiii. l. 162. Cf. *Tempest*, Act III. Sc. iii.]

<sup>2</sup> [The pragmatical "Peregrine of Odcombe" has also his paragraph on this theme:—"When I came to Aigubelle, I saw the effects of the common drinking of snow-water in Savoy. For there I saw many men and women having exceeding great bunches or swellings in their throates, such as we call in Latin *strummas*, as bigge as the fistes of a man, through the drinking of snow-water, yet some of their bunches are almost as great as an ordinary foot-ball with us in England. These swellings are much to be seene amongst these Savoyards, neither are all the *Piedmontaises* free from them" (Coryat, *Cruddities*, ed. 1776, i. 87).]

<sup>3</sup> [Or, Mons Scipionis.]

<sup>1</sup> They have such in Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Surely—says Bray (and very justly)—these poor people had the right upon their side, and this is not expressed with Evelyn's usual liberality.



we thought it safer to rid ourselves out of their hands, and the trouble we were brought into; and therefore we patiently laid down the money, and with fierce countenances had our mules and arms delivered to us, and glad we were to escape as we did. This was cold entertainment, but our journey after was colder, the rest of the way having been (as they told us) covered with snow since the Creation; no man remembered it to be without; and because, by the frequent snowing, the tracks are continually filled up, we passed by several tall masts set up to guide travellers, so as for many miles they stand in ken of one another, like to our beacons. In some places, where there is a cleft between two mountains, the snow fills it up, whilst the bottom, being thawed, leaves as it were a frozen arch of snow, and that so hard as to bear the greatest weight; for as it snows often, so it perpetually freezes, of which I was so sensible that it flawed the very skin of my face.

Beginning now to descend a little, Captain Wray's horse (that was our sumpter and carried all our baggage) plunging through a bank of loose snow, slid down a frightful precipice, which so incensed the choleric cavalier, his master, that he was sending a brace of bullets into the poor beast, lest our guide should recover him, and run away with his burden; but, just as he was lifting up his carbine, we gave such a shout, and so pelted the horse with snowballs, as with all his might plunging through the snow, he fell from another steep place into another bottom, near a path we were to pass. It was yet a good while ere we got to him, but at last we recovered the place, and, easing him of his charge, hauled him out of the snow, where he had been certainly frozen in, if we had not prevented it, before night. It was as we judged almost two miles that he had slid and fallen, yet without any other harm than the benumbing of his limbs for the present, but, with lusty rubbing and chafing he began to move, and, after a little walking, performed his journey well enough. All this way, affrighted with the disaster of this horse, we trudged on foot, driving our mules before us; sometimes we fell, sometimes we slid, through this ocean of snow, which after October is impassable. To-

wards night, we came into a larger way, through vast woods of pines, which clothe the middle parts of these rocks. Here, they were burning some to make pitch and rosin, peeling the knotty branches, as we do to make charcoal, reserving what melts from them, which hardens into pitch. We passed several cascades of dissolved snow, that had made channels of formidable depth in the crevices of the mountains, and with such a fearful roaring as we could hear it for seven long miles. It is from these sources that the Rhone and the Rhine, which pass through all France and Germany, derive their originals. Late at night, we got to a town called Briga, at the foot of the Alps, in the Valteline. Almost every door had nailed on the outside and next the street a bear's, wolf's, or fox's head, and divers of them all three; a savage kind of sight, but, as the Alps are full of the beasts, the people often kill them. The next morning, we returned to our guide, and took fresh mules, and another to conduct us to the Lake of Geneva, passing through as pleasant a country as that we had just travelled was melancholy and troublesome. A strange and sudden change it seemed; for the reverberation of the sunbeams from the mountains and rocks that like walls range it on both sides, not above two flight-shots in breadth, for a very great number of miles, renders the passage excessively hot. Through such extremes we continued our journey, that goodly river, the Rhone, gliding by us in a narrow and quiet channel almost in the middle of this Canton, fertilising the country for grass and corn, which grow here in abundance.

We arrived this night at Sion, a pretty town and city, a bishop's seat, and the head of Valesia [Valais]. There is a castle, and the bishop who resides in it has both civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Our host, as the custom of these Cantons is, was one of the chiefest of the town, and had been a Colonel in France; he treated us with extreme civility, and was so displeased at the usage we received at Mount Simphon, that he would needs give us a letter to the Governor of the country, who resided at St. Maurice, which was in our way to Geneva, to revenge the affront. This was a true old blade, and had been a

very curious virtuoso, as we found by a handsome collection of books, medals, pictures, shells, and other antiquities. He showed two heads and horns of the true capricorn,<sup>1</sup> which animal he told us was frequently killed among the mountains; one branch of them was as much as I could well lift, and near as high as my head, not much unlike the greater sort of goat's, save that they bent forwards, by help whereof they climb up and hang on inaccessible rocks, from whence the inhabitants now and then shoot them. They speak prodigious things of their leaping from crag to crag, and of their sure footing, notwithstanding their being cloven-footed, unapt (one would think) to take hold and walk so steadily on those horrible ridges as they do. The Colonel would have given me one of these beams, but the want of a convenience to carry it along with me, caused me to refuse his courtesy. He told me that in the castle there were some Roman and Christian antiquities, and he had some inscriptions in his own garden. He invited us to his country-house, where he said he had better pictures, and other rarities; but, our time being short, I could not persuade my companions to stay and visit the places he would have had us see, nor the offer he made to show us the hunting of the bear, wolf, and other wild beasts. The next morning, having presented his daughter, a pretty well-fashioned young woman, with a small ruby ring, we parted somewhat late from our generous host.

Passing through the same pleasant valley between the horrid mountains on either hand, like a gallery many miles in length, we got to Martigny, where also we were well entertained. The houses in this country are all built of fir boards, planed within, low, and seldom above one story. The people very clownish and rustically clad, after a very odd fashion, for the most part in blue cloth, very whole and warm, with little variety of distinction betwixt the gentleman and common sort, by a law of their country being exceedingly frugal. Add to this their great honesty and fidelity, though exacting enough for what they part with. I saw not one beggar. We paid the value of twenty shillings English, for

<sup>1</sup> Ibex, or steinbok.

a day's hire of one horse. Every man goes with a sword by his side, the whole country well disciplined, and indeed impregnable, which made the Romans have such ill success against them; one lusty Swiss at their narrow passages is sufficient to repel a legion. It is a frequent thing here for a young tradesman, or farmer, to leave his wife and children for twelve or fifteen years, and seek his fortune in the wars in Spain, France, Italy, or Germany, and then return again to work. I look upon this country to be the safest spot of all Europe, neither envied nor envying; nor are any of them rich, nor poor; they live in great simplicity and tranquillity; and, though of the fourteen Cantons half be Roman Catholics, the rest Reformed, yet they mutually agree, and are confederate with Geneva, and are its only security against its potent neighbours, as they themselves are from being attacked by the greater potentates, by the mutual jealousy of their neighbours, as either of them would be overbalanced, should the Swiss, who are wholly mercenary and auxiliaries, be subjected to France or Spain.

We were now arrived at St. Maurice, a large handsome town and residence of the President, where justice is done. To him we presented our letter from Sion, and made known the ill-usage we had received for killing a wretched goat, which so incensed him, as he swore if we would stay he would not only help us to our money again, but most severely punish the whole rabble; but our desire of revenge had by this time subsided, and glad we were to be gotten so near France, which we reckoned as good as home. He courteously invited us to dine with him; but we excused ourselves, and, returning to our inn, whilst we were eating something before we took horse, the Governor had caused two pages to bring us a present of two great vessels of covered plate full of excellent wine, in which we drank his health, and rewarded the youths; they were two vast bowls supported by two Swissses, handsomely wrought after the German manner. This civility and that of our host at Sion, perfectly reconciled us to the highlanders; and so, proceeding on our journey, we passed this afternoon

through the gate which divides the Valais from the Duchy of Savoy, into which we were now entering, and so, through Monthey, we arrived that evening at Beveretta [Bouveret]. Being extremely weary and complaining of my head, and finding little accommodation in the house, I caused one of our hostess's daughters to be removed out of her bed,<sup>1</sup> and went immediately into it whilst it was yet warm, being so heavy with pain and drowsiness that I would not stay to have the sheets changed; but I shortly after paid dearly for my impatience, falling sick of the small-pox so soon as I came to Geneva, for by the smell of frankincense and the tale the good woman told me of her daughter having had an ague, I afterwards concluded she had been newly recovered of the small-pox. Notwithstanding this, I went with my company, the next day, hiring a bark to carry us over the lake; and indeed sick as I was, the weather was so serene and bright, the water so calm, and air so temperate, that never had travellers a sweeter passage. Thus, we sailed the whole length of the lake, about thirty miles, the countries bordering on it (Savoy and Berne) affording one of the most delightful prospects in the world, the Alps covered with snow, though at a great distance, yet showing their aspiring tops. Through this lake, the river Rhodanus passes with that velocity as not to mingle with its exceeding deep waters,<sup>2</sup> which are very clear, and breed the most celebrated trout for largeness and goodness of any in Europe. I have ordinarily seen one of three feet in length sold in the market for a small price, and such we had in the

lodging where we abode, which was at the White Cross. All this while, I held up tolerably; and the next morning having a letter for Signor John Diodati, the famous Italian minister and translator of the Holy Bible into that language,<sup>1</sup> I went to his house, and had a great deal of discourse with that learned person. He told me that he had been in England, driven by tempest into Deal, whilst sailing for Holland, that he had seen London, and was exceedingly taken with the civilities he received. He so much approved of our Church-government by Bishops, that he told me the French Protestants would make no scruple to submit to it and all its pomp, had they a King of the Reformed religion as we had. He exceedingly deplored the difference now between his Majesty and the Parliament. After dinner, came one Monsieur Saladine, with his little pupil, the Earl of Caernarvon,<sup>2</sup> to visit us, offering to carry us to the principal places of the town; but, being now no more able to hold up my head, I was constrained to keep my chamber, imagining that my very eyes would have dropped out; and this night I felt such a stinging about me, that I could not sleep. In the morning, I was very ill, but sending for a doctor, he persuaded me to be let blood. He was a very learned old man, and, as he said, he had been physician to Gustavus the Great, King of Sweden, when he passed this way into Italy, under the name of Monsieur Gars, the initial letters of Gustavus Adolphus Rex Sueciæ, and of our famous Duke of Buckingham, on his returning out of Italy. He afterwards acknowledged that he should not have bled me, had he suspected the small-pox, which brake out a day after. He afterwards purged me, and applied leeches, and God knows what this would have produced, if the spots had not appeared, for he was thinking of bleeding me again.

<sup>1</sup> [Evelyn's action on this occasion has been cited to the prejudice of his philanthropy. But it should be borne in mind that, besides being "extremely weary," he was—as Southey suggests—actually sickening for the small-pox, although he did not know it; and it may be added that when he says "I caused," he probably only assented to a proposal made by a compliant hostess.]

<sup>2</sup> ["Of all the fables which credulity delights to believe and propagate, this should appear the most impossible to obtain credit, for the Rhone, when it enters the lake, is both of the colour and consistency of pease-soup, and it issues out of it perfectly clear, and of so deep a blue that no traveller can ever have beheld it without astonishment" (Southey in *Quarterly Review*, April, 1818, p. 14.)]

<sup>1</sup> [Giovanni Diodati, 1576-1649. He was the uncle of Charles Diodati, 1608-38, the physician, whose death prompted Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis*.]

<sup>2</sup> Charles, third Baron Dormer, b. 1632, succeeded, in September, 1643, as second Earl of Carnarvon; his father having been killed at the first battle of Newbury (20th Sept.), where he was in arms for the King as a general of Horse. The second Earl died on the 29th of September, 1709.

They now kept me warm in bed for sixteen days, tended by a vigilant Swiss matron, whose monstrous throat, when I sometimes awaked out of unquiet slumbers, would affright me. After the pimples were come forth, which were not many, I had much ease as to pain, but infinitely afflicted with heat and noisomeness. By God's mercy, after five weeks' keeping my chamber, I went abroad. Monsieur Saladine and his lady sent me many refreshments. Monsieur Le Chat, my physician, to excuse his letting me blood, told me it was so burnt and vicious as it would have proved the plague, or spotted fever, had he proceeded by any other method. On my recovering sufficiently to go abroad, I dined at Monsieur Saladine's, and in the afternoon went across the water on the side of the lake, and took a lodging that stood exceedingly pleasant, about half a mile from the city, for the better airing; but I stayed only one night, having no company there, save my pipe; so, the next day, I caused them to row me about the lake as far as the great stone, which they call Neptune's Rock, on which they say sacrifice was anciently offered to him. Thence I landed at certain cherry-gardens and pretty villas by the side of the lake, and exceedingly pleasant. Returning, I visited their conservatories of fish; in which were trouts of six and seven feet long, *as they affirmed*.

The Rhone, which parts the city in the midst, dips into a cavern underground, about six miles from it, and afterwards rises again, and runs its open course, like our Mole, or Swallow,<sup>1</sup> by Dorking, in Surrey. The next morning (being Thursday) I heard Dr. Diodati preach in Italian, many of that country, especially of Lucca, his native place, being inhabitants of Geneva, and of the Reformed religion.

The town lying between Germany, France, and Italy, those three tongues are familiarly spoken by the inhabitants. It is a strong, well-fortified city, part of it built on a rising ground. The houses are not despicable, but the high pent-houses (for I can hardly call them cloisters, being all of wood), through which the people pass dry and in the shade, winter and

summer, exceedingly deform the fronts of the buildings. Here are abundance of bookellers; but their books are of ill impressions; these, with watches (of which store are made here), crystal, and excellent screwed guns, are the staple commodities. All provisions are good and cheap.

The Town-house is fairly built of stone; the portico has four black marble columns; and, on a table of the same, under the city arms, a demi-eagle and cross, between cross-keys, is a motto, "Post Tenebras Lux," and this inscription:

Quum anno 1535 profligatâ Romanâ Anti-Christi Tyrannide, abrogatisq; ejus superstitionibus, sacro-sancta Christi Religio hic in suam puritatem, Ecclesiâ in meliorem ordinem singulari Dei beneficio repositâ, et simul pulsus fugatisq; hostibus, urbs ipsa in suam Libertatem, non sine insigni miraculo, restituta fuerit; Senatus Populusq; Genevensis Monumentum hoc perpetuæ memoriæ causâ, fieri atque hoc loco erigi curavit, quod suam erga Deum gratitudinem ad posteros testatum fuerit.

The territories about the town are not so large as many ordinary gentlemen have about their country farms, for which cause they are in continual watch, especially on the Savoy side; but, in case of any siege, the Swiss are at hand, as this inscription in the same place shows, towards the street:

D.O.M.S.

Anno a verâ Religione divinitus cum veteri Libertate Genevæ restitutâ, et quasi novo Jubilæo ineunte, plurimis vitatis domi et foris insidiis et superatis tempestatibus, et cum Helvetiorum Primari Tigurini æquo jure in societatem perpetuam nobiscum venerint, et veteres fidiissimi socii Bernenses prius vinculum novo adstrinxerint, S.P.Q.G. quod felix esse velit D.O.M. tanti beneficii monumentum consecrârunt, anno temporis ultimi CC3.10. XXXIV.

In the Senate-house, were fourteen ancient urns, dug up as they were removing earth in the fortifications.

A little out of the town is a spacious field, which they call Campus Martius; and well it may be so termed, with better reason than that at Rome at present (which is no more a field, but all built into streets),

<sup>1</sup> [The swallows of the Mole are hollows underground into which that river disappears at intervals (Murray's Surrey, 1898, pp. 93-95).]

for here on every Sunday, after the evening devotions, this precise people permit their youth to exercise arms, and shoot in guns, and in the long and cross bows, in which they are exceedingly expert, reputed to be as dexterous as any people in the world. To encourage this, they yearly elect him who has won most prizes at the mark, to be their king, as the king of the long bow, gun, or cross bow. He then wears that weapon in his hat in gold, with a crown over it, made fast to the hat like a brooch. In this field, is a long house wherein their arms and furniture are kept in several places very neatly. To this joins a hall, where, at certain times, they meet and feast; in the glass-windows are the arms and names of their kings [of arms]. At the side of the field, is a very noble Pall-Mall, but it turns with an elbow. There is also a bowling-place, a tavern, and a trey-table, and here they ride their managed horses. It is also the usual place of public execution of those who suffer for any capital crime, though committed in another country, by which law divers fugitives have been put to death, who have fled hither to escape punishment in their own country. Amongst other severe punishments here, adultery is death. Having seen this field, and played a game at mall, I supped with Mr. Saladine.

On Sunday, I heard Dr. Diodati preach in French, and after the French mode, in a gown with a cape, and his hat on. The Church-government is severely Presbyterian, after the discipline of Calvin and Beza, who set it up, but nothing so rigid as either our Scots or English sectaries of that denomination. In the afternoon, Monsieur Morice, a most learned young person and excellent poet, chief Professor of the University, preached at St. Peter's, a spacious Gothic fabric. This was heretofore a cathedral and a reverend pile. It has four turrets, on one of which stands a continual sentinel; in another, cannons are mounted. The church is very decent within; nor have they at all defaced the painted windows, which are full of pictures of saints; nor the stalls, which are all carved with the history of our Blessed Saviour.

In the afternoon, I went to see the young townsmen exercise in Mars' Field, where the prizes were pewter-plates and dishes;

'tis said that some have gained competent estates by what they have thus won. Here I first saw huge *balliste*, or cross-bows, shot in, being such as they formerly used in wars, before great guns were known; they were placed in frames, and had great screws to bend them, doing execution at an incredible distance. They were most accurate at the long-bow and musket, rarely missing the smallest mark. I was as busy with the carbine I brought from Brescia as any of them. After every shot, I found them go into a long-house, and cleanse their guns, before they charged again.

On Monday, I was invited to a little garden without the works, where were many rare tulips, anemones, and other choice flowers. The Rhone, running athwart the town out of the Lake, makes half the city a suburb, which, in imitation of Paris, they call St. Gervais Faubourg, and it has a church of the same name. On two wooden bridges that cross the river are several water-mills, and shops of trades, especially smiths and cutlers; between the bridges is an island, in the midst of which is a very ancient tower, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar. At the end of the other bridge is the mint, and a fair sundial.

Passing again by the Town-house, I saw a large crocodile hanging in chains; and against the wall of one of the chambers, seven judges were painted without hands, except one in the middle, who has but one hand; I know not the story. The Arsenal is at the end of this building, well furnished and kept.

After dinner, Mr. Morice led us to the college, a fair structure; in the lower part are the schools, which consist of nine classes; and a hall above, where the students assemble; also a good library. They showed us a very ancient Bible, of about 300 years old, in the vulgar French, and a MS. in the old Monkish character: here have the Professors their lodgings. I also went to the Hospital, which is very commodious; but the Bishop's Palace is now a prison.

This town is not much celebrated for beautiful women, for, even at this distance from the Alps, the gentlewomen have something full throats; but our Captain Wray (afterwards Sir William, eldest son of that

Sir Christopher, who had both been in arms against his Majesty for the Parliament) fell so mightily in love with one of Monsieur Saladin's daughters that, with much persuasion, he could not be prevailed on to think on his journey into France, the season now coming on extremely hot.

My sickness and abode here cost me forty-five pistoles of gold to my host, and five to my honest doctor, who for six weeks' attendance and the apothecary thought it so generous a reward that, at my taking leave, he presented me with his advice for the regimen of my health, written with his own hand in Latin. This regimen I much observed, and I bless God passed the journey without inconvenience from sickness, but it was an extraordinarily hot unpleasant season and journey, by reason of the craggy ways.

*5th July.* We took, or rather purchased, a boat, for it could not be brought back against the stream of the Rhone. We were two days going to Lyons, passing many admirable prospects of rocks and cliffs, and near the town down a very steep declivity of water for a full mile. From Lyons, we proceeded the next morning, taking horse to Roanne, and lay that night at Feurs. At Roanne, we indulged ourselves with the best that all France affords, for here the provisions are choice and plentiful, so as the supper we had might have satisfied a prince. We lay in damask beds, and were treated like emperors. The town is one of the neatest built in all France, on the brink of the Loire; and here we agreed with an old fisher to row us as far as Orleans. The first night, we came as far as Nevers, early enough to see the town, the Cathedral (St. Cyr), the Jesuits' College, and the Castle, a Palace of the Duke's, with the bridge to it nobly built.

The next day, we passed by La Charité, a pretty town, somewhat distant from the river. Here I lost my faithful spaniel (Piccioli), who had followed me from Rome. It seems he had been taken up by some of the Governor's pages, or footmen, without recovery; which was a great displeasure to me, because the cur had many useful qualities.

The next day, we arrived at Orleans, taking our turns to row, of which I reckon

my share came to little less than twenty leagues. Sometimes, we footed it through pleasant fields and meadows; sometimes, we shot at fowls, and other birds; nothing came amiss: sometimes, we played at cards, whilst others sung, or were composing verses; for we had the great poet, Mr. Waller,<sup>1</sup> in our company, and some other ingenious persons.

At Orleans, we abode but one day; the next, leaving our mad Captain behind us, I arrived at Paris, rejoiced that, after so many disasters and accidents in a tedious peregrination, I was gotten so near home, and here I resolved to rest myself before I went farther.

It was now October, and the only time in my whole life that I spent most idly, tempted from my more profitable recesses;<sup>2</sup> but I soon recovered my better resolutions and fell to my study, learning the high Dutch and Spanish tongues, and now and then refreshing my dancing, and such exercises as I had long omitted, and which are not in much reputation amongst the sober Italians.

*1647: 28th January.* I changed my lodging in the Place de Monsieur de Metz, near the Abbey of St. Germain; and thence, on the 12th February, to another in Rue Columbiere, where I had a very fair apartment, which cost me four pistoles per month. The 18th, I frequented a course of chemistry, the famous Monsieur Lefevre<sup>3</sup> operating upon most of the nobler processes. March 3rd, Monsieur Mercure began to teach me on the lute, though to small perfection.

In May, I fell sick, and had very weak eyes; for which I was four times let blood.

*22nd May.* My valet (Hebert) robbed me of clothes and plate, to the value of threescore pounds; but, through the diligence of Sir Richard Browne,<sup>4</sup> his Majesty's Resident at the Court of France, and with whose lady and family I had contracted a great friendship (and particularly set my affections on a daughter<sup>5</sup>), I recovered

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 130.]

<sup>2</sup> [Retirements.]

<sup>3</sup> [Nicassus or Nicolas Lefevre, *d.* 1669, afterwards Charles II.'s professor of chemistry, and apothecary to the Royal Household. He was an F.R.S. (see *post*, under 20th September, 1662).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 28.]

<sup>5</sup> [Mary Browne.]

most of them, obtaining of the Judge, with no small difficulty, that the process against the thief should not concern his life, being his first offence.

10th June. We concluded about my marriage, in order to which I went to St. German, where his Majesty, then Prince of Wales, had his court, to desire of Dr. Earle,<sup>1</sup> then one of his chaplains (since Dean of Westminster, Clerk of the Closet, and Bishop of Salisbury), that he would accompany me to Paris, which he did; and, on Thursday, 27th June 1647, he married us in Sir Richard Browne's chapel, betwixt the hours of eleven and twelve, some few select friends being present. And this being Corpus Christi feast, was solemnly observed in this country; the streets were sumptuously hung with tapestry, and strewed with flowers.

10th September. Being called into England, to settle my affairs after an absence of four years, I took leave of the Prince and Queen, leaving my wife, yet very young,<sup>2</sup> under the care of an excellent lady and prudent mother.

4th October. I sealed and declared my will, and that morning went from Paris, taking my journey through Rouen, Dieppe, Villedieu, and St. Valery, where I stayed one day with Mr. Waller, with whom I had some affairs, and for which cause I took this circle to Calais, where I arrived on the 11th, and that night embarking in the packet-boat, was by one o'clock got safe to Dover; for which I heartily put up my thanks to God, who had conducted me safe to my own country, and been merciful to me through so many aberrations. Hence, taking post, I arrived at London the next day at evening, being the second of October, new style.

<sup>1</sup> John Earle, 1601-65, finished his education at Merton College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was appointed sub-tutor to Prince Charles, son of Charles I., whom he afterwards attended when abroad, as chaplain. Returning to England at the Restoration, he was successively made Dean of Westminster, Clerk of the Closet, Bishop of Worcester, and Bishop of Salisbury. He was the author of a Latin translation of the *Eikon Basilike*, of *Micro-cosmographie*, or, *a Peerce of the World discovered, in Essayes and Characters*, 1628, and of *An Elegy on Mr. Francis Beannont*.

<sup>2</sup> [On her tombstone in Wotton Church she is stated to have been "in the seventy-fourth year of her age" in February, 1709.]

5th. I came to Wotton, the place of my birth, to my brother, and on the 10th to Hampton Court,<sup>1</sup> where I had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand, and give him an account of several things I had in charge, he being now in the power of those execrable villains who not long after murdered him. I lay at my cousin, Serjeant Hatton's, at Thames-Ditton,<sup>2</sup> whence, on the 13th, I went to London.

14th. To Sayes Court,<sup>3</sup> at Deptford, in Kent (since my house), where I found Mr. Pretymann,<sup>4</sup> my wife's uncle, who had charge of it and the estate about it, during my father-in-law's residence in France. On the 15th, I again occupied my own chambers in the Middle Temple.

9th November. My sister opened to me her marriage with Mr. Glanville.<sup>5</sup>

1647-8: 14th January. From London I went to Wotton, to see my young nephew; and thence to Baynards<sup>6</sup> [in Ewhurst], to visit my brother Richard.

5th February. Saw a tragi-comedy acted in the Cock-pit, after there had been none

<sup>1</sup> [The King had been a prisoner at Hampton Court since 24th August, but his captivity was not strict. "Persons of all conditions repaired to his majesty of those who had served him, lords and ladies with whom he conferred without reservation; and the citizens flocked thither, as they had used to do at the end of a progress, when the king had been some months absent from London; but that which pleased his majesty most, was, that his children were permitted to come, in whom he took great delight" (Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, 1888, iv. 250). His children were at the Duke of Northumberland's, Syon House (see *post*, under 7th July, 1665).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 25.]

<sup>3</sup> [This is Evelyn's earliest reference to the habitation in which he subsequently lived for forty years. Its name came from the Say family, who had owned it in the twelfth century; but by the time of James I. it had reverted to the Crown, and was occupied by the Brownes, who came from Essex (see *post*, under 12th March, 1683). At the death of Sir Richard Browne in 1604, it had passed to his son Christopher, *d.* 1645, and thence to Christopher's only son, another Sir Richard Browne, Evelyn's father-in-law (see *ante*, p. 28), at this time, October, 1647, English Resident at Paris. After King Charles's death, the manor and house were seized by the Commonwealth, and sold. (For the further history of Sayes Court, see *post*, under 9th March, 1652, and 22nd February, 1653.)]

<sup>4</sup> [William Pretymann was executor to Christopher Browne above mentioned. Mrs. Evelyn's mother was a daughter of Sir John Pretymann of Dryfield.]

<sup>5</sup> [Jane Evelyn, who married William Glanville of Devon.]

<sup>6</sup> [Richard Evelyn's house (see *post*, under 5th May, 1657).]

of these diversions for many years during the war.

*28th February.* I went with my noble friend, Sir William Ducie<sup>1</sup> (afterwards Lord Downe), to Thistleworth, where we dined with Sir Clepesby Crew,<sup>2</sup> and afterwards to see the rare miniatures of Peter Oliver,<sup>3</sup> and rounds of plaster, and then the curious flowers of Mr. Barill's garden, who has some good metals and pictures. Sir Clepesby has fine Indian hangings, and a very good chimney-piece of water-colours, by Brueghel, which I bought for him.

*26th April.* There was a great uproar in London that the rebel army quartering at Whitehall would plunder the City, on which there was published a Proclamation for all to stand on their guard.

*4th May.* Came up the Essex petitioners for an agreement betwixt his Majesty and the rebels. The 16th, the Surrey men addressed the Parliament for the same; of which some of them were slain and murdered by Cromwell's guards, in the New Palace Yard. I now sold the impropriation of South Malling,<sup>4</sup> near Lewes, in Sussex, to Mr. Kemp and Alcock, for £3000.

*30th.* There was a rising now in Kent, my Lord of Norwich being at the head of them. Their first rendezvous was in Broome-field, next my house at Sayes Court, whence they went to Maidstone, and so to Colchester, where was that memorable siege.<sup>5</sup>

*27th June.* I purchased the manor of

Hurcott, in Worcestershire, of my brother George, for £3300.

*1st July.* I sat for my picture, in which there is a Death's head, to Mr. Walker, that excellent painter.<sup>1</sup>

*10th.* News was brought me of my Lord Francis Villiers being slain by the rebels near Kingston.<sup>2</sup>

*16th August.* I went to Woodcote (in Epsom) to the wedding of my brother Richard, who married the daughter and co-heir of Esquire Minn, lately deceased;<sup>3</sup> by which he had a great estate both in land and money on the death of a brother. The coach in which the bride and bridegroom were, was overturned in coming home; but no harm was done.

*28th.* To London from Sayes Court, and saw the celebrated follies of Bartholomew Fair.

*16th September.* Came my lately married brother Richard and his wife, to visit me, when I showed them Greenwich, and her Majesty's Palace, now possessed by the rebels.

*28th.* I went to Albury, to visit the Countess of Arundel,<sup>4</sup> and returned to Wotton.

*31st October.* I went to see my manor of Preston Beckhelvyn, and the Cliffhouse.

*29th November.* Myself, with Mr. Thomas Offley,<sup>5</sup> and Lady Gerrard, christened my Niece Mary, eldest daughter of my brother George Evelyn, by my Lady Cotton, his second wife. I presented my

<sup>1</sup> The son of Sir Robert Ducie, the wealthy Lord Mayor, created a baronet by Charles in 1629; his only return for about £80,000 which Charles I. had borrowed from him. Sir William was made one of the Knights of the Bath, and created Viscount Downe at the coronation of Charles II. Dying without issue, his estates descended to the only daughter of his younger brother, whose son was Lord Ducie in 1720, and from him descended the present Earl of Ducie.

<sup>2</sup> [Whose "Nuptial Song" was written by Herrick.]

<sup>3</sup> [Peter Oliver, 1601-60, son of Isaac Oliver, and even more famous as a miniature painter. He also copied the great masters in little (see *post*, under 1st November, 1660, and 11th May, 1661).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 3.]

<sup>5</sup> [The Kentish men were defeated by Fairfax, 1st June. A party of them, under the Earl of Norwich (see *ante*, p. 12), tried to enter London, but were foiled by Skippon. They then (12th June) occupied Colchester, which eventually surrendered to Fairfax, 27th August.]

<sup>1</sup> [Robert Walker, *d.* 1658?—"Cromwell's portrait painter." His portrait, by himself, is in the Public Dining-Room at Hampton Court. The likeness of Evelyn mentioned in the text is now in the picture-gallery at Wotton House. It was exhibited at South Kensington in 1866. Another portrait of Evelyn by Walker, formerly in the possession of Mr. Watson Taylor, is engraved by William Henry Worthington in vol. v. (1828) of Dallaway's edition of Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, p. 171. See *post*, under 6th August, 1650.]

<sup>2</sup> [Younger brother of the Duke of Buckingham, 1628-48. Clarendon speaks of him as "a youth of rare beauty and comeliness of person" (*Hist. Rebellion*, 1826, vi. 97).]

<sup>3</sup> [George Minn, or Mynne, of Woodcote Park, near Epsom. The bride's Christian name was Elizabeth (Pepys's *Diary*, 14th July, 1667).]

<sup>4</sup> [Probably the widow of Thomas, second Earl of Arundel (see *ante*, p. 130).]

<sup>5</sup> [Thomas Offley, Groom-Porter. Lady Cotton was daughter of Sir Robert Offley, of Dalby, in Leicestershire.]



Niece a piece of Plate which cost me £18, and caused this inscription to be set on it :

In memoriam facti :

Anno cId IX. xliix. Cal. Decem. viii  
Virginum castiss: Xtianorum innocentiss  
Nept: suavis: Mariæ, Johan: Evelynus  
Avunculus et Susceptor Vasculum hoc cum  
Epigraphæ L. M. Q. D.

Ave Maria Gratiâ sis plena ; Dominus  
tecum

2nd December. This day I sold my manor of Hurcott for £3400 to one Mr. Bridges.<sup>1</sup>

13th. The Parliament now sat up the whole night, and endeavoured to have concluded the Isle of Wight Treaty ; but were surprised by the rebel army ; the Members dispersed, and great confusion everywhere in expectation of what would be next.

17th. I heard an Italian sermon, in Mercers' Chapel,<sup>2</sup> one Dr. Middleton, an acquaintance of mine, preaching.

18th. I got privately into the council of the rebel army, at Whitehall, where I heard horrid villainies.

This was a most exceeding wet year, neither frost nor snow all the winter for more than six days in all. Cattle died everywhere of a murrain.

1648-9: 1st January. I had a lodging and some books at my father-in-law's house, Sayes Court.<sup>3</sup>

2nd. I went to see my old friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Henshaw,<sup>4</sup> who had two rare pieces of Steenwyck's perspective.

17th. To London. I heard the rebel, Peters, incite the rebel powers met in the Painted Chamber,<sup>5</sup> to destroy his Majesty ; and saw that arch-traitor, Bradshaw, who not long after condemned him.

19th. I returned home, passing an extraordinary danger of being drowned by

our wherries falling foul in the night on another vessel then at anchor, shooting the bridge at three-quarters' ebb, for which His mercy God Almighty be praised.

21st. Was published my translation of *Liberty and Servitude*, for the preface of which I was severely threatened.<sup>1</sup>

22nd. I went through a course of chemistry, at Sayes Court.<sup>2</sup> Now was the Thames frozen over, and horrid tempests of wind.

The villainy of the rebels proceeding now so far as to try, condemn, and murder our excellent King on the 30th of this month struck me with such horror, that I kept the day of his martyrdom a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness ; receiving the sad account of it from my brother George, and Mr. Owen,<sup>3</sup> who came to visit me this afternoon, and recounted all the circumstances.

1st February. Now were Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Norwich, Lord Capel, etc., at their trial before the rebels' *New Court of Injustice*.<sup>4</sup>

15th. I went to see the collection of one Trean, a rich merchant, who had some good pictures, especially a rare perspective of Steenwyck ; from thence, to other virtuosos.

The painter, La Neve,<sup>5</sup> has an Andromeda, but I think it a copy after Vandyck from Titian, for the original is in France. Webb, at the Exchange, has some rare things in miniature, of Brueghel's, also *putti*,<sup>6</sup> in twelve squares, that were plundered from Sir James Palmer.

<sup>1</sup> [*Of Liberty and Servitude*. Translated out of the French into the English Tongue : and dedicated to Geo. Evelyn, Esquire [Evelyn's elder brother]. London, 1649, 12mo." The author was François de La Mothe le Vayer, and the Dedication is dated "Paris, March 25, 1647." In a pencil note in Evelyn's own copy he says, "I was like to be call'd in question by the Rebels for this booke, being published a few days before his Majesty's decollation." It is reprinted in the *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, i-38.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

<sup>3</sup> [Richard Owen of Eltham, 1606-83, ejected for royalism, 1643 (see *post*, under 18th March, 1649).]

<sup>4</sup> The Court sat from 10th Feb. to 6th March (see *post*, p. 148).]

<sup>5</sup> Probably the artist mentioned by Walpole as Cornelius Neve, who drew a portrait of Ashmole. [There was a group of himself and his wife and children at Petworth.]

<sup>6</sup> *Putti*—boys' heads.

<sup>1</sup> [*Ante*, p. 146.]

<sup>2</sup> [Burned in the fire of 1666.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 56.]

<sup>5</sup> [The Painted Chamber, or St. Edward's Chamber, was in the old Palace of the Kings at Westminster. "Here were held . . . the private sittings of the High Court of Justice, for bringing Charles I. to a public trial in Westminster Hall ; here the death-warrant of the King was signed by Cromwell, Dick Ingoldsby, and the rest of the regicides ; and here the body of the unfortunate King rested till it was removed to Windsor" (Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*, 1891, iii. 4).]

At Dubois', we saw two tables of *putti*, that were gotten, I know not how, out of the Castle of St. Angelo, by old Petit, thought to be Titian's; he had some good heads of Palma, and one of Steenwyck. Belcar showed us an excellent copy of his Majesty's Sleeping Venus and the Satyr, with other figures; for now they had plundered, sold, and dispersed a world of rare paintings of the King's, and his loyal subjects'. After all, Sir William Ducie<sup>1</sup> showed me some excellent things in miniature, and in oil of Holbein's; Sir Thomas More's head, and a whole-length figure of Ed. VI., which were certainly his Majesty's; also a picture of Queen Elizabeth; the Lady Isabella Thynne; a rare painting of Rottenhammer, being a Susanna; and a Magdalen of Quintin, the blacksmith; also a Henry VIII., of Holbein; and Francis the First, rare indeed, but of whose hand I know not.

16th February. Paris being now strictly besieged by the Prince de Condé, my wife being shut up with her father and mother, I wrote a letter of consolation to her: and, on the 22nd, having recommended Obadiah Walker,<sup>2</sup> a learned and most ingenious person, to be tutor to, and travel with, Mr. Hildyard's<sup>3</sup> two sons, returned to Sayes Court.

25th. Came to visit me Dr. Joyliffe, discoverer of the lymphatic vessels, and an excellent anatomist.<sup>4</sup>

26th. Came to see me Captain George Evelyn,<sup>5</sup> my kinsman, the great traveller, and one who believed himself a better architect than really he was; witness the portico in the garden at Wotton; yet the great room at Albury is somewhat better understood. He had a large mind, but over-built everything.

27th. Came out of France my wife's uncle (Paris still besieged), being robbed at sea by the Dunkirk pirates: I lost, among other goods, my wife's picture, painted by Monsieur Bourdon.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 146.]

<sup>2</sup> Evelyn has added in the margin against Walker's name, "Since an apostate." He was master of University College, Oxford, 1676-89. He died in 1699.

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, p. 171.]

<sup>4</sup> [George Joyliffe, M.D., 1621-58. His discovery of the lymph ducts was published by Francis Glisson in 1654.]

<sup>5</sup> Second son of Sir John Evelyn, of Godstone.

<sup>6</sup> [Sebastian Bourdon, *d.* 1671?, "*peintre du Roi*."

5th March. Now were the lords murdered in the Palace Yard.<sup>1</sup>

18th. Mr Owen,<sup>2</sup> a sequestered and learned minister, preached in my parlour and gave us the blessed Sacrament, now wholly out of use in the parish churches, on which the Presbyterians and fanatics had usurped.

21st. I received letters from Paris from my wife, and from Sir Richard [Browne], with whom I kept up a political correspondence, with no small danger of being discovered.

25th. I heard the Common Prayer (a rare thing in these days) in St. Peter's, at Paul's Wharf, London; and, in the morning, the Archbishop of Armagh, that pious person and learned man, Ussher, in Lincoln's Inn Chapel.

2nd April. To London, and inventoried my movables that had hitherto been dispersed for fear of plundering: wrote into France, touching my sudden resolutions of coming over to them. On the 8th, again heard an excellent discourse from Archbishop Ussher, on Ephes. 4, v. 26-27.

My Italian collection being now arrived, came Moulins, the great chirurgion, to see and admire the Tables of Veins and Arteries, which I purchased and caused to be drawn out of several human bodies at Padua.<sup>3</sup>

11th. Received news out of France that peace was concluded; dined with Sir Joseph Evelyn, at Westminster; and on the 13th, I saw a private dissection, at Moulins' house.

17th. I fell dangerously ill of my head; was blistered and let blood behind the ears and forehead: on the 23rd, began to have ease by using the fumes of camomile on

The picture was subsequently recovered (see *post*, under 1st February and 15th April, 1652. Reynolds had a picture by Bourdon, "The Return of the Ark," which he left in his will to Sir George Beaumont, Bt. (Malone's *Works of Reynolds*, 1798, i. cxvii. and ii. 168-9.)

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel. The date should be 9th March.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 147. "You may well imagine, by the manners of the people," writes Evelyn in 1659, "and their prodigious opinions, that there is no Catechism nor Sacraments duly administered - the religion of England is preaching and sitting still on Sundays" (*A Character of England, Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 153). See also *infra*, 25th March.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 129.]

embers applied to my ears after all the physicians had done their best.

29<sup>th</sup> April. I saw in London a huge ox bred in Kent, 17 feet in length, and much higher than I could reach.

12<sup>th</sup> May. I purchased the Manor of Warley Magna, in Essex: in the afternoon went to see Gildron's collections of paintings, where I found Mr. Endymion Porter,<sup>1</sup> of his late Majesty's Bedchamber.

17<sup>th</sup>. Went to Putney by water, in the barge with divers ladies, to see the schools, or Colleges, of the young gentlewomen.<sup>2</sup>

19<sup>th</sup>. To see a rare cabinet of one Delabarr, who had some good paintings, especially a monk at his beads.

30<sup>th</sup>. Un-kingship was proclaimed, and his Majesty's statues thrown down at St. Paul's Portico and the Exchange.

7<sup>th</sup> June. I visited Sir Arthur Hopton<sup>3</sup> (brother to Sir Ralph, Lord Hopton, that noble hero), who having been Ambassador Extraordinary in Spain, sojourned some time with my Father-in-law at Paris, a most excellent person. Also Signora Lucretia, a Greek Lady, whom I knew in Italy, now come over with her husband, an English gentleman. Also, the Earl and Countess of Arundel, taking leave of them and other friends now ready to depart for France.<sup>4</sup> This night was a scuffle between some rebel soldiers and gentlemen about the Temple.

10<sup>th</sup>. Preached the Archbishop of Armagh in Lincoln's-Inn from Romans 5, verse 13. I received the blessed Sacrament, preparatory to my journey.

13<sup>th</sup>. I dined with my worthy friend, Sir John Owen,<sup>5</sup> newly freed from sentence

of death among the Lords that suffered. With him was one Carew, who played incomparably on the Welsh harp: afterwards, I treated divers ladies of my relations, in Spring Garden.<sup>1</sup>

This night was buried with great pomp, Dorislaus,<sup>2</sup> slain at the Hague, the villain who managed the trial against his sacred Majesty.

17<sup>th</sup>. I got a pass from the rebel Bradshaw,<sup>3</sup> then in great power.

20<sup>th</sup>. I went to Putney, and other places on the Thames, to take prospects in crayon, to carry into France, where I thought to have them engraved.<sup>4</sup>

2<sup>nd</sup> July. I went from Wotton to Godstone (the residence of Sir John Evelyn),<sup>5</sup> where was also Sir John Evelyn of Wilts, when I took leave of both Sir Johns and their ladies. Mem. the prodigious memory of Sir John of Wilts' daughter, since married to Mr. W. Pierrepont,<sup>6</sup> and mother of the present Earl of Kingston. I returned to Sayes Court this night.

4<sup>th</sup>. Visited Lady Hatton,<sup>7</sup> her Lord sojourning at Paris with my father-in-law.

9<sup>th</sup>. Dined with Sir Walter Pye,<sup>8</sup> and

the timely interposition of Colonel Hutchinson. The latter humanely spoke for him in the House, though Sir John was a perfect stranger to him, because he perceived, while the great noblemen, his companions, found earnest intercessors, no one seemed to know anything of the knight, or would offer a word in favour of him. Sir John Owen afterwards proved himself ungrateful.

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 10<sup>th</sup> May, 1654.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Isaac Dorislaus, 1595-1649, who prepared the charge of high treason against Charles I. He was assassinated by Royalists at the Hague, when Envoy to the States-General.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Bradshaw, the regicide, 1602-59, at this time President of the Council of State (see *post*, under 17<sup>th</sup> July, 1650).]

<sup>4</sup> One of these he etched himself. The plate is now at Wotton House.

<sup>5</sup> [Died 1671.]

<sup>6</sup> William Pierrepont was brother of the Marquis of Dorchester. Evelyn, first Duke of Kingston, his son, was the father of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.]

<sup>7</sup> Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Montagu, and niece of Henry Earl of Manchester. She married Sir Christopher Hatton, 1605-70, made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I., who, on the 20<sup>th</sup> of July, 1643, created him Baron Hatton, of Kirby, for his devotion to the Royal cause. After the Restoration, he was sworn of the Privy Council, and appointed governor of Guernsey.

<sup>8</sup> [Probably the son of Sir Walter Pye, 1571-1635. See *post*, under 13<sup>th</sup> July, 1654.]

<sup>1</sup> [Endymion Porter, 1587-1649, poet and patron of poets.]

<sup>2</sup> Kept probably by Mrs. Bathsua Makins, a learned woman of that day. She had been preceptress to the Princess Elizabeth, King Charles's second daughter, and wrote on education (1673). There is a rare portrait of her, by Marshall.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Arthur Hopton, 1588-1650, was uncle—says Forster—not brother, to Lord Hopton (so well known for his services to Charles in the course of the Civil War); and would have succeeded his nephew in the title, as the latter died childless, but that Sir Arthur had himself died two years before him, also without issue. The title became extinct.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 127 n.]

<sup>5</sup> A Royalist officer, 1600-66, whose life had been forfeited for the part he took against the Parliament. He was condemned with Holland, Capel and the rest (see *ante*, p. 148); but was saved by

my good friend, Mr. Eaton, afterwards a judge, who corresponded with me in France.

11th July. Came to see me old Alexander Ross,<sup>1</sup> the divine, historian, and poet; Mr. Henshaw, Mr. Scudamore, and other friends, to take leave of me.

12th. It was about three in the afternoon, I took oars for Gravesend, accompanied by my cousin Stephens, and sister Glanville,<sup>2</sup> who there supped with me and returned; whence I took post immediately to Dover, where I arrived by nine in the morning; and, about eleven that night, went on board a barque guarded by a pinnacle of eight guns; this being the first time the packet-boat had obtained a convoy, having several times before been pillaged. We had a good passage, though chased for some hours by a pirate, but he durst not attack our frigate, and we then chased him till he got under the protection of the Castle at Calais. It was a small privateer belonging to the Prince of Wales. I carried over with me my servant, Richard Hoare, an incomparable writer of several hands,<sup>3</sup> whom I afterwards preferred in the Prerogative Office,<sup>4</sup> at the return of his Majesty. Lady Catherine Scott, daughter of the Earl of Norwich,<sup>5</sup> followed us in a

shallop, with Mr. Arthur Slingsby, who left England *incognito*. At the entrance of the town, the Lieutenant-Governor, being on his horse with the guards, let us pass courteously. I visited Sir Richard Lloyd, an English gentleman, and walked in the church, where the ornament about the high altar of black marble is very fine, and there is a good picture of the Assumption. The citadel seems to be impregnable, and the whole country about it to be laid under water by sluices for many miles.

16th. We departed for Paris, in company with that very pleasant lady (Lady Catherine Scott) and others. In all this journey we were greatly apprehensive of parties, which caused us to alight often out of our coach and walk separately on foot, with our guns on our shoulders, in all suspected places.

1st August. At three in the afternoon we came to St. Denis, saw the rarities of the church and treasury; and so to Paris that evening.

The next day, came to welcome me at dinner the Lord High Treasurer Cottington,<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Hyde, Chancellor,<sup>2</sup> Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State,<sup>3</sup> Sir George Carteret, Governor of Jersey,<sup>4</sup> and Dr. Earle,<sup>5</sup> having now been absent from my wife above a year and a half.

18th. I went to St. Germain, to kiss his Majesty's hand; in the coach, which

<sup>1</sup> Immortalised in Butler's couplet (*Hudibras*, Part I. Canto ii. ll. 1-2):

There was an ancient sage *Philosopher*,  
That had read *Alexander Ross* over.

He was a Scotchman, born in 1591; and after receiving an education for the church, took orders, became master of a free school at Southampton, and preached, wrote, and taught with a diligence that ought to have obtained him other reputation than Butler's ludicrous lines have bestowed upon him. He died in 1654.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 17th May, 1653.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Where specimens of his writing in the entry of wills about this date may now be seen," says Bray. But a better example must be the 12mo *Officium Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis*, composed and collected by Evelyn for his annual and quotidian use, with Calendars, Tables, etc. This is beautifully written by Hoare, and is signed by him. It is bound in old crimson morocco, with Evelyn's crest and monogram, and dated 1650. It was presented by him to Mrs. Godolphin; and sold by Puttick and Simpson, 7th March, 1873, for £36:10s., when it went back to Wotton House, where it now is.]

<sup>5</sup> His youngest daughter; married to Mr. James Scott, of Scott's Hall, Kent, supposed to have been a son of Prince Rupert.

<sup>1</sup> [Francis, Baron Cottington, 1578-1652, ambassador to Spain to obtain help for Prince Charles.]

<sup>2</sup> [Afterwards first Earl of Clarendon (1609-74). He accompanied Cottington to Spain.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 43.]

<sup>4</sup> Sir George was son and heir to Helier de Carteret, Deputy-governor of Jersey, and grandson of Sir Philip de Carteret, who in the reign of Elizabeth planted a colony in the island (in which his ancestors, from the time of Edward I., had held lands), to secure it from the French, who had frequently sought to obtain possession of it. The son of the Deputy-governor entered the navy at an early age: greatly distinguished himself in the service; and attracting the attention of the Duke of Buckingham, received the appointment from Charles I., of Joint-governor of Jersey, and Comptroller of the Navy. Having served the King during the civil wars, at the Restoration he was returned to Parliament for Portsmouth, and filled the office of Treasurer of the Navy. He died in January, 1680. Several members of his family distinguished themselves in the wars of the seventeenth century, and one of his descendants became a celebrated statesman under the first and second Georges.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

was my Lord Wilmot's,<sup>1</sup> went Mrs. Barlow, the King's mistress<sup>2</sup> and mother to the Duke of Monmouth, a brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature.

19th August. I went to salute the French King and the Queen Dowager; and, on the 21st, returned in one of the Queen's coaches with my Lord Germain [Jermyn], Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wentworth,<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Crofts, since Lord Crofts.

7th September. Went with my wife and dear cousin to St. Germain, and kissed the Queen-Mother's hand; dined with my Lord Keeper and Lord Hatton. Divers of the great men of France came to see the King. The next day came the Prince of Condé. Returning to Paris, we went to see the President Maison's palace, built castle-wise, of a milk-white fine freestone; the house not vast, but well contrived, especially the staircase, and the ornaments of *putti*<sup>4</sup> about it. It is environed in a dry moat, the offices under-ground, the gardens very excellent with extraordinary long walks, set with elms, and a noble prospect towards the forest, and on the Seine towards Paris. Take it altogether, the meadows, walks, river, forest, corn-ground, and vineyards, I hardly saw anything in Italy exceed it. The iron gates are very magnificent. He has pulled down a whole village to make room for his pleasure about it.

<sup>1</sup> Henry, third son of Charles Viscount Wilmot, of Athlone, raised to the English Peerage by Charles I., in June 29, 1643, as Baron Wilmot, of Adderbury. He held a command in the King's cavalry, in which he served with distinction at the battle of Roundway Down; subsequently assisting Charles II. to escape from the field of Worcester; though, according to the King's statement to Pepys, it was rather in the way of hiding from, than in combating with his enemies. Nevertheless he was created Earl of Rochester, December 13, 1652, at Paris, where Charles for a short time assumed the privilege of sovereignty. He died at Sluys in 1658, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, afterwards the notorious Rochester.

<sup>2</sup> The lady here referred to was Lucy, daughter of Richard Walter, Esq., of Haverfordwest. (See Evelyn's later mention of her, under 15th July, 1685.) She had two children by the King; James, subsequently so celebrated as the Duke of Monmouth, and Mary, whose lot was obscure in comparison with that of her brother, but of course infinitely happier. She married a Mr. William Sarsfield, of Ireland, and after his death, William Fanshawe, Esq.

<sup>3</sup> [Son of the Earl of Cleveland.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 147.]

12th. Dr. Creighton, a Scotchman, and one of his Majesty's chaplains, a learned Grecian who set out the Council of Florence, preached.<sup>1</sup>

13th. The King invited the Prince of Condé to supper at St. Cloud; there I kissed the Duke of York's hand in the tennis-court, where I saw a famous match betwixt Monsieur Saumeurs and Colonel Cooke, and so returned to Paris. It was noised about that I was knighted, a dignity I often declined.

1st October. Went with my cousin Tuke (afterwards Sir Samuel),<sup>2</sup> to see the fountains of St. Cloud and Rueil; and, after dinner, to talk with the poor ignorant and superstitious anchorite at Mount Calvary, and so to Paris.

2nd. Came Mr. William Coventry (afterwards Sir William)<sup>3</sup> and the Duke's secretary, etc., to visit me.

5th. Dined with Sir George Ratcliffe, the great favourite of the late Earl of Strafford, formerly Lord Deputy of Ireland, decapitated.

7th. To the Louvre, to visit the Countess of Morton, Governess to Madame.

15th. Came news of Drogheda being taken by the rebels, and all put to the sword, which made us very sad, fore-running the loss of all Ireland.

21st. I went to hear Dr. D'Avinson's lecture in the physical garden, and see his laboratory, he being Prefect of that excellent garden, and Professor Botanicus.

30th. I was at the funeral of one Mr. Downes, a sober English gentleman. We accompanied his corpse to Charenton,

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Robert Creighton, 1593-1672, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. He had been Chaplain to Charles I.]

<sup>2</sup> [Colonel Samuel Tuke, of Cressing Temple, Essex, *d.* 1674, royalist and playwright, author of the tragedy *The Adventures of Five Hours*, 1663, with which Pepys was highly delighted. It was based upon Calderon. Tuke was made a baronet in 1664.]

<sup>3</sup> William Coventry, 1628?-86, was knighted in 1665. He was a member of the Privy Council of Charles II., and Commissioner of the Navy, but dismissed the Court for sending a challenge to the Duke of Buckingham. He was, says Burnet, "a man of great notions and eminent virtues, the best Speaker in the House of Commons, and capable of bearing the chief ministry, as it was once thought he was very near it" (*History of His Own Time*, 1724, i. 170). Evelyn, in a subsequent mention in his journal, characterises him as "a wise and witty gentleman." (See under 11th October, 1659.)

where he was interred in a cabbage-garden, yet with the office of our church, which was said before in our chapel at Paris. Here I saw also where they buried the great soldier, Gassion, who had a tomb built over him like a fountain, the design and materials mean enough. I returned to Paris with Sir Philip Musgrave, and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, since Lord Langdale — Memorandum, This was a very sickly and mortal autumn.

5<sup>th</sup> November. I received divers letters out of England, requiring me to come over about settling some of my concerns.

7<sup>th</sup>. Dr. George Morley (since Bishop of Winchester) preached in our chapel on Matthew 4, verse 3.<sup>1</sup>

✓ 18<sup>th</sup>. I went with my father-in-law to see his audience at the French Court, where next the Pope's Nuncio, he was introduced by the master of ceremonies, and, after delivery of his credentials, as from our King, since his Father's murder, he was most graciously received by the King of France and his mother, with whom he had a long audience. This was in the Palais Cardinal.<sup>2</sup>

After this, being presented to his Majesty and the Queen Regent, I went to see the house built by the late great Cardinal de Richelieu. The most observable thing is the gallery, painted with the portraits of the most illustrious persons and signal actions in France, with innumerable emblems betwixt every table. In the middle of the gallery, is a neat chapel, rarely paved in work and devices of several sorts of marble, besides the altar-piece and two statues of white marble, one of St. John, the other of the Virgin Mary, by Bernini. The rest of the apartments are rarely gilded and carved, with some good modern paintings. In the presence hang three huge branches of crystal. In the French King's bedchamber, is an alcove like another chamber, set as it were in a chamber like a movable box, with a rich embroidered bed. The fabric of the palace is not magnificent, being but of two stories; but the garden is so spacious as to contain a noble basin and fountain con-

tinually playing, and there is a mall, with an elbow, or turning, to protract it. So I left his Majesty on the terrace, busy in seeing a bull-baiting, and returned home in Prince Edward's coach with Mr. Paul, the Prince Elector's agent.

19<sup>th</sup>. Visited Mr. Waller, where meeting Dr. Holden, an English Sorbonne divine, we fell into some discourse about religion.

28<sup>th</sup> December. Going to wait on Mr. Waller, I viewed St. Stephen's church; the building, though Gothic, is full of carving; within it is beautiful, especially the choir and winding stairs. The glass is well painted, and the tapestry hung up this day about the choir, representing the conversion of Constantine, was exceeding rich.

I went to that excellent engraver, Du Bosse,<sup>1</sup> for his instruction about some difficulties in perspective which were delivered in his book.

I concluded this year in health, for which I gave solemn thanks to Almighty God.<sup>2</sup>

29<sup>th</sup>. I christened Sir Hugh Rilie's child with Sir George Radcliffe in our chapel, the parents being so poor that they had provided no gossips, so as several of us drawing lots it fell on me, the Dean of Peterborough<sup>3</sup> (Dr. Cosin) officiating: we named it Andrew, being on the eve of that Apostle's day.

1649-50: 1<sup>st</sup> January. I began this Jubilee with the public office in our chapel: dined at my Lady Herbert's, wife of Sir Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Keeper.

18<sup>th</sup>. This night were the Prince of Condé and his brother carried prisoners to the Bois de Vincennes.<sup>4</sup>

6<sup>th</sup> February. In the evening, came Signor Alessandro, one of the Cardinal Mazarin's musicians, and a person of great name for his knowledge in that art, to visit my wife, and sung before divers persons of quality in my chamber.

<sup>1</sup> [Abraham Bosse, 1602-76. His *Traicté des Manières de Graver en Taille Douce sur l'Aïrain*, etc., an authoritative manual, appeared in 1645. Bosse was then living at the *Rose rouge*, *Île du Palais*, *devant le Mégisserie*, where Evelyn may have visited him. Evelyn acknowledges his obligations to "Monsieur Bosse" in ch. iv. of *Sculptura*.]

<sup>2</sup> This—says Bray—Evelyn does not fail to repeat at the end of every year, but it will not always be necessary here to insert it.

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, p. 154.]

<sup>4</sup> [This was a result of the intrigues of Mazarin. Condé was kept in prison for about a year.]

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. George Morley, 1597-1684. He had been ejected in 1648; but performed service for the royalists wherever he stayed while abroad. He had been at Oxford with Clarendon, Waller, and John Hampden.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 41.]

1st March. I went to see the masquerados, which was very fantastic; but nothing so quiet and solemn as I found it at Venice.

13th. Saw a triumph in Monsieur del Camp's Academy, where divers of the French and English noblesse, especially my Lord of Ossory, and Richard, sons to the Marquis of Ormonde (afterwards Duke),<sup>1</sup> did their exercises on horseback in noble equipage, before a world of spectators and great persons, men and ladies. It ended in a collation.

25th April. I went out of town to see Madrid,<sup>2</sup> a palace so called, built by Francis the First. It is observable only for its open manner of architecture, being much of terraces and galleries one over another to the very roof; and for the materials, which are most of earth painted like porcelain, or China-ware, whose colours appear very fresh; but is very fragile. There are whole statues and *relievs* of this pottery, chimney-pieces, and columns both within and without. Under the chapel is a chimney in the midst of a room parted from the Salle des Gardes. The

house is fortified with a deep ditch, and has an admirable vista towards the Bois de Boulogne and river.

30th. I went to see the collection of the famous sculptor,<sup>1</sup> Stefano Della Bella, returning now into Italy, and bought some prints: and likewise visited Perelle,<sup>2</sup> the landscape graver.

3rd May. At the hospital of La Charité, I saw the operation of cutting for the stone. A child of eight or nine years old underwent the operation with most extraordinary patience, and expressing great joy when he saw the stone was drawn. The use I made of it was, to give Almighty God hearty thanks that I had not been subject to this deplorable infirmity.

7th. I went with Sir Richard Browne's lady and my wife, together with the Earl of Chesterfield,<sup>3</sup> Lord Ossory and his brother, to Vambre, a place near the city famous for butter: when, coming homewards, being on foot, a quarrel arose between Lord Ossory and a man in a garden, who thrust Lord Ossory from the gate with uncivil language; on which our young gallants struck the fellow on the pate, and bade him ask pardon, which he did with much submission, and so we parted. But we were not gone far before we heard a noise behind us, and saw people coming with guns, swords, staves, and forks, and who followed, flinging stones; on which, we turned, and were forced to engage, and with our swords, stones, and the help of our servants (one of whom had a pistol) made our retreat for near a quarter of a mile, when we took shelter in a house, where we were besieged, and at length forced to submit to be prisoners. Lord Hatton, with some others, were taken prisoners in the flight, and his

<sup>1</sup> James Butler, 1610-88, Marquis of Ormonde, and Earl of Ossory in the Irish Peerage. In the Civil Wars he exerted himself zealously in the cause of his master, till obliged to seek safety with his family in exile. He returned at the Restoration, and Charles II., on the 20th of July, 1660, raised him to the English Peerage by the titles of Baron Butler and Earl of Brecknock, and advanced him in the Irish Peerage to the Dukedom of Ormonde, and again appointed him to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. Of the sons mentioned by Evelyn, the first was the Duke's second son, Thomas, Earl of Ossory, 1634-80, who proved himself an efficient commander both by sea and land, an able statesman, and an accomplished man of letters. According to Anthony Wood, his heroism in the sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1673, "was beyond the fiction of romance"; and Evelyn's correspondence contains earnest tributes to his character. In 1665, he was summoned to Parliament as Lord Butler, of Moore Park; and was afterwards employed as General of the Horse, as member of the Privy Council, and as deputy for his father in his Irish government. Richard, the younger brother of Thomas, *d.* 1685, also referred to by Evelyn, was created an Irish Peer in 1662, by the titles of Baron Butler, Viscount Tullough, and Earl of Arran; and became an English Peer in 1673, by the title of Baron Butler of Weston. He too was deputy for his father, and distinguished himself both by sea and land, particularly in the naval engagement with the Dutch, in 1673, and against the mutinous garrison of Carrickfergus. Evelyn highly esteemed this family, and makes frequent allusion to them.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 35.

<sup>1</sup> [*i.e.* engraver. Stefano Della Bella, 1610-64, was a Florentine. Richelieu had employed him to make and engrave drawings of the siege of Arras by the royal army. In ch. iv. of *Sculptura*, Evelyn refers gratefully to "his civilities abroad."]

<sup>2</sup> [Gabriel Perelle, 1610-75, the "Hollar of France."]

<sup>3</sup> Sir Philip Stanhope, 1584-1656, created 7th November, 1616, Baron Stanhope of Shelford; and on the 4th August, 1628, Earl of Chesterfield. At the breaking out of hostilities with the Parliament, his lordship became a determined partisan for the King, and garrisoned his house at Shelford, where his son Philip lost his life, and the place was stormed and burned to the ground. Lord Chesterfield at last found safety in flight, and retired to France.

lordship was confined under three locks and as many doors in this rude fellow's master's house, who pretended to be Steward to Monsieur St. Germain, one of the Presidents of the Grande Chambre du Parlement, and a Canon of Notre Dame. Several of us were much hurt. One of our lackeys escaping to Paris, caused the bailiff of St. Germain to come with his guard and rescue us. Immediately afterwards, came Monsieur St. Germain himself, in great wrath, on hearing that his house-keeper was assaulted; but when he saw the King's officers, the gentlemen and noblemen, with his Majesty's Resident, and understood the occasion, he was ashamed of the accident, requesting the fellow's pardon, and desiring the ladies to accept their submission and a supper at his house. It was ten o'clock at night ere we got to Paris, guarded by Prince Griffith (a Welsh hero going under that name, and well known in England for his extravagancies), together with the scholars of two academies, who came forth to assist and meet us on horseback, and would fain have alarmed the town we received the affront from: which, with much ado, we prevented.

12th May. Complaint being come to the Queen and Court of France of the affront we had received, the President was ordered to ask pardon of Sir R. Browne, his Majesty's Resident, and the fellow to make submission, and be dismissed. There came along with him the President de Thou, son of the great Thuanus [the historian], and so all was composed. But I have often heard that gallant gentleman, my Lord Ossory, affirm solemnly that in all the conflicts he ever was in at sea or on land (in the most desperate of both which he had often been) he believed he was never in so much danger as when these people rose against us. He used to call it the *bataille de Vambre*, and remember it with a great deal of mirth as an adventure, *en cavalier*.

24th. We were invited by the Noble Academies to a running at the ring where were many brave horses, gallants, and ladies, my lord Stanhope<sup>1</sup> entertaining us with a collation.

<sup>1</sup> Charles, second Baron Stanhope, of Harrington. He died in 1677. Henry, son of Philip, first Earl of Chesterfield, and his son Philip (subsequently

12th June. Being Trinity-Sunday, the Dean of Peterborough<sup>1</sup> preached; after which, there was an ordination of two divines, Durel<sup>2</sup> and Brevint<sup>3</sup> (the one was afterwards Dean of Windsor, the other of Durham, both very learned persons). The Bishop of Galloway<sup>4</sup> officiated with great gravity, after a pious and learned exhortation declaring the weight and dignity of their function, especially now in a time of the poor Church of England's affliction. He magnified the sublimity of the calling, from the object, viz. the salvation of men's souls, and the glory of God; producing many human instances of the transitoriness and vanity of all other dignities; that of all the triumphs the Roman conquerors made, none was comparable to that of our Blessed Saviour's, when he led captivity captive, and gave gifts to men, namely, that of the Holy Spirit, by which his faithful and painful ministers triumphed over Satan as oft as they reduced a sinner from the error of his ways. He then proceeded to the ordination. They were presented by the Dean in their surplices before the altar, the Bishop sitting in a chair at one side; and so were made both Deacons and Priests at the same time, in regard to the necessity of the times, there being so few Bishops left in England, and consequently danger of a failure of both functions. Lastly, they proceeded to the Communion. This was all performed in Sir Richard Browne's chapel, at Paris.

13th. I sate to the famous sculptor,<sup>5</sup> Nanteuil, who was afterwards made a knight by the French King for his art. He engraved my picture in copper. At a future time, he presented me with my own picture,<sup>6</sup> second Earl), also in succession bore the title of Lord Stanhope.

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. John Cosin, 1594-1672, afterwards Bishop of Durham, and reputed "one of the most popish of Anglican divines." He had been deprived of his benefices in 1640 by the Long Parliament, and had come to France in 1643, and was at this date Chaplain to the Anglican royalists at Paris.]

<sup>2</sup> [John Durel, 1625-83. He had assisted in the royalist defence of Jersey in 1647. He was not made Dean of Windsor until 1677.]

<sup>3</sup> [Daniel Brevint or Brevin, 1616-95. He received a stall in Durham Cathedral in 1660, and became Dean and Prebendary of Lincoln, 1682.]

<sup>4</sup> [Thomas Sydserff, 1581-1663, who was made Bishop of Orkney at the Restoration.]

<sup>5</sup> [i.e., engraver.]

<sup>6</sup> Robert Nanteuil, 1630-98. He both drew and



done all with his pen; an extraordinary curiosity.

21st June. I went to see the Samaritan, or Pump, at the end of the Pont Neuf,<sup>1</sup> which, though to appearance promising no great matter, is, besides the machine, furnished with innumerable rarities both of art and nature; especially the costly grotto, where are the fairest corals, growing out of the very rock, that I have seen; also great pieces of crystal, amethysts, gold in the mine, and other metals and marcasites, with two great *couchas*, which the owner told us cost him 200 crowns at Amsterdam. He showed us many landscapes and prospects, very rarely painted in miniature, some with the pen and crayon; divers antiquities and *rilievos* of Rome; above all, that of the inside of the Amphitheatre of Titus, incomparably drawn by Monsieur St. Clere<sup>2</sup> himself: two boys and three skeletons, moulded by Fiamingo; a book of statues with the pen made for Henry IV., rarely executed, and by which one may discover many errors in the *taille-douce* of Perrier,<sup>3</sup> who has added divers conceits of his own that are not in the originals. He has likewise an infinite collection of *taille-douces*, richly bound in morocco. He led us into a stately chamber furnished to have entertained a prince, with pictures of the greatest masters, especially a Venus of Pierino del Vaga; the *putti* carved in the chimney-piece by the Fleming; the vases of porcelain, and many designed by Raphael; some paintings of Poussin, and Fioravanti;<sup>4</sup> antiques in brass; the looking-glass and stands rarely carved. In a word, all was great, choice, and magnificent, and not to be passed by as I had often done, without the least suspicion that there were such rare things to be seen in that place. At a future visit, he showed a new grotto and a bathing-place, hewn through the battle-

engraved. His portrait of Evelyn—who speaks of him in ch. iv. of *Sculptura* as “an ingenious person and my particular friend”—is known to connoisseurs as the “*petit Mylord*.” He also executed portraits of Mrs. Evelyn and Sir R. Browne, which are still at Wotton House.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 29.]

<sup>2</sup> This was the name of the owner.

<sup>3</sup> [Francis Perrier or Périer (“le Bourguignon”), 1590-1650, a French painter and engraver, who, c. 1635, reproduced the principal statues and bas-reliefs at Rome.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 109.]

ments of the arches of Pont Neuf, into a wide vault at the intercolumniation, so that the coaches and horses thundered over our heads.

27th. I made my will, and taking leave of my wife and other friends, took horse for England, paying the *messenger* eight pistoles for me and my servant to Calais, setting out with seventeen in company well-armed, some Portuguese, Swiss, and French, whereof six were captains and officers. We came the first night to Beaumont; next day, to Beauvais, and lay at Pois, and the next, without dining, reached Abbeville; next, dined at Montreuil, and proceeding met a company on foot (being now within the inroads of the parties which dangerously infest this day's journey from St. Omer and the frontiers), which we drew very near to, ready and resolute to charge through, and accordingly were ordered and led by a captain of our train; but, as we were on the speed, they called out, and proved to be Scotchmen, newly raised and landed, and few among them armed. This night we were well treated at Boulogne. The next day we marched in good order, the passage being now exceeding dangerous, and got to Calais by a little after two. The sun so scorched my face, that it made the skin peel off.

I dined with Mr. Booth, his Majesty's agent; and, about three in the afternoon, embarked in the packet-boat; hearing there was a pirate then also setting sail, we had security from molestation, and so with a fair S.W. wind in seven hours we landed at Dover. The busy watchman would have us to the Mayor to be searched, but the gentleman being in bed, we were dismissed.

Next day being Sunday, they would not permit us to ride post, so that afternoon our trunks were visited.

The next morning, by four, we set out for Canterbury, where I met with my Lady Catherine Scott,<sup>1</sup> whom that very day twelve months before I met at sea going for France; she had been visiting Sir Thomas Peyton, not far off, and would needs carry me in her coach to Gravesend. We dined at Sittingbourne, came late to Gravesend, and so to Deptford, taking leave of my lady about four the next morning.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

5<sup>th</sup> July. I supped in the city with my Lady Catherine Scott, at one Mr. Dubois',<sup>1</sup> where was a gentlewoman called Everard, who was a very great chemist.

Sunday 7<sup>th</sup>. In the afternoon, having a mind to see what was doing among the rebels, then in full possession at Whitehall, I went thither, and found one at exercise in the chapel, after their way; thence to St. James's, where another was preaching in the court abroad.

17<sup>th</sup>. I went to London to obtain a pass,<sup>2</sup> intending but a short stay in England.

25<sup>th</sup>. I went by Epsom to Wotton, saluting Sir Robert Cook and my sister Glanville; the country was now much molested by soldiers, who took away gentlemen's horses for the service of the State, as then called.

4<sup>th</sup> August. I heard a sermon at the Rolls; and in the afternoon wandered to divers churches, the pulpits full of novices and novelties.<sup>3</sup>

6<sup>th</sup>. To Mr. Walker's,<sup>4</sup> a good painter, who showed me an excellent copy of Titian.

12<sup>th</sup>. Set out for Paris, taking post at Gravesend, and so that night to Canterbury, where being surprised by the soldiers, and having only an antiquated pass, with some fortunate dexterity I got clear of them, though not without extraordinary hazard, having before counterfeited one with success, it being so difficult to procure one of the rebels without entering into oaths, which I never would do. At Dover, money to the

searchers and officers was as authentic as the hand and seal of Bradshaw himself, where I had not so much as my trunk opened.

13<sup>th</sup>. At six in the evening, set sail for Calais; the wind not favourable, I was very sea-sick, coming to an anchor about one o'clock; about five in the morning, we had a long boat to carry us to land, though at a good distance; this we willingly entered, because two vessels were chasing us; but, being now almost at the harbour's mouth, through inadvertency there brake in upon us two such heavy seas as had almost sunk the boat, I being near the middle up in water. Our steersman, it seems, apprehensive of the danger, was preparing to leap into the sea and trust to swimming, but seeing the vessel emerge, he put her into the pier, and so, God be thanked! we got to Calais, though wet.

Here I waited for company, the passage towards Paris being still infested with volunteers from the Spanish frontiers.<sup>1</sup>

16<sup>th</sup>. The Regiment of Picardy, consisting of about 1400 horse and foot (amongst them was a captain whom I knew), being come to town, I took horses for myself and servant, and marched under their protection to Boulogne. It was a miserable spectacle to see how these tattered soldiers pillaged the poor people of their sheep, poultry, corn, cattle, and whatever came in their way; but they had such ill pay, that they were ready themselves to starve.

As we passed St. Denis, the people were in uproar, the guards doubled, and everybody running with their movables to Paris, on an alarm that the enemy was within five leagues of them; so miserably exposed was even this part of France at this time.

The 30<sup>th</sup>, I got to Paris, after an absence of two months only.

1<sup>st</sup> September. My Lady Herbert<sup>2</sup> invited me to dinner; Paris, and indeed all France, being full of loyal fugitives.

Came Mr. Waller to see me, about a child of his which the Popish midwife had baptized.

15<sup>th</sup> October. Sir Thomas Osborne (afterwards Lord Treasurer)<sup>3</sup> and Lord Stanhope

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 148.]

<sup>2</sup> See also *ante*, p. 149. A copy of it is subjoined: "These are to will and I require you to permit and suffer the bearer thereof, John Evelyn, Esq<sup>r</sup>, to transport himself, two servants, and other necessaries, unto any port of France, without any your letts or molestations, of which you are not to fayle, and for which this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given at the Councell of State at Whitehall this 25<sup>th</sup> of June, 1650.

<sup>3</sup> Signed in the Name and by Order of the Councelle of State, appoynted by authority of Parliament, Jo. BRADSHAWE, P<sup>r</sup>sid<sup>t</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> "To all Custom<sup>rs</sup>, Comptrol<sup>rs</sup>, and Searchers, and all other Officers of y<sup>e</sup> Ports or Customes."

Under the signature Evelyn has added in his own writing: "The hand of that villain who sentenced our Charles I. of B[lessed] M[emory]." Its endorsement, also in his writing, is, "The Passe from the Councell of State 1650."

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 14<sup>th</sup> March, 1652.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 146.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 27.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 152.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir Thomas Osborne, 1631-1712, only son of Sir

shot for a wager of five louis, to be spent on a treat; they shot so exact, that it was a drawn match.

1st November. Took leave of my Lord Stanhope,<sup>1</sup> going on his journey towards Italy; also visited my Lord Hatton, Comptroller of his Majesty's Household, the Countess of Morton, Governess to the Lady Henrietta,<sup>2</sup> and Mrs. Gardner, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour.

6th. Sir Thomas Osborne supping with us, his groom was set upon in the street before our house, and received two wounds, but gave the assassin nine, who was carried off to the Charité Hospital. Sir Thomas went for England on the 8th, and carried divers letters for me to my friends.

16th. I went to Monsieur Visse's, the French King's Secretary, to a concert of French music and voices, consisting of twenty-four, two theorbos, and but one bass viol, being a rehearsal of what was to be sung at vespers at St. Cecilia's, on her feast, she being patroness of musicians. News arrived of the death of the Prince of Orange of the small-pox.<sup>3</sup>

14th December. I went to visit Mr. Ratcliffe, in whose lodging was an impostor that had liked to have imposed upon us a pretended secret of multiplying gold; it is certain he had lived some time in Paris in extraordinary splendour, but I found him to be an egregious cheat.

22nd. Came the learned Dr. Boet to visit me.

31st. I gave God thanks for his mercy and protection the past year, and made up my accounts, which came this year to 7015 livres, nearly £600 sterling.

Edward Osborne, 1596-1647, Vice-President of the Council for the North of England, and Lieutenant-General of the Northern Forces. Sir Edward had devoted himself to the cause of Charles I., and his son followed his example. He shared the same fortune as other exiles during the Protectorate, but at the Restoration was amply rewarded, dignities and titles being showered upon him with excessive liberality. Lord High Treasurer, and Knight of the Garter, he was successively created Baron Osborne, of Kiveton, and Viscount Latimer, of Danby; Earl of Danby, Marquis of Carmarthen, and Duke of Leeds, in the English Peerage; and Viscount Dunblane, in the Peerage of Scotland.

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 154.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 47. The Princess Henrietta, 1644-70, daughter of Charles I., afterwards married, 31st March, 1661, to Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV.]

<sup>3</sup> [William II., d. 6th November, 1650.]

1650-1: 1st January. I wrote to my brother at Wotton, about his garden and fountains. After evening prayer, Mr. Wainsford called on me: he had long been Consul at Aleppo, and told me many strange things of those countries, the Arabs especially.

27th. I had letters of the death of Mrs. Newton, my grandmother-in-law; <sup>1</sup> she had a most tender care of me during my childhood, and was a woman of extraordinary charity and piety.

29th. Dr. Duncan preached on 8 Matt. v. 34, showing the mischief of covetousness. My Lord Marquis of Ormonde,<sup>2</sup> and Inchiquin,<sup>3</sup> come newly out of Ireland, were this day at chapel.

9th February. Cardinal Mazarin was proscribed by Arrêt du Parlement, and great commotions began in Paris.

23rd. I went to see the Bons Hommes, a convent that has a fair cloister painted with the lives of Hermits; a glorious altar now erecting in the chapel; the garden on the rock with divers descents, with a fine vineyard and a delicate prospect towards the city.

24th. I went to see a dromedary, a very monstrous beast, much like the camel, but larger. There was also dancing on the rope; but, above all, surprising to those who were ignorant of the address,<sup>4</sup> was the water-spouter,<sup>5</sup> who, drinking only fountain-water, rendered out of his mouth in several glasses all sorts of wine and sweet waters. For a piece of money, he discovered the secret to me. I waited on Friar Nicholas at the convent at Chaillot, who, being an excellent chemist, showed me his laboratory, and rare collection of spagyric<sup>6</sup> remedies. He was both physician and apothecary of the convent, and, instead of the names of his drugs, he

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 4.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 153.]

<sup>3</sup> [Murrrough O'Brien, first Earl of Inchiquin, 1654-74.]

<sup>4</sup> ["Address" must here mean "method of procedure."]

<sup>5</sup> [Florian Marchand. He is said to have come from Tours to London in 1650. He had learned his trick of an Italian, one Blaise de Manfré, from whom Mazarin had extorted his secret. There is a long (and rather nauseous) account of Marchand's *modus operandi* in Wilson's *Wonderful Characters*; and there is a 4to portrait of him by Richardson. There is also a rare portrait of Manfré by Hollar.]

<sup>6</sup> [Of, or pertaining to chemistry (Bailey).]

painted his boxes and pots with the figure of the drug, or simple, contained in them. He showed me as a rarity some ☿ of anti-mony:<sup>1</sup> he had cured Monsieur Senatin of a desperate sickness, for which there was building a monumental altar that was to cost £1500.

*11th March.* I went to the Châtelet,<sup>2</sup> or prison, where a malefactor was to have the question, or torture, given to him, he refusing to confess the robbery with which he was charged, which was thus: they first bound his wrist with a strong rope, or small cable, and one end of it to an iron ring made fast to the wall, about four feet from the floor, and then his feet with another cable, fastened about five feet farther than his utmost length to another ring on the floor of the room. Thus suspended, and yet lying but aslant, they slid a horse<sup>3</sup> of wood under the rope which bound his feet, which so exceedingly stiffened it, as severed the fellow's joints in miserable sort, drawing him out at length in an extraordinary manner, he having only a pair of linen drawers on his naked body. Then, they questioned him of a robbery (the Lieutenant being present, and a clerk that wrote), which not confessing, they put a higher horse under the rope, to increase the torture and extension. In this agony, confessing nothing, the executioner with a horn (just such as they drench horses with) stuck the end of it into his mouth, and poured the quantity of two buckets of water down his throat and over him, which so prodigiously swelled him, as would have pitied and affrighted any one to see it; for all this, he denied all that was charged to him. They then let him down, and carried him before a warm fire to bring him to himself, being now to all appearance dead with pain. What became of him, I know not; but the gentleman whom he robbed constantly averred him to be the man, and the fellow's suspicious pale looks, before he knew he should be racked, betrayed some guilt; the Lieutenant was also of that opinion, and told us at first sight (for he

was a lean, dry, black young man) he would conquer the torture; and so it seems they could not hang him, but did use in such cases, where the evidence is very presumptive, to send them to the galleys, which is as bad as death.

There was another malefactor to succeed, but the spectacle was so uncomfortable, that I was not able to stay the sight of another. It represented yet to me the intolerable sufferings which our Blessed Saviour must needs undergo, when his body was hanging with all its weight upon the nails on the cross.

*20th.* I went this night with my wife to a ball at the Marquis de Crevecoeur's, where were divers Princes, Dukes, and great persons; but what appeared to me very mean was, that it began with a puppet-play.

*6th May.* I attended the Ambassador to a masque at Court, where the French King in person danced five entries; but being engaged in discourse, and better entertained with one of the Queen-Regent's Secretaries, I soon left the entertainment.

*11th.* To the Palace Cardinal, where the Master of the Ceremonies placed me to see the royal masque, or opera. The first scene represented a chariot of singers composed of the rarest voices that could be procured, representing Cornaro<sup>1</sup> and Temperance; this was overthrown by Bacchus and his revellers; the rest consisted of several entries and pageants of excess, by all the elements. A masque representing fire was admirable; then came a Venus out of the clouds. The conclusion was a heaven, whither all ascended. But the glory of the masque was the great persons performing in it, the French King, his brother the Duke of Anjou, with all the grantees of the Court, the King performing to the admiration of all. The music was twenty-nine violins, vested à l'antique, but the habits of the masquers were stupendously rich and glorious.

*23rd.* I went to take leave of the ambassadors for Spain, which were my Lord Treasurer Cottington and Sir Edward Hyde;<sup>2</sup> and, as I returned, I visited Mr. Morine's<sup>3</sup> garden, and his other rarities,

<sup>1</sup> A supposed preparation of this is alleged to have been that which was afterwards perfected by Dr. Robert James, 1705-76, whose name it still bears.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 32.]

<sup>3</sup> [A wedge or support.]

<sup>1</sup> Lewis Cornaro, 1467-1566, the famous Venetian writer on Temperance.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 42.

espécially corals, minerals, stones, and natural curiosities; crabs of the Red Sea, the body no bigger than a small bird's egg, but flatter, and the two legs, or claws, a foot in length. He had abundance of shells, at least 1000 sorts, which furnished a cabinet of great price; and had a very curious collection of scarabees, and insects, of which he was compiling a natural history. He had also the pictures of his choice flowers and plants in miniature. He told me there were 10,000 sorts of tulips only. He had *taille-douces* out of number; the head of the Rhinoceros bird, which was very extravagant, and one butterfly resembling a perfect bird.

25<sup>th</sup> May. I went to visit Mr. Thomas White, a learned priest and famous philosopher,<sup>1</sup> author of the book *De Mundo*, with whose worthy brother I was well acquainted at Rome. I was showed a cabinet of *marquain*, or Turkey leather, so curiously inlaid with other leather, and gilding, that the workman demanded for it 800 livres.

The Dean (of Peterborough) preached on the feast of Pentecost, perstringing those of Geneva for their irreverence of the Blessed Virgin.<sup>2</sup>

4<sup>th</sup> June. Trinity-Sunday, I was absent from church in the afternoon on a charitable affair for the Abbess of Boucharvant, who but for me had been abused by that chemist, Du Menie.<sup>3</sup> Returning, I stept into the Grand Jesuits, who had this high day exposed their *ciborium* [pyx], made all of solid gold and imagery, a piece of infinite cost. Dr. Croyden, coming out of Italy and from Padua, came to see me, on his return to England.

5<sup>th</sup>. I accompanied my Lord Strafford,<sup>4</sup> and some other noble persons, to hear Madam Lavarant sing, which she did both in French and Italian excellently well, but her voice was not strong.

<sup>1</sup> A native of Essex, 1593-1676, educated abroad. His family being Roman Catholic, he became a priest of that church, and sub-rector of the college at Douay. He advocated the Cartesian philosophy, and this brought him into an extensive correspondence with Hobbes and Descartes, in the course of which he Latinised his name into Thomas Albuis.

<sup>2</sup> "Censuring" or "reproving," from the Latin *perstringo*.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps the impostor of p. 157 ante.

<sup>4</sup> This was William, d. 1695, the eldest son of the Earl who was executed; but he was not restored to his father's titles till the Restoration.

7<sup>th</sup>. Corpus Christi Day, there was a grand procession, all the streets tapestried, several altars erected there, full of images, and other rich furniture, especially that before the Court, of a rare design and architecture. There were abundance of excellent pictures and great vases of silver.

13<sup>th</sup>. I went to see the collection of one Monsieur Poignant, which for variety of agates, crystals, onyxes, porcelain, medals, statues, *relievos*, paintings, *taille-douces*, and antiquities, might compare with the Italian virtuosos.

21<sup>st</sup>. I became acquainted with Sir William Curtius,<sup>1</sup> a very learned and judicious person of the Palatinate. He had been scholar to Alstedius,<sup>2</sup> the Encyclopedist, was well advanced in years, and now resident for his Majesty at Frankfort.

2<sup>nd</sup> July. Came to see me the Earl of Strafford, Lord Ossory and his brother, Sir John Southcott, Sir Edward Stawell, two of my Lord Spencer's sons, and Dr. Stewart,<sup>3</sup> Dean of St. Paul's, a learned and pious man, where we entertained the time upon several subjects, especially the affairs of England, and the lamentable condition of our Church. The Lord Gerard<sup>4</sup> also called to see my collection of sieges and battles.

21<sup>st</sup>. An extraordinary fast was celebrated in our Chapel, Dr. Stewart, Dean of St. Paul's, preaching.

2<sup>nd</sup> August. I went with my wife to Conflans, where were abundance of ladies and others bathing in the river; the ladies had their tents spread on the water for privacy.

29<sup>th</sup>. Was kept a solemn fast for the calamities of our poor Church, now trampled on by the rebels. Mr. Waller, being at St. Germain, desired me to send him a coach from Paris, to bring my wife's god-daughter to Paris,<sup>5</sup> to be buried by the Common Prayer.

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 8<sup>th</sup> October, 1664.]

<sup>2</sup> [John Henry Alsted, 1588-1688, German philosopher and divine. Pepys, in October, 1660, bought his *Encyclopaedia*, 7 vols., "which cost me 38s."]

<sup>3</sup> [Died in November of this year (see *post*, under 16<sup>th</sup> November, 1651).]

<sup>4</sup> Charles Gerard, d. 1694, created Baron Gerard, of Brandon, in 1645, for his services to Charles I. By Charles II. he was raised to the dignity of Viscount Brandon, and Earl of Macclesfield, in 1679.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 156.]

6th September. I went with my wife to St. Germain, to condole with Mr. Waller's loss. I carried with me and treated at dinner that excellent and pious person the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Stewart, and Sir Lewis Dyve (half-brother to the Earl of Bristol),<sup>1</sup> who entertained us with his wonderful escape out of prison in Whitehall, the very evening before he was to have been put to death, leaping down out of a jakes two stories high into the Thames at high water, in the coldest of winter, and at night; so as by swimming he got to a boat that attended for him, though he was guarded by six musketeers. After this, he went about in woman's habit, and then in a small-coalman's, travelling 200 miles on foot, embarked for Scotland with some men he had raised, who coming on shore were all surprised and imprisoned on the Marquis of Montrose's score; he not knowing anything of their barbarous murder of that hero. This he told us was his fifth escape, and none less miraculous; with this note, that the charging through 1000 men armed, or whatever danger could befall a man, he believed could not more confound and distract a man's thoughts than the execution of a premeditated escape, the passions of hope and fear being so strong. This knight was indeed a valiant gentleman; but not a little given to romance, when he spake of himself. I returned to Paris the same evening.

7th. I went to visit Mr. Hobbes, the famous philosopher of Malmesbury,<sup>2</sup> with

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Lewis Dyve, 1599-1669. His mother's second husband was Sir John Digby, afterwards Earl of Bristol. As a royalist Sir Lewis had a chequered career. In August, 1645, he was taken prisoner at the siege of Sherborne Castle by Fairfax, and sent to the Tower, where he remained for two years. From the Tower he was removed to the King's Bench, whence he made his escape 15th January, 1648, and wrote a 4to account of the manner of it. He was subsequently taken prisoner at Preston, and escaped again 30th January, 1649, as above narrated. He then served in Ireland; but of his later life little is recorded. Carlyle speaks of him as "a thrasonical person known to the readers of Evelyn" (Cromwell's *Letters and Speeches*, Letter xxx.). See also *post*, under 3rd December, 1651.]

<sup>2</sup> [Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, 1588-1679. He resided at Paris from 1641 to 1652 (see *post*, under 14th December, 1655), having been, in his own words, "the first of all that fled." His *Leviathan* was printed at London in 1651, in the

whom I had long acquaintance. From his window, we saw the whole equipage and glorious cavalcade of the young French Monarch, Louis XIV., passing to Parliament, when first he took the kingly government on him, now being in his 14th year, out of his minority and the Queen Regent's pupillage. First, came the captain of the King's Aids, at the head of 50 richly liveried; next, the Queen-Mother's light horse, 100, the lieutenant being all over covered with embroidery and ribbons, having before him four trumpets habited in black velvet, full of lace, and casques of the same. Then, the King's light horse, 200, richly habited, with four trumpets in blue velvet embroidered with gold, before whom rid the Count d'Olonne, coronet [cornet], whose belt was set with pearl. Next went the grand Prévôt's company on foot, with the Prévôt on horseback; after them, the Swiss in black velvet toques, led by two gallant cavaliers habited in scarlet-coloured satin, after their country fashion, which is very fantastic; he had in his cap a *panache* of heron, with a band of diamonds, and about him twelve little Swiss boys, with halberds. Then, came the *Aide des Cérémonies*; next, the *grandeess* of court, governors of places, and lieutenants-general of Provinces, magnificently habited and mounted; among whom I must not forget the Chevalier Paul,<sup>1</sup> famous for many sea-fights and signal exploits there, because it is said he had never been an Academist, and yet governed a very unruly horse, and besides his rich suit his Malta Cross was esteemed at 10,000 crowns. These were headed by two trumpets, and the whole troop, covered with gold, jewels, and rich caparisons, were followed by six trumpets in blue velvet also preceding as many heralds in blue velvet middle of which year it appeared (*Hobbes*, by Sir Leslie Stephen, 1904, pp. 27, 40). See also *post*, under 5th April, 1659.]

<sup>1</sup> [The Chevalier Paul de Saumur, 1597-1667, a French admiral, famous for his victories in the Mediterranean over the Spaniard and the Turk. He died *Commandant Maritime* of Toulon, where he was visited by Louis XIV. It was of him that Chappelle and Bachaumont wrote in their *Voyage en Provence* :—

*C'est ce Paul dont l'expérience  
Gourmande la mer et le vent ;  
Dont le bonheur et la vaillance  
Rendent formidable la France  
À tous les peuples du Levant, etc.]*

*semée* with fleurs-de-lis, caduces in their hands, and velvet caps on their heads; behind them, came one of the masters of the ceremonies; then, divers marshals and many of the nobility, exceeding splendid; behind them Count d'Harcourt, grand Ecuyer, alone, carrying the King's sword in a scarf, which he held up in a blue sheath studded with fleurs-de-lis; his horse had for reins two scarfs of black taffeta. Then came abundance of footmen and pages of the King, new-liveried with white and red feathers; next, the *garde du corps* and other officers; and, lastly, appeared the King himself on an Isabella<sup>1</sup> barb, on which a housing *semée* with crosses of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and fleurs-de-lis; the King himself like a young Apollo, was in a suit so covered with rich embroidery, that one could perceive nothing of the stuff under it; he went almost the whole way with his hat in hand, saluting the ladies and acclamators, who had filled the windows with their beauty, and the air with *Vive le Roi*. He seemed a prince of a grave yet sweet countenance. After the King, followed divers great persons of the Court, exceeding splendid, also his esquires; masters of horse, on foot; then the company of *Exempts des Gardes*, and six guards of Scotch. Betwixt their files were divers princes of the blood, dukes, and lords; after all these, the Queen's guard of Swiss, pages, and footmen; then, the Queen-Mother herself, in a rich coach, with Monsieur, the King's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and some other lords and ladies of honour. About the coach, marched her *Exempts des Gardes*; then, the company of the King's *Gens d'armes*, well mounted, 150, with four trumpets, and as many of the Queen's; lastly, an innumerable company of coaches full of ladies and

<sup>1</sup> [I.e. between white and yellow in colour. "Isabella, daughter of Philip II., and wife of the Archduke Albert [see *ante*, p. 22], vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken, this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years [1601-4]; and the supposed colour of the archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, hence called *L'Isabeau*, or the Isabella" (Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, 1824, i. 381). "*Rien*," adds Littré, who repeats the story in his *Dictionary*, "*ne garantit cette historiette*." Curtains of "Isabella and white sarsnet" are mentioned in the inventory of Ham House (see *post*, 27th August, 1678); and there is a pale Himalayan bear, known from its hue as the "Isabelline bear."]

gallants. In this equipage, passed the monarch to the Parliament, henceforth exercising his kingly government.

7th September [7]. I accompanied Sir Richard Browne, my father-in-law, to the French Court, when he had a favourable audience of the French King, and the Queen, his mother; congratulating the one on his coming to the exercise of his royal charge, and the other's prudent and happy administration during her late regency, desiring both to preserve the same amity for his master, our King, as they had hitherto done, which they both promised, with many civil expressions and words of course upon such occasions. We were accompanied both going and returning by the Introducer of Ambassadors and Aid of Ceremonies. I also saw the audience of Morosini, the Ambassador of Venice, and divers other Ministers of State from German Princes, Savoy, etc. Afterwards, I took a walk in the King's gardens, where I observed that the mall goes the whole square there of next the wall, and bends with an angle so made as to glance the wall; the angle is of stone. There is a basin at the end of the garden fed by a noble fountain and high jetto. There were in it two or three boats, in which the King now and then rows about. In another part is a complete fort, made with bastions, graft, half-moons, ravelins, and furnished with great guns cast on purpose to instruct the King in fortification.

22nd. Arrived the news of the fatal battle at Worcester,<sup>1</sup> which exceedingly mortified our expectations.

28th. I was showed a collection of books and prints made for the Duke of York.

1st October. The Dean of Peterborough<sup>2</sup> preached on Job xiii. verse 15, encouraging our trust in God on all events and extremities, and for establishing and comforting some ladies of great quality, who were then to be discharged from our Queen-Mother's service, unless they would go over to the Romish Mass.

The Dean, dining this day at our house, told me the occasion of publishing those Offices, which among the puritans were wont to be called *Cosin's cozening Devo-*

<sup>1</sup> [3rd September.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 154.]

tions, by way of derision.<sup>1</sup> At the first coming of the Queen into England, she and her French ladies were often upbraiding our religion, that had neither appointed nor set forth any hours of prayer, or breviaries, by which ladies and courtiers, who have much spare time, might edify and be in devotion, as they had. Our Protestant ladies, scandalised it seems at this, moved the matter to the King; whereupon his Majesty presently called Bishop White to him, and asked his thoughts of it, and whether there might not be found some forms of prayer proper on such occasions, collected out of some already approved forms, that so the court-ladies and others (who spend much time in trifling) might at least appear as devout, and be so too, as the new-come-over French ladies, who took occasion to reproach our want of zeal and religion. On which, the Bishop told his Majesty that it might be done easily, and was very necessary; whereupon the King commanded him to employ some person of the clergy to compile such a Work, and presently the Bishop naming Dr. Cosin, the King enjoined him to charge the Doctor in his name to set about it immediately. This the Dean told me he did; and three months after, bringing the book to the King, he commanded the Bishop of London to read it over, and make his report; this was so well liked, that (contrary to former custom of doing it by a chaplain) he would needs give it an *imprimatur* under his own hand. Upon this, there were at first only 200 copies printed; nor, said he, was there anything in the whole book of my own composure, nor did I set any name as author to it, but those necessary prefaces, etc., out of the Fathers, touching the times and seasons of prayer; all the rest being entirely translated and collected out of an *Office* published by authority of Queen Elizabeth, anno 1560, and our own Liturgy. This I rather mention to justify that industrious and pious Dean, who had exceedingly suffered by it,

as if he had done it of his own head to introduce Popery, from which no man was more averse, and one who in this time of temptation and apostasy, held and confirmed many to our Church.<sup>1</sup>

29<sup>th</sup> October. Came news and letters to the Queen and Sir Richard Browne (who was the first that had intelligence of it) of his Majesty's miraculous escape after the fight at Worcester; which exceedingly rejoiced us.

7<sup>th</sup> November. I visited Sir Kenelm Digby,<sup>2</sup> with whom I had much discourse on chemical matters. I showed him a particular way of extracting oil of sulphur, and he gave me a certain powder with which he affirmed that he had fixed ☿ (mercury) before the late King. He advised me to try and digest a little better, and gave me a water which he said was only rain-water of the autumnal equinox, exceedingly rectified, very volatile; it had a taste of a strong vitriolic, and smelt like aqua-fortis. He intended it for a dissolvent of calx of gold; but the truth is, Sir Kenelm was an arrant mountebank.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Clergy who attended the English Court in France at this time, and are mentioned to have officiated in Sir Richard Browne's Chapel, were: The Bishop of Galloway (p. 154); Dr. George Morley (p. 152); Dr. Cosin, Dean of Peterborough, afterwards Bishop of Durham (p. 154); Dr. Stewart (p. 159); Dr. Earle (p. 145); Dr. Clare (see above); Dr. Wolley, no great preacher (p. 164); Mr. Crowder; Dr. William Lloyd, Bishop of Llandaff; Mr. Hamilton; Dr. Duncan (p. 157).

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 19. He (Digby), says his biographer, was at this date, "nominally, if not actually, Chancellor to Queen Henrietta Maria."]

<sup>3</sup> [He seems, at any rate, to have been as much "given to romance" as his kinsman, Sir Lewis Dyve: witness the following from Lady Anne Fanshawe's *Memoirs*, 1829, pp. 72-73:—"When we came to Calais, we met the Earl of Strafford and Sir Kenelm Digby, with some others of our countrymen. We were all feasted at the Governor's of the castle, and much excellent discourse passed; but, as was reason, most share was Sir Kenelm Digby's, who had enlarged somewhat more in extraordinary stories than might be averred, and all of them passed with great applause and wonder of the French then at table; but the concluding one was, that Barnacles, a bird in Jersey, was first a shell-fish to appearance, and from that, sticking upon old wood, became in time a bird. After some consideration, they unanimously burst out into laughter, believing it altogether false; and, to say the truth, it was the only thing true he had discoursed with them; that was his infirmity, though otherwise a person of most excellent parts, and a very fine-bred gentleman." (Unfortunately, the barnacle story also is a "vulgar error.")]

<sup>1</sup> [The *Collection of Private Devotions*, 1627, was compiled, as hereafter explained, by request of Charles I. It was Prynne who, in his "brief survey" of the book, gave them the above nickname. Dr. Cosin is frequently mentioned both in the *Diary* and *Letters* of Evelyn, and had a very good library, for the purchase of which Evelyn was at one time in treaty (see *post*, under 15th April, 1652).]



Came news of the gallant Earl of Derby's<sup>1</sup> execution by the rebels.

14th November. Dr. Clare preached on Genesis xxviii. verses 20, 21, 22, upon Jacob's vow, which he appositely applied, it being the first Sunday his Majesty came to chapel after his escape. I went, in the afternoon, to visit the Earl of Norwich;<sup>2</sup> he lay at the Lord of Aubigny's.<sup>3</sup>

16th. Visited Dean Stewart,<sup>4</sup> who had been sick about two days; when, going up to his lodging I found him dead; which affected me much, as besides his particular affection and love to me, he was of incomparable parts and great learning, of exemplary life, and a very great loss to the whole church. He was buried the next day with all our church's ceremonies, many noble persons accompanying the corpse.

17th. I went to congratulate the marriage of Mrs. Gardner, maid of honour, lately married to that odd person, Sir Henry Wood: but riches do many things.

To see Monsieur Lefevre's<sup>5</sup> course of chemistry, where I found Sir Kenelm Digby, and divers curious persons of learning and quality. It was his first opening the course and preliminaries, in order to operations.

1st December. I now resolved to return to England.

3rd. Sir Lewis Dyve<sup>6</sup> dined with us, who relating some of his adventures, showed me divers pieces of broad gold, which, being in his pocket in a fight, preserved his life by receiving a musket-bullet on them, which deadened its violence, so that it went no farther; but made such a stroke on the gold as fixed the impressions upon one another, battering and bending

several of them; the bullet itself was flatted, and retained on it the colour of the gold. He assured us that of a hundred of them, which it seems he then had in his pocket, not one escaped without some blemish. He affirmed that his being protected by a Neapolitan Prince, who connived at his bringing some horses into France, contrary to the order of the Viceroy, by assistance of some banditti, was the occasion of a difference between those great men, and consequently of the late civil war in that kingdom, the Viceroy having killed the Prince standing on his defence at his own castle. He told me that the second time of the Scots coming into England, the King was six times their number, and might easily have beaten them; but was betrayed, as were all other his designs and counsels, by some, even of his bedchamber, meaning M. Hamilton,<sup>1</sup> who copied Montrose's letters from time to time when his Majesty was asleep.

11th. Came to visit me, Mr. Obadiah Walker,<sup>2</sup> of University College, with his two pupils, the sons of my worthy friend, Henry Hildeyard, Esq.,<sup>3</sup> whom I had recommended to his care.

21st. Came to visit my wife, Mrs. Lane,<sup>4</sup> the lady who conveyed the King to the sea-side at his escape from Worcester. Mr. John Cosin, son of the Dean, debauched by the priests, wrote a letter to me to mediate for him with his father.<sup>5</sup> I prepared for my last journey, being now resolved to leave France altogether.

25th. The King and Duke received the Sacrament first by themselves, the Lords Byron and Wilmot holding the long towel all along the altar.

26th. Came news of the death of that rebel, Ireton.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [James Stanley, seventh Earl of Derby, 1607-51, was taken prisoner after the battle of Worcester, and beheaded at Bolton, 15th October, dying, says Whitelocke, "with stoutness and Christian-like temper."]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 12.]

<sup>3</sup> [Brother to the Duke of Lennox, and afterwards Lord Almoner to Catherine of Braganza (see also post, 11th January, 1662, and 9th June, 1664).]

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 159.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 144.]

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 160. There are some very interesting *Biographical Memoirs of Sir Lewis Dyve*, by John Gough Nichols, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July-October, 1829. In one or two minute details, they correct Evelyn. There are also three letters to Dyve in the *Epistola Holiana*.]

<sup>1</sup> [James Hamilton, third Marquis, and first Duke of Hamilton, 1606-49. See ante, under 5th March, 1649.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 148.]

<sup>3</sup> Of East Horsley in Surrey. See post, p. 171.

<sup>4</sup> Jane Lane, afterwards Lady Fisher, d. 1689, sister of Colonel Lane, an English officer in the army of Charles II. dispersed at the battle of Worcester. She assisted the King in effecting his escape after that battle, his Majesty travelling with her disguised as her serving-man, William Jackson.

<sup>5</sup> See post, under 13th April, 1652.

<sup>6</sup> [Henry Ireton, 1611-51, died of the plague, 15th November, 1651, after the capture of Limerick (see post, under 6th March, 1652).]

31st December. Preached Dr. Wolley,<sup>1</sup> after which was celebrated the Holy Communion, which I received also, preparative of my journey, being now resolved to leave France altogether, and to return God Almighty thanks for His gracious protection of me this past year.

1651-2: 2nd January. News of my sister Glanville's<sup>2</sup> death in childbed, which exceedingly affected me.

I went to one Mark Antonio, an incomparable artist in enamelling. He wrought by the lamp figures in boss, of a large size, even to the life, so that nothing could be better moulded. He told us stories of a Genoese jeweller, who had the great *arcum*, and had made projection before him several times. He met him at Cyprus travelling into Egypt; in his return from whence, he died at sea, and the secret with him, that else he had promised to have left it to him; that all his effects were seized on, and dissipated by the Greeks in the vessel, to an immense value. He also affirmed, that being in a goldsmith's shop at Amsterdam, a person of very low stature came in, and desired the goldsmith to melt him a pound of lead; which done, he unscrewed the pommel of his sword, and taking out of a little box a small quantity of powder, casting it into the crucible, poured an ingot out, which when cold he took up, saying, "Sir, you will be paid for your lead in the crucible," and so went out immediately. When he was gone the goldsmith found four ounces of good gold in it; but could never set eye again on the little man, though he sought all the city for him. Antonio asserted this with great obtestation; nor know I what to think of it, there are so many impostors and people who love to tell strange stories, as this artist did, who had been a great rover, and spoke ten different languages.

13th. I took leave of Mr. Waller, who, having been proscribed by the rebels, had obtained of them permission to return, was going to England.<sup>3</sup>

29th. Abundance of my French and English friends and some Germans came to take leave of me, and I set out in a coach

for Calais, in an exceeding hard frost which had continued some time. We got that night to Beaumont; 30th, to Beauvais; 31st, we found the ways very deep with snow, and it was exceeding cold; dined at Poix; lay at Pernée, a miserable cottage of miserable people in a wood, wholly unfurnished, but in a little time we had sorry beds and some provision, which they told me they hid in the wood for fear of the frontier enemy, the garrisons near them continually plundering what they had. They were often infested with wolves. I cannot remember that I ever saw more miserable creatures.

1st February. I dined at Abbeville; 2nd, dined at Montreuil, lay at Boulogne; 3rd, came to Calais, by eleven in the morning; I thought to have embarked in the evening, but, for fear of pirates plying near the coast, I durst not trust our small vessel, and stayed till Monday following, when two or three lusty vessels were to depart.

I brought with me from Paris Mr. Christopher Wase, sometime before made to resign his Fellowship in King's College, Cambridge, because he would not take the Covenant. He had been a soldier in Flanders, and came miserable to Paris. From his excellent learning, and some relation he had to Sir R. Browne, I bore his charges into England, and clad and provided for him, till he should find some better condition; and he was worthy of it.<sup>4</sup> There came with us also Captain Griffith,<sup>5</sup> Mr. Tyrell, brother to Sir Timothy Tyrell, of Shotover (near Oxford).<sup>6</sup>

At Calais, I dined with my Lord Wentworth,<sup>4</sup> and met with Mr. Heath,<sup>5</sup> Sir Richard Lloyd,<sup>6</sup> Captain Paine, and divers of our banished friends, of whom understanding that the Count d'Estrades, Governor of Dunkirk, was in the town, who had bought my wife's picture, taken by pirates at sea the year before (my wife having sent it for me in England), as my Lord of Nor-

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn afterwards obtained an employment for him (see *post*, under 30th May 1652). He was later headmaster of Dedham and Tunbridge Schools, and, during 1671-90, superior of the University Press at Oxford. He died in 1690.

<sup>2</sup> [Perhaps the Prince Griffith of Vambre (see *ante*, p. 154).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 24th October, 1664.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *post*, under 14th August, 1654.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 162 n.]

<sup>2</sup> [Jane Evelyn (see *ante*, p. 145).]

<sup>3</sup> [He had been pardoned (November, 1651) by Cromwell's influence.]

wich had informed me at Paris, I made my address to him, who frankly told me that he had such a picture in his own bed-chamber amongst other ladies, and how he came by it; seeming well pleased that it was his fortune to preserve it for me, and he generously promised to send it to any friend I had at Dover; I mentioned a French merchant there, and so took my leave.<sup>1</sup>

*6th February.* I embarked early in the packet-boat, but put my goods in a stouter vessel. It was calm, so that we got not to Dover till eight at night. I took horse for Canterbury, and lay at Rochester; next day, to Gravesend, took a pair of oars, and landed at Sayes Court, where I stayed three days to refresh, and look after my packet and goods, sent by a stouter vessel. I went to visit my cousin, Richard Fanshawe,<sup>2</sup> and divers other friends.

*6th March.* Saw the magnificent funeral of that arch-rebel, Ireton, carried in pomp from Somerset House to Westminster, accompanied with divers regiments of soldiers, horse and foot; then marched the mourners, General Cromwell (his father-in-law),<sup>3</sup> his mock-parliament-men, officers, and forty poor men in gowns, three led horses in housings of black cloth, two led in black velvet, and his charging-horse, all covered over with embroidery and gold, on crimson velvet; then the guidons, ensigns, four heralds, carrying the arms of the State (as they called it), namely, the red cross of Ireland, with the casque, wreath, sword, spurs, etc.; next, a chariot canopied of black velvet and six horses, in which was the corpse; the pall held up by the mourners on foot; the mace and sword, with other marks of his charge in Ireland (where he died of the plague), carried before in black scarfs. Thus, in a grave pace, drums covered with cloth, soldiers reversing their arms, they proceeded through the streets in a very solemn manner. This Ireton was a stout

rebel, and had been very bloody to the King's party, witness his severity at Colchester, when in cold blood he put to death those gallant gentlemen, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle.<sup>1</sup> My cousin, R. Fanshawe,<sup>2</sup> came to visit me, and inform me of many considerable affairs. Sir Henry Herbert<sup>3</sup> presented me with his brother my Lord Cherbury's book, *De Veritate*.<sup>4</sup>

*9th.* I went to Deptford, where I made preparation for my settlement, no more intending to go out of England, but endeavour a settled life, either in this or some other place, there being now so little appearance of any change for the better, all being entirely in the rebels' hands; and this particular habitation and the estate contiguous to it (belonging to my father-in-law, actually in his Majesty's service) very much suffering for want of some friend to rescue it out of the power of the usurpers, so as to preserve our interest, and take some care of my other concerns, by the advice and endeavour of my friends I was advised to reside in it, and compound with the soldiers. This I was besides authorised by his Majesty to do, and encouraged with a promise that what was in lease from the Crown, if ever it pleased God to restore him, he would secure to us in fee-farm. I had also addresses and cyphers, to correspond with his Majesty and Ministers abroad: upon all which inducements, I was persuaded to settle henceforth in England, having now run about the world, most part out of my own country, near ten years. I therefore now likewise meditated sending over for my wife, whom as yet I had left at Paris.

<sup>1</sup> [Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas were shot by Ireton (27th August, 1648) in virtue of the Parliamentary Ordinance of 8th December, 1646 (see *post*, under 8th July, 1656).]

<sup>2</sup> [See note in previous column.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir Henry Herbert, 1595-1673. He was Master of the Revels under Charles I. and Charles II. (see *post*, under 8th February, 1665). He is mentioned in Walton's life of his brother George. "*Henry* was the sixth [son], who became a menial servant to the Crown in the dayes of King *James*, and hath continued to be so for fifty years; during all which time he hath been Master of the Revels; a place that requires a diligent wisdom, with which God has blest him" (*Lives*, 1670; *Herbert*, p. 11).]

<sup>4</sup> [First published at Paris in 1624; at London in 1645. It is said to be the earliest purely metaphysical work by an Englishman.]

<sup>1</sup> The picture was sent accordingly (see *post*, under 15th April, 1652).

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Richard Fanshawe, 1608-66, afterwards the translator of the *Lusiad* of Camoens. He had been taken prisoner at Worcester (see *post*, under 23rd April, 1661, and 5th August, 1662).]

<sup>3</sup> [Ireton had married Cromwell's eldest daughter Bridget, 15th June, 1646. She subsequently became the second wife of Fleetwood.]

14<sup>th</sup> March. I went to Lewisham, where I heard an honest sermon on 1 Cor. ii. 5-7, being the first Sunday I had been at church since my return, it being now a rare thing to find a priest of the Church of England in a parish pulpit, most of which were filled with Independents and Fanatics.<sup>1</sup>

15<sup>th</sup>. I saw the *Diamond* and *Ruby* launched in the Dock at Deptford, carrying forty-eight brass cannon each; Cromwell and his grantees present, with great acclamations.

18<sup>th</sup>. That worthy divine, Mr. Owen, of Eltham,<sup>2</sup> a sequestered person, came to visit me.

19<sup>th</sup>. Invited by Lady Gerrard,<sup>3</sup> I went to London, where we had a great supper; all the vessels, which were innumerable, were of porcelain, she having the most ample and richest collection of that curiosity in England.

22<sup>nd</sup>. I went with my brother Evelyn to Wotton, to give him what directions I was able about his garden, which he was now desirous to put into some form; but for which he was to remove a mountain overgrown with huge trees and thicket, with a moat within ten yards of the house. This my brother immediately attempted, and that without great cost, for more than a hundred yards south, by digging down the mountain, and flinging it into a rapid stream; it not only carried away the sand,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 148. In *A Character of England*, Evelyn enlarges upon this theme:—"I had sometimes the curiosity to visit the several worshipers of these equivocal Christians and enthusiasts. . . . Form, they observe none. They pray and read without method, and, indeed, without reverence or devotion. I have beheld a whole congregation sit with their hats on, at the reading of the Psalms, and yet bareheaded when they sing them. In divers places they read not the Scriptures at all; but up into the pulpit, where they make an insipid, tedious, and immethodical prayer, in phrases and a tone so affected and mysterious, that they give it the name of canting, a term by which they do usually express the gibberish of beggars and vagabonds; after which, there follows the sermon (which, for the most part, they read out of a book), consisting (like their prayers) of speculative and abstracted notions and things, which, nor the people nor themselves well understand: but these they extend to an extraordinary length and Pharisaical repetitions. . . . The Minister uses no habit of distinction, or gravity, but steps up *in querpo* [in ordinary costume]; and when he laies by his cloak (as I have observed some of them) he has the action rather of a preacher than a divine" (*Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 152-53).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 148.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 146.]

etc., but filled up the moat, and levelled that noble area, where now the garden and fountain is.<sup>1</sup> The first occasion of my brother making this alteration was my building the little retiring-place between the great wood eastward next the meadow, where, some time after my father's death, I made a triangular pond, or little stew, with an artificial rock, after my coming out of Flanders.

29<sup>th</sup>. I heard that excellent prelate, the primate of Ireland (Jacobus Ussher)<sup>2</sup> preach in Lincoln's Inn, on Hebrew iv. 16, encouraging of penitent sinners.

5<sup>th</sup> April. My brother George brought to Sayes Court Cromwell's Act of Oblivion to all that would submit to the Government.<sup>3</sup>

13<sup>th</sup>. News was brought me that Lady Cotton, my brother George's wife, was delivered of a son.<sup>4</sup>

I was moved by a letter out of France to publish the letter which some time since I sent to Dean Cosin's proselyted son; but I did not conceive it convenient, for fear of displeasing her Majesty, the Queen.<sup>5</sup>

15<sup>th</sup>. I wrote to the Dean, touching my buying his library, which was one of the choicest collections of any private person in England.<sup>6</sup>

The Count d'Estrades most generously and handsomely sent me the picture of my wife<sup>7</sup> from Dunkirk, in a large tin case, without any charge. It is of Mr. Bourdon, and is that which has the dog in it, and is to the knees, but it has been something spoiled by washing it ignorantly with soapsuds.

25<sup>th</sup>. I went to visit Alderman Kendrick, a fanatic Lord Mayor, who had married a relation of ours, where I met with a Captain who had been thirteen times to the East Indies.

<sup>1</sup> The fountain still remains.

<sup>2</sup> [James Ussher, 1581-1656, Archbishop of Armagh from 1625.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Act of Amnesty, 24th February, which pardoned all State offences previous to the Battle of Worcester, with some exceptions.]

<sup>4</sup> [Evelyn's pedigree gives no account of this son.]

<sup>5</sup> [From a letter written by Dean Cosin to Evelyn from Paris, 3rd April, 1652, it would seem that Prince Charles himself discouraged the publication, as the Queen (Henrietta Maria) "had been pleased to interest herself in the matter" of the conversion.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 162 n. The above letter refers also to this subject.]

<sup>7</sup> See *ante*, p. 165 n.

29th April. Was that celebrated eclipse of the sun, so much threatened by the astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation that hardly any one would work, nor stir out of their houses. So ridiculously were they abused by knavish and ignorant star-gazers!

We went this afternoon to see the Queen's house at Greenwich,<sup>1</sup> now given by the rebels to Bulstrode Whitelocke,<sup>2</sup> one of their unhappy counsellors, and keeper of pretended liberties.

10th May. Passing by Smithfield, I saw a miserable creature burning, who had murdered her husband. I went to see some workmanship of that admirable artist, Reeves, famous for perspective, and turning curiosities in ivory.

29th. I went to give order about a coach to be made against my wife's coming, being my first coach, the pattern whereof I brought out of Paris.

30th. I went to obtain of my Lord Devonshire<sup>3</sup> that my nephew, George,<sup>4</sup> might be brought up with my young Lord, his son, to whom I was recommending Mr. Wase.<sup>5</sup> I also inspected the manner of camletting silk and programs at one Monsieur La Dorée's in Moorfields, and thence to Colonel Morley,<sup>6</sup> one of their Council of State, as then called, who had been my schoolfellow, to request a pass for my wife's safe landing, and the goods she was to bring with her out of France; which he courteously granted, and did me many other kindnesses, that was a great matter in those days.

<sup>1</sup> [Greenwich Palace, which had been greatly improved by Henrietta Maria.]

<sup>2</sup> [Bulstrode Whitelocke, 1605-75. He is described by Mr. G. W. Trevelyan as "a Puritan lawyer and constitutionalist, very much at sea under Cromwell, and trying to serve his country in strange times." His *Memorials of English Affairs*, 1625-60, published 1682, constitute a valuable contemporary record. In 1653-54 he was ambassador to Sweden.]

<sup>3</sup> William Cavendish, third Earl of Devonshire, 1617-84. "My young Lord," with whom Evelyn desired that his nephew George might "be brought up," was the Earl's only son, William, 1640-1707, created 1664 Marquis of Hartington, and Duke of Devonshire.

<sup>4</sup> [George Evelyn (*d.* 1676) was the eldest son of Evelyn's elder brother by his first wife, Mary Caldwell, *d.* 1644.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 164.]

<sup>6</sup> [Colonel Herbert Morley, 1616-67, a Parliamentary officer. He had been Evelyn's schoolmate at Lewes.]

In the afternoon, at Charlton church, where I heard a Rabbinical sermon. Here is a fair monument in black marble of Sir Adam Newton,<sup>1</sup> who built that fair house near it for Prince Henry, and where my noble friend, Sir Henry Newton, succeeded him.<sup>2</sup>

3rd June. I received a letter from Colonel Morley to the Magistrates and Searchers at Rye, to assist my wife at her landing, and show her all civility.

4th. I set out to meet her now on her journey from Paris, after she had obtained leave to come out of that city, which had now been besieged some time by the Prince of Condé's army in the time of the rebellion, and after she had been now near twelve years from her own country, that is, since five years of age,<sup>3</sup> at which time she went over. I went to Rye to meet her, where was an embargo on occasion of the late conflict with the Holland fleet, the two nations being now in war, and which made sailing very unsafe.

On Whit Sunday, I went to the church (which is a very fair one), and heard one of the canters,<sup>4</sup> who dismissed the assembly rudely, and without any blessing. Here I stayed till the 10th with no small impatience, when I walked over to survey the ruins of Winchelsea, that ancient cinq-port, which by the remains and ruins of ancient streets and public structures, discovers it to have been formerly a considerable and large city.<sup>5</sup> There are to be seen vast caves and vaults, walls and towers, ruins of monasteries and of a sumptuous church, in which are some handsome monuments, especially of the Templars, buried just in the manner of those in the

<sup>1</sup> Adam Newton (*d.* 1630) was tutor and afterwards secretary to Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I., who, in 1620, created him a baronet. [Charlton Church, Kent (St. Luke's), was erected by his trustees. His monument in the N. aisle of the chancel is by Nicholas Stone.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Henry Newton, afterwards Puckering, 1618-1701, was Sir Adam's only son. Charlton House, said to have been built by Inigo Jones, is south of St. Luke's Church (see *post*, under 9th June, 1653).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 166 n.]

<sup>5</sup> ["That poor skeleton of ancient Winchelsea," John Wesley calls it. Under a large ash tree by the side of its ruined church of St. Thomas, on the 7th October, 1790, he preached his last outdoor sermon (*Journal*, 1901, iv. 475).]

Temple at London. This place being now all in rubbish, and a few despicable hovels and cottages only standing, hath yet a Mayor.<sup>1</sup> The sea, which formerly rendered it a rich and commodious port, has now forsaken it.

*11th June.* About four in the afternoon, being at bowls on the green, we discovered a vessel which proved to be that in which my wife was, and which got into the harbour about eight that evening, to my no small joy. They had been three days at sea, and escaped the Dutch fleet, through which they passed, taken for fishers, which was great good fortune, there being seventeen bales of furniture and other rich plunder, which I bless God came all safe to land, together with my wife, and my Lady Browne, her mother, who accompanied her. My wife being discomposed by having been so long at sea, we set not forth towards home till the 14th, when hearing the small-pox was very rife in and about London, and Lady Browne having a desire to drink Tunbridge waters, I carried them thither, and stayed in a very sweet place, private and refreshing, and took the waters myself till the 23rd, when I went to prepare for their reception, leaving them for the present in their little cottage by the Wells.

The weather being hot, and having sent my man on before, I rode negligently under favour of the shade, till, within three miles of Bromley, at a place called the Procession Oak, two cut-throats started out, and striking with long staves at the horse, and taking hold of the reins, threw me down, took my sword, and haled me into a deep thicket, some quarter of a mile from the highway, where they might securely rob me, as they soon did. What they got of money, was not considerable, but they took two rings, the one an emerald with diamonds, the other an onyx,<sup>2</sup> and a pair of buckles set with rubies and diamonds, which were of value, and after all bound my hands behind me, and my feet, having before pulled off my boots;

<sup>1</sup> [Which functionary, according to Murray's *Sussex*, 1893, p. 20, has, nevertheless, one of the oldest (Tudor) civic maces in existence.]

<sup>2</sup> [This seal, described in Evelyn's will as his "fine Onix Seale, set in Gold in feure work, with my Cyfer and Armes inamell'd," is figured at p. 31, vol. v., of Brayley's *Surrey*, 1850.]

they then set me up against an oak, with most bloody threats to cut my throat if I offered to cry out, or make any noise; for they should be within hearing, I not being the person they looked for. I told them that if they had not basely surprised me they should not have had so easy a prize, and that it would teach me never to ride near a hedge, since, had I been in the mid-way, they durst not have adventured on me; at which they cocked their pistols, and told me they had long guns, too, and were fourteen companions. I begged for my onyx, and told them it being engraved with my arms would betray them; but nothing prevailed. My horse's bridle they slipped, and searched the saddle, which they pulled off, but let the horse graze, and then turning again bridled him and tied him to a tree, yet so as he might graze, and thus left me bound. My horse was perhaps not taken, because he was marked and cropped on both ears, and well known on that road. Left in this manner, grievously was I tormented with flies, ants, and the sun, nor was my anxiety little how I should get loose in that solitary place, where I could neither hear nor see any creature but my poor horse and a few sheep straggling in the copse.

After near two hours' attempting, I got my hands to turn palm to palm, having been tied back to back, and then it was long before I could slip the cord over my wrists to my thumb, which at last I did, and then soon unbound my feet, and saddling my horse and roaming a while about, I at last perceived dust to rise, and soon after heard the rattling of a cart, towards which I made, and, by the help of two countrymen, I got back into the highway. I rode to Colonel Blount's, a great justiciary of the times, who sent out hue and cry immediately. The next morning, sore as my wrists and arms were, I went to London, and got 500 tickets printed and dispersed by an officer of Goldsmiths' Hall, and within two days had tidings of all I had lost, except my sword, which had a silver hilt, and some trifles. The rogues had pawned one of my rings for a trifle to a goldsmith's servant, before the tickets came to the shop, by which means they escaped; the other ring was bought by a victualler, who brought it to

a goldsmith, but he having seen the ticket seized the man. I afterwards discharged him on his protestation of innocence. Thus did God deliver me from these villains, and not only so, but restored what they took, as twice before he had graciously done, both at sea and land; I mean when I had been robbed by pirates, and was in danger of a considerable loss at Amsterdam; for which, and many, many signal preservations, I am extremely obliged to give thanks to God my Saviour.

25<sup>th</sup> June. After a drought of near four months, there fell so violent a tempest of hail, rain, wind, thunder, and lightning, as no man had seen the like in his age; the hail being in some places four or five inches about, brake all glass about London, especially at Deptford, and more at Greenwich.

29<sup>th</sup>. I returned to Tunbridge, and again drank the water, till 10th July.

We went to see the house of my Lord Clanricarde<sup>1</sup> at Summer-hill, near Tunbridge (now given to that villain, Bradshaw, who condemned the King). 'Tis situated on an eminent hill, with a park; but has nothing else extraordinary.

4<sup>th</sup> July. I heard a sermon at Mr. Packer's chapel at Groombridge,<sup>2</sup> a pretty melancholy seat, well wooded and watered. In this house was one of the French Kings<sup>3</sup> kept prisoner. The chapel was built by Mr. Packer's father, in remembrance of King Charles the First's safe return out of Spain.<sup>4</sup>

9<sup>th</sup>. We went to see Penshurst, the Earl of Leicester's, famous once for its gardens and excellent fruit, and for the noble conversation which was wont to meet there, celebrated by that illustrious person, Sir Philip Sidney, who there composed divers of his pieces. It stands in a park, is finely watered, and was now full

<sup>1</sup> [Ulrick de Burgh, fifth Earl and Marquis of Clanricarde, 1604-57.]

<sup>2</sup> In the parish of Speldhurst, in Kent, four miles from Tunbridge Wells. John Packer, 1570?-1649, was Clerk of the Privy Seal to Charles I.

<sup>3</sup> The Duke of Orleans, taken at the battle of Agincourt, 4 Hen. V., by Richard Waller, then owner of this place. See Hasted's *Kent*, vol. i. p. 431.

<sup>4</sup> With this inscription (according to Hasted, i. p. 431) over the door, "D.O.M. 1623, ob felicissimi Caroli Principis Ex Hispania reducis Sacellum hoc D.D.I.P."; and above it the device of the Prince of Wales.

of company, on the marriage of my old fellow colleague, Mr. Robert Smythe, who married my Lady Dorothy Sidney,<sup>1</sup> widow of the Earl of Sunderland.

One of the men who robbed me was taken; I was accordingly summoned to appear against him; and, on the 12th, was in Westminster Hall, but not being bound over, nor willing to hang the fellow, I did not appear, coming only to save a friend's bail; but the bill being found, he was turned over to the Old Bailey. In the meantime, I received a petition from the prisoner, whose father I understood was an honest old farmer in Kent. He was charged with other crimes, and condemned, but reprieved. I heard afterwards that, had it not been for his companion, a younger man, he would probably have killed me. He was afterwards charged with some other crime, but refusing to plead, was pressed to death.

23<sup>rd</sup>. Came my old friend, Mr. Spencer,<sup>2</sup> to visit me.

30<sup>th</sup>. I took advice about purchasing Sir Richard's [Browne] interest of those who had bought Sayes Court.

1<sup>st</sup> August. Came old Jerome Lanieri,<sup>3</sup> of Greenwich, a man skilled in painting and music, and another rare musician, called Mell.<sup>4</sup> I went to see his collection of pictures, especially those of Julio Romano, which surely had been the King's, and an Egyptian figure, etc. There were also excellent things of Polydore, Guido, Raphael, and Tintoretto. Lanieri had been a domestic of Queen Elizabeth, and showed me her head, an intaglio in a rare sardonyx, cut by a famous Italian, which he assured me was exceeding like her.

<sup>1</sup> [Dorothy Spencer, Countess of Sunderland, 1617-1684, Waller's "Sacharissa," and daughter of Philip Sidney, Earl of Leicester. After her first husband's death, she married, 8th July, 1652, Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Smythe of Sutton-at-Hone and Boundes in Kent, an old admiral, and (according to Dorothy Osborne) "a very fine gentleman."]

<sup>2</sup> [Brother to the Earl of Sunderland (see *post*, under 15th July, 1669).]

<sup>3</sup> [Jerome Lanier or Lanieri, an Italian, artist and musician. He belonged to Queen Elizabeth's band; and was the father of Nicholas Lanieri, the portrait painter, 1588-1666.]

<sup>4</sup> [Davis or Davie Mell, the violinist and clock-maker, *fl.* 1650, afterwards leader of Charles II.'s band (see *post*, under 4th March, 1656).]

24th August. My first child,<sup>1</sup> a son, was born precisely at one o'clock.

2nd September. Mr. Owen, the sequestered divine, of Eltham, christened my son by the name of Richard.

25th. I went to see Dr. Mason's house, so famous for the prospect (for the house is a wretched one) and description of Barclay's *Icon Animarum*.<sup>2</sup>

22nd [October?]. I went to Woodcote,<sup>3</sup> where Lady Browne was taken with a scarlet fever, and died. She was carried to Deptford, and interred in the church<sup>4</sup> near Sir Richard's relations with all decent ceremonies, and according to the church-office, for which I obtained permission, after it had not been used in that church for seven years. Thus ended an excellent and virtuous lady, universally lamented, having been so obliging on all occasions to those who continually frequented her house in Paris, which was not only an hospital, but an asylum to all our persecuted and afflicted countrymen, during eleven years' residence there in that honourable situation.

5th November. To London, to visit some friends, but the insolences were so great in the streets that I could not return till the next day.

Dr. Scarburgh<sup>5</sup> was instant with me to give the Tables of Veins and Arteries to the College of Physicians, pretending he

<sup>1</sup> [Richard Evelyn, d. 1658 (see *post*, under 27th January, 1658).]

<sup>2</sup> The book here referred to—says Bray—is in the British Museum, entitled *Joannis Barclaii Icon Animarum*, and printed at London, 1614, small 12mo. It is written in Latin, and dedicated to Lewis XIII. of France, for what reason does not appear, the Author speaking of himself as a subject of this country. It mentions the necessity of forming the minds of youth, as a skilful gardener forms his trees; the different dispositions of men, in different nations; English, Scotch, and Irish, etc. Chapter second contains a florid description of the beautiful scenery about Greenwich, but does not mention Dr. Mason, or his house.

<sup>3</sup> [Epsom, the seat of Evelyn's brother Richard (see *ante*, p. 145).]

<sup>4</sup> [The church of St. Nicholas, Deptford. On the memorial tablet her age is given as forty-two, and the date of death, 6th October.]

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Charles Scarburgh, 1616-94, was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, where he obtained a Fellowship. He afterwards studied medicine; but making himself too conspicuous as a Royalist during the troubles, was ejected. Subsequently he practised in London as a doctor. In 1669 he was knighted and was named one of the King's physicians. He published a work upon dissection.

would not only read upon them, but celebrate my curiosity as being the first who caused them to be completed in that manner,<sup>1</sup> and with that cost; but I was not so willing yet to part with them, as to lend them to the College during their anatomical lectures; which I did accordingly.

22nd. I went to London, where was proposed to me the promoting that great work (since accomplished by Dr. Walton, Bishop of Chester),<sup>2</sup> *Biblia Polyglotta*, by Mr. Pearson, that most learned divine.<sup>3</sup>

25th December. Christmas-day, no sermon anywhere, no church being permitted to be open, so observed it at home. The next day, we went to Lewisham, where an honest divine preached.

31st. I adjusted all accounts, and rendered thanks to Almighty God for his mercies to me the year past.

1st January, 1652-3, I set apart in preparation for the Blessed Sacrament, which the next day Mr. Owen administered to me and all my family in Sayes Court, preaching on John vi. 32, 33, showing the exceeding benefits of our Blessed Saviour taking our nature upon him. He had christened my son and churchd my wife in our own house as before noticed.<sup>4</sup>

17th. I began to set out the oval garden at Sayes Court,<sup>5</sup> which was before a rude orchard, and all the rest one entire field of 100 acres, without any hedge, except the hither holly-hedge joining to the bank of the mount walk. This was the beginning of all the succeeding gardens, walks, groves, enclosures, and plantations there.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 129.]

<sup>2</sup> [Brian Walton, 1600-61; Bishop of Chester, 1600. His *Polyglot* was published 1654-57.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Pearson, 1613-86, afterwards Bishop of Chester, 1673-86, and author of the *Exposition of the Creed*, 1659.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 170.]

<sup>5</sup> [In the Commonwealth survey of June 2, 1651, Sayes Court is described thus:—"Manor house built with timber with the appertinances thereunto belonging commonly called Sayes Court, Deptford . . . consistinge of one hall, one plor, one kitchen, one buttery, one larder, with a daryehouse, alsoe one chamber and thre cellers. In y<sup>e</sup> second storie eight chambers, with four closets, and three garretts, two stables, and one other little stable joyninge to the aforesaid manor howse, which aforesaid manor howse together with the said garden orchard and court yards conteine together two acres, two roodes, and sixteene pches, 2a. 2r. 16 p. xiiij li" (Dew's *Deptford*, 2nd ed. 1884, p. 29).]



21st January. I went to London, and sealed some of the writings of my purchase of Sayes Court.

30th. At our own parish-church, a stranger preached. There was now and then an honest orthodox man got into the pulpit, and, though the present incumbent was somewhat of the Independent, yet he ordinarily preached sound doctrine, and was a peaceable man; which was an extraordinary felicity in this age.

1st February. Old Alexander Ross<sup>1</sup> (author of *Virgilius Evangelizans*, and many other little books, presented me with his book against Mr. Hobbes's *Leviathan*.<sup>2</sup>

19th. I planted the orchard at Sayes Court; new moon, wind west.

22nd. Was perfected the sealing, livery and seisin of my purchase of Sayes Court. My brother, George Glanville,<sup>3</sup> Mr. Scudamore, Mr. Offley,<sup>4</sup> Co. William Glanville (son to Serjeant Glanville, sometime Speaker of the House of Commons),<sup>5</sup> Co. Stephens, and several of my friends dining with me. I had bargained for £3200, but I paid £3500.<sup>6</sup>

25th March. Came to see me that rare graver in *taille-douce*, Monsieur Richett; he was sent by Cardinal Mazarin to make a collection of pictures.

11th April. I went to take the air in Hyde Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchased it of the State, as they were called.<sup>7</sup>

17th May. My servant Hoare,<sup>8</sup> who wrote those exquisite several hands, fell [ill] of a fit of an apoplexy, caused, as I suppose, by tampering with ☿ (mercury) about an experiment in gold.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

<sup>2</sup> [A *View of all Religions in the World*, etc., 1652, which went through many impressions.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 146.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *post*, p. 177.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *post*, under 30th May, 1663.]

<sup>7</sup> [Cf. *A Character of England*, 1659 (by Evelyn).

"This Park was (it seems) used by the late King and Nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect: but it is that which now (besides all other excises) they pay for here in England, though it be free in all the world beside; every coach and horse which enters buying his mouthful, and permission of the publicane who has purchased it, for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves" (*Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 165.)

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

29th. I went to London, to take my last leave of my honest friend, Mr. Barton,<sup>1</sup> now dying: it was a great loss to me and to my affairs. On the sixth of June, I attended his funeral.

8th June. Came my brother George, Captain Evelyn, the great traveller,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Muschamp, my cousin, Thomas Keightley,<sup>3</sup> and a virtuoso, fantastical Simon,<sup>4</sup> who had the talent of embossing so to the life.

9th. I went to visit my worthy neighbour, Sir Henry Newton [at Charlton],<sup>5</sup> and consider the prospect, which is doubtless for city, river, ships, meadows, hill, woods, and all other amenities, one of the most noble in the world; so as, had the house running water, it were a princely seat. Mr. Henshaw and his brother-in-law came to visit me, and he presented me with a seleniscope.<sup>6</sup>

19th. This day, I paid all my debts to a farthing; oh, blessed day!

21st. My Lady Gerrard, and one Esquire Knight, a very rich gentleman, living in Northamptonshire, visited me.

23rd. Mr. Lombart, a famous graver, came to see my collections.<sup>7</sup>

27th. Monsieur Roupel sent me a small phial of his *aurum potabile*,<sup>8</sup> with a letter, showing the way of administering it, and the stupendous cures it had done at Paris; but, ere it came to me, by what accident I know not, it was all run out.

17th August. I went to visit Mr. Hildeyard, at his house at Horsley (formerly the great Sir Walter Raleigh's),<sup>9</sup> where met me

<sup>1</sup> [John Barton. He is mentioned in a letter of 25th April, 1652, from Evelyn to Sir Edward Thurland.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 148.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 3 n.]

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Simon, 1623?-65, a strange eccentric person, but a most excellent modeller after life, and engraver of medals. [He made dies for Cromwell, and was joint chief graver to the Mint.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 167.]

<sup>6</sup> [An instrument for looking at the moon.]

<sup>7</sup> [Peter Lombart, a Huguenot, long resident in England. It was Lombart who engraved Charles I. on horseback after Vanduyck, then substituted Cromwell's face for Charles's, and then once more restored the face of the King.]

<sup>8</sup> [Tincture of Gold, a medicine made of the body of gold (Bailey).]

<sup>9</sup> [Evelyn is here in error: Mr. Hildeyard was of East Horsley (see *ante*, pp. 148, 163), which he had bought of Sir Walter's son, Carew Raleigh of West Horsley, to whom East Horsley had been conveyed in 1629 by Thomas, Earl of Southampton. There is a mural monument to Hildeyard in East

Mr. Oughtred, the famous mathematician;<sup>1</sup> he showed me a box, or golden case, of divers rich and aromatic balsams, which a chemist, a scholar of his, had sent him out of Germany.

*21st August.* I heard that good old man, Mr. Higham,<sup>2</sup> the parson of the parish of Wotton where I was born, and who had baptized me, preach after his very plain way on Luke, comparing this troublesome world to the sea, the ministers to the fishermen, and the saints to the fish.

*22nd.* We all went to Guildford, to rejoice at the famous inn, the Red Lion,<sup>3</sup> and to see the Hospital, and the monument of Archbishop Abbot, the founder,<sup>4</sup> who lies buried in the chapel of his endowment.

*28th September.* At Greenwich preached that holy martyr, Dr. Hewit,<sup>5</sup> on Psalm xc. 11, magnifying the grace of God to penitents, and threatening the extinction of his Gospel light for the prodigious impiety of the age.

*11th October.* My son, John Standsfield, was born, being my second child, and christened by the name of my mother's father, that name now quite extinct, being of Cheshire. Christened by Mr. Owen, in my library at Sayes Court, where he afterwards churching my wife, I always making use of him on these occasions,<sup>6</sup> because the parish minister durst not have officiated according to the form and usage of the Church of England, to which I always adhered.

*25th.* Mr. Owen preached in my library at Sayes Court on Luke xviii. 7, 8, an excellent discourse on the unjust judge, showing why Almighty God would sometimes be compared by such similitudes. He Horsley Church. He died 8th January, 1674, aged 66 (Brayley's *Surrey*, 1850, ii. pp. 65, 68).]

<sup>1</sup> [William Oughtred, 1575-1666, Rector of Albury, great as a diallist and mathematician (see *post*, under 28th August, 1665). There are prints of him by Hollar.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 11th May, 1684.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Red Lion, where, according to Aubrey, they could "make fifty Beds," was a notable hostelry even in a town "always most famous for its Inns."]

<sup>4</sup> [Archbishop Abbot's Hospital is on the N. side of Guildford High Street. His monument is in the (restored) Church of the Holy Trinity just opposite.]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. John Hewit, 1614-58, Minister of St. Gregory's, Castle Baynard Ward, afterwards executed for treason on Tower Hill.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 147.]

afterwards administered to us all the Holy Sacrament.

*28th.* Went to London, to visit my Lady Gerrard, where I saw that cursed woman called the Lady Norton, of whom it was reported that she spit in our King's face as he went to the scaffold. Indeed, her talk and discourse was like an impudent woman.

*21st November.* I went to London, to speak with Sir John Evelyn,<sup>1</sup> my kinsman, about the purchase of an estate<sup>2</sup> of Mr. Lambard's at Westerham, which afterwards Sir John himself bought for his son-in-law, Leech.

*4th December.* Going this day to our church, I was surprised to see a tradesman, a mechanic,<sup>3</sup> step up; I was resolved yet to stay and see what he would make of it. His text was from 2 Sam. xxiii. 20: "And Benaiah went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in the time of snow": the purport was, that no danger was to be thought difficult when God called for shedding of blood, inferring that now the saints were called to destroy temporal governments; with such feculent stuff; so dangerous a crisis were things grown to.

*25th.* Christmas-day. No churches, or public assembly. I was fain to pass the devotions of that blessed day with my family at home.

1653-4: *20th January.* Came to see [me] my old acquaintance and the most incomparable player on the Irish harp, Mr. Clark,<sup>4</sup> after his travels. He was an excellent musician, a discreet gentleman, born in Devonshire (as I remember). Such music before or since did I never hear, that instrument being neglected for its extraordinary difficulty; but, in my judgment, far superior to the lute itself, or whatever speaks with strings.

*25th.* Died my son, J. Standsfield,<sup>5</sup> of

<sup>1</sup> [Of Godstone.]

<sup>2</sup> [Squerryes. See *post*, under 5th August, 1658.]

<sup>3</sup> [After the Act of Uniformity numbers of these preachers "returned to the occupations they had unwisely quitted. Among these are enumerated a brewer, several maltsters, a publican, a tobacco-merchant, and a tobacco-cutter; a merchant, a factor in Holland; a land-steward, a bookseller, a farmer, a grocer, a ploughman, a pattern-drawer, a skinner, a stay-stitcher, and a woolmonger" (*Annals of England*, 1876, p. 465).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 14th November, 1668.]

<sup>5</sup> [See above, under 11th October, 1653.]

convulsion-fits; buried at Deptford on the east corner of the church, near his mother's great-grandfather, and other relatives.

8th February. Ash-Wednesday. In contradiction to all custom and decency, the usurper, Cromwell, feasted at the Lord Mayor's, riding in triumph through the city.

14th. I saw a tame lion play familiarly with a lamb; he was a huge beast, and I thrust my hand into his mouth and found his tongue rough like a cat's; a sheep also with six legs, which made use of five of them to walk; a goose that had four legs, two crops, and as many vents.

29th March. That excellent man, Mr. Owen,<sup>1</sup> preached in my library on Matt. xxviii. 6, a resurrection-sermon, and after it we all received the Holy Communion.

6th April. Came my Lord Herbert, Sir Kenelm Digby,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Denham,<sup>3</sup> and other friends, to see me.

15th. I went to London, to hear the famous Dr. Jeremy Taylor<sup>4</sup> (since Bishop of Down and Connor) at St. Gregory's (near St. Paul's)<sup>5</sup> on Matt. vi. 48, concerning evangelical perfection.

5th May. I bound my lackey, Thomas Headly, apprentice to a carpenter, giving with him five pounds and new clothing; he thrived very well, and became rich.

✓ 8th. I went to Hackney, to see Lady Brooke's garden, which was one of the neatest and most celebrated in England, the house well furnished, but a despicable building. Returning, visited one Mr. Tomb's garden; it has large and noble walks, some modern statues, a vineyard, planted in strawberry borders, staked at ten feet distances; the banqueting-house of cedar, where the couch and seats were carved à l'antique; some good pictures in the house, especially one of Vandyck's, being a man in his shirt; also some of

Steenwyck. I also called at Mr. Ducie's, who has indeed a rare collection of the best masters, and one of the largest stories of H. Holbein. I also saw Sir Thomas Fowler's aviary, which is a poor business.

10th. My Lady Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Garden,<sup>1</sup> now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceedingly cheated at; Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Garden,<sup>2</sup> which, till now, had been the usual rendezvous for the ladies and gallants at this season.

11th. I now observed how the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing, and used only by prostitutes.

14th. There being no such thing as church-anniversaries in the parochial assemblies, I was forced to provide at home for Whit Sunday.

15th. Came Sir Robert Stapylton, the translator of Juvenal, to visit me.<sup>3</sup>

1 The Mulberry Garden stood on the site of what is now Buckingham Palace and Gardens, a garden of mulberry trees, having been planted there by James the First. The houses which preceded Buckingham Palace on the site, were Goring House, Arlington House, and Buckingham House or the Queen's House, the last having been pulled down to erect Nash's present building. Sir Charles Sedley made the Mulberry Garden the subject of a comedy, and it was not closed, as a place of entertainment, until the date of Charles the Second's grant of it to Bennet, Earl of Arlington, in 1673.

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 149. The Spring Garden, once a pleasure-ground attached to Whitehall Palace, and lying between Charing Cross and St. James's Park, is now built upon. In the *Character of England* 1659, Evelyn thus describes it. The enclosure—he says—is “not disagreeable, for the solemnness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's; but the company walk in it at such a rate, as you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantes, contending with their woos; . . . but as fast as they run, they stay there so long, as if they wanted not time to finish the race: for it is usual here to find some of the young company till midnight.” Evelyn dwells further on the exorbitant prices of refreshments, which have enabled the proprietor, within a few years, to purchase £500 of annual rent (*Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 165-66).]

<sup>3</sup> A member of a Yorkshire Catholic family, who obtained the post of Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to Prince Charles, occasionally varying his duties by fighting against the Parliamentarians and writing books. For his services at Edgemoor, he was knighted in 1642 by Charles I. He was also made a D.C.L., and died in 1669. [His version of Juvenal's *Sixteen Satyrs*, with *Arguments, Notes and Annotations*, appeared in 1647. He also translated Strada's *Belgic War*, 1650 (see ante, p. 81).]

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 147.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 10.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Denham, the poet, afterwards Sir John, 1615-69. At this date, he had been attendant to Henrietta Maria at Paris, where Evelyn had no doubt become acquainted with him. His well-known *Cooper's Hill* was published in 1642.]

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. Jeremy Taylor, 1613-67, often referred to hereafter. His *Holy Living* was published in 1650; his *Holy Dying* in 1652. He became Bishop of Down and Connor in 1661.]

<sup>5</sup> [St. Gregory's stood pretty much where Bird's statue of Queen Anne now stands in St. Paul's Churchyard. It was destroyed in the Great Fire.]

8th June. My wife and I set out in a coach and four horses, in our way to visit relations of hers in Wiltshire, and other parts, where we resolved to spend some months. We dined at Windsor, saw the Castle and Chapel of St. George, where they have laid our Blessed Martyr, King Charles, in the *vault just before the altar*. The church and workmanship in stone is admirable. The Castle itself is large in circumference; but the rooms melancholy, and of ancient magnificence. The keep, or mount, hath, besides its incomparable prospect, a very profound well; and the terrace towards Eton, with the park, meandering Thames, and sweet meadows, yield one of the most delightful prospects. That night, we lay at Reading. Saw my Lord Craven's<sup>1</sup> house at Caversham, now in ruins, his goodly woods felling by the rebels.

9th. Dined at Marlborough, which having been lately fired, was now new built. At one end of this town, we saw my Lord Seymour's house,<sup>2</sup> but nothing observable save the Mount, to which we ascended by windings for near half a mile. It seems to have been cast up by hand. We passed by Colonel Popham's, a noble seat, park, and river. Thence to Newbury, a considerable town, and Donnington, famous for its battle, siege, and castle; this last had been in the possession of old Geoffrey Chaucer. Then to Aldermaston, a house of Sir Humphrey Forster's, built *à la moderne*.<sup>3</sup> Also, that exceedingly beautiful seat of my Lord Pembroke,

<sup>1</sup> William Craven, Earl of Craven, 1606-97, eldest son of Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of London. After serving under Gustavus Adolphus and Henry, Prince of Orange, he distinguished himself against the forces of the Parliament, and was created by Charles I. in 1664, Viscount and Earl Craven. He survived all the changes of the government, and, in the latter years of his life, acquired some celebrity from an odd peculiarity of taste. He was so sure to be at any conflagration that occurred in London, that the people said his horse "smelt a fire as soon as it happened."

<sup>2</sup> [I.e. that built by Inigo Jones's pupil, John Webbe, for Francis, Baron Seymour of Trowbridge, 1590-1664; and afterwards for nearly a century the Castle Inn, a famous hostelry on the great Bath Road, closed in 1843. It then became the nucleus (C. House) of Marlborough College.]

<sup>3</sup> [Evelyn's notes must have got mixed here. For in going from Reading to Cadenham, by way of Marlborough, he would pass first, Aldermaston, then Newbury, and then Littlecot (Col. Popham's). He has reversed the order.]

on the ascent of a hill, flanked with wood, and regarding the river; and so, at night, to Cadenham, the mansion of Edward Hungerford, Esq., uncle to my wife,<sup>1</sup> where we made some stay. The rest of the week we did nothing but feast and make good cheer, to welcome my wife.

27th. We all went to see Bath, where I bathed in the Cross Bath. Among the rest of the idle diversions of the town, one musician was famous for acting a changeling, which indeed he personated strangely.

The *facciata* of this cathedral is remarkable for its historical carving. The King's Bath is esteemed the fairest in Europe. The town is entirely built of stone, but the streets narrow, uneven and unpleasant. Here, we trifled and bathed, and inter-visited with the company who frequent the place for health, till the 30th, and then went to Bristol, a city emulating London, not for its large extent, but manner of building, shops, bridge, traffic, exchange, market-place, etc. The governor showed us the castle, of no great concernment.<sup>2</sup> The city wholly mercantile, as standing near the famous Severn, commodiously for Ireland, and the Western world. Here, I first saw the manner of refining sugar and casting it into loaves, where we had a collation of eggs fried in the sugar furnace,<sup>3</sup> together with excellent Spanish wine. But what appeared most stupendous to me, was the rock of St. Vincent,<sup>4</sup> a little distance from the town, the precipice whereof is equal to anything of that nature I have seen in the most con-fragose<sup>5</sup> cataracts of the Alps, the river gliding beneath them at an extraordinary depth. Here, we went searching for diamonds,<sup>6</sup> and to the Hot Wells, at its

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, pp. 178 and 179 *n.*]

<sup>2</sup> [Built under William the Conqueror and finished by the Red Earl of Gloucester (Robert the Consul), c. 1138. Scarcely a vestige of it now remains.]

<sup>3</sup> An entertainment akin to the once popular custom, eating of beefsteaks dressed on the stoker's shovel, to the accompaniment of porter, at the famous brewhouse, in London.

<sup>4</sup> [Called after the Chapel of St. Vincent of Valencia. They are "Great Cliffs w<sup>ch</sup> seeme as bounds to y<sup>e</sup> river Aven," says Celia Fiennes (*Diary* (1689-94), 1888, p. 201); and are now united by the Suspension Bridge.]

<sup>5</sup> [*Confragosus*,—broken, rugged.]

<sup>6</sup> [Crystals. "They Digge y<sup>e</sup> Bristol Diamonds w<sup>ch</sup> Look very Bright and in their native Rudeness

foot. There is also on the side of this horrid Alp a very romantic seat: and so we returned to Bath in the evening, and July 1 to Cadenham.

4th July. On a letter from my wife's uncle, Mr. Pretymann,<sup>1</sup> I waited back on her to London, passing by Hungerford,<sup>2</sup> a town famous for its trouts, and the next day arrived at Deptford, which was 60 miles, in the extremity of heat.

6th. I went early to London, and the following day met my wife and company at Oxford, the eve of the Act.

8th. Was spent in hearing several exercises in the schools; and, after dinner, the Proctor opened the Act at St. Mary's (according to custom),<sup>3</sup> and the Prevaricators, their drollery. Then, the doctors disputed. We supped at Wadham College.

9th. Dr. French<sup>4</sup> preached at St. Mary's, on Matt. xii. 42, advising the students the search after true wisdom, not to be had in the books of philosophers, but in the Scriptures alone. In the afternoon, the famous Independent, Dr. Owen, perstringing<sup>5</sup> Episcopacy. He was now Cromwell's Vice-Chancellor.<sup>6</sup> We dined with Dr. Ward,<sup>7</sup> Mathematical Professor (since Bishop of Sarum), and at night supped in Balliol College Hall, where I had once been student and fellow-commoner, and where they made me extraordinarily welcome.<sup>8</sup>

10th. On Monday, I went again to the

have a great Lustre and are pointed and Like y<sup>e</sup> Diamond Cutting" (Celia Fiennes, *Diary* (1689-94), 1888, p. 201.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

<sup>2</sup> [Hungerford, partly in Berks, partly in Wilts, is on the Kennet, a fine trout stream.]

<sup>3</sup> See *post*, under 9th July, 1669.]

<sup>4</sup> [Afterwards Chaplain to Dr. Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 159.]

<sup>6</sup> [Dr. John Owen, 1616-83. He was Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, 1652-53, and Dean of Christ Church, 1651-60.]

<sup>7</sup> Dr. Seth Ward, 1617-89, finished his education at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he obtained a fellowship. He was expelled the university in 1644, for refusing the Covenant. Oxford, as usual, received him; where he succeeded Greaves, the Savilian Professor of Astronomy; and in 1654, obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was intimately acquainted with the abstract sciences, and was one of that limited band of scholars at whose meetings first arose the idea of the Royal Society, in which Evelyn took so deep an interest and so active a part.

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 5.]

schools, to hear the several faculties, and in the afternoon tarried out the whole Act in St. Mary's, the long speeches of the Proctors, the Vice-Chancellor, the several Professors, creation of Doctors, by the cap, ring, kiss, etc., those ancient ceremonies and institution being as yet not wholly abolished. Dr. Kendal,<sup>1</sup> now Inceptor amongst others, performing his Act incomparably well, concluded it with an excellent oration, abating his Presbyterian animosities, which he withheld, not even against that learned and pious divine, Dr. Hammond. The Act was closed with the speech of the Vice-Chancellor, there being but four in theology, and three in medicine, which was thought a considerable matter, the times considered. I dined at one Monsieur Fiat's, a student of Exeter College, and supped at a magnificent entertainment of Wadham Hall, invited by my dear and excellent friend, Dr. Wilkins,<sup>2</sup> then Warden (after, Bishop of Chester).

11th. Was the Latin sermon, which I could not be at, though invited, being taken up at All Souls, where we had music, voices, and theorbos, performed by some ingenious scholars. After dinner, I visited that miracle of a youth, Mr. Christopher Wren,<sup>3</sup> nephew to the Bishop of Ely. Then Mr. Barlow<sup>4</sup> (since Bishop of Lincoln), bibliothecarius of the Bodleian Library, my most learned friend. He showed us the rarities of that most famous place, manuscripts, medals, and other curiosities. Among the MSS. an old English Bible, wherein the Eunuch mentioned to be baptized by Philip, is called the Gelding: "and Philip and the Gelding went down into the water," etc. The original Acts of the Council of Basle 900 years since, with the *bull*, or leaden affix,

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. George Kendall, 1610-63. He defended Calvinism in various polemics.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. John Wilkins, 1614-72, Warden of Wadham, 1648-59, and Bishop of Chester, 1668-72. He was active in forming the Royal Society; and he wrote many scientific and religious works. His wife, Robina, was a sister of Cromwell; and his stepdaughter became the wife of Tillotson. Evelyn was much attached to Wilkins.]

<sup>3</sup> [Afterwards Sir Christopher, 1632-1723, at this date of Wadham. See *post*, under 13th July, 1654, and 24th October, 1664.]

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. Thomas Barlow, 1607-91, librarian of the Bodleian, 1642-60, and Bishop of Lincoln, 1675-91.]

which has a silken cord passing through every parchment; a MS. of Venerable Bede of 800 years' antiquity; the old Ritual *secundum usum Sarum*, exceeding voluminous; then, among the nicer curiosities, the Proverbs of Solomon, written in French by a lady,<sup>1</sup> every chapter of a several character, or hand, the most exquisite imaginable; an hieroglyphical table, or *carta*, folded up like a nap, I suppose it painted on asses' hide, extremely rare; but what is most illustrious, there were no less than 1000 MSS., in nineteen languages, especially oriental, furnishing that new part of the library built by Archbishop Laud, from a design of Sir Kenelm Digby and the Earl of Pembroke. In the closet of the tower, they show some Indian weapons, urns, lamps, etc., but the rarest is the whole Alcoran, written on one large sheet of calico, made up in a priest's vesture, or cope, after the Turkish and Arabic character, so exquisitely written, as no printed letter comes near it: also, a roll of magical charms, divers talismans, and some medals.

Then, I led my wife into the Convocation-House, finely wainscoted; the Divinity School, and Gothic carved roof; the Physic, or Anatomy School, adorned with some rarities of natural things; but nothing extraordinary save the skin of a jackal, a rarely-coloured jacatoo,<sup>2</sup> or prodigious large parrot, two humming birds, not much bigger than our humble-bee, which indeed I had not seen before, that I remember.

12th July. We went to St. John's, saw the library and the two skeletons, which are finely cleansed and put together; observable is here also the store of mathematical instruments, chiefly given by the late Archbishop Laud, who built here a handsome quadrangle.

Thence, we went to New College, where the chapel was in its ancient garb, notwithstanding the scrupulosity of the times.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Hester English, or Inglis, 1571-1624, married to Bartholomew Kello, rector of Willingale Spain, in Essex. There are MSS. written or illuminated by her in the Bodleian, the British Museum, and elsewhere. An account of her curious penmanship is given in William Massey's *Origin and Progress of Letters*, 1763.

<sup>2</sup> Cockatoo. Evelyn calls chocolate, jacolatt (see p. 338), as does Pepys, *Diary*, 24th November, 1654.]

Thence, to Christ's Church, in whose library was showed us an Office of Henry VIII., the writing, miniatures, and gilding whereof is equal, if not surpassing, any curiosity I had seen of that kind; it was given by their founder, Cardinal Wolsey. The glass windows of the cathedral (famous in my time) I found much abused. The ample hall and column, that spreads its capital to sustain the roof as one goes up the stairs, is very remarkable.

Next, we walked to Magdalen College, where we saw the library and chapel, which was likewise in pontifical order, the altar only I think turned tablewise, and there was still the double organ, which abominations (as now esteemed) were almost universally demolished; Mr. Gibbons,<sup>1</sup> that famous musician, giving us a taste of his skill and talents on that instrument.

Hence, to the Physic Garden, where the sensitive plant<sup>2</sup> was showed us for a great wonder. There grew canes, olive trees, rhubarb, but no extraordinary curiosities, besides very good fruit, which, when the ladies had tasted, we returned in our coach to our lodgings.

13th. We all dined at that most obliging and universally curious Dr. Wilkins's, at Wadham College. He was the first who showed me the transparent apiaries, which he had built like castles and palaces, and so ordered them one upon another, as to take the honey without destroying the bees. These were adorned with a variety of dials, little statues, vanes, etc.; and he was so abundantly civil, finding me pleased with them, to present me with one of the hives which he had empty, and which I afterwards had in my garden at Sayes Court, where it continued many years, and which his Majesty came on purpose to see and contemplate with much satisfaction. He had also contrived a hollow statue, which gave a voice and uttered words by a long

<sup>1</sup> [Christopher Gibbons, 1615-76, elder son of Orlando Gibbons, and Mus.D. Oxford, 1663. He was organist of Winchester Cathedral.]

<sup>2</sup> ["There [in the Physic Garden] is also y<sup>e</sup> sensible plant, take but a Leafe between finger and thumb and squeeze it and it immediately Curles up together as if pained and after some tyme opens abroad again, it looks in Coullour like a filbert Leafe but much narrower and long"] (*Diary of Celia Fiennes* (1689-94), 1888, p. 26.)]

concealed pipe that went to its mouth,<sup>1</sup> whilst one speaks through it at a good distance. He had, above in his lodgings and gallery, variety of shadows, dials, perspectives, and many other artificial, mathematical, and magical curiosities, a way-wiser,<sup>2</sup> a thermometer, a monstrous magnet, conic, and other sections, a balance on a demi-circle; most of them of his own, and that prodigious young scholar Mr. Christopher Wren; who presented me with a piece of white marble, which he had stained with a lively red, very deep, as beautiful as if it had been natural.

Thus satisfied with the civilities of Oxford, we left it, dining at Farringdon, a town which had been newly fired during the wars; and, passing near the seat of Sir Walter Pye, we came to Cadenham.

16th July. We went to another uncle and relative of my wife's, Sir John Glanville, a famous lawyer, formerly Speaker of the House of Commons;<sup>3</sup> his seat is at Broad Hinton, where he now lived but in the Gatehouse, his very fair dwelling-house having been burnt by his own hands, to prevent the rebels making a garrison of it. Here, my cousin William Glanville's eldest son showed me such a lock for a door, that for its filing and rare contrivances was a masterpiece, yet made by a country blacksmith.<sup>4</sup> But, we have seen watches made by another with as much curiosity as the best of that profession can brag of; and, not many years after, there was nothing more frequent than all sorts of iron-work more exquisitely wrought and polished than in any part of Europe, so as a door-lock of a tolerable price was esteemed a curiosity even among foreign princes.

Went back to Cadenham, and, on the 19th, to Sir Edward Baynton's at Spye

Park, a place capable of being made a noble seat; but the humorous old knight has built a long single house of two low stories on the precipice of an incomparable prospect, and landing on a bowling-green in the park. The house is like a long barn, and has not a window on the prospect side. After dinner, they went to bowls, and, in the meantime, our coachmen were made so exceeding drunk, that in returning home we escaped great dangers. This, it seems, was by order of the Knight, that all gentlemen's servants be so treated; but the custom is barbarous, and much unbecoming a Knight, still less a Christian.<sup>1</sup>

20th. We proceeded to Salisbury; the Cathedral I take to be the completest piece of Gothic work in Europe, taken in all its uniformity. The pillars, reputed to be cast, are of stone manifestly cut out of the quarry; most observable are those in the chapter-house. There are some remarkable monuments, particularly the ancient Bishops, founders of the Church, Knights Templars, the Marquis of Hertford's, the cloisters of the palace and garden, and the great mural dial.

In the afternoon we went to Wilton, a fine house of the Earl of Pembroke, in which the most observable are the dining-room in the modern-built part towards the garden, richly gilded and painted with story by De Crete;<sup>2</sup> also, some other apartments, as that of hunting landscapes, by Pierce;<sup>3</sup> some magnificent chimney-pieces, after the best French manner; a pair of artificial winding-stairs, of stone, and divers rare pictures. The garden, heretofore esteemed the noblest in England, is a large handsome plain, with a grotto and water-works, which might be made

<sup>1</sup> Such were the speaking figures once exhibited in Spring Gardens, and in Leicester Fields.

<sup>2</sup> This is defined in the Rev. J. Ward's *Diary* (1648-79), 1839, p. 160, as "an instrument called a waywiser by the motion whereof a man may see how many steps he takes in a day; I have seen one worth thirty shillings." It corresponds to the modern pedometer (see *post*, under 6th August, 1657, as to the application of this contrivance to coaches).

<sup>3</sup> [Sir John Glanville, 1586-1661, Speaker of the Short Parliament, 1640; knighted in 1641.]

<sup>4</sup> A similar lock—says Bray—is still shown at Hampden, affixed to the door of the room (one of the few still remaining of the older building) which the patriot is said to have occupied and slept in.

<sup>1</sup> [Butler makes this a characteristic of the Country Squire. "He has but one Way of making all Men welcome, that come to his House, and that is, by making himself and them drunk, while his Servants take the same Course with theirs, which he approves of as good and faithful service" (*Genuine Remains*, 1759, ii. 92).]

<sup>2</sup> [Probably one of three decorative painters named De Critz.]

<sup>3</sup> Edward Pierce, a celebrated painter of history, landscape, and architecture, who worked under Vandyck. He died a few years after the Restoration. One of his sons, John, was also a painter; and another, Edward, a statuary and architect (d. 1698), assisted Wren in building St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand.

much more pleasant, were the river that passes through cleansed and raised; for all is effected by a mere force. It has a flower garden, not inelegant. But, after all, that which renders the seat delightful is, its being so near the downs and noble plains about the country contiguous to it. The stables are well ordered and yield a graceful front, by reason of the walks of lime trees, with the court and fountain of the stables adorned with the Cæsar's heads.

We returned this evening by the plain, and 14-mile race, where out of my Lord's hare-warren we were entertained with a long course of a hare for near two miles in sight. Near this, is a *pergola*, or stand, built to view the sports: and so we came to Salisbury, and saw the most considerable parts of the city. The market-place, with most of the streets, are watered by a quick current and pure stream running through the middle of them, but are negligently kept, when with a small charge they might be purged and rendered infinitely agreeable, and [this] made one of the sweetest towns, but now the common buildings are despicable, and the streets dirty.

*22nd July.* We departed and dined at a farm of my Uncle Hungerford's, called Darnford Magna, situated in a valley under the plain, most sweetly watered, abounding in trouts caught by spear in the night, when they come attracted by a light set in the stern of a boat.

After dinner, continuing our return, we passed over the goodly plain, or rather sea of carpet, which I think for evenness, extent, verdure, and innumerable flocks, to be one of the most delightful prospects in nature, and reminded me of the pleasant lives of shepherds we read of in romances.

Now we were arrived at Stonehenge, indeed a stupendous monument, appearing at a distance like a castle; how so many and huge pillars of stone should have been brought together, some erect, others transverse on the tops of them, in a circular area as rudely representing a cloister or heathen and more natural temple, is wonderful. The stone is so exceeding hard that all my strength with a hammer could not break a fragment; which hard-

ness I impute to their so long exposure. To number them exactly is very difficult, they lie in such variety of postures and confusion, though they seemed not to exceed 100; we counted only 95. As to their being brought thither, there being no navigable river near, is by some admired; but for the stone, there seems to be the same kind about 20 miles distant, some of which appear above ground. About the same hills, are divers mounts raised, conceived to be ancient entrenchments, or places of burial, after bloody fights. We now went by the Devizes, a reasonable large town, and came late to Cadenham.

*27th.* To the hunting of a sored deer,<sup>1</sup> and had excellent chase for four or five hours, but the venison little worth.

*29th.* I went to Langford, to see my cousin Stephens.<sup>2</sup> I also saw Dryfield, the house heretofore of Sir John Pretymman, grandfather to my wife, and sold by her uncle; both the seat and house very honourable and well-built, much after the modern fashion.

*31st.* Taking leave of Cadenham,<sup>3</sup> where we had been long and nobly entertained, we went a compass into Leicestershire, where dwelt another relation of my wife's: for I indeed made these excursions to show her the most considerable parts of her native country, who, from her childhood, had lived altogether in France, as well as for my own curiosity and information.

About two miles before coming to Gloucester, we have a prospect from woody hills into a most goodly vale and country. Gloucester is a handsome city, considerable for the church and monuments. The minster is indeed a noble fabric. The whispering gallery is rare, being through a passage of twenty-five yards, in a many-angled cloister, and was, I suppose, either to show the skill of the architect, or some invention of a cunning priest, who, standing unseen in a recess in the middle of the chapel, might hear whatever was spoken at either end. This is above the choir, in which lies buried King Stephen<sup>4</sup> under a monument of Irish oak, not ill carved

<sup>1</sup> [*i.e.* a buck of the fourth year.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 171.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 174.]

<sup>4</sup> King Stephen was buried at Faversham. The effigy Evelyn alludes to is that of Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy.



considering the age. The new library is a noble though a private design. I was likewise pleased with the Severn gliding so sweetly by it. The Duke's house, the castle works, are now almost quite dismantled; nor yet without sad thoughts did I see the town, considering how fatal the siege had been a few years before to our good King.

1st August. We set out towards Worcester, by a way thick planted with cider-fruit. We deviated to the Holy Wells, trickling out of a valley through a steep declivity towards the foot of the great Malvern Hills; they are said to heal many infirmities, as king's evil, leprosy, sore eyes, etc. Ascending a great height above them to the trench dividing England from South Wales, we had the prospect of all Herefordshire, Radnor, Brecknock, Monmouth, Worcester, Gloucester, Shropshire, Warwick, Derby shires, and many more. We could discern Tewkesbury, King's-road, towards Bristol, etc.; so as I esteem it one of the goodliest vistas in England.

2nd. This evening we arrived at Worcester, the Judges of Assize and Sheriff just entering as we did. Viewing the town the next day, we found the Cathedral much ruined by the late wars, otherwise a noble structure. The town is neatly paved and very clean, the goodly river Severn running by it, and standing in a most fertile country.

3rd. We passed next through Warwick, and saw the castle, the dwelling-house of the Lord Brooke,<sup>1</sup> and the furniture noble. It is built on an eminent rock which gives prospect into a most goodly green, a woody and plentifully watered country; the river running so delightfully under it, that it may pass for one of the most surprising seats one should meet with. The gardens are prettily disposed; but might be much improved. Here they show us Sir Guy's great two-handed sword, staff, horse-arms, pot, and other relics<sup>2</sup> of that famous knight-errant. Warwick is a fair old town, and hath one church full of ancient monuments.

<sup>1</sup> [Francis Greville, third Baron Brooke.]

<sup>2</sup> [Among which Celia Fiennes enumerates "his wives iron slippers" and "the Rib of y<sup>e</sup> Dun-Cow as bigg as halfe a great Cart Wheele" (*Diary* (1689-94), 1888, p. 95).]

Having viewed these, I went to visit my worthy friend, Sir H. Puckering,<sup>1</sup> at the Abbey, and though a melancholy old seat, yet in a rich soil.

Hence, to Sir Guy's grot, where they say he did his penances, and died.<sup>2</sup> It is a squalid den made in the rock, crowned yet with venerable oaks and looking on a goodly stream, so as, were it improved as it might be, it were capable of being made a most romantic and pleasant place. Near this we were showed his chapel and gigantic statue hewn out of the solid rock, out of which there are likewise divers other caves cut, and some very capacious.

The next place to Coventry. The Cross is remarkable for Gothic work and rich gilding, comparable to any I had ever seen, except that of Cheapside in London, now demolished.<sup>3</sup> This city has many handsome churches, a beautiful wall, a fair free-school and library to it; the streets full of great shops, clean and well-paved. At going forth the gate, they show us the bone, or rib, of a wild boar, said to have been killed by Sir Guy, but which I take to be the chine of a whale.

4th. Hence, riding through a considerable part of Leicestershire, an open, rich, but unpleasant country, we came late in the evening to Horninghold, a seat of my wife's uncle.<sup>4</sup>

7th. Went to Uppingham, the shire-town of Rutland, pretty and well-built of stone, which is a rarity in that part of England, where most of the rural parishes are but of mud, and the people living as wretchedly as in the most impoverished parts of France, which they much resemble, being idle and sluttish. The country (especially Leicestershire) much in common; the gentry free drinkers.

9th. To the old and ragged city of Leicester, large and pleasantly seated, but despicably built, the chimney-flues like so

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 167.]

<sup>2</sup> ["2 miles from the town is his Cave dugg out by his own hands just y<sup>e</sup> dimension of his body as the Common people say" (*Diary of Celia Fiennes* (1689-94), 1888, p. 95).]

<sup>3</sup> [May 2, 1643, Isaac Pennington, the regicide, being Mayor of London. Evelyn was an eyewitness (see *ante*, p. 26).]

<sup>4</sup> Doubtless Mr. Hungerford (*ante*, p. 174). Sir Edward Hungerford, K.B.—says Bray—presented to the vicarage of Horninghold [a village N.E. of Market Harborough] in 1676.

many smiths' forges; however, famous for the tomb of the tyrant, Richard the Third, which is now converted to a cistern, at which (I think) cattle drink.<sup>1</sup> Also, here in one of the churches lies buried the magnificent Cardinal Wolsey.<sup>2</sup> John of Gaunt has here also built a large but poor Hospital, near which a wretch has made him a house out of the ruins of a stately church. Saw the ruins of an old Roman Temple, thought to be of Janus. Entertained at a very fine collection of fruits, such as I did not expect to meet with so far north, especially very good melons. We returned to my uncle's.

*14th August.* I took a journey into the northern parts, riding through Oakham, a pretty town in Rutlandshire, famous for the tenure of the Barons (Ferrers), who hold it by taking off a shoe from every nobleman's horse that passes with his lord through the street, unless redeemed with a certain piece of money. In token of this, are several gilded shoes nailed up on the castle-gate,<sup>3</sup> which seems to have been large and fair. Hence, we went by Brook, a very sweet seat and park of the old Lady Camden's. Next, by Burley House, belonging to the Duke of Buckingham,<sup>4</sup> and worthily reckoned among the noblest seats in England, situate on the brow of a hill, built *à la moderne* near a park walled in, and a fine wood at the descent.

Now we were come to Cottsmore, a pretty seat belonging to Mr. Heath,<sup>5</sup> son to the Lord Chief Justice of that name. Here, after dinner, parting with the company that conducted us thus far, I passed that evening by Belvoir Castle, built on a round mount at the point of a long ridge of hills, which affords a stately prospect, and is famous for its strenuous resistance in the late civil war.

Went by Newark-on-Trent, a brave town

<sup>1</sup> ["I saw a piece of his tombstone he Lay in"—says Celia Fiennes—"was Cut out in exact form for his body to Lye in; y<sup>e</sup> remains to be seen at y<sup>e</sup> Greyhound at Leaster but is partly broken" (*Diary* (1689-94), 1888, p. 134).]

<sup>2</sup> [In Leicester Abbey.]

<sup>3</sup> A shoe was paid for as late as the year 1788, by the Duke of York (Bray).

<sup>4</sup> Called Burley-on-the-Hill, to distinguish it from the Earl of Exeter's, near Stamford. The Duke of Buckingham sold it to the family of Finch, Earls of Winchelsea and Nottingham.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 164.]

and garrison. Next, by Wharton House, belonging to the Lord Chaworth, a handsome seat: then, by Home, a noble place belonging to the Marquis of Dorchester, and passed the famous river Trent, which divides the South from the North of England; and so lay that night at Nottingham.

This whole town and county seems to be but one entire rock, as it were, an exceedingly pleasant shire, full of gentry. Here, I observed divers to live in the rocks and caves, much after the manner as about Tours, in France.<sup>1</sup> The church is well built on an eminence; there is a fair house of the Lord Clare's, another of Pierrepont's; an ample market-place; large streets, full of crosses; the relics of an ancient castle, hollowed beneath which are many caverns, especially that of the Scots King, and his work whilst there.<sup>2</sup>

This place is remarkable for being the place where his Majesty first erected his standard at the beginning of our late unhappy differences.<sup>3</sup> The prospects from this city towards the river and meadows are most delightful.

*15th.* We passed next through Sherwood Forest, accounted the most extensive in England. Then, Papplewick, an incomparable vista with the pretty castle near it. Thence, we saw Newstead Abbey,<sup>4</sup> belonging to the Lord Byron, situated much like Fontainebleau in France, capable of being made a noble seat, accommodated as it is with brave woods and streams; it has yet remaining the front of a glorious abbey church. Next, by Mansfield town; then Welbeck, the house of the Marquis of Newcastle, seated in a bottom in a park, and environed with woods, a noble yet melancholy seat. The palace is a handsome and stately building. Next to Worksop Abbey, almost demolished; the church has a double flat tower entire, and a pretty gate. The

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 45.

<sup>2</sup> [Celia Fiennes, who was "very well Entertained and very Reasonably at the Blackmoors Head," speaks of the "Cellars dugg out of the Rocks" (*Diary*, (1689-94), 1888, p. 56).]

<sup>3</sup> [22nd August, 1642.]

<sup>4</sup> An ancient house—says Forster—which has passed from the old family it then and since belonged to, but not till it had derived, from the last Byron who dwelt in it, associations that have given it interest.

manor belongs to the Earl of Arundel, and has to it a fair house at the foot of a hill in a park that affords a delicate prospect. Tickhill, a town and castle, has a very noble prospect. All these in Nottinghamshire.<sup>1</sup>

16th August. We arrived at Doncaster, where we lay this night; it is a large fair town, famous for great wax-lights, and good stockings.

17th. Passed through Pontefract; the castle, famous for many sieges both of late and ancient times, and the death of that unhappy King murdered in it (Richard II.), was now demolishing by the rebels; it stands on a mount, and makes a goodly show at a distance. The Queen has a house here, and there are many fair seats near it, especially Mr. Pierrepont's, built at the foot of a hill out of the castle ruins. We all alighted in the highway to drink at a crystal spring, which they call Robin Hood's Well; near it, is a stone chair, and an iron ladle to drink out of, chained to the seat. We rode to Tadcaster, at the side of which we have prospect of the Archbishop's Palace (which is a noble seat), and in sight of divers other gentlemen's fair houses. This tract is a goodly, fertile, well-watered and wooded country, abounding with pasture and plenty of provisions.

To York, the second city of England, fairly walled, of a circular form, watered by the brave river Ouse, bearing vessels of considerable burden on it; over it is a stone bridge emulating that of London, and built on; the middle arch is larger than any I have seen in England, with a wharf of hewn stone, which makes the river appear very neat. But most remarkable and worthy seeing is St. Peter's Cathedral, which of all the great churches in England had been best preserved<sup>2</sup> from the fury of the sacrilegious, by composition with the rebels when they took the city, during the many incursions of Scotch and others. It is a most entire magnificent piece of Gothic architecture. The screen before the choir is of stone carved with flowers, running work, and statues of the old kings. Many of the monuments are very ancient. Here, as a great rarity in these days and at this time, they showed

me a Bible and Common Prayer-Book covered with crimson velvet, and richly embossed with silver gilt; also a service for the altar of gilt wrought plate, flagons, basin, ewer, chalices, patins, etc., with a gorgeous covering for the altar and pulpit, carefully preserved in the vestry, in the hollow wall whereof rises a plentiful spring of excellent water.<sup>1</sup> I got up to the tower, whence we had a prospect towards Durham, and could see Ripon, part of Lancashire, the famous and fatal Marston Moor, the Spas of Knaresborough, and all the environs of that admirable country. Sir — Ingoldsby has here a large house, gardens, and tennis-court; also the King's house and church near the castle, which was modernly fortified with a palisade and bastions. The streets are narrow and ill-paved, the shops like London.

18th. We went to Beverley, a large town with two stately churches, St. John's<sup>2</sup> and St. Mary's, not much inferior to the best of our Cathedrals. Here a very old woman showed us the monuments, and, being above 100 years of age, spake the language of Queen Mary's days, in whose time she was born; she was widow of a sexton who had belonged to the church a hundred years.

Hence, we passed through a fenny but rich country to Hull, situate like Calais, modernly and strongly fortified with three block-houses of brick and earth. It has a good market-place and harbour for ships. Famous also (or rather infamous) is this town for Hotham's refusing entrance to his Majesty. The water-house is worth seeing. And here ends the south of Yorkshire.

19th. We pass the Humber, an arm of the sea about two leagues' breadth. The weather was bad, but we crossed it in a good barge to Barton, the first town in that part of Lincolnshire. All marsh ground till we came to Brigg, famous for the plantations of liquorice, and then had brave pleasant riding to Lincoln, much resembling Salisbury Plain. Lincoln is an old confused town, very long, uneven, steep, and ragged; formerly full of good houses, especially churches and abbeys.

<sup>1</sup> [Tickhill is in Yorkshire.]

<sup>2</sup> By Fairfax.

<sup>1</sup> [St. Peter's Well.]

<sup>2</sup> [Beverley Minster.]

The Minster almost comparable to that of York itself, abounding with marble pillars, and having a fair front (herein was interred Queen Eleanor, the loyal and loving wife who sucked the poison out of her husband's wound); the abbot founder, with rare carving in the stone; the great bell, or Tom, as they call it. I went up the steeple, from whence is a goodly prospect all over the country. The soldiers had lately knocked off most of the brasses from the grave-stones, so as few inscriptions were left; they told us that these men went in with axes and hammers, and shut themselves in, till they had rent and torn off some barge-loads of metal, not sparing even the monuments of the dead; so hellish an avarice possessed them: besides which, they exceedingly ruined the city.

Here, I saw a tall woman six feet two inches high, comely, middle-aged, and well-proportioned, who kept a very neat and clean ale-house, and got most by people's coming to see her on account of her height.

20th August. From hence we had a most pleasant ride over a large heath open like Salisbury Plain, to Grantham, a pretty town, so well situated on the side of a bottom which is large and at a distance environed with ascending grounds, that for pleasure I consider it comparable to most inland places of England; famous is the steeple for the exceeding height of the shaft, which is of stone.<sup>1</sup>

About eighteen miles south, we pass by a noble seat, and see Boston at a distance. Here, we came to a parish of which the parson hath tithe ale.

Thence through Rutland, we brought night to Horninghold,<sup>2</sup> from whence I set out on this excursion.

22nd. I went a setting and hawking, where we had tolerable sport.

25th. To see Kirby, a very noble house of my Lord Hatton's, in Northamptonshire, built *à la moderne*; the garden and stables agreeable, but the avenue ungraceful, and the seat naked: returned that evening.

<sup>1</sup> ["Its a long tyme w<sup>n</sup> you see a great part of the Steeple before you come to see the Church or town it Lies so in a bottom," says Celia Fiennes (*Diary* (1689-94), 1888, p. 54).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 179.]

27th. Mr Allington preached an excellent discourse from Romans vi. 19. This was he who published those bold sermons of the members warring against the mind, or the Jews crucifying Christ, applied to the wicked regicides; for which he was ruined. We had no sermon in the afternoon.

30th. Taking leave of my friends, who had now feasted me more than a month, I, with my wife, etc., set our faces towards home, and got this evening to Peterborough, passing by a stately palace (Thorpe) of St. John's (one deep in the blood of our good King),<sup>1</sup> built out of the ruins of the Bishop's palace and cloister. The church is exceeding fair, full of monuments of great antiquity. Here lie Queen Catherine, the unhappy wife of Henry VIII., and the no less unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.<sup>2</sup> On the steeple, we viewed the fens of Lincolnshire, now much inclosed and drained with infinite expense, and by many sluices, cuts, mounds, and ingenious mills, and the like inventions; at which the city and country about it consisting of a poor and very lazy sort of people, were much displeased.

Peterborough is a handsome town, and hath another well-built church.

31st. Through part of Huntingdonshire, we passed that town, fair and ancient, a river running by it. The country about it so abounds in wheat that, when any King of England passes through it, they have a custom to meet him with a hundred ploughs.

This evening, to Cambridge; and went first to St. John's College, well built of brick, and library, which I think is the fairest of that University. One Mr. Ben-

<sup>1</sup> [Oliver St. John, 1598-1673, Chief Justice, and at this time Commissioner of Treasury. In 1660 he was punished for his share in the King's execution by perpetual incapacitation from office. He left England in 1662.]

<sup>2</sup> ["There was also y<sup>e</sup> 2 monuments of 2 queens, y<sup>e</sup> of Catherine of Spain being Harry y<sup>e</sup> 8th's queen, and also y<sup>e</sup> statue of y<sup>e</sup> queen Mary of Scots that was both beheaded and buried here, and there is also y<sup>e</sup> picture of an old man with y<sup>e</sup> Inscription of y<sup>e</sup> whole matter, w<sup>ch</sup> was y<sup>e</sup> Sexton and dugg both their graves" (*Diary of Celia Fiennes* (1689-94), 1888, p. 132). Mary was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle, February 8, 1587, after a nineteen years' captivity. James I. removed her body to Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey.]

lowes<sup>1</sup> has given it all the ornaments of *pietra - commessa*,<sup>2</sup> whereof a table and one piece of perspective is very fine; other trifles there also be of no great value, besides a vast old song-book, or Service, and some fair manuscripts. There hangs in the library the picture of John Williams, Archbishop of York, sometime Lord Keeper, my kinsman, and their great benefactor.<sup>3</sup>

Trinity College is said by some to be the fairest quadrangle of any university in Europe; but in truth is far inferior to that of Christ Church, in Oxford; the hall is ample and of stone, the fountain in the quadrangle is graceful, the chapel and library fair. There they showed us the prophetic manuscript of the famous Grebner, but the passage and emblem which they would apply to our late King, is manifestly relating to the Swedish; in truth, it seems to be a mere fantastic rhapsody, however the title may bespeak strange revelations. There is an office in manuscript with fine miniatures, and some other antiquities, given by the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.,<sup>4</sup> and the before-mentioned Archbishop Williams,<sup>5</sup> when Bishop of Lincoln. The library is pretty well stored. The Greek Professor had me into another large quadrangle cloistered and well-built, and gave us a handsome collation in his own chamber.

Thence to Caius, and afterwards to King's College, where I found the chapel altogether answered expectation, especially the roof all of stone, which for the flatness of its laying and carving may, I conceive,

<sup>1</sup> Edward Benlowes, 1603-76, a writer of verses esteemed in his time, born of a good family in Essex, and inheritor of a good estate, which he wasted by improvident liberality, and continual buying of curiosities, as Wood says. [His chief work, *Theophila; or, Love's Sacrifice*, 1652, was illustrated by Hollar and others. It is included in vol. i. of Saintsbury's *Caroline Poets*, 1905, pp. 305-472.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 58.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Williams, 1582-1650; Archbishop of York, 1641-50. He had been Lord Keeper and Bishop of Lincoln in 1621. He helped to build the library of St. John's College. He was said to be "a perfect diocese in himself, bishop, dean, prebendary, and parson."]

<sup>4</sup> [Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, 1443-1509. She instituted "Lady Margaret" foundations at both Universities; and Christ's (1505) and St. John's (1508) Colleges at Cambridge.]

<sup>5</sup> [See note 3 above.]

vie with any in Christendom. The con-  
tignation of the roof<sup>1</sup> (which I went upon), weight, and artificial joining of the stones is admirable. The lights are also very fair. In one aisle lies the famous Dr. Collins, so celebrated for his fluency in the Latin tongue.<sup>2</sup> From this roof we could descry Ely, and the encampment of Sturbridge fair now beginning to set up their tents and booths;<sup>3</sup> also Royston, Newmarket, etc., houses belonging to the King. The library is too narrow.

Clare Hall is of a new and noble design, but not finished.

Peter House, formerly under the government of my worthy friend, Dr. John Cosin, Dean of Peterborough;<sup>4</sup> a pretty neat college, having a delicate chapel. Next to Sidney, a fine college.

Catherine Hall, though a mean structure, is yet famous for the learned Bishop Andrews, once Master. Emmanuel College, that zealous house, where to the hall they have a parlour for the Fellows. The chapel is reformed, *ab origine*, built north and south, and meanly erected, as is the library.

Jesus College, one of the best built, but in a melancholy situation. Next to Christ College, a very noble erection, especially the modern part, built without the quadrangle towards the gardens, of exact architecture.

The Schools are very despicable, and Public Library but mean, though somewhat improved by the wainscoting and books lately added by the Bishop Bancroft's library and MSS. They showed us little of antiquity, only King James's Works, being his own gift, and kept very reverently.

The market-place is very ample, and remarkable for old Hobson the pleasant carrier's beneficence of a fountain.<sup>5</sup> But

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 60.]

<sup>2</sup> [Samuel Collins, 1576-1651; Provost of King's College, 1615; ejected in 1645 by puritans; Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge, 1617-51. He wrote pamphlets against Bellarmine.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sturbridge Fair was one of the three great fairs described in a proclamation of Charles I., "unto which there is usually extraordinary resort out of all parts of the kingdom." Bartholomew Fair (p. 146) and Southwark Fair (see *post*, under 13th September, 1660) were the other two.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 154.]

<sup>5</sup> A conduit it should rather be called.

the whole town is situate in a low dirty unpleasant place, the streets ill-paved, the air thick and infected by the fens, nor are its churches (of which St. Mary's is the best) anything considerable in compare to Oxford.<sup>1</sup>

From Cambridge, we went to Audley-End,<sup>2</sup> and spent some time in seeing that goodly place built by Howard, Earl of Suffolk, once Lord Treasurer. It is a mixed fabric, betwixt antique and modern, but observable for its being completely finished, and without comparison is one of the stateliest palaces in the kingdom. It consists of two courts, the first very large, winged with cloisters. The front has a double entrance; the hall is fair, but somewhat too small for so august a pile. The kitchen is very large, as are the cellars arched with stone, very neat and well disposed; these offices are joined by a wing out of the way very handsomely. The gallery is the most cheerful, and I think one of the best in England; a fair dining-room, and the rest of the lodgings answerable, with a pretty chapel. The gardens are not in order, though well inclosed. It has also a bowling-alley, a noble, well-walled, wooded, and watered park, full of fine *collines* and ponds: the river glides before the palace, to which is an avenue of lime-trees, but all this is much diminished by its being placed in an obscure bottom. For the rest, it is a perfectly uniform structure, and shows without like a diadem, by the decorations of the cupolas and other ornaments on the pavilions; instead of rails and balusters, there is a border of capital letters, as was lately also on Suffolk-House,<sup>3</sup> near Charing-Cross, built by the same Lord Treasurer.

This house stands in the parish of Saffron Walden, famous for the abundance of

saffron there cultivated, and esteemed the best of any foreign country.

*3rd October.* Having dined here, we passed through Bishop Stortford, a pretty watered town, and so by London, late home to Sayes Court, after a journey of 700 miles, but for the variety an agreeable refreshment after my turmoil and building.

*10th.* To my brother at Wotton, who had been sick.

*14th.* I went to visit my noble friend, Mr. Hildeyard,<sup>1</sup> where I met that learned gentleman, my Lord Aungier,<sup>2</sup> and Dr. Stokes,<sup>3</sup> one of his Majesty's Chaplains.

*15th.* To Betchworth Castle,<sup>4</sup> to Sir Ambrose Browne, and other gentlemen of my sweet and native country.<sup>5</sup>

*24th.* The good old parson, Higham, preached at Wotton Church: a plain preacher, but innocent and honest man.<sup>6</sup>

*31st.* My birthday, being the 34th year of my age: blessing God for His providence, I went to London to visit my brother.

*23rd November.* I went to London, to visit my cousin Fanshawe,<sup>7</sup> and this day I saw one of the rarest collections of agates, onyxes, and intaglios, that I had ever seen either at home or abroad, collected by a conceited old hat-maker in Blackfriars, especially one agate vase, heretofore the great Earl of Leicester's.

*28th.* Came Lady Langham, a kinswoman of mine, to visit us; also one Captain Cooke, esteemed the best singer, after the Italian manner, of any in England: he entertained us with his voice and theorbos.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 171.]

<sup>2</sup> Gerald, eldest son of Sir Francis Aungier, Master of the Rolls in 1609, and created Baron Aungier of Longford in the Irish Peerage in 1621. Gerald Aungier died in 1655, and was succeeded by his nephew, Francis, afterwards created Earl of Longford (1677).

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. David Stokes, 1591-1669. At this date, as a royalist, he had been despoiled of all his preferences. But he was reinstated at the Restoration.]

<sup>4</sup> [Betchworth or Beechworth Castle, on the W. bank of the Mole, near Dorking, the seat, in Evelyn's day, of Sir Ambrose Browne, who was made a baronet in 1627. It now forms part of the Deepdene. Of the Castle itself only ruins remain. The estate was bought in 1727 by Abraham Tucker ("Edward Search"), author of the *Light of Nature Pursued*, 1768-78. He died there in 1774.]

<sup>5</sup> [Query,—county, i.e. Surrey.]

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 172.]

<sup>7</sup> [See ante, p. 165.]

<sup>8</sup> [Henry Cooke, d. 1672, at this date a teacher of music, and afterwards Choirmaster of the Chapel

<sup>1</sup> As an Oxford man Evelyn was biassed.

<sup>2</sup> [Audley End, Saffron Walden, Lord Braybrooke's seat in Essex. Henry Winstanley, the architect, etched a set of *Prospects of Audley End* in 1688, which he dedicated to James II.; and in 1836, Richard, Lord Braybrooke, published a 4to history of the house.]

<sup>3</sup> Suffolk House, Charing Cross, afterwards Northumberland House. At the funeral of Anne of Denmark, a young man was killed by the fall of the letter S from the coping of capital letters here mentioned by Evelyn (Register of Burials at St. Martin in the Fields, 1619).

3rd December. Advent Sunday. There being no Office at the church but extemporary prayers after the Presbyterian way, for now all forms were prohibited, and most of the preachers were usurpers, I seldom went to church upon solemn feasts; but, either went to London, where some of the orthodox sequestered Divines did privately use the Common Prayer, administer sacraments, etc., or else I procured one to officiate in my house; wherefore, on the 10th, Dr. Richard Owen, the sequestered minister of Eltham,<sup>1</sup> preached to my family in my library, and gave us the holy Communion.

25th. Christmas-day. No public offices in churches, but penalties on observers, so as I was constrained to celebrate it at home.

1654-5: 1st January. Having with my family performed the public offices of the day, and begged a blessing on the year I was now entering, I went to keep the rest of Christmas at my brother's, R. Evelyn, at Woodcote.

19th. My wife was brought to bed of another son, being my third, but second living. Christened<sup>2</sup> on the 26th by the name of John.

28th. A stranger preached from Colossians iii. 2, inciting our affections to the obtaining heavenly things. I understood afterwards that this man had been both Chaplain and Lieutenant to Admiral Penn,<sup>3</sup> using both swords; whether ordained or not I cannot say; into such times were we fallen!

24th February. I was showed a table-clock whose balance was only a crystal ball, sliding on parallel wires, without being at all fixed, but rolling from stage to stage till falling on a spring concealed from sight, it was thrown up to the utmost channel again, made with an imperceptible declivity, in this continual vicissitude of motion prettily entertaining the eye every Royal. He had been a Captain in the Royalist Army.]

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 147.]

<sup>2</sup> At St. Nicholas, Deptford. See Lysons, *Engravings of London*, 2nd ed., 1811, vol. i. part 2, p. 462.

<sup>3</sup> [Admiral, afterwards Sir William Penn, 1621-70. He fought under Blake in the first Dutch war, and captured Jamaica in this year. He was made a Commissioner of the Navy at the Restoration, and his name often occurs in Pepys.]

half-minute, and the next half giving progress to the hand that showed the hour, and giving notice by a small bell, so as in 120 half minutes, or periods of the bullet's falling on the ejaculatory spring, the clock-part struck. This very extraordinary piece (richly adorned) had been presented by some German Prince to our late King, and was now in possession of the Usurper; valued at £200.

2nd March. Mr. Simpson, the King's jeweller, showed me a most rich agate cup, of a scallop-shape, and having a figure of Cleopatra at the scroll, her body, hair, mantle, and veil, of the several natural colours. It was supported by a half Mark Antony, the colours rarely natural, and the work truly antique, but I conceived they were of several pieces; had they been all of one stone, it were invaluable.

18th. Went to London, on purpose to hear that excellent preacher, Dr. Jeremy Taylor,<sup>1</sup> on Matt. xiv. 17, showing what were the conditions of obtaining eternal life: also, concerning abatements for unavoidable infirmities, how cast on the accounts of the cross. On the 31st, I made a visit to Dr. Jeremy Taylor, to confer with him about some spiritual matters, using him thenceforward as my ghostly father. I beseech God Almighty to make me ever mindful of, and thankful for, His heavenly assistances!

2nd April. This was the first week, that, my uncle Pretyman<sup>2</sup> being parted with his family from me, I began housekeeping, till now sojourning with him in my own house.

9th. I went to see the great ship<sup>3</sup> newly built by the Usurper, Oliver, carrying ninety-six brass-guns, and 1000 tons burden. In the prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foot, a Scot, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Fame held a laurel over his insulting head; the word, *God with us*.

15th. I went to London with my family, to celebrate the feast of Easter. Dr.

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 173.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 145.]

<sup>3</sup> The *Charles*. See, for an account of the subsequent burning of this figure-head, Pepys's *Diary* under 14th December, 1663. (See also *post*, p. 256.)

Wild<sup>1</sup> preached at St. Gregory's; the ruling Powers conniving at the use of the Liturgy, etc., in this church alone. In the afternoon, Mr. Pearson (since Bishop of Chester)<sup>2</sup> preached at Eastcheap, but was disturbed by an alarm of fire, which about this time was very frequent in the City.

29<sup>th</sup> May. I sold Preston<sup>3</sup> to Colonel Morley.

17<sup>th</sup> June. There was a collection for the persecuted churches and Christians in Savoy, remnants of the ancient Albigenses.

3<sup>rd</sup> July. I was showed a pretty terrella,<sup>4</sup> described with all the circles, and showing all the magnetic deviations.

14<sup>th</sup>. Came Mr. Pratt,<sup>5</sup> my old acquaintance at Rome, also Sir Edward Hales,<sup>6</sup> Sir Joseph Tufton, with Mr. Seymour.

1<sup>st</sup> August. I went to Dorking, to see Mr. Charles Howard's amphitheatre, garden, or solitary recess,<sup>7</sup> being fifteen acres environed by a hill. He showed us divers rare plants, caves, and an elaboratory.

10<sup>th</sup>. To Albury, to visit Mr. Howard,<sup>8</sup> who had begun to build, and alter the gardens much. He showed me many rare pictures, particularly the Moor on horseback; Erasmus, as big as the life, by Holbein; a Madonna, in miniature, by Oliver; but, above all, the skull carved in wood, by Albert Dürer, for which his father was offered £100; also Albert's head, by himself, with divers rare agates, intaglios, and other curiosities.

21<sup>st</sup>. I went to Reigate, to visit Mrs.

Cary, at my Lady Peterborough's, in an ancient monastery well in repair,<sup>1</sup> but the park much defaced; the house is nobly furnished. The chimney-piece in the great chamber, carved in wood, was of Henry VIII., and was taken from a house of his in Blethingley. At Reigate, was now the Archbishop of Armagh, the learned James Ussher,<sup>2</sup> whom I went to visit. He received me exceeding kindly. In discourse with him, he told me how great the loss of time was to study much the Eastern languages; that, excepting Hebrew, there was little fruit to be gathered of exceeding labour; that, besides some mathematical books, the Arabic itself had little considerable; that the best text was the Hebrew Bible; that the Septuagint was finished in seventy days, but full of errors, about which he was then writing; that St. Jerome's was to be valued next the Hebrew; also that the seventy translated the Pentateuch only, the rest was finished by others; that the Italians at present understood but little Greek, and Kircher was a mountebank;<sup>3</sup> that Mr. Selden's best book was his *Titles of Honour*;<sup>4</sup> that the Church would be destroyed by sectaries, who would in all likelihood bring in Popery. In conclusion, he recommended to me the study of philology, above all human studies; and so, with his blessing, I took my leave of this excellent person, and returned to Wotton.

27<sup>th</sup>. I went to Box Hill, to see those rare natural bowers, cabinets, and shady walks in the box-copses: hence we walked to Mickleham, and saw Sir F. Stidolph's seat,<sup>5</sup> environed with elm trees and walnuts innumerable, and of which last he told us they received a considerable revenue. Here are such goodly walks and hills shaded with yew<sup>6</sup> and box, as render

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. George Wild, 1610-65, afterwards Bishop of Derry, 1661-65. He had kept up a religious meeting for the royalists in Fleet Street.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 170. Dr. Pearson was at this date weekly preacher at St. Clement's, Eastcheap, where he was delivering the discourses afterwards forming his book on the Creed.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 146.]

<sup>4</sup> [A terrestrial globe made of loadstone, to illustrate the direction of magnetic force on the earth. It had been in vogue since the publication of William Gilbert's *De Magnete Magneticisque Corporibus*, 1600 (Globe *Pepys*, p. 231 n.).]

<sup>5</sup> [Roger (afterwards Sir Roger) Pratt, 1620-84, the architect of Clarendon House (see *post*, under 15th October, 1664).]

<sup>6</sup> [Sir Edward Hales, Bart., d. 1695, titular Earl of Tenterden (see *post*, under 13th December, 1688).]

<sup>7</sup> [Deepdene. It now belongs to Lord Henry Francis Pelham Clinton Hope, but is at present rented by Lady William Beresford.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 128.]

<sup>1</sup> [Reigate Priory. The modern house which now occupies the site, and still preserves the chimney-piece mentioned by Evelyn, belongs to the family of Lady Henry Somerset. But Manning says the chimney-piece came from Nonsuch.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 166.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 67.]

<sup>4</sup> [1614.]

<sup>5</sup> [Norbury Park, then in possession of Sir Francis Stidolph, and afterwards the well-known residence of Mme. D'Arblay's friend, Mr. William Locke. The "walnuts innumerable" were all cut down by an intermediate owner, Anthony Chapman. The house now belongs to Leopold Salomons, Esq., J.P.]

<sup>6</sup> [The famous Druids' Grove, dating from Domesday Book.]



the place extremely agreeable, it seeming from these evergreens to be summer all the winter.

28<sup>th</sup> August. Came that renowned mathematician, Mr. Oughtred, to see me, I sending my coach to bring him to Wotton, being now very aged.<sup>1</sup> Amongst other discourse, he told me he thought water to be the philosopher's first matter, and that he was well persuaded of the possibility of their elixir; he believed the sun to be a material fire, the moon a continent, as appears by the late selenographers; he had strong apprehensions of some extraordinary event to happen the following year, from the calculation of coincidence with the diluvian period; and added that it might possibly be to convert the Jews by our Saviour's visible appearance, or to judge the world; and therefore, his word was, *Parate in occursum*;<sup>2</sup> he said original sin was not met with in the Greek Fathers, yet he believed the thing; this was from some discourse on Dr. Taylor's late book,<sup>3</sup> which I had lent him.

16<sup>th</sup> September. Preached at St. Gregory's one Darnel, on Psalm iv. 4, concerning the benefit of self-examination; more learning in *so short a time as an hour* I have seldom heard.

17<sup>th</sup>. Received £2600 of Mr. Hurt, for the Manor of Warley Magna, in Essex, purchased by me some time since.<sup>4</sup> The taxes were so intolerable that they eat up the rents, etc., surcharged as that county had been above all others during our unnatural war.

19<sup>th</sup>. Came to see me Sir Edward Hales,<sup>5</sup> Mr. Ashmole,<sup>6</sup> Mr. Harlakenton, and Mr. Thornhill: and, the next day, I visited Sir Henry Newton, at Charlton,<sup>7</sup> where I met the Earl of Winchelsea,<sup>8</sup> and Lady Beauchamp, daughter to the Lord Capel.

On Sunday afternoon, I frequently staid at home to catechise and instruct my family, those exercises universally ceasing in the

parish churches, so as people had no principles, and grew very ignorant of even the common points of Christianity; all devotion being now placed in hearing sermons and discourses of speculative and notional things.

26<sup>th</sup>. I went to see Colonel Blount's subterranean warren,<sup>1</sup> and drank of the wine of his vineyard, which was good for little.

31<sup>st</sup> [sic]. Sir Nicholas Crisp came to treat with me about his vast design of a mole<sup>2</sup> to be made for ships in part of my grounds at Sayes Court.

3<sup>rd</sup> November. I had accidentally discourse with a Persian and a Greek concerning the devastation of Poland by the late incursion of the Swedes.

27<sup>th</sup>. To London, about Sir Nicholas Crisp's designs.

I went to see York House and gardens, belonging to the former great Buckingham, but now much ruined through neglect.<sup>3</sup>

Thence to visit honest and learned Mr. Hartlib,<sup>4</sup> a public-spirited and ingenious person, who had propagated many useful things and arts. He told me of the castles which they set for ornament on their stoves in Germany (he himself being a Lithuanian, as I remember), which are furnished with small ordnance of silver on the battlements, out of which they discharge excellent perfumes about the rooms, charging them with a little powder to set them on fire, and disperse the smoke: and, in truth, no more than need, for their stoves are sufficiently nasty. He told me of an ink that would give a dozen copies, moist sheets of paper being pressed on it, and

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 168.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Nicholas Crisp, customs farmer, 1599-1666. See *post*, under 16<sup>th</sup> January, 1662. He was made a baronet this year.]

<sup>3</sup> [George Villiers, first Duke of the second creation, 1592-1628. York House at this date belonged to General Fairfax, to whom it had been given by Cromwell; and Fairfax's daughter Mary married the second and last Duke of the Villiers family in September, 1657. The first Duke's names and titles are still preserved in the buildings erected on the site of York House: as George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley (now York Place), and Buckingham Street.]

<sup>4</sup> [Samuel Hartlib, *d.* 1670, a Pole and friend of Milton. He wrote a *Discourse of Husbandrie used in Brabant and Flanders*, 1652, etc. His life was written in 1865, with a bibliography and notices of his works, by Henry Dircks. He is often mentioned in Evelyn's *Correspondence*.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 172. He was eighty.]

<sup>2</sup> [Evelyn subsequently referred to this warning in a letter to Jeremy Taylor.]

<sup>3</sup> [The *Golden Grove*, anon., 1655.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 149.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 186.]

<sup>6</sup> [Elias Ashmole, 1617-92, the antiquary (see *post*, under 17<sup>th</sup> September, 1657).]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 167.]

<sup>8</sup> [Henegane Finch, second Earl of Winchelsea, *d.* 1689 (see *post*, under 18<sup>th</sup> June, 1660).]

remain perfect; and a receipt how to take off any print without the least injury to the original. This gentleman was master of innumerable curiosities, and very communicative. I returned home that evening by water, and was afflicted for it with a cold that had almost killed me.

This day, came forth the Protector's Edict, or Proclamation, prohibiting all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching any schools,<sup>1</sup> in which he imitated the apostate, Julian; with the decimation of all the royal party's revenues throughout England.<sup>2</sup>

14th December. I visited Mr. Hobbes,<sup>3</sup> the famous philosopher of Malmesbury, with whom I had been long acquainted in France.

Now were the Jews admitted.<sup>4</sup>

25th. There was no more notice taken of Christmas-day in churches.

I went to London, where Dr. Wild<sup>5</sup> preached the funeral sermon of Preaching, this being the last day; after which Cromwell's proclamation was to take place, that none of the Church of England should dare either to preach, or administer Sacraments, teach schools, etc., on pain of imprisonment, or exile. So this was the mournfullest day that in my life I had seen, or the Church of England herself, since the Reformation; to the great rejoicing of both Papist and Presbyter.<sup>6</sup> So pathetic was his discourse, that it drew many tears from the auditory. Myself, wife, and some of our family, received the Communion; God make me thankful, who hath hitherto provided for us the food of our souls as well as bodies! The Lord Jesus pity our distressed Church, and bring back the captivity of Zion!

<sup>1</sup> ["This," says the *Annals of England*, 1876, p. 451, was "the only resource left to the majority." See *infra*, 25th December.]

<sup>2</sup> [This was extended to all who had ever borne arms for the King.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 160.]

<sup>4</sup> [They had been expelled in 1290. But Evelyn is wrong in saying they were now admitted. No formal decision was come to, but they began to settle again in small numbers in 1657.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 186.]

<sup>6</sup> The text was 2 Cor. xiii. 9. That, however persecution dealt with the Ministers of God's Word, they were still to pray for the flock, and wish their perfection, as it was [for] the flock to pray for and assist their pastors, by the example of St. Paul.—*Evelyn's Note.*

1655-6: 5th January. Came to visit me my Lord Lisle, son to the Earl of Leicester,<sup>1</sup> with Sir Charles Ouseley, two of the Usurper's council; Mr. John Hervey,<sup>2</sup> and John Denham, the poet.<sup>3</sup>

18th. Went to Eltham<sup>4</sup> on foot, being a great frost, but a mist falling as I returned, gave me such a rheum as kept me within doors near a whole month after.

5th February. Was showed me a pretty perspective and well represented in a triangular box, the great Church of Haarlem in Holland, to be seen through a small hole at one of the corners, and contrived into a handsome cabinet. It was so rarely done, that all the artists and painters in town flocked to see and admire it.

10th. I heard Dr. Wilkins<sup>5</sup> preach before the Lord Mayor in St. Paul's, showing how obedience was preferable to sacrifice. He was a most obliging person, who had married the Protector's sister,<sup>6</sup> and took great pains to preserve the Universities from the ignorant sacrilegious commanders and soldiers, who would fain have demolished all places and persons that pretended to learning.

11th. I ventured to go to Whitehall, where of many years I had not been, and found it very glorious and well furnished, as far as I could safely go, and was glad to find they had not much defaced that rare piece of Henry VII., etc., done on the walls of the King's privy chamber.

14th. I dined with Mr. Berkeley, son of Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, where I renewed my acquaintance with my Lord Bruce, my fellow-traveller in Italy.<sup>7</sup>

19th. Went with Dr. Wilkins to see Barlow, the famous painter of fowls, beasts, and birds.<sup>8</sup>

4th March. This night I was invited by Mr. Roger L'Estrange<sup>9</sup> to hear the incom-

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 27th August, 1678.]

<sup>2</sup> [John Hervey, 1616-79, afterwards Treasurer to Catherine of Braganza, and patron of Abraham Cowley.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 173.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 175.]

<sup>5</sup> [Robina French, née Cromwell.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 122.]

<sup>7</sup> Francis Barlow, 1626-1702, "once eminent in the line of Fowl and Beast." His most famous work is his *Fables of Æsop*, 1665. He occasionally painted portraits. Evelyn mentions him in ch. iv. of *Sculptura*.

<sup>8</sup> Afterwards knighted; and licenser of the press to Charles II., and James II., in whose Parlia-

parable Lubicer on the violin. His variety on a few notes, and plain ground, with that wonderful dexterity, was admirable. Though a young man, yet so perfect and skilful, that there was nothing, however cross and perplexed, brought to him by our artists, which he did not play off at sight with ravishing sweetness and improvements, to the astonishment of our best masters. In sum, he played on the single instrument a full concert, so as the rest flung down their instruments, acknowledging the victory. As to my own particular, I stand to this hour amazed that God should give so great perfection to so young a person. There were at that time as excellent in their profession as any were thought to be in Europe, Paul Wheeler, Mr. Mell, and others, till this prodigy appeared. I can no longer question the effects we read of in David's harp to charm evil spirits, or what is said some particular notes produced in the passions of Alexander, and that King of Denmark.

12th April. Mr. Berkeley and Mr. Robert Boyle (that excellent person and great virtuoso),<sup>1</sup> Dr. Taylor, and Dr. Wilkins, dined with me at Sayes Court, when I presented Dr. Wilkins with my rare burning-glass. In the afternoon, we all went to Colonel Blount's, to see his new-invented ploughs.<sup>2</sup>

22nd. Came to see [me?] Mr. Henshaw and Sir William Paston's son, since Earl of Yarmouth.<sup>3</sup> Afterwards, I went to see his

ment he was returned for Winchester. He was the author of several works, chiefly translations; was a fierce and reckless advocate of high Church principles; and established a newspaper called the *Public Intelligencer*, which he afterwards changed to *London Gazette*, and ultimately to a paper called the *Observer*, 1681-87 (see *post*, under 7th May, 1685). Pepys (17th December, 1664) describes him as "a man of fine conversation," "most courtly, and full of compliments"; but seeking his society for the purpose of obtaining news. He was known among the courtiers as "Oliver's fiddler," owing to a report, which he strenuously denied, that he had once played the violin in the presence of the Protector. Queen Mary had a great antipathy to him, and, by rearranging the letters of his name, gave him the appellation of "Lying Strange Roger." He was born in 1616, and died in 1704.

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Robert Boyle, 1627-91, fifth surviving son of Richard Boyle, styled "the great Earl of Cork," and a distinguished natural philosopher and chemist. His name occurs frequently in the *Diary*.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 168.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir Robert Paston, Bart., 1631-83, who obtained

Majesty's house at Eltham, both palace and chapel in miserable ruins, the noble woods and park destroyed by Rich, the rebel.<sup>1</sup>

6th May. I brought Monsieur le Franc, a young French Sorbonnist, a proselyte, to converse with Dr. Taylor; they fell to dispute on original sin, in Latin, upon a book newly published by the Doctor, who was much satisfied with the young man. Thence, to see Mr. Dugdale, our learned antiquary and herald.<sup>2</sup> Returning, I was showed the three vast volumes of Father Kircher's, *Obeliscus Pamphilus* and *Aegyptiacus*; in the second volume, I found the hieroglyphic I first communicated and sent to him at Rome by the hands of Mr. Henshaw, whom he mentions; I designed it from the stone itself brought me to Venice from Cairo by Captain Powell.<sup>3</sup>

7th. I visited Dr. Taylor, and prevailed on him to propose Monsieur le Franc to the Bishop that he might have Orders, I having sometime before brought him to a full consent to the Church of England, her doctrine and discipline, in which he had till of late made some difficulty; so he was this day ordained both deacon and priest by the Bishop of Meath. I paid the fees to his lordship, who was very poor and in great want; to that necessity were our clergy reduced! In the afternoon, I met Alderman Robinson, to treat with Mr. Papillion about the marriage of my cousin, George Tuke, with Mrs. Fontaine.

8th. I went to visit Dr. Wilkins, at Whitehall, when I first met with Sir P. Neile,<sup>4</sup> famous for his optic glasses. Greatorex,<sup>5</sup> the mathematical-instrument maker, showed me his excellent invention to quench fire.

12th. Was published my Essay on great reputation as a Royalist commander, and for whose services Charles II., in 1673, created him Viscount Yarmouth. In 1679 he was made first Earl of Yarmouth.

<sup>1</sup> [Nathaniel Rich, d. 1701, to whom it had been sold by the Parliament.]

<sup>2</sup> [William (afterwards Sir William) Dugdale, 1605-86, at this date Chester Herald, and co-author of the first volume of *Monasticon Anglicanum*.]

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 126.

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Paul Neile, of White Waltham, Berks, eldest son of Richard Neile, Archbishop of York. Pepys mentions him under 20th January, 1662, and elsewhere.]

<sup>5</sup> [Ralph Greatorex, d. 1712? He was also well known to Pepys.]

Lucretius,<sup>1</sup> with innumerable errata by the negligence of Mr. Triplett, who undertook the correction of the press in my absence. Little of the Epicurean philosophy was then known amongst us.

28th May. I dined with Nieuport, the Holland Ambassador, who received me with extraordinary courtesy. I found him a judicious, crafty, and wise man. He gave me excellent cautions as to the danger of the times, and the circumstances our nation was in. I remember the observation he made upon the ill success of our former Parliaments, and their private animosities, and little care of the public.

Came to visit me the old Marquis of Argyll (since executed),<sup>2</sup> Lord Lothian, and some other Scotch noblemen, all strangers to me. Note, the Marquis took the turtle-doves in the aviary for owls.

The Earl of Southampton<sup>3</sup> (since Treasurer) and Mr. Spencer,<sup>4</sup> brother to the Earl of Sunderland, came to see my garden.

<sup>1</sup> "An Essay on the First Book of T. Lucretius *Carus de Rerum Natura*. Interpreted and made English verse by J. Evelyn, Esq. London, 1656." The frontispiece was designed by Mrs. Evelyn, and engraved by Hollar. Prefixed to the copy in the library at Wotton House, is this note in Evelyn's own handwriting: "Never was book so abominably misus'd by printer: never copy so negligently surveyed by one who undertooke to looke over the prooffe-sheets with all exactnesse and care, namely Dr. Triplett, well knowne for his abilitie, and who pretended to oblige me in my absence, and so readily offer'd himselfe. This good yet I receiv'd by it, that publishing it vainely, its ill successe at the printer's discourag'd me with troubling the worlde with the rest."

<sup>2</sup> Archibald Campbell, eighth Earl, 1598-1661. He was created Marquis of Argyll in 1641. In the subsequent troubles he took his place at the head of the Scotch Covenanters, and did so much damage to Charles I.'s cause, that the wrong was not considered to have been expiated by his subsequent proclamation of Charles II. Evelyn, who knew him well, calls him a "turbulent" man; and at the Restoration, having been convicted of high treason, he had his head struck off by the Maiden, at the market-cross of Edinburgh, on the 27th of May, 1661.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton, 1607-67, a distinguished royalist, who at the Restoration was appointed Lord High Treasurer. His second daughter, Rachel, was the wife of the patriot, Lord William Russell. He married three times; but dying without male issue, all his honours became extinct. Evelyn enjoyed much of his hospitality, and characterises him as a person of extraordinary parts, but a valetudinarian.

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 15th July, 1669.]

7th July. I began my journey to see some parts of the north-east of England; but the weather was so excessive hot and dusty, I shortened my progress.

8th. To Colchester, a fair town, but now wretchedly demolished by the late siege,<sup>1</sup> especially the suburbs, which were all burnt, but were then repairing. The town is built on a rising ground, having fair meadows on one side, and a river with a strong ancient castle, said to have been built by King Coilus, father of Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, of whom I find no memory save at the pinnacle of one of their wool-staple houses, where is a statue of Coilus, in wood, wretchedly carved. The walls are exceeding strong, deeply trenched, and filled with earth. It has six gates, and some watch-towers, and some handsome churches. But what was showed us as a kind of miracle, at the outside of the Castle, [was] the wall where Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, those valiant and noble persons who so bravely behaved themselves in the last siege,<sup>2</sup> were barbarously shot, murdered by Ireton in cold blood, after surrendering on articles; having been disappointed of relief from the Scotch army, which had been defeated with the King at Worcester. The place was bare of grass for a large space, all the rest of it abounding with herbage. For the rest, this is a ragged and factious town, now swarming with sectaries. Their trading is in cloth with the Dutch, and baize and says<sup>3</sup> with Spain; it is the only place in England where these stuffs are made unsophisticated. It is also famous for oysters<sup>4</sup> and eringo root, growing hereabout, and candied for sale.

<sup>1</sup> [In 1648. See *ante*, p. 146.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 165.]

<sup>3</sup> ["They [the Dutch] were the first that brought into the nation the art of making those slight stuffs call'd *Bays* and *Says* and other Linnen and Woollen-cloths of the same kind." This manufacture principally settled at Colchester and its vicinity, and for a long period flourished exceedingly"] (Beck's *Draper's Dictionary*, s.v. The quotation is said to be from the *History of Britain*, 1670. Pepys refers to "Colchester baize" (*Diary*, 24th February, 1667).]

<sup>4</sup> [Which are also referred to by Celia Fiennes. "This town is remarkable . . . for Exceeding good oysters, but its a dear place and to Grattifye my Curiosity to Eate them on y<sup>e</sup> place I paid dear" (*Diary* (1689-94), 1888, p. 116).]

Went to Dedham, a pretty country town, having a very fair church, finely situated, the valley well watered. Here, I met with Dr. Stokes, a young gentleman, but an excellent mathematician. This is a clothing town, as most are in Essex, but lies in the unwholesome hundreds.

Hence to Ipswich, doubtless one of the sweetest, most pleasant, well-built towns in England. It has twelve fair churches, many noble houses, especially the Lord Devereux's; a brave quay, and commodious harbour, being about seven miles from the main; an ample market-place. Here was born the great Cardinal Wolsey, who began a palace here, which was not finished.

I had the curiosity to visit some Quakers<sup>1</sup> here in prison; a new fanatic sect, of dangerous principles, who show no respect to any man, magistrate, or other, and seem a melancholy, proud sort of people, and exceedingly ignorant. One of these was said to have fasted twenty days; but another, endeavouring to do the like, perished on the 10th, when he would have eaten, but could not.<sup>2</sup>

10th July. I returned homeward, passing again through Colchester; and, by the way, near the ancient town of Chelmsford, saw New Hall, built in a park by Henry VII. and VIII., and given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Sussex, who sold it to the late great Duke of Buckingham, and since seized on by Oliver Cromwell (pretended Protector).<sup>3</sup> It is a fair old house, built with brick, low, being only of two stories, as the manner then was; the gate-house better; the court, large and pretty; the staircase, of extraordinary wideness, with a piece

representing Sir Francis Drake's action in the year 1580, an excellent sea-piece; the galleries are trifling; the hall is noble; the garden a fair plot, and the whole seat well accommodated with water; but, above all, I admired the fair avenue planted with stately lime trees, in four rows, for near a mile in length. It has three descents, which is the only fault, and may be reformed. There is another fair walk of the same at the mall and wilderness, with a tennis-court, and pleasant terrace towards the park, which was well stored with deer and ponds.

11th. Came home by Greenwich ferry, where I saw Sir J. Winter's<sup>1</sup> project of charring sea-coal, to burn out the sulphur, and render it sweet. He did it by burning the coals in such earthen pots as the glass-men melt their metal, so firing them without consuming them, using a bar of iron in each crucible, or pot, which bar has a hook at one end, that so the coals being melted in a furnace with other crude sea-coals under them, may be drawn out of the pots sticking to the iron, whence they are beaten off in great half-exhausted cinders, which being re-kindled, make a clear pleasant chamber-fire, deprived of their sulphur and arsenic malignity. What success it may have, time will discover.

3rd August. I went to London, to receive the Blessed Sacrament, the first time the Church of England was reduced to a chamber and conventicle; so sharp was the persecution. The parish-churches were filled with sectaries of all sorts, blasphemous and ignorant mechanics usurping the pulpits everywhere.<sup>2</sup> Dr Wild<sup>3</sup> preached in a private house in Fleet-street, where we had a great meeting of zealous Christians, who were generally much more devout and religious than in our greatest prosperity. In the afternoon, I went to the French Church in the Savoy,<sup>4</sup> where I heard Monsieur d'Espagne catechise, and so returned to my house.

<sup>1</sup> [They began in England about 1646; and received their name in 1650 from Justice Bennet of Derby, "who," says Fox, "was the first that called us Quakers, because I bid them tremble at the name of the Lord." In 1655, Fox "gave forth a paper to those that made a scorn of trembling and quaking" (*George Fox's Journal*, abridged by P. L. Parker, 1903, pp. 48, 147).]

<sup>2</sup> [Fox certainly fasted. "I fasted much"—he writes in 1647; and in 1653, "about this time I was in a fast for about ten days" (*Journal ut supra*, pp. 11, 111).]

<sup>3</sup> [Cromwell exchanged New Hall for Hampton Court. At the Restoration, it reverted to the second Duke of Buckingham, who sold it to Monck. In 1892, it was a Roman Catholic Nunnery.]

<sup>1</sup> [Sir John Winter, 1600-73, secretary to Henrietta Maria, and an active Royalist, employed his leisure in the production of coke, for which, after the Restoration, he obtained a monopoly.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 172.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 186.]

<sup>4</sup> [From this it would seem that there was a "French Church in the Savoy" before that established by Charles II. in 1661 (Wheatley and Cunningham's *London*, 1891, iii. 218).]

20th August. Was a confused election of Parliament called by the Usurper.

7th September. I went to take leave of my excellent neighbour and friend, Sir H. Newton and lady,<sup>1</sup> now going to dwell at Warwick; and Mr. Needham,<sup>2</sup> my dear and learned friend, came to visit me.

14th. Now was old Sir Henry Vane<sup>3</sup> sent to Carisbrooke Castle, in Wight, for a foolish book he published; the pretended Protector fortifying himself exceedingly, and sending many to prison.

2nd October. Came to visit me my cousin Stephens,<sup>4</sup> and Mr. Pierce<sup>5</sup> (since Head of Magdalen College, Oxford), a learned minister of Brington, in Northamptonshire, and Captain Cooke,<sup>6</sup> both excellent musicians.

2nd November. There was now nothing practical preached, or that pressed reformation of life, but high and speculative points and strains that few understood, which left people very ignorant, and of no steady principles, the source of all our sects and divisions, for there was much envy and uncharity in the world; God of his mercy amend it! Now, indeed, that I went at all to church, whilst these usurpers possessed the pulpits, was that I might not be suspected for a Papist, and that, though the minister was Presbyterianly affected, he yet was as I understood duly ordained, and preached sound doctrine after their way, and besides was an humble, harmless, and peaceable man.

25th December. I went to London, to receive the Blessed Communion this holy festival at Dr. Wild's lodgings,<sup>7</sup> where I rejoiced to find so full an assembly of devout and sober Christians.

26th. I invited some of my neighbours and tenants, according to custom, and to preserve hospitality and charity.

28th. A stranger preached on Luke

xviii. 7, 8, on which he made a confused discourse, with a great deal of Greek and ostentation of learning, to but little purpose.

30th. Dined with me Sir William Paston's son,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Henshaw,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Clayton.<sup>3</sup>

31st. I begged God's blessing and mercies for his goodness to me the past year, and set my domestic affairs in order.

1656-7: 1st January. Having prayed with my family, and celebrated the anniversary, I spent some time in imploring God's blessing [for] the year I was entered into.

7th. Came Mr. Matthew Wren<sup>4</sup> (since secretary to the Duke, slain in the Dutch war), eldest son to the Bishop of Ely, now a prisoner in the Tower; a most worthy and learned gentleman.

10th. Came Dr. Joyliffe,<sup>5</sup> that famous physician and anatomist, first detector of the lymphatic veins; also the old Marquis of Argyll, and another Scotch Earl.

5th February. Dined at the Holland Ambassador's;<sup>6</sup> he told me the East India Company of Holland had constantly a stock of £400,000 in India, and forty-eight men-of-war there: he spoke of their exact and just keeping their books and correspondence, so as no adventurer's stock could possibly be lost, or defeated; that it was a vulgar error that the Hollanders furnished their enemies with powder and ammunition for their money, though engaged in a cruel war, but that they used to merchandise indifferently, and were permitted to sell to the friends of their enemies. He laughed at our Committee of Trade,<sup>7</sup> as composed of men wholly ignorant of it, and how they were the ruin of commerce, by gratifying some for private ends.

10th. I went to visit the Governor of Havannah, a brave, sober, valiant Spanish gentleman, taken by Captain Young of Deptford,<sup>8</sup> when, after twenty years being in the Indies, and amassing great wealth, his lady and whole family, except two sons,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 187.]

<sup>2</sup> Jasper Needham, *d.* 1679, a physician of great repute, and one of Evelyn's oldest friends (see *post*, under 4th November 1679).

<sup>3</sup> [The younger, 1613-62. The old Sir Harry Vane died in this year. The "foolish book," to which Evelyn refers, was an able and fearless attack on Cromwell's arbitrary government.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 178.]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Thomas Pierce, 1622-91, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, 1661-72; and Dean of Salisbury, 1675.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 184.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 191.]

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Robert (see *ante*, p. 189).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 56.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 3rd July, 1677.]

<sup>4</sup> [Matthew Wren, 1629-72; secretary to Clarendon, 1660-67.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 148.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 190.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *post*, under 28th February, 1671.]

<sup>8</sup> [D. 1693.]

were burnt, destroyed, and taken within sight of Spain, his eldest son, daughter, and wife, perishing with immense treasure.<sup>1</sup> One son, of about seventeen years old, with his brother of one year old, were the only ones saved. The young gentleman, about seventeen, was a well-complexioned youth, not olive-coloured; he spake Latin handsomely, was extremely well bred, and born in the Caraccas, 1000 miles south of the equinoctial, near the mountains of Potosi; he had never been in Europe before. The Governor was an ancient gentleman of great courage, of the order of St. Jago, sore wounded in his arm, and his ribs broken; he lost for his own share £100,000 sterling, which he seemed to bear with exceeding indifference, and nothing dejected. After some discourse, I went with them to Arundel House, where they dined. They were now going back into Spain, having obtained their liberty from Cromwell. An example of human vicissitude!

14th February. To London, where I found Mrs. Cary; next day came Mr. Mordaunt<sup>2</sup> (since Viscount Mordaunt), younger son to the Countess of Peterborough, to see his mistress, bringing with him two of my Lord of Dover's daughters:<sup>3</sup> so, after dinner, they all departed.

5th March. Dr. Rand, a learned physician, dedicated to me his version of Gassendi's *Vita Peireskii*.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Waller refers to this (with variations) in his poem *Of a War with Spain, and Fight at Sea* (*Works*, by Fenton, 1744, p. 121).]

<sup>2</sup> John Mordaunt, 1627-75, second son of John, fifth Baron Mordaunt, and first Earl of Peterborough. He was a zealous Royalist; an offence for which he was tried, and, as Evelyn relates (see *post*, under 31st May, 1658), acquitted by one vote under the Commonwealth. Nevertheless, he still exerted himself to bring back Charles II., who, in 1659, created him Baron Mordaunt of Reigate, and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon, in Somerset, and appointed him Constable of Windsor Castle, and *Custos Rotulorum* of the County of Surrey. Many charges were afterwards brought against him in connection with his command at Windsor (see *post*, under 23rd November, 1666). With his mother and his wife, Evelyn was extremely intimate, frequently mentioning both with enthusiasm; and taking an active part, as many passages of the Diary will show, in the business affairs of the family.

<sup>3</sup> Henry Carey, fourth Baron Hunsdon, created Viscount Rochford and Earl of Dover, *d.* 1668, had three daughters—Mary, married to Sir Thomas Wharton; Judith; and Philadelphia.

<sup>4</sup> [*The Mirror of True Nobility & Gentility*,

25th. Dr. Taylor showed me his MS. of Cases of Conscience, or *Ductor Dubitantium*, now fitted for the Press.<sup>1</sup>

The Protector Oliver, now affecting kingship, is petitioned to take the title on him by all his new-made sycophant lords, etc.; but dares not, for fear of the fanatics, not thoroughly purged out of his rebel army.

21st April. Came Sir Thomas Hanmer<sup>2</sup> of Hanmer, in Wales, to see me. I then waited on my Lord Hatton,<sup>3</sup> with whom I dined: at my return, I stepped into Bedlam, where I saw several poor miserable creatures in chains; one of them was mad with making verses. I also visited the Charter-house,<sup>4</sup> formerly belonging to the Carthusians, now an old neat fresh solitary college for decayed gentlemen. It has a grove, bowling-green, garden, chapel, and a hall where they eat in common. I likewise saw Christ-church and Hospital,<sup>5</sup> a very goodly Gothic building; the hall, school, and lodgings in great order for bringing up many hundreds of poor children of both sexes; it is an exemplary charity. There is a large picture at one end of the hall, representing the governors, founders, and the institution.<sup>6</sup>

25th. I had a dangerous fall out of the coach in Covent Garden, going to my brother's, but without harm; the Lord be praised!

1st May. Divers soldiers were quartered at my house; but I thank God went away the next day towards Flanders.

5th. I went with my cousin, George—

being Pierre Gassendi's Life of Nicolas Claude Fabri de Peiresc 'engraved by W[illiam] Rand, Doctor of Physick, 1657.' Gassendi's book was first published at Paris in 1641. Rand's kinsman, Dr. R. Rand, had attended Evelyn's mother (see *ante*, p. 5).]

<sup>1</sup> [The *Ductor Dubitantium* was not published until 1660.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Thomas Hanmer, second Baronet, *d.* 1678. He had lived long in France, from which he had returned in 1652 or 1653. His portrait by Vandyck (see *post*, under 24th January, 1685) was, in 1838, in the possession of Sir H. Bunbury, Bart.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 149 *n.*]

<sup>4</sup> [Purchased by Thomas Sutton of Camp's Castle in 1611, and endowed by him as a Charity under the name of "the Hospital of King James."]

<sup>5</sup> [Founded by Edward VI., 1553, now called the Blue Coat School (see *post*, under 10th March, 1687).]

<sup>6</sup> [Edward VI. granting the Charter; long erroneously attributed to Holbein.]

Tuke, to see Baynards,<sup>1</sup> in Surrey, a house of my brother Richard's, which he would have hired. This is a very fair noble residence, built in a park, and having one of the goodliest avenues of oaks up to it that ever I saw: there is a pond<sup>2</sup> of 60 acres near it; the windows of the chief rooms are of very fine painted glass. The situation is excessively dirty and melancholy.

15<sup>th</sup> May. Lawrence, President of Oliver's Council, and some other of his Court-Lords, came in the afternoon to see my garden and plantations.

7<sup>th</sup> June. My fourth son was born, christened George (after my grandfather); Dr. Jeremy Taylor officiated in the drawing-room.

18<sup>th</sup>. At Greenwich I saw a sort of cat<sup>3</sup> brought from the East Indies, shaped and snouted much like the Egyptian racoon, in the body like a monkey, and so footed; the ears and tail like a cat, only the tail much longer, and the skin variously ringed with black and white; with the tail it wound up its body like a serpent, and so got up into trees, and with it would wrap its whole body round. Its hair was woolly like a lamb; it was exceedingly nimble, gentle, and purred as does the cat.

16<sup>th</sup> July. On Dr. Jeremy Taylor's recommendation, I went to Eltham, to help one Moody, a young man, to that living, by my interest with the patron.

6<sup>th</sup> August. I went to see Colonel Blount, who showed me the application of the waywiser<sup>4</sup> to a coach, exactly measuring the miles, and showing them by an index as we went on. It had three circles, one pointing to the number of rods, another to the miles, by 10 to 1000, with all the sub-divisions of quarters; very pretty and useful.

10<sup>th</sup>. Our vicar,<sup>5</sup> from John xviii. 36, declaimed against the folly of a sort of

enthusiasts and desperate zealots, called the *Fifth-Monarchy-Men*,<sup>1</sup> pretending to set up the kingdom of Christ with the sword. To this pass was this age arrived when we had no King in Israel.

21<sup>st</sup>. Fell a most prodigious rain in London, and the year was very sickly in the country.

1<sup>st</sup> September. I visited Sir Edmund Bowyer,<sup>2</sup> at his melancholy seat at Camberwell. He has a very pretty grove of oaks, and hedges of yew in his garden, and a handsome row of tall elms before his court.

15<sup>th</sup>. Going to London with some company, we stopt in to see a famous rope-dancer, called *the Turk*.<sup>3</sup> I saw even to astonishment the agility with which he performed. He walked barefooted, taking hold by his toes only of a rope almost perpendicular, and without so much as touching it with his hands; he danced blindfold on the high rope, and with a boy of twelve years old tied to one of his feet about twenty feet beneath him,<sup>4</sup> dangling as he danced, yet he moved as nimbly as if it had been but a feather. Lastly, he stood on his head, on the top of a very high mast, danced on a small rope that was very slack, and finally flew down the perpendicular, on his breast, his head foremost, his legs and arms extended, with divers other activities.—I saw the hairy woman,<sup>5</sup> twenty years old, whom I had before seen when a child. She was born at Augsburg, in Germany. Her very eye-

<sup>1</sup> [They regarded the protectorate of Cromwell as inaugurating a Fifth Monarchy—Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome being the other four—during which Jesus Christ would reign visibly for a thousand years. One of the "Characters" in Butler's *Genuine Remains*, 1759, pp. 101-3, is that of "A Fifth-Monarchy Man."]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 17<sup>th</sup> July, 1667.]

<sup>3</sup> Evelyn again mentions this tumbler in his *Numismata*, 1697, under the name of the *Fun-ambule Turk*. [The rare print entitled "*The surprising Equilibres on the Slack Rope by the Grand Turk Mahomed Caratha*" possibly refers to the same performer (Hodgkin's *Rariora*, i. 45).]

<sup>4</sup> [This was the favourite feat of that Mme. Violante who was the first instructress of Peg Woffington, except that she had a child attached to each foot.]

<sup>5</sup> [Augustina Barbara Van Beck, *m<sup>re</sup>* Urselin, or Ursler, b. 1629, living in 1668. There is a print of her by Isaac Brunn, dated 1653, and another by Hollar's pupil, R. Gaywood, executed about 1658. Pepys also saw in Holborn, 21<sup>st</sup> December, 1668, what was apparently a second "hairy woman," Ursula Dyan.]

<sup>1</sup> It is in the lower part of the parish of Ewhurst in Surrey, adjoining to Rudgwick in Sussex, in a deep clay soil. The residence belonged formerly to Sir Edward Bray, and afterwards to the Earl of Onslow, who carried the painted glass to his seat at West Clandon. It has now been restored.

<sup>2</sup> [Vachery Water,—the reservoir of the Wey and Arun Canal.]

<sup>3</sup> This was probably the *Lemur macaco* of Linnaeus, since well known.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 177. In this particular form, the waywiser seems to have been called an adometer.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 171. His name was Thomas Mallory.]



brows were combed upwards, and all her forehead as thick and even as grows on any woman's head, neatly dressed; a very long lock of hair out of each ear; she had also a most prolix beard, and moustachios, with long locks growing on the middle of her nose, like an Iceland dog exactly, the colour of a bright brown, fine as well-dressed flax. She was now married, and told me she had one child that was not hairy, nor were any of her parents, or relations. She was very well shaped and played well on the harpsichord.

17th September. To see Sir Robert Needham, at Lambeth, a relation of mine; and thence to John Tradescant's museum,<sup>1</sup> in which the chief rarities were, in my opinion, the ancient Roman, Indian, and other nation's armour, shields, and weapons; some habits of curiously coloured, and wrought feathers, one from the phoenix wing, as tradition goes. Other innumerable things there were, printed in his catalogue by Mr. Ashmole, to whom after the death of the widow they are bequeathed, and by him designed as a gift to Oxford.<sup>2</sup>

19th October. I went to see divers gardens about London; returning, I saw at Dr. Joyliffe's two Virginian rattle-snakes alive, exceeding a yard in length, small heads, slender tails, but in the middle nearly the size of my leg; when vexed, swiftly vibrating and shaking their tails, as loud as a child's rattle; this, by the collision of certain gristly skins curiously jointed, yet loose, and transparent as parchment, by which they give warning; a providential caution for other creatures to avoid them. The Doctor tried their biting on rats and mice, which they im-

<sup>1</sup> The tombstone of the family in Lambeth churchyard declares, that "Beneath this stone lie John Tradescant, grandsire, father, and son." They were all eminent gardeners, travellers, and collectors of curiosities. The first two came into this country in the reign of James I., and the second and third were employed in the Royal Gardens by Charles I. They had a house at Lambeth, which, being filled with rarities of every description, passed by the name of Tradescant's Ark, and was much resorted to by the lovers of the curious. It formed the foundation of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and a catalogue of its contents was printed by the youngest John Tradescant, in 1656, with the title of *Museum Tradescantianum; or, a Collection of Rarities, Preserved at South Lambeth near London*. The elder died in 1637.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, under 23rd July, 1678.

mediately killed: but their vigour must needs be much exhausted here, in another climate, and kept only in a barrel of bran.

22nd. To town, to visit the Holland Ambassador, with whom I had now contracted much friendly correspondence, useful to the intelligence I constantly gave his Majesty abroad.

26th November. I went to London, to a court of the East India Company<sup>1</sup> on its new union, in Merchant-Taylors' Hall, where was much disorder by reason of the Anabaptists, who would have the adventurers obliged only by an engagement, without swearing, that they still might pursue their private trade; but it was carried against them. Wednesday was fixed on for a General Court for election of officers, after a sermon and prayers for good success. The Stock resolved on was £800,000.

27th. I took the oath at the East India House, subscribing £500.

2nd December. Dr. Reynolds (since Bishop of Norwich)<sup>2</sup> preached before the company at St. Andrew Under-shaft, on Nehemiah xiii. 31, showing, by the example of Nehemiah, all the perfections of a trusty person in public affairs, with many good precepts apposite to the occasion, ending with a prayer for God's blessing on the company and the undertaking.

3rd. Mr. Gunning<sup>3</sup> preached on John iii. 3, against the Anabaptists, showing the effect and necessity of the sacrament of baptism. This sect was now wonderfully spread.

25th. I went to London with my wife, to celebrate Christmas-day, Mr. Gunning preaching in Exeter chapel, on Micah vii.

2. Sermon ended, as he was giving us the Holy Sacrament, the chapel was surrounded with soldiers, and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them, some in the house,<sup>4</sup> others carried away. It fell to my share to be confined to a room in the house,

<sup>1</sup> [The East India Company was incorporated by charter of 31st December, 1600. By further charters it was confirmed, enlarged, and altered.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Edward Reynolds, 1599-1676; Bishop of Norwich, 1661-76.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Peter Gunning, 1614-84; Bishop of Ely, 1675-84. During the Commonwealth he preached at Exeter Chapel, Strand, which was attached to Exeter House (see *post*, under 7th March, 1658).]

<sup>4</sup> [I.e. Exeter House.]

where yet I was permitted to dine with the master of it, the Countess of Dorset, Lady Hatton, and some others of quality who invited me. In the afternoon, came Colonel Whalley, Goffe, and others, from Whitehall, to examine us one by one; some they committed to the Marshal, some to prison. When I came before them, they took my name and abode, examined me why, contrary to the ordinance made, that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the Nativity (so esteemed by them), I durst offend, and particularly be at Common Prayers, which they told me was but the mass in English, and particularly pray for Charles Stuart, for which we had no Scripture. I told them we did not pray for Charles Stuart, but for all Christian Kings, Princes, and Governors. They replied, in so doing we prayed for the King of Spain, too, who was their enemy and a Papist, with other frivolous and ensnaring questions, and much threatening; and, finding no colour to detain me, they dismissed me with much pity of my ignorance. These were men of high flight and above ordinances, and spake spiteful things of our Lord's Nativity. As we went up to receive the Sacrament, the miscreants held their muskets against us, as if they would have shot us at the altar; but yet suffering us to finish the office of Communion, as perhaps not having instructions what to do, in case they found us in that action. So I got home late the next day; blessed be God!

1657-8: 27th January. After six fits of a quartan ague, with which it pleased God to visit him, died my dear son, Richard,<sup>1</sup> to our inexpressible grief and affliction, five years and three days old only, but at that tender age a prodigy for wit and understanding; for beauty of body, a very angel: for endowment of mind, of incredible and rare hopes. To give only a little taste of them, and thereby glory to God, who "out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect his praises": at two years and a half old, he could perfectly read any of the English, Latin, French, or Gothic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had, before the fifth year, or in that year, not only skill to read most written hands, but

to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and most of the irregular; learned out *Puerilis*,<sup>1</sup> got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin, and *vice versa*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's *Janua*:<sup>2</sup> began himself to write legibly, and had a strong passion for Greek. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remembered of the parts of plays, which he would also act; and when seeing a Plautus in one's hand, he asked what book it was, and, being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals; for he had read Æsop; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God; he had learned all his Catechism early, and understood the historical part of the Bible and New Testament to a wonder, how Christ came to redeem mankind, and how, comprehending these necessities himself, his godfathers were discharged of their promise.

These and the like illuminations, far exceeding his age and experience, considering the prettiness of his address and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told him how many days a Quaker had fasted,<sup>3</sup> he replied that was no wonder; for Christ had said that man should not live by bread alone, but by the Word of God. He would of himself select the most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of Job, to read to his maid during his sickness, telling her, when she pitied him, that all God's children must suffer affliction. He

<sup>1</sup> *Cato's Precepts and Sententia Pueriles*, 1612.]

<sup>2</sup> [The *Janua Linguarum* of the Moravian, John Amos Comenius, 1592-1671, a celebrated grammarian and Protestant divine. It was first published in 1631, and went through many editions.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 191.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 170.]

declaimed against the vanities of the world, before he had seen any. Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a year before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition! how soon be reconciled! how indifferent, yet continually cheerful! He would give grave advice to his brother John, bear with his impertinences, and say he was but a child. If he heard of or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books, to be expounded. He had learned by heart divers sentences in Latin and Greek, which, on occasion, he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettiness, far from morose, sullen, or childish in anything he said or did. The last time he had been at church (which was at Greenwich), I asked him, according to custom, what he remembered of the sermon; Two good things, Father, said he, *bonum gratiæ* and *bonum gloriæ*, with a just account of what the preacher said.

The day before he died, he called to me: and, in a more serious manner than usual, told me that for all I loved him so dearly, I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his brother Jack, he should have none of them; and, the next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keep his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands unjoined; and a little after, whilst in great agony, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathological ejaculations uttered of himself: "Sweet Jesus, save me, deliver me, pardon my sins, let Thine angels receive me!" So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God, having dressed up a saint fit for Himself, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of the future fruits of this incomparable hopeful blossom. Such a child I never saw: for such a child I bless God, in whose bosom he is! May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the child Jesus that Lamb of God in a white robe, whithersoever He goes; even so, Lord Jesus, *fiat voluntas tua!* Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken

him from us, blessed be the name of the Lord! That I had anything acceptable to Thee was from Thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin, but that Thou hast pardoned! blessed be my God for ever, Amen.

In my opinion, he was suffocated by the women and maids that attended him, and covered him too hot with blankets as he lay in a cradle, near an excessive hot fire in a close room. I suffered him to be opened, when they found that he was what is vulgarly called liver-grown. I caused his body to be coffined in lead, and deposited on the 30th at eight o'clock that night in the church at Deptford, accompanied with divers of my relations and neighbours, among whom I distributed rings with this motto: *Dominus abstulit*; intending, God willing, to have him transported with my own body to be interred in our dormitory in Wotton Church, in my dear native county of Surrey, and to lay my bones and mingle my dust with my fathers, if God be gracious to me, and make me as fit for Him as this blessed child was. The Lord Jesus sanctify this and all other my afflictions, Amen.

Here ends the joy of my life, and for which I go even mourning to the grave.

*15th February.* The afflicting hand of God being still upon us, it pleased Him also to take away from us this morning my youngest son, George, now seven weeks languishing at nurse, breeding teeth, and ending in a dropsy.<sup>1</sup> God's holy will be done! He was buried in Deptford church, the 17th following.

*25th.* Came Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and my brothers, with other friends, to visit and condole with us.<sup>2</sup>

*7th March.* To London, to hear Dr. Taylor in a private house on Luke xiii. 23, 24. After the sermon, followed the blessed Communion, of which I participated. In the afternoon, Dr. Gunning, at Exeter House, expounding part of the Creed.

This had been the severest winter that any man alive had known in England. The crows' feet were frozen to their prey. Islands of ice inclosed both fish and fowl frozen, and some persons in their boats.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 194.]

<sup>2</sup> [See Appendix II. for Jeremy Taylor's letter of 17th February, 1658.]

15<sup>th</sup> May, was a public fast, to avert an epidemical sickness, very mortal this spring.

20<sup>th</sup>. I went to see a coach-race in Hyde Park, and collationed in Spring Garden.<sup>1</sup>

23<sup>rd</sup>. Dr. Manton,<sup>2</sup> the famous Presbyterian, preached at Covent Garden, on Matthew vi. 10, showing what the kingdom of God was, how [to] pray for it, etc.

There was now a collection for persecuted and sequestered Ministers of the Church of England, whereof divers are in prison. A sad day! The Church now in dens and caves of the earth.

31<sup>st</sup>. I went to visit my Lady Peterborough, whose son, Mr. Mordaunt, prisoner in the Tower, was now on his trial, and acquitted but by one voice;<sup>3</sup> but that holy martyr, Dr. Hewit,<sup>4</sup> was condemned to die without law, jury, or justice, but by a mock Council of State, as they called it. A dangerous, treacherous time!

2<sup>nd</sup> June. An extraordinary storm of hail and rain, the season as cold as winter, the wind northerly near six months.

3<sup>rd</sup>. A large whale was taken betwixt my land abutting on the Thames and Greenwich, which drew an infinite concourse to see it, by water, horse, coach, and on foot, from London, and all parts. It appeared first below Greenwich at low water, for at high water it would have destroyed all the boats, but lying now in shallow water encompassed with boats, after a long conflict, it was killed with a harping iron, struck in the head, out of which spouted blood and water by two tunnels; and, after a horrid groan, it ran quite on shore, and died. Its length was fifty-eight feet, height sixteen; black-skinned, like coach-leather; very small eyes, great tail, only two small fins, a peaked snout, and a mouth so wide, that divers men might have stood upright in it; no teeth, but sucked the slime only as through a grate of that bone which we call whale-bone; the throat yet so narrow, as would not have admitted the least of fishes. The extremes of the cetaceous bones hang

downwards from the upper jaw, and are hairy towards the ends and bottom within side: all of it prodigious; but in nothing more wonderful than that an animal of so great a bulk should be nourished only by slime through those grates.

8<sup>th</sup>. That excellent preacher and holy man, Dr. Hewit, was martyred for having intelligence with his Majesty, through the Lord Marquis of Ormonde.<sup>1</sup>

9<sup>th</sup>. I went to see the Earl of Northumberland's<sup>2</sup> pictures, whereof that of the Venetian Senators<sup>3</sup> was one of the best of Titian's, and another of Andrea del Sarto, viz. a Madonna, Christ, St. John, and an Old Woman; a St. Catherine of Da Vinci, with divers portraits of Vandyck; a Nativity of Georgione; the last of our blessed Kings (Charles I.), and the Duke of York, by Lely, a Rosary by the famous Jesuits of Brussels, and several more. This was in Suffolk House: the new front towards the gardens is tolerable, were it not drowned by a too massy and clumsy pair of stairs of stone, without any neat invention.

10<sup>th</sup>. I went to see the Medical Garden, at Westminster, well stored with plants, under Morgan, a very skilful botanist.

26<sup>th</sup>. To Eltham, to visit honest Mr. Owen.

3<sup>rd</sup> July. To London, and dined with Mr. Henshaw, Mr. Dorell, and Mr. Ashmole, founder of the Oxford repository of rarities,<sup>4</sup> with divers doctors of physic and virtuosos.

15<sup>th</sup>. Came to see my Lord Kilmorey and Lady, Sir Robert Needham, Mr. Offley, and two daughters of my Lord Willoughby of Parham.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 172. "His greatest crime"—says Clarendon—"was collecting and sending money to the King" (*History of the Rebellion*, 1888, vi. 6x).]

<sup>2</sup> Algernon Percy, tenth Earl, 1602-68. Though conspicuously opposed to Charles I. during the Civil Wars, he promoted the Restoration. He was one of our first collectors of pictures, and his gallery at Suffolk, afterwards Northumberland House, in the Strand, now non-existent, was greatly admired, not only by Evelyn, but by all connoisseurs.

<sup>3</sup> The Cornaro family. There is a print of it engraved by Bernard Baron.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 187 and 195.]

<sup>5</sup> [Francis Willoughby, fifth Baron Willoughby of Parham, 1613-66; Governor of Barbadoes, 1650-66.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 173.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Thomas Manton, 1620-77, Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 1656-62.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 193.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 172.]

3rd August. Went to Sir John Evelyn at Godstone.<sup>1</sup> The place is excellent, but might be improved by turning some offices of the house, and removing the garden. The house being a noble fabric, though not comparable to what was first built by my uncle, who was master of all the powder-mills.

5th. We went to Squerries<sup>2</sup> to visit my Cousin Leech, daughter to Sir John; a pretty, finely-wooded, well-watered seat, the stables good, the house old, but convenient. 6th. Returned to Wotton.

10th. I dined at Mr. Carew Raleigh's, at Horsley,<sup>3</sup> son to the famous Sir Walter.

14th. We went to Durdans<sup>4</sup> [at Epsom] to a challenged match at bowls for £10, which we won.

18th. To Sir Ambrose Browne, at Betchworth Castle,<sup>5</sup> in that tempestuous wind which threw down my greatest trees at Sayes Court, and did so much mischief all over England. It continued the whole night; and, till three in the afternoon of the next day, in the south-west, and destroyed all our winter fruit.

3rd September. Died that arch-rebel, Oliver Cromwell, called Protector.<sup>6</sup>

16th. Was published my Translation of St. Chrysostom on Education of Children, which I dedicated to both my brothers, to comfort them on the loss of their children.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Lee, or Leigh Place. In Godstone Church is a monument of black and white marble to Evelyn's uncle Sir John (d. 1643) and his wife, Thomasine Heynes. The Sir John of the above was his son, who became a baronet in 1660, and died in 1671 (see *ante*, p. 172).]

<sup>2</sup> Squerries Court, at Westerham, in Kent, the seat of Sir William Leech, who had married Jane, the daughter of Sir John Evelyn, d. 1643.

<sup>3</sup> [West Horsley (see *ante*, p. 171 n.).]

<sup>4</sup> [The Durdans, south of Epsom, is now the seat of the Earl of Rosebery. A modern house has replaced the old one. When Evelyn wrote, the Durdans was the residence of George, first Earl of Berkeley.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 184. This storm must have spared the magnificent beeches and chestnuts still at Betchworth.]

<sup>6</sup> [He died at Whitehall; and his body was embalmed and removed to Somerset House, where his effigy was for many days exhibited. His public funeral was on 23rd November (see *post*, under 22nd October, 1658).]

<sup>7</sup> ["The Golden Book of St John Chrysostom, concerning the Education of Children. Translated out of the Greek by J. E., Esq. London: 1659." The Preface contains another account of Richard Evelyn (*ante*, pp. 196-7). It is re-

21st. My Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, invited me to dinner.<sup>1</sup>

26th. Mr. King preached at Ashted, on Proverbs xv. 24; a Quaker would have disputed with him. In the afternoon, we heard Dr. Hacket (since Bishop of Lichfield)<sup>2</sup> at Cheam, where the family of the Lumleys lie buried.

27th. To Beddington,<sup>3</sup> that ancient seat of the Carews, a fine old hall, but a scrambling house, famous for the first orange-garden in England, being now overgrown trees, planted in the ground, and secured in winter with a wooden tabernacle and stoves. This seat is rarely watered, lying low, and environed with good pastures. The pomegranates bear here. To the house is also added a fine park. Thence, to Carshalton, excellently watered, and capable of being made a most delicious seat, being on the sweet downs, and a champaign about it full planted with walnut and cherry trees, which afford a considerable rent.

Riding over these downs, and discoursing with the shepherds, I found that digging about the bottom near Sir Christopher Buckle's,<sup>4</sup> near Banstead, divers medals have been found, both copper and silver, with foundations of houses, urns, etc. Here, indeed, anciently stood a city of the Romans.—See Antonine's *Itinerary*.

29th. I returned home, after ten weeks' absence.

2nd October. I went to London, to receive the Holy Sacrament.

On the 3rd, Dr. Wild<sup>5</sup> preached in a private place on Isaiah i. 4, showing the parallel betwixt the sins of Israel and those of England. In the afternoon, Mr. Hall<sup>6</sup> (son to Joseph, Bishop of Norwich) on 1 Cor. vi. 2, of the dignity of the Saints; a most excellent discourse.

printed in *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 103-140.]

<sup>1</sup> [George Berkeley, first Earl of Berkeley, 1628-98.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. John Hacket, 1592-1670; Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, 1661-70.]

<sup>3</sup> [Beddington House (see *ante*, p. 4).]

<sup>4</sup> Not far from the course of the Roman Road from Chichester, through Sussex, passing through Ockley, and Dorking churchyard. Considerable remains of a Roman building were found on Walton Heath, south of this house.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 186.]

<sup>6</sup> [Dr. George Hall, 1612-68, afterwards Bishop of Chester, 1662-68.]

24th October. I dined with the Holland Ambassador, at Derby House : returning, I diverted to see a very *white raven*; bred in Cumberland; also a porcupine, of that kind that shoots its quills, of which see Claudian; it was headed like a rat, the fore feet like a badger, the hind feet like a bear.

19th. I was summoned to London by the Commissioners for new buildings; afterwards, to the Commission of Sewers; but because there was an oath to be taken of fidelity to the Government as now constituted without a King, I got to be excused, and returned home.

22nd. Saw the superb funeral of the Protector.<sup>1</sup> He was carried from Somerset-House in a velvet bed of state, drawn by six horses, housed with the same; the pall held by his new Lords; Oliver lying in effigy, in royal robes, and crowned with a crown, sceptre, and globe, like a king. The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army; the Imperial banners, achievements, etc., by the heralds in their coats; a rich caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour, armed cap-à-pie, and, after all, his guards, soldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage, they proceeded to Westminster: but it was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw; for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.

I returned not home till the 17th November.

I was summoned again to London by the Commissioners for new foundations to be erected within such a distance of London.

6th December. Now was published my *French Gardener*,<sup>2</sup> the first and best of the

kind that introduced the use of the olitory garden<sup>1</sup> to any purpose.

23rd. I went with my wife to keep Christmas at my cousin, George Tuke's, at Cressing Temple, in Essex.<sup>2</sup> Lay that night at Brentwood.

25th. Here was no public service, but what we privately used. I blessed God for His mercies the year past; and, 1st January, begged a continuance of them. Thus, for three Sundays, by reason of the incumbent's death, here was neither praying nor preaching, though there was a chapel in the house.

1658-9: 17th January. Our old vicar preached, taking leave of the parish in a pathetic speech, to go to a living in the City.<sup>3</sup>

24th March. I went to London, to speak to the patron, Alderman Cutler,<sup>4</sup> about presenting a fit pastor for our destitute parish-church.

5th April. Came the Earl of Northampton<sup>5</sup> and the famous painter, Mr. Wright,<sup>6</sup> to visit me.

10th. One Mr. Littler,<sup>7</sup> being now presented to the living of our parish, preached on John vi. 55, a sermon preparatory to the Holy Sacrament.

25th. A wonderful and sudden change in the face of the public; the new Protector, Richard, slighted; several pretenders and parties strive for the Government: all anarchy and confusion; Lord have mercy on us!

5th May. I went to visit my brother in London; and, next day, to see a new opera,<sup>8</sup> after the Italian way, in recitative

<sup>1</sup> [Kitchen garden (*olitorius*).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]

<sup>3</sup> [St. Michael, Crooked Lane (see *ante*, p. 194.)]

<sup>4</sup> [John Cutler, 1608-93, afterwards Sir John, an eminent, but miserly citizen of London. Pope handles him severely in his Epistle to Lord Bathurst "On the Use of Riches," 1732, li. 315-35. (See *post*, under 25th February, 1672).]

<sup>5</sup> [James, third Earl of Northampton, d. 1681.]

<sup>6</sup> Joseph Michael Wright, d. c. 1700, who painted the twelve Judges in Guildhall, after the great fire. A long account of this artist is given in Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, and there is a famous portrait by him of Hobbes in the National Portrait Gallery. See also *post*, under 3rd October, 1662.

<sup>7</sup> [The Rev. Robert Littler, or Lytler, presented to the living by Sir John Cutler.]

<sup>8</sup> Probably that by Sir William Davenant, in which the cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru was exhibited with all the adjuncts of instrumental and vocal music, and elaborate scenery.

<sup>1</sup> [There must be a blunder here as to date. Cromwell's public funeral, as already stated (see *ante*, p. 199 n.), took place on the 23rd November. He was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey, at the east end of the middle aisle.]

<sup>2</sup> [The *French Gardener*: instructing how to cultivate all sorts of Fruit-trees and Herbes for the Garden, etc. From the French of M. de Bonnefons, now translated into English by Philocopus, 1658. The "Epistle Dedicatory" (to Thomas Henshaw) is reprinted in the *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 97-98.]

music and scenes, much inferior to the Italian composure and magnificence; but it was prodigious that in a time of such public consternation such a vanity should be kept up, or permitted. I, being engaged with company, could not decently resist the going to see it, though my heart smote me for it.

7th May. Came the Ambassador of Holland and his Lady to visit me, and staid the whole afternoon.

12th. I returned the visit, discoursing much of the revolutions, etc.

19th. Came to dine with me my Lord Galloway and his son, a Scotch Lord and learned: also my brother and his Lady, Lord Berkeley and his Lady, Mrs. Shirley, and the famous singer, Mrs. Knight,<sup>1</sup> and other friends.

23rd. I went to Rookwood,<sup>2</sup> and dined with Sir William Hickes, where was a great feast and much company. It is a melancholy old house, environed with trees and rooks.

26th. Came to see me my Lord George Berkeley, Sir William Ducie, and Sir George Pott's son of Norfolk.

29th. The nation was now in extreme confusion and unsettled, between the Armies and the Sectaries, the poor Church of England breathing as it were her last; so sad a face of things had overspread us.

7th June. To London, to take leave of my brother, and see the foundations now laying for a long street<sup>3</sup> and buildings in Hatton Garden, designed for a little town, lately an ample garden.

1st September. I communicated to Mr. Robert Boyle, son to the Earl of Cork,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards one of Charles II.'s mistresses.

<sup>2</sup> A house in Leyton in Essex, better known by the name of Ruckholt [rook-wood in Saxon], built by one Parvis, a former owner of the estate; but a new house was afterwards erected near the site of the former by the family of Hickes, of whom William (d. 1680) was created a baronet in 1619. Charles II. was entertained here one day when he was hunting in Waltham forest, on which occasion he knighted William, the son of the Baronet. [Ruckholt was pulled down in 1757 (Wright and Bartlett's *Essex*, ii. 498). It had then been "for some years an auxiliary place of amusement for the Summer to the established Theatres [of London]" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1814, p. 11).]

<sup>3</sup> [Hatton Garden. It was originally called Hatton Street, and occupied the site of Sir Christopher Hatton's garden.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189; and for the letter in question,

my proposal for erecting a philosophic and mathematic college.

15th. Came to see me Mr. Brereton,<sup>1</sup> a very learned gentleman, son to my Lord Brereton, with his and divers other ladies. Also, Henry Howard of Norfolk, since Duke of Norfolk.<sup>2</sup>

30th. I went to visit Sir William Lucie<sup>3</sup> and Colonel Blount,<sup>4</sup> where I met Sir Henry Blount, the famous traveller and water-drinker.<sup>5</sup>

10th October. I came with my wife and family to London: took lodgings at the Three Feathers, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, for the winter, my son being very unwell.

11th. Came to visit me Mr. William Coventry<sup>6</sup> (since Secretary to the Duke), son to the Lord Keeper, a wise and witty gentleman.

The Army now turned out the Parliament. We had now no government in the nation; all in confusion; no magistrate either owned or pretended, but the soldiers, and they not agreed. God Almighty have mercy on, and settle us!

17th. I visited Mr. Howard, at Arundel-house, who gave me a fair onyx set in gold, and showed me his design of a palace there.

21st. A private fast was kept by the Church of England Protestants in town, to beg of God the removal of His judgments, with devout prayers for His mercy to our calamitous Church.

7th November. Was published my bold *Apology for the King*<sup>7</sup> in this time of which is dated 3rd September, 1659, Appendix III.]

<sup>1</sup> William, afterwards third Lord Brereton, d. 1679, an accomplished and able man, who assisted Evelyn in establishing the Royal Society.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 128.]

<sup>3</sup> [Query, —Ducie (see above, 26th May).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 168.]

<sup>5</sup> Sir Henry Blount, 1602-82. After travelling for some years, he published, in 1636, *A Voyage to the Levant, with Observations concerning the Modern Condition of the Turks*, which passed through many editions, and is reprinted in the "Harleian Collection." In 1640 he was knighted.

<sup>6</sup> [Afterwards (1665) Sir William Coventry (1628-86). He was Secretary to the Duke of York from 1660-67.]

<sup>7</sup> [An *Apology for the Royal Party*, written in a Letter to a person of the late Council of State, by a Lover of Peace and of his Country. With a Touch at the pretended "Plea for the Army," 1659. It is reprinted in Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 169-92.]

danger, when it was capital to speak or write in favour of him. It was twice printed;<sup>1</sup> so universally it took.

9th November. We observed our solemn Fast for the calamity of our Church.

12th. I went to see the several drugs for the confection of treacle, dioscordium, and other electuaries, which an ingenious apothecary had not only prepared and ranged on a large and very long table, but covered every ingredient with a sheet of paper, on which was very lively painted the thing in miniature, well to the life, were it plant, flower, animal, or other exotic drug.

15th. Dined with the Dutch Ambassador. He did in a manner acknowledge that his nation mind only their own profit, do nothing out of gratitude, but collaterally as it relates to their gain, or security; and therefore the English were to look for nothing of assistance to the banished King. This was to me no very grateful discourse, though an ingenuous confession.

18th. Mr. Gunning<sup>2</sup> celebrated the wonted Fast, and preached on Phil. ii. 12, 13.

24th. Sir John Evelyn [of Godstone]<sup>3</sup> invited us to the forty-first wedding-day feast, where was much company of friends.

26th. I was introduced into the acquaintance of divers learned and worthy persons, Sir John Marsham,<sup>4</sup> Mr. Dugdale,<sup>5</sup> Mr. Stanley,<sup>6</sup> and others.

9th December. I supped with Mr. Gunning, it being our fast-day, Dr. Fearne, Mr. Thrisco, Mr. Chamberlain, Dr. Henchman,<sup>7</sup> Dr. Wild,<sup>8</sup> and other devout and learned divines, firm confessors, and excellent persons. Note: Most of them since made bishops.

10th. I treated privately with Colonel Morley,<sup>9</sup> then Lieutenant of the Tower,

and in great trust and power, concerning delivering it to the King, and the bringing of him in, to the great hazard of my life, but the Colonel had been my school-fellow, and I knew would not betray me.

12th. I spent in public concerns for his Majesty, pursuing the point to bring over Coloney Morley, and his brother-in-law, Fay, Governor of Portsmouth.

18th. Preached that famous divine, Dr. Sanderson<sup>1</sup> (since Bishop of Lincoln), now eighty years old, on Jer. xxx. 13, concerning the evil of forsaking God.

29th. Came my Lord Count Arundel, of Wardour, to visit me. I went also to see my Lord Viscount Montague.<sup>2</sup>

31st. Settling my domestic affairs in order, blessed God for His infinite mercies and preservations the past year.

ANNUS MIRABILIS, 1659-60: January 1. Begging God's blessings for the following year, I went to Exeter Chapel, when Mr. Gunning began the year on Galatians iv. 3-7, showing the love of Christ in shedding His blood so early for us.

12th. Wrote to Colonel Morley again to declare for his Majesty.

22nd. I went this afternoon to visit Colonel Morley. After dinner I discoursed with him; but he was very jealous,<sup>3</sup> and would not believe that Monck came in to do the King any service; I told him that he might do it without him, and have all the honour. He was still doubtful, and would resolve on nothing yet, so I took leave.

3rd February. Kept the Fast. General Monck came now to London out of Scotland; but no man knew what he would do, or declare, yet he was met on his way by the gentlemen of all the counties which he passed, with petitions that he would recall the old long-interrupted Parliament, and settle the nation in some order, being at this time in most prodigious confusion, and under no government, everybody expecting what would be next, and what he would do.

167). A detailed account of Evelyn's communications with Colonel Morley will be found in Appendix IV.

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Robert Sanderson, 1587-1663, Bishop of Lincoln, 1660-63.]

<sup>2</sup> Francis Browne, third Viscount, *d.* 2nd November, 1682, a zealous royalist.

<sup>3</sup> [Suspicious.]

<sup>1</sup> [There were three editions in the same year.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 195.] <sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 199.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir John Marsham of Cuxton, Kent, 1602-85, writer on chronology. His *Chronicon Canon* was published in 1672. He is said to have been the first to make the Egyptian antiquities intelligible.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]

<sup>6</sup> [Brother to the Earl of Derby, and afterwards killed in a duel (see *post*, under 19th February, 1686).]

<sup>7</sup> [Dr. Humphrey Henchman, 1592-1675, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury and London.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 199.]

<sup>9</sup> Colonel Herbert Morley, 1616-67 (see *ante*, p.



10th February. Now were the gates of the city broken down by General Monck; which exceedingly exasperated the city, the soldiers marching up and down as triumphing over it, and all the old army of the fanatics put out of their posts, and sent out of town.

11th. A signal day. Monck, perceiving how infamous and wretched a pack of knaves would have still usurped the supreme power, and having intelligence that they intended to take away his commission, repenting of what he had done to the city, and where he and his forces were quartered, marches to Whitehall, dissipates that nest of robbers, and convenes the old Parliament, the Rump Parliament (so called as retaining some few rotten members of the other) being dissolved; and for joy whereof were many thousands of rumps roasted publicly in the streets at the bonfires this night,<sup>1</sup> with ringing of bells, and universal jubilee. This was the first good omen.

From 17th February to 5th April, I was detained in bed with a kind of double tertian, the cruel effects of the spleen and other distempers, in that extremity that my physicians, Drs. Wetherborn, Needham,<sup>2</sup> and Claude, were in great doubt of my recovery; but it pleased God to deliver me out of this affliction, for which I render Him hearty thanks: going to church the 8th, and receiving the blessed Eucharist.

During this sickness, came divers of my relations and friends to visit me, and it retarded my going into the country longer than I intended; however, I writ and printed a letter, in defence of his Majesty,<sup>3</sup> against a wicked forged paper, pretended to be sent from Brussels to defame his Majesty's person and virtues, and render him odious, now when everybody was in hope and expectation of the General and Parliament recalling him, and establishing the Government on its ancient and right

basis. The doing this towards the decline of my sickness, and sitting up long in my bed, had caused a small relapse, out of which it yet pleased God also to free me, so as by the 14th I was able to go into the country, which I did to my sweet and native air at Wotton.

3rd May. Came the most happy tidings of his Majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the Parliament, General, and People, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgment, after a most bloody and unreasonable rebellion of near twenty years. Praised be for ever the Lord of Heaven, who only doeth wondrous things, because His mercy endureth for ever.

8th. This day was his Majesty proclaimed in London, etc.

9th. I was desired and designed to accompany my Lord Berkeley with the public address of the Parliament, General, etc., to the King, and invite him to come over and assume his kingly Government, he being now at Breda; but I was yet so weak, I could not make that journey by sea, which was not a little to my detriment, so I went to London to excuse myself, returning the 10th, having yet received a gracious message from his Majesty by Major Scot and Colonel Tuke.

24th. Came to me Colonel Morley, about procuring his pardon, now too late seeing his error and neglect of the counsel I gave him, by which, if he had taken it, he had certainly done the great work with the same ease that Monck did it, who was then in Scotland, and Morley in a post to have done what he pleased, but his jealousy<sup>1</sup> and fear kept him from that blessing and honour. I addressed him to Lord Mordaunt,<sup>2</sup> then in great favour, for his pardon, which he obtained at a cost of £1000, as I heard. O the sottish omission of this gentleman! what did I not undergo of danger in this negotiation, to have brought him over to his Majesty's interest, when it was entirely in his hands!

29th. This day, his Majesty, Charles the Second, came to London, after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being seventeen years. This was also his birthday, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords, and

<sup>1</sup> Pamphlets with cuts representing this special turn of the popular heats were printed at the time.

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 192.]

<sup>3</sup> *The late News from Brussels unmasked, and His Majesty vindicated from the base calumny and scandal therein fixed on him, 1660.* This, and the tract by Marchamont Needham which gave rise to it, are reprinted in the *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 193-204.

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 202.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 193.]

shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the Companies, in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles, clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies, all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from two in the afternoon till nine at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him: but it was the Lord's doing, for such a restoration was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyful a day and so bright ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was past all human policy.

*4th June.* I received letters of Sir Richard Browne's landing at Dover,<sup>1</sup> and also letters from the Queen, which I was to deliver at Whitehall, not as yet presenting myself to his Majesty, by reason of the infinite concourse of people. The eagerness of men, women, and children, to see his Majesty, and kiss his hands, was so great, that he had scarce leisure to eat for some days, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the King being as willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free access to all sorts of people.

Addressing myself to the Duke,<sup>2</sup> I was carried to his Majesty, when very few noblemen were with him, and kissed his hands, being very graciously received. I then returned home, to meet Sir Richard Browne, who came not till the 8th, after nineteen years' exile, during all which time he kept up in his chapel the liturgy and offices of the Church of England, to his no small honour, and in a time when it was so low, and as many thought utterly lost, that in various controversies both with Papists and Sectaries, our divines used to argue for the visibility of the Church, from his chapel and congregation.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 28.]

<sup>2</sup> [Of York.]

I was all this week to and fro at court about business.

*16th.* The French, Italian, and Dutch Ministers came to make their addresses to his Majesty, one Monsieur Stoope pronouncing the harangue with great eloquence.

*18th.* I proposed the embassy of Constantinople for Mr. Henshaw; but my Lord Winchelsea struck in.<sup>1</sup>

Goods that had been pillaged from Whitehall during the Rebellion, were now daily brought in, and restored upon proclamation; as plate, hangings, pictures, etc.

*22nd.* The Warwickshire gentlemen (as did all the shires and chief towns in all the three nations) presented their congratulatory Address. It was carried by my Lord Northampton.<sup>2</sup>

*30th.* The Sussex gentlemen presented their Address, to which was my hand. I went with it, and kissed his Majesty's hand, who was pleased to own me more particularly by calling me his old acquaintance and speaking very graciously to me.

*3rd July.* I went to Hyde Park, where was his Majesty, and abundance of gallantry.

*4th.* I heard Sir Samuel Tuke<sup>3</sup> harangue to the House of Lords, in behalf of the Roman Catholics, and his account of the transaction at Colchester in murdering Lord Capel,<sup>4</sup> and the rest of those brave men, that suffered in cold blood, after articles of rendition.

*5th.* I saw his Majesty go with as much pomp and splendour as any earthly prince could do to the great City feast, the first they had invited him to since his return; but the exceeding rain which fell all that day much eclipsed its lustres. This was at Guildhall, and there was also all the Parliament-men, both Lords and Commons. The streets were adorned with pageants, at immense cost.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 187. It was on his return from this embassy that Lord Winchelsea, visiting Sicily, was an eye-witness of the dreadful eruption of Mount Etna in 1669, a short account of which was afterwards published in a small pamphlet, with a cut by Hollar of the mountain, etc.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 200. On Restoration Day Lord Northampton had headed a band of two hundred gentlemen in grey and blue to welcome the King.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151. He had become a Roman Catholic.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 165.]

6th July. His Majesty began first to *touch for the evil*!<sup>1</sup> according to custom, thus : his Majesty sitting under his state in the Banqueting-house, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought, or led, up to the throne, where they kneeling, the King strokes their faces, or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplain in his formalities says, "He put his hands upon them, and he healed them." This is said to every one in particular. When they have been all touched, they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplain, kneeling, and having angel gold<sup>2</sup> strung on white ribbon on his arm, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, "That is the true light who came into the world." Then follows, an epistle (as at first a Gospel) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration ; lastly the blessing ; and then the Lord Chamberlain and the Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer and towel, for his Majesty to wash.

The King received a congratulatory address from the city of Cologne, in Germany, where he had been some time in his exile ; his Majesty saying they were the best people in the world, the most kind and worthy to him that he ever met with.

I recommended Monsieur Messary to be Judge Advocate in Jersey, by the Vice-Chamberlain's mediation with the Earl of St. Albans ;<sup>3</sup> and saluted my excellent

<sup>1</sup> [According to Macaulay, Charles II. touched during his reign "near a hundred thousand persons," at a cost (in angels) of little less than ten thousand a year (*History*, ch. xiv.). The service appeared in the Prayer Book up to 1719. There is a long account of this practice, which continued until 1714, in Chambers's *Book of Days*, 1883. i. pp. 82-85. (See also Pepys, under June 23, 1660, and April 13, 1661.)]

<sup>2</sup> Pieces of money, so called from the figure of an angel on them. [The identical touch-piece given by Queen Anne to Dr. Johnson, whom she touched, is preserved at the British Museum ; and some interesting particulars respecting post-Restoration touch-pieces in general are said to be contained in a note prepared by the late Mr. R. W. Cochran-Patrick for the Numismatic Society, November 16, 1905.]

<sup>3</sup> [Henry Jermy, first Earl of St. Albans, *d.* 1684, afterwards Ambassador at Paris. He had accompanied Henrietta Maria to France in 1644 (*ante*, p. 47), and been her secretary and the commander of her body-guard. (See *post*, under 18th September, 1683.)]

and worthy noble friend, my Lord Ossory,<sup>1</sup> son to the Marquis of Ormonde, after many years' absence returned home.

8th. Mr. Henchman<sup>2</sup> preached on Ephes. v. 5, concerning Christian circumspection. From henceforth, was the Liturgy publicly used in our churches, whence it had been for so many years banished.

15th. Came Sir George Carteret<sup>3</sup> and Lady to visit us : he was now Treasurer of the Navy.

28th. I heard his Majesty's speech in the Lords' House, on passing the Bills of Tonnage and Poundage ; restoration of my Lord Ormonde to his estate in Ireland ; concerning the Commission of Sewers, and continuance of the Excise.—In the afternoon, I saluted my old friend, the Archbishop of Armagh, formerly of Londonderry (Dr. Bramhall).<sup>4</sup> He presented several Irish divines to be promoted as Bishops in that kingdom, most of the bishops in the three kingdoms being now almost worn out, and the sees vacant.

31st. I went to visit Sir Philip Warwick,<sup>5</sup> now Secretary to the Lord Treasurer, at his house in North Cray.

19th August. Our Vicar read the Thirty-nine Articles to the congregation, the national assemblies beginning now to settle, and wanting instruction.

23rd. Came Duke Hamilton,<sup>6</sup> Lord

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 153.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 202.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

<sup>4</sup> John Bramhall, 1594-1663. He was made Bishop of Derry in 1634 ; but in 1641 his conduct laid him open to charges of high treason, and he found it necessary to quit the country, till the return of Charles II., when he was created Archbishop of Armagh. His works were published in 1677. Evelyn subsequently refers (see *post*, under 18th April, 1686) to a curious letter of Bramhall's on the Irish Catholics, which caused the suppression of the book in which it appeared.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Philip Warwick, 1609-83. He had been Charles I.'s secretary at the Isle of Wight. He was returned for Westminster at the Restoration, and obtained the office of Secretary to the Lord Treasurer, which brought him into frequent communication with Evelyn. He had found time to write *A Discourse of Government* (published 1694), and *Memoires of the Reign of King Charles I.*, etc. (published 1701), the last containing some curious anecdotes, and the most graphic existing account of Cromwell's first speech in the House of Commons.

<sup>6</sup> [William Douglas, third Duke of Hamilton, 1635-94, father of Duke Hamilton in Thackeray's *Esmond*.]

Lothian,<sup>1</sup> and several Scottish Lords, to see my garden.

25<sup>th</sup> August. Colonel Spencer, Colonel of a regiment of horse in our county of Kent, sent to me, and entreated that I would take a commission for a troop of horse, and that I would nominate my Lieutenant and Ensigns; I thanked him for the honour intended me; but would by no means undertake the trouble.

4<sup>th</sup> September. I was invited to an ordination by the Bishop of Bangor,<sup>2</sup> in Henry VII.'s chapel, Westminster, and afterwards saw the audience of an Envoy from the Duke of Anjou, sent to compliment his Majesty's return.

5<sup>th</sup>. Came to visit and dine with me the Envoy of the King of Poland, and Resident of the King of Denmark, etc.

7<sup>th</sup>. I went to Chelsea to visit Mr. Boyle,<sup>3</sup> and see his pneumatic engine perform divers experiments. Thence, to Kensington, to visit Mr. Henshaw,<sup>4</sup> returning home that evening.

13<sup>th</sup>. I saw in Southwark, at St. Margaret's fair,<sup>5</sup> monkeys and apes dance, and do other feats of activity, on the high rope; they were gallantly clad *à la mode*, went upright, saluted the company bowing and pulling off their hats, they saluted one another with as good a grace, as if instructed by a dancing-master; they turned heels over head with a basket having eggs in it, without breaking any; also, with lighted candles in their hands, and on their heads, without extinguishing them, and with vessels of water without spilling a drop. I also saw an Italian wench dance, and perform all the tricks on the high rope, to admiration; all the court went to see her. Likewise, here was a man who took up a piece of iron cannon of about 400 lb. weight with the hair of his head only.

17<sup>th</sup>. Went to London, to see the splendid entry of the Prince de Ligne, Ambassador Extraordinary from Spain; he was General of the Spanish Kings'

horse in Flanders, and was accompanied with divers great persons from thence, and an innumerable retinue. His train consisted of seventeen coaches, with six horses of his own, besides a great number of English, etc. Greater bravery had I never seen. He was received in the Banqueting-house, in exceeding state, all the great officers of Court attending.

23<sup>rd</sup>. In the midst of all this joy and jubilee, the Duke of Gloucester<sup>1</sup> died of the small-pox, in the prime of youth, and a prince of extraordinary hopes.

27<sup>th</sup>. The King received the merchants' addresses in his closet, giving them assurances of his persisting to keep Jamaica, choosing Sir Edward Massey, Governor. In the afternoon, the Danish Ambassador's condolences were presented, on the death of the Duke of Gloucester. This evening, I saw the Princess Royal,<sup>2</sup> mother to the Prince of Orange, now come out of Holland in a fatal period.

6<sup>th</sup> October. I paid the great tax of poll-money, levied for disbanding the army, till now kept up. I paid as an Esquire £10, and one shilling for every servant in my house.

7<sup>th</sup>. There dined with me a French Count with Sir George Tuke,<sup>3</sup> who came to take leave of me, being sent over to the Queen-Mother,<sup>4</sup> to break the marriage of the Duke with the daughter of Chancellor Hyde.<sup>5</sup> The Queen would fain have undone it; but it seems matters were reconciled, on great offers of the Chancellor's to befriend the Queen, who was much in debt, and was now to have the settlement of her affairs go through his hands.

11<sup>th</sup>. The regicides who sat on the life of our late King, were brought to trial in the old Bailey, before a commission of Oyer and Terminer.

14<sup>th</sup>. Axtall, Carew, Clement, Hacker, Hewson, and Peters, were executed.

17<sup>th</sup>. Scot, Scroop, Cook, and Jones,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 190.]

<sup>2</sup> [William Roberts, 1585-1665.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 204.]

<sup>5</sup> [Our Lady fair, held on St. Margaret's-hill in Southwark on the day after Bartholomew fair. Nominally confined to three days, it generally lasted fourteen. Hogarth drew it in 1733. It was suppressed in 1762.]

<sup>1</sup> [Henry, Duke of Gloucester, 1639-60 (Henry of Oatlands), the King's brother. He had fought in Flanders.]

<sup>2</sup> [Mary, daughter of Charles I., married to William, Prince of Orange, and mother of William III.]

<sup>3</sup> [Query.—Sir Samuel Tuke. See *ante*, p. 204.]

<sup>4</sup> [Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I.]

<sup>5</sup> [It had been contracted at Breda in 1659 (see *post*, under 22nd December, 1660).]

suffered for reward of their iniquities at Charing Cross, in sight of the place where they put to death their natural prince, and in the presence of the King his son, whom they also sought to kill. I saw not their execution, but met their quarters, mangled, and cut, and reeking, as they were brought from the gallows in baskets on the hurdle. Oh, the miraculous providence of God!

28th October. His Majesty went to meet the Queen-Mother.

29th. Going to London, my Lord Mayor's show stopped me in Cheapside; one of the pageants represented a great wood, with the royal oak, and history of his Majesty's miraculous escape at Boscobel.

31st. Arrived now to my fortieth year, I rendered to Almighty God my due and hearty thanks.

1st November. I went with some of my relations to Court, to show them his Majesty's cabinet and closet of rarities; the rare miniatures of Peter Oliver, after Raphael, Titian, and other masters, which I infinitely esteem; also, that large piece of the Duchess of Lennox, done in enamel, by Petitot, and a vast number of agates, onyxes, and intaglios, especially a medalion of Cæsar, as broad as my hand; likewise, rare cabinets of *pietra-commessa*, a landscape of needle-work; formerly presented by the Dutch to King Charles the First. Here I saw a vast book of maps, in a volume near four yards large; a curious ship model; and, amongst the clocks, one that showed the rising and setting of the sun in the zodiac; the sun represented by a face and rays of gold, upon an azure sky, observing the diurnal and annual motion, rising and setting behind a landscape of hills, the work of our famous Fromantil;<sup>1</sup> and several other rarities.

3rd. Arrived the Queen-Mother in Eng-

<sup>1</sup> [John Fromentel (or, as also spelled, Fromantil, Fromanteel, and Fromantil) was a Dutchman. He is credited with constructing the first pendulum clock in England. In the *Commonwealth Mercury* for Thursday, 25th November, 1668, is the following, which suggests further variation of the name:—Pendulum clocks are said to be "made by Ahasuerus Eromanteel, who made the first that were in England. Yqu may have them at his house in Mopes Alley, Southwark, and at the sign of the 'Maremaid' in Lothbury, near Bartholomew Lane end, London" (E. J. Wood's *Curiosities of Clocks and Watches*, 1866, pp. 71, 98). See *post*, under 3rd May, 1661.]

land, whence she had been banished almost twenty years;<sup>1</sup> together with her illustrious daughter, the Princess Henrietta,<sup>2</sup> divers Princes and Noblemen accompanying them.

15th. I kissed the Queen-Mother's hand.

20th. I dined at the Clerk Comptroller's of the Green Cloth,<sup>3</sup> being the first day of the re-establishment of the Court diet, and settling of his Majesty's household.

23rd. Being this day in the bedchamber of the Princess Henrietta, where were many great beauties and noblemen, I saluted divers of my old friends and acquaintances abroad; his Majesty carrying my wife to salute the Queen and Princess, and then led her into his closet, and with his own hands showed her divers curiosities.

25th. Dr. Rainbow preached before the King, on Luke ii. 14, of the glory to be given God for all his mercies, especially for restoring the Church and Government; now the service was performed with music, voices, etc., as formerly.

27th. Came down the Clerk Comptroller [of the Green Cloth] by the Lord Steward's appointment, to survey the land at Sayes Court, on which I had pretence, and to make his report.<sup>4</sup>

6th December. I waited on my brother and sister Evelyn to Court. Now were presented to his Majesty these two rare pieces of drollery,<sup>5</sup> or rather a Dutch Kitchen, painted by Dow, so finely as hardly to be distinguished from enamel. I was also showed divers rich jewels and crystal vases; the rare head of Jo. Bellino, Titian's master; "Christ in the Garden," by Annibale Caracci; two incomparable heads, by Holbein; the Queen-Mother in

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 47. *La Reine malheureuse*—as she called herself, when she saw the Banqueting-house—arrived in London, 12th November, N.S. She was now, says Pepys, on the 22nd, "a very little, plain, old woman."]

<sup>2</sup> ["Madame" (see *ante*, p. 47.) Pepys thought her "very pretty," though (as was fitting) not so handsome as his wife.]

<sup>3</sup> [Mr. Crane (see *post*, p. 208).]

<sup>4</sup> Up to this time it was still the usage to supply the King's Household with corn and cattle from the different counties; and upon oxen being sent up, pasture-grounds of the King, near town, were allotted for them; among these were lands at Deptford, and Tottenham Court, which were under the direction of the Lord Steward and Board of Green Cloth. Sir Richard Browne had the keeping of the lands at Deptford.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 13.]

a miniature, almost as big as the life; an exquisite piece of carving; two unicorn's horns, etc. This in the closet.

13<sup>th</sup> December. I presented my son, John,<sup>1</sup> to the Queen-Mother, who kissed him, talked with and made extraordinary much of him.

14<sup>th</sup>. I visited my Lady Chancellor, the Marchioness of Ormonde,<sup>2</sup> and Countess of Guildford,<sup>3</sup> all of whom we had known abroad in exile.

18<sup>th</sup>. I carried Mr. Spellman, a most ingenious gentleman, grandchild to the learned Sir Henry, to my Lord Mordaunt, to whom I had recommended him as Secretary.

21<sup>st</sup>. This day died the Princess of Orange,<sup>4</sup> of the small-pox, which entirely altered the face and gallantry of the whole Court.

22<sup>nd</sup>. The marriage of the Chancellor's daughter being now newly owned, I went to see her, she being Sir Richard Browne's intimate acquaintance when she waited on the Princess of Orange; she was now at her father's, at Worcester House, in the Strand.<sup>5</sup> We all kissed her hand, as did also my Lord Chamberlain (Manchester) and Countess of Northumberland. This was a strange change—can it succeed well?—I spent the evening at St. James's, whither the Princess Henrietta was retired during the fatal sickness of her sister, the Princess of Orange,<sup>6</sup> now come over to salute the King her brother. The Princess gave my wife an extraordinary compliment and gracious acceptance, for the *Character*<sup>7</sup> she had presented her the day before, and which was afterwards printed.

25<sup>th</sup>. Preached at the Abbey, Dr. Earle,<sup>8</sup> Clerk of his Majesty's Closet, and my

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 185.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 153.]

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth, daughter of William, first Earl of Denbigh, married to Lewis, Viscount Boyle, who fell at the battle of Lisacarrill, in 1642. She was advanced to the Peerage for life, on the 14<sup>th</sup> July, 1660, as Countess of Guildford, and died in 1673.

<sup>4</sup> [The Princess of Orange (Princess Royal), 1631-60, died 24<sup>th</sup> December.]

<sup>5</sup> [Which Clarendon rented of the Marquis of Worcester. Here on the 3<sup>rd</sup> September, 1660, between 11 and 2 at night, Anne Hyde was married to the Duke of York according to the rites of the English Church.]

<sup>6</sup> [See above, 21<sup>st</sup> December.]

<sup>7</sup> *A Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Noble Man of France*, 1659, reprinted in Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 141-67.

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

dear friend, now Dean of Westminster, on Luke ii. 13, 14, condoling the breach made in the public joy by the lamented death of the Princess.

30<sup>th</sup> December. I dined at Court with Mr. Crane,<sup>1</sup> Clerk of the Green Cloth.

31<sup>st</sup>. I gave God thanks for His many signal mercies to myself, Church, and nation, this wonderful year.

1660-1: 2<sup>nd</sup> January. The Queen-Mother, with the Princess Henrietta, began her journey to Portsmouth, in order to her return into France.<sup>2</sup>

5<sup>th</sup>. I visited my Lord Chancellor Clarendon, with whom I had been well acquainted abroad.

6<sup>th</sup>. Dr. Allestree<sup>3</sup> preached at the Abbey, after which four bishops were consecrated, Hereford, Norwich, . . .

This night was suppressed a bloody insurrection of some Fifth-Monarchy enthusiasts.<sup>4</sup> Some of them were examined at the Council the next day; but could say nothing to extenuate their madness and unwarrantable zeal.

I was now chosen (and nominated by his Majesty for one of the Council), by suffrage of the rest of the Members, a Fellow of the Philosophic Society now meeting at Gresham College, where was an assembly of divers learned gentlemen.<sup>5</sup> This being the first meeting since the King's return; but it had been begun some years before at Oxford, and was continued with interruption here in London during the Rebellion.

There was another rising of the fanatics, in which some were slain.

16<sup>th</sup>. I went to the Philosophic Club,<sup>6</sup> where was examined the Torricellian experiment. I presented my Circle of Mechanical Trades, and had recommended to me the publishing what I had written of chalcography.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 207.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 207. At Portsmouth the Princess Henrietta fell ill, and they did not start until the 25<sup>th</sup>.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Richard Allestree, 1619-81, Canon of Christ Church, and reputed author of the *Whole Duty of Man*.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 194.]

<sup>5</sup> [I.e. the Royal Society.]

<sup>6</sup> [At Gresham College, the germ of the Royal Society. The club had previously met at the Bull Head Tavern in Cheapside.]

<sup>7</sup> See *post*, under 10<sup>th</sup> June, 1662.

25<sup>th</sup> January. After divers years since I had seen any play, I went to see acted *The Scornful Lady*, at a new theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.<sup>1</sup>

30<sup>th</sup>. Was the first solemn fast and day of humiliation to deplore the sins which had so long provoked God against this afflicted church and people, ordered by Parliament to be annually celebrated to expiate the guilt of the execrable murder of the late King.

This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch-rebels, Cromwell, Bradshaw (the judge who condemned his Majesty), and Ireton (son-in-law to the Usurper), dragged out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburn, and hanged on the gallows there from nine in the morning till six at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deep pit; thousands of people who had seen them in all their pride being spectators. Look back at October 22, 1658,<sup>2</sup> and be astonished! and fear God and honour the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!

6<sup>th</sup> February. To London, to our Society, where I gave notice of the visit of the Danish Ambassador Extraordinary, and was ordered to return him their acceptance of that honour, and to invite him the next meeting day.

10<sup>th</sup>. Dr. Boldero<sup>3</sup> preached at Ely-house, on Matthew vi. 33, of seeking early the kingdom of God; after sermon, the Bishop (Dr. Wren)<sup>4</sup> gave us the blessing, very pontifically.

13<sup>th</sup>. I conducted the Danish Ambassador to our meeting at Gresham College,<sup>5</sup> where were showed him various experiments *in vacuo*, and other curiosities.

21<sup>st</sup>. Prince Rupert<sup>6</sup> first showed me how to grave in *mezzo tinto*.

<sup>1</sup> [A comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1616. The theatre was *The Duke's Playhouse* in Portugal Row (originally Lisle's Tennis Court.)]

<sup>2</sup> *Ante*, p. 200: the entry in the *Diary* describing the Protector's funeral.

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Edmund Boldero, 1608-79, afterwards master of Jesus College, Cambridge.]

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. Matthew Wren, 1585-1667, Bishop of Ely.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *supra*, 16th January.]

<sup>6</sup> [Prince Rupert, 1599-82, third son of Frederick, Elector Palatine and titular King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James I. He long passed as the inventor of mezzotint engraving, which he had learned at Brussels from Ludwig von Siegen,

26<sup>th</sup>. I went to Lord Mordaunt's, at Parson's Green.<sup>1</sup>

27<sup>th</sup>. Ash-Wednesday. Preached before the King the Bishop of London (Dr. Sheldon)<sup>2</sup> on Matthew xviii. 25, concerning charity and forgiveness.

8<sup>th</sup> March. I went to my Lord Chancellor's, and delivered to him the state of my concernment at Sayes Court.

9<sup>th</sup>. I went with that excellent person and philosopher, Sir Robert Murray,<sup>3</sup> to visit Mr. Boyle at Chelsea, and saw divers effects of the eolipile for weighing air.<sup>4</sup>

13<sup>th</sup>. I went to Lambeth, with Sir R. Browne's pretence to the Wardenship of Merton College, Oxford, to which, as having been about forty years before a student of that House, he was elected by the votes of every Fellow except one: but the statutes of the House being so that, unless every Fellow agree, the election devolves to the Visitor, who is the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Juxon),<sup>5</sup> his Grace gave him nomination to Sir T. Clayton, resident there, and the Physic Professor; for which I was not at all displeased, because, though Sir Richard missed it by much ingratitude and wrong of the Archbishop (Clayton being no Fellow), yet it would have hindered Sir Richard from attending at Court to settle his greater concerns, and so have prejudiced me, though he was much inclined to have passed his time in a collegiate life, very unfit for him at that time, for many reasons. So I took leave of his Grace, who was formerly Lord Treasurer in the reign of Charles I.<sup>6</sup>

an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, 1609-76? There is a head of an executioner, after Spagnoletto, by Prince Rupert, in Evelyn's *Sculptura*.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 193. The house was Peterborough House, which remained in the family until the eighteenth century, when it was sold to Mr. Heavise, a timber merchant, who a few years after transferred it to Mr. Merrick, an army agent. It was then pulled down, to make way for a new building.

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, 1598-1677, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.]

<sup>3</sup> [One of the constitutors of the Royal Society.]

<sup>4</sup> [More accurately æolipile. It is said to have been invented by Hero of Alexandria in the second century B.C.]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. William Juxon, 1582-1663; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1660-63. He had been Lord High Treasurer, 1636-41.]

<sup>6</sup> [At Wotton House is preserved the crimson velvet Prayer Book used by the King on the

This afternoon, Prince Rupert showed me, with his own hands, the new way of graving, called *mezzo tinto*, which afterwards, by his permission, I published in my *History of Chalcography*;<sup>1</sup> this set so many artists on work, that they soon arrived to the perfection it is since come, emulating the tenderest miniatures.

Our Society now gave in my relation of the Peak of Teneriffe, in the Great Canaries, to be added to more queries concerning divers natural things reported of that island.

I returned home with my Cousin, Tuke,<sup>2</sup> now going for France, as sent by his Majesty to condole the death of that great Minister and politician, Count Mazarin.

29th March. Dr. Heylyn (author of the *Geography*)<sup>3</sup> preached at the Abbey, on Cant. v. 25, concerning friendship and charity; he was, I think, at this time quite dark [blind], and so had been for some years.

31st. This night, his Majesty promised to make my wife Lady of the Jewels (a very honourable charge) to the future Queen (but which he never performed).

1st April. I dined with that great mathematician and virtuoso, Monsieur Zulichem,<sup>4</sup> inventor of the pendule clock, and discoverer of the phenomenon of Saturn's annulus: he was elected into our Society.

19th. To London, and saw the Bath-ing and rest of the ceremonies of the Knights of the Bath, preparatory to the coronation; it was in the Painted Chamber, Westminster. I might have received this honour; but declined it. The rest of the ceremony was in the chapel at Whitehall, when their swords being laid on the altar, the Bishop delivered them.

22nd. Was the splendid cavalcade of his Majesty from the Tower of London to Whitehall, when I saw him in the

scaffold (30th January, 1649). It was given by Juxon to Sir Richard Browne.]

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 208; and *post*, under 10th June, 1662.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 204. Cardinal Mazarin died 9th March, 1661.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Peter Heylyn, 1600-62. His *Geography* had appeared in 1627.]

<sup>4</sup> [Christian Huygens van Zulichem (Hugenius), 1629-95, the mathematician and astronomer. He was in England at this date (see also *post*, under 3rd May, 1661).]

Banqueting-house create six Earls, and as many Barons, viz.

Edward Lord Hyde,<sup>1</sup> Lord Chancellor, Earl of Clarendon; supported by the Earls of Northumberland and Sussex; the Earl of Bedford carried the cap and coronet, the Earl of Warwick, the sword, the Earl of Newport, the mantle.

Next, was Capel, created Earl of Essex.

Brudenell,	.	.	Cardigan;
Valentia,	.	.	Anglesea;
Grenville, <sup>2</sup>	.	.	Bath; and
Howard,	.	.	Earl of Carlisle. <sup>3</sup>

The Barons were: Denzil Holles;<sup>4</sup> Cornwallis;<sup>5</sup> Booth; Townsend; Cooper; Crew; who were led up by several Peers, with Garter and officers of arms before them; when, after obedience on their several approaches to the throne, their

<sup>1</sup> "In the following year [1656 or 1657] some attempts were made to remove the Chancellor [Hyde], by accusing him of betraying his Majesty's Counsells, and holding correspondence with Cromwell: but these allegations were so trivial and frivolous, that they manifestly appear'd to be nothing but the effects of malice against him, and therefore produced the contrary effects to those which some desired, and strengthen'd the King's kindness to him; as giving him just occasion to believe, that these suggestions against him, proceeded all from one and the same cause, namely, from the ambition which some people had, to enter in his room to the first trust of his Majesty's affairs, if once they could remove him from that Station."—Clarke's *Life of James the Second*, 1816, vol. 1. p. 274.

<sup>2</sup> John Grenville, 1628-1701, was the son of the celebrated Royalist general, Sir Bevil Grenville, by whoside he had fought in several battles with great gallantry. During the Protectorate he had acted as Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II., for whom he conducted negotiations with Monck.

<sup>3</sup> The new Earl of Carlisle was Charles, created Baron Dacre, Viscount and first Earl of Carlisle, 1629-85, who held several important offices. He was Ambassador to the Czar of Muscovy, and was afterwards sent with the Order of the Garter to Charles XII., King of Sweden. He was also Governor of Jamaica, 1677-81.

<sup>4</sup> Denzil Holles, 1599-1680, was second son of John, first Earl of Clare, and at the commencement of his career vigorously opposed in Parliament the arbitrary measures of Charles I.; but during the Commonwealth he sought to restore the monarchy, for which as we now see, he was created Baron Holles. He was employed as Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France, 1663-66, and Plenipotentiary at the Treaty of Breda. Nevertheless, he subsequently was held to have gone round to his old opinions, and was again under disfavour as a patriot in the latter days of his life.

<sup>5</sup> Cornwallis was Sir Frederick Cornwallis, Bart., d. 1662, here for his services to Charles I. and Charles II. created Baron Cornwallis, of Eye.



patents were presented by Garter King-at-Arms, which being received by the Lord Chamberlain, and delivered to his Majesty, and by him to the Secretary of State, were read, and then again delivered to his Majesty, and by him to the several Lords created; they were then robed, their coronets and collars put on by his Majesty, and they were placed in rank on both sides the state and throne; but the Barons put off their caps and circles, and held them in their hands, the Earls keeping on their coronets, as cousins to the King.

I spent the rest of the evening in seeing the several arch-triumphals built in the streets at several eminent places through which his Majesty was next day to pass, some of which, though temporary, and to stand but one year, were of good invention and architecture, with inscriptions.

*23rd April.* Was the Coronation of his Majesty Charles the Second in the Abbey Church of Westminster; at all which ceremony I was present. The King and his Nobility went to the Tower, I accompanying my Lord Viscount Mordaunt<sup>1</sup> part of the way; this was on Sunday, the 22nd; but indeed his Majesty went not till early this morning, and proceeded from thence to Westminster, in this order:<sup>2</sup>

First, went the Duke of York's Horse Guards. Messengers of the Chamber. 136 Esquires to the Knights of the Bath, each of whom had two, most richly habited. The Knight Harbinger. Serjeant Porter. Sewers of the Chamber. Quarter Waiters. Six Clerks of Chancery. Clerk of the Signet. Clerk of the Privy Seal. Clerks of the Council, of the Parliament, and of the Crown. Chaplains in ordinary having dignities, 10. King's Advocates and Remembrancer. Council at Law. Masters of the Chancery. Puisse Serjeants. King's Attorney and Solicitor. King's eldest Serjeant. Secretaries of the French and Latin tongue. Gentlemen Ushers. Daily Waiters, Sewers, Carveis, and Cupbearers

in ordinary. Esquires of the body, 4. Masters of standing offices, being no Counsellors, viz. of the Tents, Revels, Ceremonies, Armoury, Wardrobe, Ordnance, Requests. Chamberlain of the Exchequer. Barons of the Exchequer. Judges. Lord Chief-Baron. Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas. Master of the Rolls. Lord Chief-Justice of England. Trumpets. Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. Knights of the Bath, 68, in crimson robes, exceeding rich, and the noblest show of the whole cavalcade, his Majesty excepted. Knight Marshal. Treasurer of the Chamber. Master of the Jewels. Lords of the Privy Council. Comptroller of the Household. Treasurer of the Household. Trumpets. Serjeant Trumpet. Two Pursuivants at Arms. Barons. Two Pursuivants at Arms. Viscounts. Two Heralds. Earls. Lord Chamberlain of the Household. Two Heralds. Marquises. Dukes. Heralds. Clarencieux and Norroy. Lord Chancellor. Lord High Steward of England. Two persons representing the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine, viz. Sir Richard Fanshawe<sup>1</sup> and Sir Herbert Price, in fantastic habits of the time. Gentlemen Ushers. Garter. Lord Mayor of London. The Duke of York alone (the rest by two's). Lord High Constable of England. Lord Great Chamberlain of England. The sword borne by the Earl Marshal of England. The KING, in royal robes and equipage. Afterwards, followed equerries, footmen, gentlemen pensioners. Master of the Horse, leading a horse richly caparisoned. Vice-Chamberlain. Captain of the Pensioners. Captain of the Guard. The Guard. The Horse-Guard. The troop of Volunteers, with many other officers and gentlemen.

This magnificent train on horseback, as rich as embroidery, velvet, cloth of gold and silver, and jewels, could make them and their prancing horses, proceeded through the streets strewed with flowers, houses hung with rich tapestry, windows and balconies full of ladies; the London militia lining the ways, and the several companies, with their banners and loud music, ranked in their orders; the fountains running wine, bells ringing, with speeches made at the several triumphal arches; at that of the Temple Bar (near

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 193.]

<sup>2</sup> A full account of this ceremony, with elaborate engravings, by Hollar and others, appeared in 1662 in a folio volume published by John Ogilby, the "King's Cosmographer," 1600-76. [Its title was—*The Entertainment of his most excellent majesty Charles II., in his passage through the city of London to his coronation.*] Ogilby was entrusted with the "poetical part" of the show.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 165.]

which I stood) the Lord Mayor was received by the Bailiff of Westminster, who, in a scarlet robe, made a speech. Thence, with joyful acclamations, his Majesty passed to Whitehall. Bonfires at night.

The next day, being St. George's, he went by water to Westminster Abbey. When his Majesty was entered, the Dean and Prebendaries brought all the regalia, and delivered them to several noblemen to bear before the King, who met them at the west door of the church, singing an anthem, to the choir. Then, came the peers, in their robes, and coronets in their hands, till his Majesty was placed on a throne elevated before the altar. Afterwards, the Bishop of London<sup>1</sup> (the Archbishop of Canterbury being sick)<sup>2</sup> went to every side of the throne to present the King to the people, asking if they would have him for their King, and do him homage; at this, they shouted four times "God save King Charles the Second!" Then, an anthem was sung. His Majesty, attended by three Bishops, went up to the altar, and he offered a pall and a pound of gold. Afterwards, he sat down in another chair during the sermon, which was preached by Dr. Morley, Bishop of Worcester.<sup>3</sup>

After sermon, the King took his oath before the altar to maintain the religion, Magna Charta, and laws of the land. The hymn *Veni S. Sp.* followed, and then the Litany by two Bishops. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, present but much indisposed and weak, said "Lift up your hearts"; at which, the King rose up, and put off his robes and upper garments, and was in a waistcoat so opened in divers places, that the Archbishop might commodiously anoint him, first in the palms of his hands, when an anthem was sung, and a prayer read; then, his breast and betwixt the shoulders, bending of both arms; and, lastly, on the crown of the head, with apposite hymns and prayers at each anointing; this done, the Dean closed and buttoned up the waistcoat. After which, was a coif put on, and the cobbium, sindon or dalmatic, and over this a super-tunic of cloth of gold, with buskins and sandals of the same, spurs, and the sword; a prayer

being first said over it by the Archbishop on the altar, before it was girt on by the Lord Chamberlain. Then, the armill, mantle, etc. Then, the Archbishop placed the crown-imperial on the altar, prayed over it, and set it on his Majesty's head, at which all the Peers put on their coronets. Anthems, and rare music, with lutes, viols, trumpets, organs, and voices, were then heard, and the Archbishop put on a ring on his Majesty's finger. The King next offered his sword on the altar, which being redeemed, was drawn, and borne before him. Then, the Archbishop delivered him the sceptre with the dove in one hand, and, in the other, the sceptre with the globe. The King kneeling, the Archbishop pronounced the blessing. His Majesty then ascending again his royal throne, whilst *Te Deum* was singing, all the Peers did their homage, by every one touching his crown. The Archbishop, and the rest of the Bishops, first kissing the King; who received the Holy Sacrament, and so disrobed, yet with the crown-imperial on his head, and accompanied with all the nobility in the former order, he went on foot upon blue cloth, which was spread and reached from the west door of the Abbey to Westminster stairs, when he took water in a triumphal barge to Whitehall, where was extraordinary feasting.

24th April. I presented his Majesty with his "Panegyric"<sup>1</sup> in the Privy Chamber, which he was pleased to accept most graciously; I gave copies to the Lord Chancellor, and most of the noblemen who came to me for it. I dined at the Marquis of Ormonde's, where was a magnificent feast, and many great persons.

1st May. I went to Hyde Park to take the air, where was his Majesty and an innumerable appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now a time of universal festivity and joy.

2nd. I had audience of my Lord Chancellor<sup>2</sup> about my title to Sayes Court.

3rd. I went to see the wonderful engine for weaving silk stockings, said to have been

<sup>1</sup> [A Poem upon his Majesties Coronation the 23 of April, 1661, being St. Georges day. London: 1661. From a letter of this date from Lord Mordaunt to Evelyn, it seems that King Charles had nervously inquired, first, whether the "panegyric" was in Latin, and secondly whether it was long.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 210.]

<sup>1</sup> [Sheldon (see ante, p. 209).]

<sup>2</sup> [Juxon (see ante, p. 209).]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 152. He was not translated to Winchester until 1662.]

the invention of an Oxford scholar forty years since;<sup>1</sup> and I returned by Fromantill's,<sup>2</sup> the famous clock-maker, to see some pendules, Monsieur Zulichem being with us.

This evening, I was with my Lord Brouncker,<sup>3</sup> Sir Robert Murray,<sup>4</sup> Sir Paul Neile,<sup>5</sup> Monsieur Zulichem,<sup>6</sup> and Bull (all of them of our Society, and excellent mathematicians), to show his Majesty, who was present, Saturn's annulus, as some thought, but as Zulichem affirmed with his Balteus (as that learned gentleman had published), very near eclipsed by the moon, near the Mons Porphyritis; also, Jupiter and satellites, through his Majesty's great telescope, drawing thirty-five feet; on which were divers discourses.

8th May. His Majesty rode in state, with his imperial crown on, and all the peers in their robes, in great pomp to the parliament now newly chosen (the old one being dissolved); and, that evening, declared in council his intention to marry the Infanta of Portugal.<sup>7</sup>

9th. At Sir Robert Murray's, where I met Dr. Wallis,<sup>8</sup> Professor of Geometry in Oxford, where was discourse of several mathematical subjects.

11th. My wife presented to his Majesty the Madonna she had copied in miniature from P. Oliver's painting, after Raphael, which she wrought with extraordinary pains and judgment. The King was in-

<sup>1</sup> [William Lee, M.A., of Cambridge, *d.* 1610. His invention being discouraged by Elizabeth and James I., he migrated to Rouen and died in France. His art was then brought back to this country by his brother (see Felkin's *History of the Machine-wrought Hosiery and Lace Manufactures*, 1867).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 207.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir William, the second Viscount Brouncker, 1620-84, was the first President of the Royal Society; and several mathematical papers written by him are to be found in their *Transactions*. He was also Chancellor to Queen Catherine of Braganza, 1662, a Commissioner of the Admiralty, and Master of St. Catherine's Hospital, 1681.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 209.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 210.]

<sup>7</sup> [Catherine of Braganza.]

<sup>8</sup> John Wallis, 1616-1703, born at Ashford, in Kent, of which place his father was minister. Adopting the same profession, he took his degree of Doctor of Divinity, and obtained the living of St. Gabriel, Fenchurch Street, London, in 1643. He was one of the earliest members of the Royal Society. He was appointed chaplain to Charles II., and had been employed in decyphering intercepted correspondence, in which he was considered remarkably clever.

finitely pleased with it, and caused it to be placed in his cabinet amongst his best paintings.

13th. I heard and saw such exercises at the election of scholars at Westminster school to be sent to the university in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, in themes and extemporary verses, as wonderfully astonished me in such youths, with such readiness and wit, some of them not above twelve, or thirteen years of age. Pity it is, that what they attain here so ripely, they either do not retain, or do not improve more considerably when they come to be men, though many of them do; and no less is to be blamed their odd pronouncing of Latin, so that out of England none were able to understand, or endure it. The examiners, or posers, were, Dr. Duport, Greek Professor at Cambridge;<sup>1</sup> Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ-Church, Oxford;<sup>2</sup> Dr. Pearson,<sup>3</sup> Dr. Allestree, Dean of Westminster,<sup>4</sup> and any that would.

14th. His Majesty was pleased to discourse with me concerning several particulars relating to our Society, and the planet Saturn, etc., as he sat at supper in the withdrawing-room to his bed-chamber.

16th. I dined with Mr. Garmus, the resident from Hamburg, who continued his feast near nine whole hours, according to the custom of his country,<sup>5</sup> though there

<sup>1</sup> James Duport, 1606-79. He finished his education at Trinity, and was appointed Regius Professor of Greek in 1639, but was deprived in 1656 for refusing the engagement. He was Prebendary of Lincoln and Archdeacon of Stow in 1641, and in 1660 chaplain to Charles II., when he was restored to his Greek Professorship, created Doctor of Divinity, made Dean of Peterborough, and, in 1668, elected Master of Magdalene College (see *post*, under 15th September, 1672).

<sup>2</sup> John Fell, 1625-86. He was removed from the grammar-school at Thame, when only eleven years of age, to become a student at Christ Church, Oxford, his father being at the time Vice-Chancellor of the University. Of this appointment the elder Fell was deprived by the Parliament, and his son expelled from his College, for having been in arms for the King. The father died upon hearing of the execution of Charles, but the son was not overlooked at the Restoration, receiving a stall at Chichester, and afterwards a more valuable one at Christ Church. He served the office of Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1666, and, in 1675, was made Bishop of Oxford.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 170.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 208.]

<sup>5</sup> [These prolonged state feasts were apparently not confined to Hamburg. "On the 19th of

was no great excess of drinking, no man being obliged to take more than he liked.

22nd May. The Scotch Covenant was burnt by the common hangman in divers places in London. Oh, prodigious change!

29th. This was the first anniversary appointed by Act of Parliament<sup>1</sup> to be observed as a day of General Thanksgiving for the miraculous restoration of his Majesty: our vicar preaching on Psalm cxviii. 24, requiring us to be thankful and rejoice, as indeed we had cause.

4th June. Came Sir Charles Harbord, his Majesty's surveyor, to take an account of what grounds I challenged at Sayes Court.

27th. I saw the Portugal Ambassador at dinner with his Majesty in state, where was excellent music.

2nd July. I went to see the New Spring-Garden, at Lambeth, a pretty contrived plantation.<sup>2</sup>

19th. We tried our Diving-Bell, or engine, in the water-dock at Deptford, in which our curator continued half an hour under water; it was made of cast lead, let down with a strong cable.

3rd August. Came my Lord Hatton, Comptroller of his Majesty's household, to visit me.<sup>3</sup>

9th. I tried several experiments on the sensitive plant<sup>4</sup> and humilis, which contracted with the least touch of the sun through a burning-glass, though it rises and opens only when it shines on it.

I first saw the famous Queen Pine<sup>5</sup> brought from Barbadoes, and presented to his Majesty; but the first that were ever seen in England were those sent to Cromwell four years since.

February [1664] the Tsar invited Lord Carlisle [see *post*, under 20th December, 1662] and his suite to a dinner, which, beginning at two o'clock, lasted till eleven, when it was prematurely broken up by the Tsar's nose beginning to bleed" (Birrell's *Andrew Marvell*, 1905, 112.)

<sup>1</sup> [12 Car. II. c. 14.]

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards opened by Jonathan Tyers in June, 1732, as Vauxhall Gardens.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 149 n.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 176.]

<sup>5</sup> A print was engraved in 1823 by Robert Graves, from a picture attributed to Henry Danckers at Strawberry-Hill, representing King Charles II. receiving this fruit from John Rose his gardener, who is presenting it on his knees at Dawney Court, Buckinghamshire, the seat of the Duchess of Cleveland. See *post*, under 19th August, 1668.

I dined at Mr. Palmer's in Grays Inn,<sup>1</sup> whose curiosity excelled in clocks and pendules, especially one that had innumerable motions, and played nine or ten tunes on the bells very finely, some of them set in parts; which was very harmonious. It was wound up but once in a quarter. He had also good telescopes and mathematical instruments, choice pictures, and other curiosities. Thence, we went to that famous mountebank, Jo. Punteus.

Sir Kenelm Digby presented every one of us his Discourse of the Vegetation of Plants;<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Henshaw, his History of Salt-Petre and Gunpowder. I assisted him to procure his place of French Secretary to the King, which he purchased of Sir Henry De Vic.<sup>3</sup>

I went to that famous physician, Sir Fr. Prujean,<sup>4</sup> who showed me his laboratory, his work-house for turning, and other mechanics; also many excellent pictures, especially the Magdalen of Caracci; and some incomparable *paysages* done in distemper; he played to me likewise on the *polythore*, an instrument having something of the harp, lute, and theorbo; by none known in England, nor described by any author, nor used, but by this skilful and learned Doctor.

15th. I went to Tunbridge-Wells, my wife being there for the benefit of her health. Walking about the solitudes, I greatly admired the extravagant turnings, insinuations, and growth of certain birch trees among the rocks.

13th September. I presented my *Fumifugium*<sup>5</sup> dedicated to his Majesty, who was pleased that I should publish it by his special commands, being much gratified with it.

18th. This day was read our petition to his Majesty for his royal grant, authorising

<sup>1</sup> [Dudley Palmer He was a member of the Royal Society.]

<sup>2</sup> [*De Plantarum Vegetatione*, 1661. Digby discovered the necessity of oxygen to the life of plants.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 23.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Francis Prujean, 1593-1666, President of the College of Physicians. He was knighted in this year.]

<sup>5</sup> *Fumifugium: or, the Inconveniencie of the Aer and Smoak of London dissipated*, etc., 1661. This pamphlet having become scarce, was in 1772 reprinted in 4to, and is now incorporated in Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 205-42.

our Society to meet as a corporation, with several privileges.<sup>1</sup>

An exceeding sickly, wet autumn.

*1st October.* I sailed this morning with his Majesty in one of his yachts (or pleasure-boats), vessels not known among us till the Dutch East India Company presented that curious piece to the King; being very excellent sailing vessels. It was on a wager between his other new pleasure-boat, built frigate-like, and one of the Duke of York's; the wager £100; the race from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. The King lost in going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, his Majesty sometimes steering himself. His barge and kitchen-boat attended. I brake fast this morning with the King at return in his smaller vessel, he being pleased to take me and only four more, who were noblemen, with him; but dined in his yacht, where we all eat together with his Majesty. In this passage he was pleased to discourse to me about my book inveighing against the nuisance of the smoke of London, and proposing expedients how, by removing those particulars I mentioned,<sup>2</sup> it might be reformed; commanding me to prepare a Bill against the next session of Parliament, being, as he said, resolved to have something done in it. Then he discoursed to me of the improvement of gardens and buildings, now very rare in England comparatively to other countries. He then commanded me to draw up the matter of fact happening at the bloody encounter which then had newly happened between the French and Spanish Ambassadors near the Tower,<sup>3</sup> contending for precedency, at the reception of the Swedish Ambassador; giving me order to consult Sir William Compton, Master of the Ordnance,<sup>4</sup> to inform me of what he knew of it, and with his favourite, Sir Charles Berkeley,<sup>5</sup>

captain of the Duke's life-guard, then present with his troop and three foot-companies; with some other reflections and instructions, to be prepared with a declaration to take off the reports which went about of his Majesty's partiality in the affairs, and of his officers' and spectators' rudeness whilst the conflict lasted. So I came home that night, and went next morning to London, where from the officers of the Tower, Sir William Compton, Sir Charles Berkeley, and others who were attending at this meeting of the Ambassadors three days before, having collected what I could, I drew up a narrative in vindication of his Majesty, and the carriage of his officers and standers-by.

On Thursday, his Majesty sent one of the pages of the back stairs for me to wait on him with my papers, in his cabinet, where was present only Sir Henry Bennet<sup>1</sup> (Privy-Purse), when beginning to read to his Majesty what I had drawn up, by the time I had read half a page, came in Mr. Secretary Morice<sup>2</sup> with a large paper, desiring to speak with his Majesty, who told him he was now very busy, and therefore ordered him to come again some other time; the Secretary replied that what he had in his hand was of extraordinary importance. So the King rose up, and, commanding me to stay, went aside to a corner of the room with the Secretary; after a while, the Secretary being despatched, his Majesty returning to me at the table, a letter was brought him from Madame out of France:<sup>3</sup> this he read and then bid me proceed from where I left off. This I did till I had ended all the narrative, to his Majesty's great satisfaction; and, after I had inserted one or two more clauses, in which his Majesty instructed me, commanded that it should that night be sent to the Post-house, directed to the Lord Ambassador at Paris (the Earl of St. Albans),<sup>4</sup> and then at leisure to prepare him a copy, which he would publish.<sup>5</sup>

killed by the side of the Duke of York in the first Dutch war. He was Treasurer of the Household (see *post*, under 21st January, 1663).

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Henry Bennet, 1618-85, afterwards first Earl of Arlington, 1663, and Secretary of State, 1662-74.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 10th September, 1663.]

<sup>3</sup> His sister Henrietta.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 205.]

<sup>5</sup> [It was entitled *A Faithful and Impartial*

<sup>1</sup> [The King granted a Charter to the Royal Society, 15th July, 1662. This being insufficient in some particulars, a new patent was substituted, 22nd April, 1663.]

<sup>2</sup> In *Punifugum*.

<sup>3</sup> [The French Ambassador was Louis Godefroy, Count D'Estrades; the Spanish, the Baron de Watteville, Vatteville, or Bateville.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir William Compton, 1625-63. He had taken part in the Kentish Rising (see *ante*, p. 146).]

<sup>5</sup> Subsequently that Earl of Falmouth who was

This I did, and immediately sent my papers to the Secretary of State, with his Majesty's express command of despatching them that night for France. Before I went out of the King's closet, he called me back to show me some ivory statues, and other curiosities that I had not seen before.

*3rd October.* Next evening, being in the withdrawing-room adjoining the bed-chamber, his Majesty espying me came to me from a great crowd of noblemen standing near the fire, and asked me if I had done; and told me he feared it might be a little too sharp, on second thoughts; for he had that morning spoken with the French Ambassador, who it seems had palliated the matter, and was very tame; and therefore directed me where I should soften a period or two, before it was published (as afterwards it was). This night also he spake to me to give him a sight of what was sent, and to bring it to him in his bedchamber; which I did, and received it again from him at dinner, next day. By Saturday, having finished it with all his Majesty's notes, the King being gone abroad, I sent the papers to Sir Henry Bennet (Privy-Purse and a great favourite), and slipped home, being myself much indisposed and harassed with going about, and sitting up to write.

*10th.* I went to London to visit my Lord of Bristol,<sup>1</sup> having been with Sir John Denham (his Majesty's surveyor)<sup>2</sup> to consult with him about the placing of his palace at Greenwich, which I would have

*Narrative of what passed at the Landing of the Swedish Ambassador, and is reprinted at the close of this volume, Appendix V. A chapter is also devoted to this episode in M. Jusserand's excellent French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II., 1892, pp. 17-32.]*

<sup>1</sup> George Digby, second Earl of Bristol, 1612-77. Horace Walpole thus smartly sums up his character: "He wrote against Popery, and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the court, and a sacrifice for it: was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the test-act, though a Roman Catholic, and addicted himself to astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy" (*Royal and Noble Authors*, 1806, vol. iii. pp. 205-6). Grammont mentions him, but in terms far from respectful: nor does he appear to more advantage in the annals of Bussy, or in the continuation of his life by Clarendon

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 173.]

had built between the river and the Queen's house, so as a large square cut should have let in the Thames like a bay; but Sir John was for setting it on piles at the very brink of the water, which I did not assent to; and so came away, knowing Sir John to be a better poet than architect, though he had Mr. Webbe<sup>1</sup> (Inigo Jones's man) to assist him.

*29th.* I saw the Lord Mayor<sup>2</sup> pass in his water triumph to Westminster, being the first solemnity of this nature after twenty years.

*2nd November.* Came Sir Henry Bennet, since Lord Arlington, to visit me, and to acquaint me that his Majesty would do me the honour to come and see my garden; but, it being then late, it was deferred.

*3rd.* One Mr. Breton<sup>3</sup> preached his probation-sermon at our parish-church, and indeed made a most excellent discourse on John i. 29, of God's free grace to penitents, so that I could not but recommend him to the patron.

*10th.* In the afternoon, preached at the Abbey Dr. Basire, that great traveller, or rather French Apostle,<sup>4</sup> who had been planting the Church of England in divers parts of the Levant and Asia. He showed that the Church of England was, for purity of doctrine, substance, decency, and beauty, the most perfect under Heaven; that England was the very land of Goshen.

*11th.* I was so idle as to go to see a play called *Love and Honour*.<sup>5</sup>—Dined at

<sup>1</sup> [John Webbe, 1611-72, Inigo Jones's pupil (cf. Pepys's *Diary*, March 4, 1664).]

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Frederick, Knight and Baronet. The account of the pageant for this day was published in *London's Triumphs . . . at the costs and charges of the Worshipfull Company of Grocers*. By John Tatham, 1661, 4to (see *Gentleman's Magazine* for December, 1824, p. 516). John Tatham, 1632-64, was a poet and dramatist who wrote the City pageants, 1657-64.

<sup>3</sup> (Rev. Robert Breton, d. 1672. He obtained the living of Deptford, succeeding the Rev. Robert Littler (see *ante*, p. 200). Pepys writes of him on June 5, 1665:—"To Deptford, where Dr. Britton, parson of the town, a fine man and good company, dined with us, and good discourse." "A very useful charitable man," Evelyn calls him elsewhere (see also *post*, under 20th February, 1672).]

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Isaac Basire, 1607-76. After various preferences and honours, the disturbed state of the country induced him to quit England, and he travelled in the Morea, to the Holy Land, and to Constantinople. On his return, Charles II. appointed him his Chaplain in Ordinary.

<sup>5</sup> A Tragi-Comedy, by Sir William Davenant,

Arundel House; and that evening discoursed with his Majesty about shipping, in which he was exceeding skilful.

15th November. I dined with the Duke of Ormonde, who told me there were no moles in Ireland, nor any rats till of late, and that but in one county; but it was a mistake that spiders would not live there, only they were not poisonous. Also, that they frequently took salmon with dogs.

16th. I presented my translation of *Naudæus concerning Libraries* to my Lord Chancellor; but it was miserably false printed.<sup>1</sup>

17th. Dr. Creighton,<sup>2</sup> a Scot, author of the *Florentine Council*, and a most eloquent man and admirable Grecian, preached on Cant. vi. 13, celebrating the return and restoration of the Church and King.

20th. At the Royal Society, Sir William Petty proposed divers things for the improvement of shipping; a versatile keel that should be on hinges, and concerning sheathing ships with thin lead.<sup>3</sup>

24th. This night his Majesty fell into discourse with me concerning bees, etc.

26th. I saw *Hamlet Prince of Denmark* played; <sup>4</sup> but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty's being so long abroad.

first acted at the Blackfriars, 1649; the performance took place in the morning.

<sup>1</sup> [*Instructions concerning Erecting of a Library: presented to My Lord the President de Mesme. By Gabriel Naudæus, P. and now interpreted by Jo. Evelyn, Esquire.* London: 1661. [It was a translation of Gabriel Naudé's *Avis pour dresser une Bibliothèque*, 1627.] Pepys, to whom the author gave a copy in 1665, comments as follows:—"Reading a book of Mr. Evelyn's translating . . . about directions for gathering a Library; but the book is above my reach" (*Diary*, October 5, 1665).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 22nd December, 1664. Sir William Petty, 1623-87, was a very versatile projector, physician, and political economist. Acquiescing in the Restoration, after a chequered career, he was knighted, became Commissioner of the Court of Claims, opened lead mines, established pilchard fisheries, and assisted in the Councils of the Royal Society. He wrote a method for equalising taxation, and acted as president of a philosophical society established in Dublin. See *post*, under 22nd March, 1675, where his character is drawn at large.]

<sup>4</sup> [Pepys seems to have been the following day (27th November, 1661). Earlier in the year he had seen Betterton act the Prince "beyond imagination" at the Opera (August 24, 1661).]

28th. I dined at Chiffinch's<sup>1</sup> house-warming, in St. James's Park; he was his Majesty's closet-keeper, and had his new house full of good pictures, etc. There dined with us Russell, Popish Bishop of Cape Verd, who was sent out to negotiate his Majesty's match with the Infanta of Portugal, after the Ambassador was returned.<sup>2</sup>

29th. I dined at the Countess of Peterborough's, and went that evening to Parson's Green with my Lord Mordaunt,<sup>3</sup> with whom I stayed that night.

1st December. I took leave of my Lord Peterborough,<sup>4</sup> going now to Tangier, which was to be delivered to the English on the match with Portugal.

3rd. By universal suffrage of our philosophical assembly, an order was made and registered, that I should receive their public thanks for the honourable mention I made of them by the name of Royal Society, in my Epistle dedicatory to the Lord Chancellor, before my Traduction of Naudæus.<sup>5</sup> Too great an honour for a trifle.

4th. I had much discourse with the Duke of York, concerning strange cures he affirmed of a woman who swallowed a whole ear of barley, which worked out at her side. I told him of the *knife swallowed*<sup>6</sup> and the pins.

I took leave of the Bishop of Cape Verd, now going in the fleet to bring over our new Queen.

7th. I dined at Arundel House, the day when the great contest in Parliament was concerning the restoring the Duke of Norfolk; however, it was carried for him. I also presented my little trifle of Sumptuary Laws, entitled *Tyrannus or The Mode*.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Thomas Chiffinch, 1600-66. He had been page to Charles I.]

<sup>2</sup> [See below, 4th December.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 193.]

<sup>4</sup> [Henry Mordaunt, second Earl of Peterborough, 1624-97. He resigned his Governorship in a few months.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, under 16th November.]

<sup>6</sup> This refers to the Dutchman, *ante*, p. 18, and to an extraordinary case contained in a "*Miraculous cure of the Prussian Swallow Knife*, etc., by Dan. Lakin, P.C." 4to, London, 1642, with a woodcut representing the object of the cure, and the size of the knife.

<sup>7</sup> [*Tyrannus or the Mode; in a Discourse of Sumptuary Lawes.* London, 1661. It is reprinted at pp. 308-20 of vol. ii. of the 4to *Diary* of 1819 (second edition).]

14th December. I saw otter-hunting with the King, and killed one.

16th. I saw a French Comedy acted at Whitehall.

20th. The Bishop of Gloucester<sup>1</sup> preached at the Abbey, at the funeral of the Bishop of Hereford,<sup>2</sup> brother to the Duke of Albemarle. It was a decent solemnity. There was a silver mitre, with episcopal robes, borne by the herald before the hearse, which was followed by the Duke his brother, and all the Bishops, with divers noblemen.

23rd. I heard an Italian play and sing to the guitar with extraordinary skill before the Duke.

1661-2: 1st January. I went to London, invited to the solemn foolery of the Prince de la Grange, at Lincoln's Inn, where came the King, Duke, etc. It began with a grand masque, and a formal pleading before the mock Princes, Grandees, Nobles, and Knights of the Sun. He had his Lord Chancellor, Chamberlain, Treasurer, and other Royal Officers, gloriously clad and attended. It ended in a magnificent banquet. One Mr. Lort was the young spark who maintained the pageantry.<sup>3</sup>

6th. This evening, according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of that night by throwing the dice himself in the Privy-Chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. (The year before he won £1500.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormonde had won about £1000, and left them still at passage, cards, etc. At other tables, both there and at the Groom-porter's, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion amongst some losers; sorry am I that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a Court, which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the Kingdom.

9th. I saw acted *The Third Part of the Siege of Rhodes*.<sup>4</sup> In this acted the fair

and famous comedian called Roxalana from the part she performed;<sup>1</sup> and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *Miss* (as at this time they began to call lewd women). It was in recitative music.

10th. Being called into his Majesty's closet when Mr. Cooper, the rare limner,<sup>2</sup> was crayoning of the King's face and head, to make the stamps for the new milled money now contriving, I had the honour to hold the candle whilst it was doing, he choosing the night and candle-light for the better finding out the shadows.<sup>3</sup> During this, his Majesty discoursed with me on several things relating to painting and graving.

11th. I dined at Arundel House, where I heard excellent music performed by the ablest masters, both French and English, on theorbos, viols, organs, and voices, as an exercise against the coming of the Queen, purposely composed for her chapel. Afterwards, my Lord Aubigny<sup>4</sup> (her Majesty's Almoner to be) showed us his elegant lodging, and his wheel-chair for ease and motion, with divers other curiosities; especially a kind of artificial glass, or porcelain, adorned with *relievs* of paste, hard and beautiful. Lord Aubigny (brother to the Duke of Lennox) was a person of good sense, but wholly abandoned to ease and effeminacy.

I received of Sir Peter Ball, the Queen's Attorney, a draught of an Act against the nuisance of the smoke of London, to be reformed by removing several trades which are the cause of it, and endanger the health of the King and his people. It was to have

*Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing*. It was acted at the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of which Davenant was, at this date, patentee. With *The Siege of Rhodes*, English Opera practically begins.]

<sup>1</sup> [Elizabeth Davenport. She had a son by the Earl of Oxford in 1664. There is some account of her in ch. ix. of Grammont's *Memoirs*. In the play—says the *Globe Pepys*—the name is "Roxalana."]

<sup>2</sup> [Samuel Cooper, 1609-72, the "English Vandycck" in little, a man of many gifts. Pepys greatly admired him; and he painted Mrs. Pepys in 1668. In the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle there are notable miniatures by Cooper of Charles II., Monmouth, and Albemarle.]

<sup>3</sup> This scene has been chosen as the subject of a picture by Daniel Maclise.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 163.]

<sup>1</sup> Dr. William Nicholson, 1591-1672; Bishop of Gloucester, 1661-72.

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Nicholas Monck, 1610-61; Bishop of Hereford, 1660-61.]

<sup>3</sup> [See next entry, and *post*, under 9th January, 1668. Further particulars with regard to these "solemn fooleries" are to be found in Herbert's *Antiquities of the Inns of Court*, etc., 1804, 314; and Douthwaite's *Gray's Inn*, 1876, pp. 63-73.]

<sup>4</sup> [*The Siege of Rhodes* was a tragedy-comedy in Two Parts, by Sir William Davenant, taken from



been offered to the Parliament, as his Majesty commanded.<sup>1</sup>

12th January. At St. James's chapel preached, or rather harangued, the famous orator, Monsieur Morus,<sup>2</sup> in French. There were present the King, Duke, French Ambassador, Lord Aubigny, Earl of Bristol, and a world of Roman Catholics, drawn thither to hear this eloquent Protestant.

15th. There was a general fast through the whole nation, and now celebrated in London, to avert God's heavy judgments on this land. Great rain had fallen without any frost, or seasonable cold, not only in England, but in Sweden, and the most northern parts, being here near as warm as at Midsummer in some years.

This solemn fast was held for the House of Commons at St. Margaret's. Dr. Ryves, Dean of Windsor,<sup>3</sup> preached on Joshua vii. 12, showing how the neglect of exacting justice on offenders (by which he insinuated such of the old King's murderers as were yet reprieved and in the Tower) was a main cause of God's punishing a land. He brought in that of the Gibeonites, as well as Achan and others, concluding with an eulogy of the Parliament for their loyalty in restoring the Bishops and Clergy, and vindicating the Church from sacrilege.

16th. Having notice of the Duke of York's intention to visit my poor habitation and garden this day, I returned, when he was pleased to do me that honour of his own accord, and to stay some time viewing such things as I had to entertain his curiosity. Afterwards, he caused me to dine with him at the Treasurer of the Navy's house, and to sit with him covered at the same table. There were his Highness, the Duke of Ormonde, and several Lords. Then they viewed some of my grounds about a project for a receptacle for ships to be moored in, which was laid aside as a fancy of Sir Nicholas Crisp.<sup>4</sup> After this, I accompanied the Duke to an

East India vessel that lay at Blackwall, where we had entertainment of several curiosities. Amongst other spirituous drinks, as punch, etc., they gave us Canary that had been carried to and brought from the Indies, which was indeed incomparably good. I returned to London with his Highness. This night was acted before his Majesty *The Widow*, a lewd play.<sup>1</sup>

18th. I came home to be private a little, not at all affecting the life and hurry of Court.

24th. His Majesty entertained me with his intentions of building his Palace of Greenwich, and quite demolishing the old one; on which I declared my thoughts.

25th. I dined with the Trinity-Company at their house, that Corporation being by charter fixed at Deptford.

3rd February. I went to Chelsea, to see Sir Arthur Gorges' house.<sup>2</sup>

11th. I saw a comedy acted before the Duchess of York at the Cockpit. The King was not at it.

17th. I went with my Lord of Bristol to see his house at Wimbledon,<sup>3</sup> newly bought of the Queen-Mother, to help contrive the garden after the modern. It is a delicious place for prospect and the thickets, but the soil cold and weeping clay. Returned that evening with Sir Henry Bennet.

This night was buried in Westminster-Abbey the Queen of Bohemia,<sup>4</sup> after all her sorrows and afflictions being come to die in the arms of her nephew, the King: also this night and the next day fell such a storm of hail, thunder, and lightning, as

<sup>1</sup> [A Comedy by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton. Pepys saw it in January, 1661.]

<sup>2</sup> [Beaufort House, Chelsea (see *post*, under 3rd September, 1633).]

<sup>3</sup> Lord Bristol (see *ante*, p. 216) bought Wimbledon House of Henrietta Maria in 1661. It was eventually purchased by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who erected a new building, which was burned down in 1785. The property afterwards passed to the Spencer family, who substituted a smaller house designed by Henry Holland. There are two scarce and curious views of the old house, engraved by Winstanley, and dated 1678.

<sup>4</sup> Elizabeth, Electress Palatine, daughter of James I., the unfortunate "Queen of Hearts," many of whose letters are included in the correspondence of Evelyn. She died at Leicester House, Leicester Fields, on the 12th (see Pepys's *Diary*, 13th February, 1662, and *ante*, p. 12).

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 215.]

<sup>2</sup> Probably Alexander Morus (the antagonist of Milton), who was here in 1662.

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Bruno Ryves, 1596-1677, Dean of Windsor, 1660-77, Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles II. He had published in 1642 the Royalist *Mercurius Rusticus*.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 187, and Pepys's *Diary*, 25th January, 1662.]

never was seen the like in any man's memory, especially the tempest of wind, being south-west, which subverted, besides huge trees, many houses, innumerable chimneys (amongst others that of my parlour at Sayes Court), and made such havoc at land and sea, that several perished on both. Divers lamentable fires were also kindled at this time; so exceedingly was God's hand against this ungrateful and vicious nation and Court

20th February. I returned home to repair my house, miserably shattered by the late tempest.

24th March. I returned home with my whole family, which had been most part of the winter, since October, at London, in lodgings near the Abbey of Westminster.

6th April. Being of the Vestry, in the afternoon we ordered that the communion-table should be set (as usual) altar-wise, with a decent rail in front, as before the Rebellion.

17th. The young Marquis of Argyll,<sup>1</sup> whose turbulent father was executed in Scotland, came to see my garden. He seemed a man of parts.

7th May. I waited on Prince Rupert to our Assembly, where were tried several experiments in Mr. Boyle's *vacuum*. A man thrusting in his arm, upon exhaustion of the air, had his flesh immediately swelled so as the blood was near bursting the veins: he drawing it out, we found it all speckled.

14th. To London, being chosen one of the Commissioners for reforming the buildings, ways, streets, and incumbrances, and regulating the hackney coaches in the City of London, taking my oath before my Lord Chancellor, and then went to his Majesty's Surveyor's Office, in Scotland-Yard, about naming and establishing officers, adjourning till the 16th, when I went to view how St. Martin's Lane might be made more passable into the Strand. There were divers gentlemen of quality in this commission.

<sup>1</sup> Archibald Campbell, ninth Earl, *d.* 1685, who, notwithstanding his father's attainder, which forfeited the marquise, was permitted to inherit the ancient Earldom of his family. Evelyn seems at once to have discovered him in this interview to be "a man of parts." And he greatly deplored his subsequent execution for treason (see Macaulay's *History of England*, 1866, vol. i. ch. v.).

25th. I went this evening to London, in order to our journey to Hampton Court, to see the new Queen, who, having landed at Portsmouth, had been married to the King a week before by the Bishop of London.<sup>1</sup>

30th. The Queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales, or guard-infantes,<sup>2</sup> their complexions olivader<sup>3</sup> and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her fore-top long and turned aside very strangely.<sup>4</sup> She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest, lovely enough.

31st. I saw the Queen at dinner; the Judges came to compliment her arrival, and, after them, the Duke of Ormonde brought me to kiss her hand.

2nd June. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen made their addresses to the Queen, presenting her £1000 in gold. Now saw I her Portuguese ladies, and the Guardadamas, or Mother of her Maids,<sup>5</sup> and the old knight, a lock of whose hair quite covered the rest of his bald pate, bound on by a thread, very oddly. I saw the rich gondola sent to his Majesty from the State of Venice; but it was not comparable for swiftness to our common wherries, though managed by Venetians.

<sup>1</sup> [The Queen arrived at Portsmouth on 13th May. The King joined her there on the 20th. They were married privately next day, according to the rites of the Roman Church, by her Almoner, Stuart d'Aubigny, in the presence of Philip Howard and others. The Bishop of London (Sheldon) afterwards pronounced them man and wife.]

<sup>2</sup> [See note from Lassels, p. 55.]

<sup>3</sup> "Olivader" is a dark olive complexion. Grammont is very uncomplimentary to these poor ladies. He styles them "six frights, who called themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to these extraordinary beauties" (*Memoirs*, ch. vi.).

<sup>4</sup> (Which made King Charles say they had brought him "a *bat* instead of a woman." But he thought her eyes "excellent good." "She hath as much agreeableness in her looks as ever I saw," he wrote, "and if I have any skill in physiognomy, which I think I have, she must be as good a woman as ever was born.")

<sup>5</sup> The Maids of Honour had a Mother at least as early as the reign of Elizabeth. The office is supposed to have been abolished about the period of the Revolution of 1688.

4th June. Went to visit the Earl of Bristol, at Wimbledon.<sup>1</sup>

8th. I saw her Majesty at supper privately in her bedchamber.<sup>2</sup>

9th. I heard the Queen's Portugal music, consisting of pipes, harps, and very ill voices.

Hampton Court is as noble and uniform a pile, and as capacious as any Gothic architecture can have made it. There is an incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold; also many rare pictures, especially the Cæsarean Triumphs of Andrea Mantegna, formerly the Duke of Mantua's; of the tapestries, I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, etc. The Queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet, and cost £8000, being a present made by the States of Holland when his Majesty returned, and had formerly been given by them to our King's sister, the Princess of Orange, and, being bought of her again, was now presented to the King. The great looking-glass and toilet, of beaten and massive gold, was given by the Queen-Mother. The Queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here. The great hall is a most magnificent room. The chapel-roof excellently fretted and gilt. I was also curious to visit the wardrobe and tents, and other furniture of state. The park, formerly a flat and naked piece of ground, now planted with sweet rows of lime trees; and the canal for water now near perfected; also the hare-park. In the garden is a rich and noble fountain, with Sirens, statues, etc., cast in copper, by Fanelli; but no plenty of water. The cradle-work of hornbeam in the garden is, for the perplexed twining of the trees, very

observable. There is a parterre which they call Paradise, in which is a pretty banquetting-house set over a cave, or cellar. All these gardens might be exceedingly improved, as being too narrow for such a palace.

10th. I returned to London, and presented my *History of Chalcography* (dedicated to Mr. Boyle) to our Society.<sup>1</sup>

19th. I went to Albury, to visit Mr. Henry Howard,<sup>2</sup> soon after he had procured the Dukedom to be restored. This gentleman had now compounded a debt of £200,000, contracted by his grandfather.<sup>3</sup> I was much obliged to that great virtuoso, and to this young gentleman, with whom I stayed a fortnight.

2nd July. We hunted and killed a buck in the park, Mr. Howard inviting most of the gentlemen of the country near him.

3rd. My wife met me at Woodcote, whither Mr. Howard accompanied me to see my son John, who had been much brought up amongst Mr. Howard's children at Arundel House, till, for fear of their perverting him in the Catholic religion, I was forced to take him home.

8th. To London, to take leave of the Duke and Duchess of Ormonde, going then into Ireland with an extraordinary retinue.

13th. Spent some time with the Lord Chancellor, where I had discourse with my Lord Willoughby, Governor of Barbadoes,<sup>4</sup> concerning divers particulars of that colony.

28th. His Majesty going to sea to meet the Queen-Mother, now coming again for England,<sup>5</sup> met with such ill weather as greatly endangered him. I went to Greenwich, to wait on the Queen, now landed.

30th. To London, where was a meeting about Charitable Uses, and particularly to inquire how the City had disposed of the revenues of Gresham College, and why the salaries of the professors there were no better improved. I was on this

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 210.]

<sup>2</sup> [At Hampton Court (see *ante*, p. 145), which had been remodelled and refurnished by Charles II. (see also *post*, under 23rd August). Before the Restoration it had been occupied by Cromwell (*ante*, p. 191 n.). In November, 1657, his daughter Mary had been married there to Thomas Belasyse, Lord Fauconberg; and at Hampton Court (6th August, 1658), four weeks before his own death, died his favourite daughter, Elizabeth Claypole.]

<sup>1</sup> [*Sculptura: or the History, and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper . . . To which is annexed a new Manner of Engraving, or Mezzo Tinto, communicated by his Highness Prince Rupert to the Author of this Treatise*. London: 1662. See *ante*, p. 208, and *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 243-336.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 128.] <sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 9, 126.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 198.]

<sup>5</sup> [She had left Paris, 25th July.]

commission, with divers Bishops and Lords of the Council; but little was the progress we could make.

31st July. I sat with the Commissioners about reforming buildings and streets of London, and we ordered the paving of the way from St. James's North, which was a quagmire, and also of the Haymarket about Piccadilly,<sup>1</sup> and agreed upon instructions to be printed and published for the better keeping the streets clean.

1st August. Mr. H. Howard, his brothers Charles, Edward, Bernard, Philip,<sup>2</sup> now the Queen's Almoner (all brothers of the Duke of Norfolk, still in Italy), came with a great train, and dined with me; Mr. H. Howard leaving me with his eldest and youngest sons, Henry and Thomas, for three or four days, my son, John, having been sometime bred up in their father's house.<sup>3</sup>

4th. Came to see me the old Countess of Devonshire,<sup>4</sup> with that excellent and worthy person, my Lord her son, from Roehampton.

5th. To London, and next day to Hampton Court, about my purchase, and took leave of Sir R. Fanshawe,<sup>5</sup> now going Ambassador to Portugal.

13th. Our Charter being now passed under the broad Seal, constituting us a corporation under the name of the Royal Society for the improvement of natural knowledge by experiment, was this day read, and was all that was done this afternoon, being very large.

14th. I sat on the commission for Charitable Uses, the Lord Mayor and others of the Mercers' Company being summoned, to answer some complaints of the Professors, grounded on a clause in the will of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder.

This afternoon, the Queen-Mother, with the Earl of St. Albans<sup>6</sup> and many great

ladies and persons, was pleased to honour my poor villa with her presence, and to accept of a collation. She was exceedingly pleased, and staid till very late in the evening.

15th. Came my Lord Chancellor (the Earl of Clarendon) and his lady, his purse and mace borne before him, to visit me. They were likewise collationed with us and were very merry. They had all been our old acquaintance in exile, and indeed this great person had ever been my friend. His son, Lord Cornbury,<sup>1</sup> was here, too.

17th. Being the Sunday when the Common Prayer-Book, reformed and ordered to be used for the future, was appointed to be read, and the solemn League and Covenant to be abjured by all the incumbents of England under penalty of losing their livings;<sup>2</sup> our vicar read it this morning.

20th. There were strong guards in the city this day, apprehending some tumults, many of the Presbyterian ministers not conforming. I dined with the Vice-Chamberlain, and then went to see the Queen-Mother, who was pleased to give me many thanks for the entertainment she received at my house, when she recounted to me many observable stories of the sagacity of some dogs she formerly had.

21st. I was admitted and then sworn one of the Council of the Royal Society, being nominated in his Majesty's original grant to be of this Council for the regulation of the Society, and making laws and statutes conducive to its establishment and progress, for which we now set apart every Wednesday morning till they were

[Henry Hyde, Lord Cornbury, 1638-1709, afterwards second Earl of Clarendon (see *post*, under 17th October, 1664).]

<sup>2</sup> [This was in consequence of the Act of Uniformity, when, in the view of the late Master of Balliol, "a few words introduced into a formula divided the whole people of England against itself." Every incumbent refusing to express by a certain date his unfeigned consent to everything contained in the Common Prayer Book was to be precluded from holding a benefice. "On 24th August (St. Bartholomew's day) about 2000 clergy resigned their cures for conscience' sake, as their opponents had, in the time of Puritan domination, been driven from their cures rather than take the Covenant" (Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, 1892, 585). The number is said to be overstated (*Annals of England*, 1876, 464).

<sup>1</sup> [Which Evelyn spells "Piquidillo."]

<sup>2</sup> Since Cardinal at Rome.—*Evelyn's Note*. (See *ante*, p. 130.)

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 221.]

<sup>4</sup> Christiana Cavendish, Countess of Devonshire, *d.* 1675, an ardent Royalist and patron of the wits. She was the widow of William Cavendish, second Earl of Devonshire. Charles II. frequently visited her with the Queen-Mother and the Royal Family. There is a life of her by Thomas Pomfret, 1685.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 165. He was Ambassador to Portugal 1662-63.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 205.]

all finished.<sup>1</sup> Lord Viscount Brouncker<sup>2</sup> (that excellent mathematician) was also by his Majesty, our founder, nominated our first President. The King gave us the arms of England to be borne in a canton in our arms, and sent us a mace of silver gilt, of the same fashion and bigness as those carried before his Majesty, to be borne before our president on meeting days. It was brought by Sir Gilbert Talbot, Master of his Majesty's Jewel-house.

22nd August. I dined with my Lord Brouncker and Sir Robert Murray, and then went to consult about a new-modelled ship at Lambeth, the intention being to reduce that art to as certain a method as any other part of architecture.

23rd. I was spectator of the most magnificent triumph that ever floated on the Thames,<sup>3</sup> considering the innumerable boats and vessels, dressed and adorned with all imaginable pomp, but, above all, the thrones, arches, pageants, and other representations, stately barges of the Lord Mayor and Companies, with various inventions, music and peals of ordnance both from the vessels and the shore, going to meet and conduct the new Queen from Hampton Court to Whitehall, at the first time of her coming to town. In my opinion, it far exceeded all the Venetian Bucutoras, etc., on the Ascension, when they go to espouse the Adriatic.<sup>4</sup> His Majesty and the Queen came in an antique-shaped open vessel, covered with a state, or canopy, of cloth of gold, made in form of a cupola, supported with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers, festoons and garlands. I was in our new-built vessel sailing amongst them.

29th. The Council and Fellows of the

Royal Society went in a body to Whitehall, to acknowledge his Majesty's royal grace in granting our Charter, and vouchsafing to be himself our Founder; when the President made an eloquent speech, to which his Majesty gave a gracious reply, and we all kissed his hand. Next day, we went in like manner with our address to my Lord Chancellor, who had much promoted our patent: he received us with extraordinary favour. In the evening, I went to the Queen-Mother's Court, and had much discourse with her.

1st September. Being invited by Lord Berkeley, I went to Durdans,<sup>1</sup> where dined his Majesty, the Queen, Duke, Duchess, Prince Rupert, Prince Edward, and abundance of noblemen. I went, after dinner, to visit my brother of Woodcote,<sup>2</sup> my sister having been delivered of a son a little before, but who had now been two days dead.

4th. Commission for Charitable Uses, my Lord Mayor and Aldermen being again summoned, and the improvements of Sir Thomas Gresham's estate examined. There were present the Bishop of London, the Lord Chief Justice, and the King's Attorney.

6th. Dined with me Sir Edward Walker, Garter King-at-Arms,<sup>3</sup> Mr. Slingsby, Master of the Mint,<sup>4</sup> and several others.

17th. We now resolved that the Arms of the Society should be a field Argent, with a canton of the arms of England; the supporters two talbots Argent: crest, an eagle Or holding a shield with the like arms of England, viz. three lions. The words *Nullius in verba*.<sup>5</sup> It was presented to his Majesty for his approbation, and orders given to Garter King-at-Arms to pass the diploma of their office for it.

20th. I presented a petition to his Majesty about my own concerns, and afterwards accompanied him to Monsieur Lefevre, his chemist (and who had formerly been my master in Paris),<sup>6</sup> to see his accurate preparation for the composing Sir Walter Raleigh's rare cordial: he made a learned discourse before his Majesty in French on each ingredient.

27th. Came to visit me Sir George

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 208, 215, 222. The Society's full title was "The President, Council, and Fellows of the Royal Society of London, for and improving of natural Knowledge." In 1667 Thomas Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and one of the original Fellows, wrote its history, which included an Ode by Cowley. Henry Oldenburg, 1615-77, was the first Secretary.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 213.]

<sup>3</sup> An account of this solemnity was published in *Æqua Triumphalis: being a true relation of the honourable the City of London entertaining their sacred Majesties upon the river of Thames, and welcoming them from Hampton Court to Whitehall, etc.* Engraved by John Tatham, Gent., folio, 1662.

<sup>4</sup> [See, *ante*, p. 117.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 199.]

<sup>2</sup> [At Epsom.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 18th August, 1673.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 27th August, 1666.]

<sup>5</sup> [Horace, *Ep.* I. l. 14.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 144.]

Savile,<sup>1</sup> grandson to the learned Sir Henry Savile, who published *St. Chrysostom*.<sup>2</sup> Sir George was a witty gentleman, if not a little too prompt and daring.

3rd October. I was invited to the College of Physicians, where Dr. Merret,<sup>3</sup> a learned man and library-keeper, showed me the library, theatre for anatomy, and divers natural curiosities; the statue and epigram under it of that renowned physician, Dr. Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood. There I saw Dr. Gilbert, Sir William Paddy's and other pictures of men famous in their faculty.

Visited Mr. Wright,<sup>4</sup> a Scotchman, who had lived long at Rome, and was esteemed a good painter. The pictures of the Judges at Guildhall are of his hand, and so are some pieces in Whitehall, as the roof in his Majesty's old bedchamber, being Astræa, the St. Catherine, and a chimney-piece in the Queen's privy chamber; but his best, in my opinion, is Lacy, the famous Roscius or comedian, whom he has painted in three dresses, as a gallant, a Presbyterian minister, and a Scotch Highlander in his plaid.<sup>5</sup> It is in his Majesty's dining-room at Windsor. He had at his house an excellent collection, especially that small piece of Correggio, *Scotus de la Marca*, a design of Paolo; and, above all, those ruins of Polydore, with some good agates and medals, especially a Scipio, and a Cæsar's head of gold.

15th. I this day delivered my *Discourse concerning Forest-Trees* to the Society,<sup>6</sup> upon occasion of certain queries sent to

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards the celebrated Marquis of Halifax, 1633-95.

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Henry Savile, 1549-1622. His *Chrysostom* was published 1610-13.]

<sup>3</sup> Christopher Merret, 1614-95, a celebrated physician and naturalist, and fellow of the Royal Society.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 200.]

<sup>5</sup> A private etching from this picture [now (1907) in the Queen's Presence Chamber at Hampton Court] was made in 1825 by William Hopkins, one of the Court pages. John Lacy, *d.* 1681, is represented in his three principal characters, namely, Tengage, in *The Committee*; Scruple, in *The Cheats*; and Galliard, in *The Variety*. He belonged to Killigrew's company, and was the original actor of "Bayes" of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, 1671. [Pepys mentions him under 9th April, 1667, and elsewhere.]

<sup>6</sup> [*Sylvæ or a Discourse of Forest-Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in His Majesty's Dominions*. By J. E., Esq.; As it was Deliver'd in the Royal Society the XVth of October, CIOCLXII., upon Occasion of certain Queries

us by the Commissioners of his Majesty's Navy, being the first book that was printed by order of the Society, and by their printer, since it was a Corporation.

16th. I saw *Volpone*<sup>1</sup> acted at Court before their Majesties.

21st. To the Queen-Mother's Court, where her Majesty related to us divers passages of her escapes during the Rebellion and wars in England.

28th. To Court in the evening, where the Queen-Mother, the Queen-Consort, and his Majesty, being advertised of some disturbance, forbore to go to the Lord Mayor's show and feast appointed next day, the new Queen not having yet seen that triumph.

29th. Was my Lord Mayor's Show,<sup>2</sup> with a number of sumptuous pageants, speeches, and verses. I was standing in a house in Cheapside against the place prepared for their Majesties. The Prince and heir of Denmark was there, but not our King. There were also the maids of honour. I went to Court this evening, and had much discourse with Dr. Basire,<sup>3</sup> one of his Majesty's chaplains, the great traveller, who showed me the syngraphs and original subscriptions of divers eastern patriarchs and Asian churches to our confession.

4th November. I was invited to the wedding of the daughter of Sir George Carteret<sup>4</sup> (the Treasurer of the Navy and King's Vice-Chamberlain), married to Sir Nicholas Slaning, Knight of the Bath, by the Bishop of London, in the Savoy chapel; after which was an extraordinary feast.

5th. The Council of the Royal Society met to amend the Statutes, and dined together: afterwards meeting at Gresham College, where was a discourse suggested

*propounded to that Illustrious Assembly, by the Honourable the Principal Officers, and Commissioners of the Navy. To which is annexed Pomona; or, an Appendix concerning Fruit-Trees in relation to Cider, the Making and several ways of Ordering it. Published by express Order of the Royal Society. Also Kalendarium Hortense; or, Gard'ner's Almanac; directing what he is to do Monthly during the Year.* London, 1664.]

<sup>1</sup> [*Volpone; or, the Fox*, by Ben Jonson, 1605. Pepys saw this at the King's House on the 14th January, 1665.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Robinson, Knt. and Bart., Clothworker. The pageant on this occasion, which was the same as in the preceding year (see note, *ante*, p. 216), was at the charge of the Clothworkers' Company.

<sup>3</sup> Basire (see *ante*, p. 216).

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

by me, concerning planting his Majesty's Forest of Dean with oak, now so much exhausted of the choicest ship-timber in the world.

20th November. Dined with the Comptroller, Sir Hugh Pollard;<sup>1</sup> afterwards saw *The Young Admiral*<sup>2</sup> acted before the King.

21st. Spent the evening at Court, Sir Kenelm Digby giving me great thanks for my *Sylva*.<sup>3</sup>

27th. Went to London to see the entrance of the Russian Ambassador, whom his Majesty ordered to be received with much state, the Emperor not only having been kind to his Majesty in his distress, but banishing all commerce with our nation during the Rebellion.

First, the City Companies and trained Bands were all in their stations: his Majesty's Army and Guards in great order. His Excellency came in a very rich coach, with some of his chief attendants; many of the rest on horseback, clad in their vests, after the Eastern manner, rich furs, caps, and carrying the presents, some carrying hawks, furs, teeth, bows, etc. It was a very magnificent show.

I dined with the Master of the Mint,<sup>4</sup> where was old Sir Ralph Freeman;<sup>5</sup> passing my evening at the Queen-Mother's Court; at night, saw acted *The Committee*, a ridiculous play of Sir R. Howard, where the mimic, Lacy, acted the Irish footman<sup>6</sup> to admiration.

30th. St. Andrew's day. Invited by the Dean of Westminster<sup>7</sup> to his consecration-dinner and ceremony, on his being made Bishop of Worcester. Dr. Bolton preached in the Abbey Church; then followed the consecration by the Bishops of London, Chichester, Winchester, Salisbury, etc. After this, was one of the most plentiful and magnificent dinners that in my life I ever saw; it cost near £600 as I was informed. Here were the Judges, nobility, clergy, and gentle-

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Hugh Pollard, *d.* 1666 (see *post*, under 27th November, 1666), Comptroller of the King's Household.]

<sup>2</sup> A Tragi-Comedy by James Shirley.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 224.]

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Slingsby (see *ante*, p. 223).]

<sup>5</sup> Of Betchworth, in Surrey. Query,—Sir Ralph Freeman, the dramatist.

<sup>6</sup> [Teague (see *ante*, p. 224 *n.*).]

<sup>7</sup> Dr. John Earle (see *ante*, p. 145).

men innumerable, this Bishop being universally beloved for his sweet and gentle disposition. He was author of those *Characters* which go under the name of Blount.<sup>1</sup> He translated his late Majesty's *Icon* into Latin,<sup>2</sup> was Clerk of his Closet, Chaplain, Dean of Westminster, and yet a most humble, meek, and cheerful man, an excellent scholar and rare preacher. I had the honour to be loved by him. He married me at Paris, during his Majesty's and the Church's exile.<sup>3</sup> When I took leave of him, he brought me to the cloisters in his episcopal habit. I then went to prayers at Whitehall, where I passed that evening.

1st December. Having seen the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James's Park, performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with skates, after the manner of the Hollanders,<sup>4</sup> with what swiftness they pass, how suddenly they stop in full career upon the ice; I went home by water, but not without exceeding difficulty, the Thames being frozen, great flakes of ice encompassing our boat.

17th. I saw acted before the King, *The Law Against Lovers*.<sup>5</sup>

21st. One of his Majesty's chaplains preached; after which, instead of the ancient, grave, and solemn wind-music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern, or play-house, than a church. This was the first time of change, and now we no more heard the cornet which gave life to the organ; that instrument quite left off in which the English were so skilful. I dined at Mr. Povey's.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [*Micro-cosmographie, or A Peece of the World Discovered; In Essays and Characters* London, Printed by William Stansby for Edward Blount, 1628.]

<sup>2</sup> [Published in 1649.] <sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

<sup>4</sup> [Blade skates were now first introduced from Holland, where the Cavaliers in exile with Charles II. had learned to use them. Pepys mentions them under 1st and 8th December, 1662.]

<sup>5</sup> By Sir William Davenant, a hotch-pot out of *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing*. Pepys had seen it in February, 1662.

<sup>6</sup> [Thomas Povey, 1633-85, a Master of Requests from 1662 to accession of James II.—“a nice contriver of all elegancies and exceedingly formal”

where I talked with Cromer, a great musician.

23<sup>rd</sup> December. I went with Sir George Tuke,<sup>1</sup> to hear the comedians con and repeat his new comedy, *The Adventures of Five Hours*, a play whose plot was taken out of the famous Spanish poet, Calderon.

27<sup>th</sup>. I visited Sir Theophilus Biddulph.<sup>2</sup>

29<sup>th</sup>. Saw the audience of the Muscovy Ambassador, which was with extraordinary state, his retinue being numerous, all clad in vests of several colours, with buskins, after the Eastern manner! their caps of fur; tunics, richly embroidered with gold and pearls, made a glorious show. The King being seated under a canopy in the Banqueting-house, the Secretary of the Embassy went before the Ambassador in a grave march, holding up his master's letters of credence in a crimson taffeta scarf before his forehead. The Ambassador then delivered it with a profound reverence to the King, who gave it to our Secretary of State: it was written in a long and lofty style. Then came in the presents, borne by 165 of his retinue, consisting of mantles and other large pieces lined with sable, black fox, and ermine; Persian carpets, the ground cloth of gold and velvet; hawks, such as they said never came the like; horses said to be Persian; bows and arrows, etc. These borne by so long a train rendered it very extraordinary. Wind-music played all the while in the galleries above. This finished, the Ambassador was conveyed by the master of the ceremonies to York-House,<sup>3</sup> where he was treated with a banquet which cost £200 as I was assured.<sup>3</sup>

(see *post*, under 6th August, 1666). He is often mentioned by Pepys.]

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Samuel Tuke (see *ante*, pp. 151, 204, and 206. George Tuke was his elder brother).]

<sup>2</sup> [Of Westcombe, Kent. He became a baronet in 1664, when he was M.P. for Lichfield.]

<sup>3</sup> "The Czar of Muscovy sent an Ambassador to compliment King Charles II. on his Restoration. The King sent the Earl of Carlisle [see *ante*, p. 210], as his Ambassador to Moscow, to desire the re-establishment of the ancient privileges of the English merchants at Archangel, which had been taken away by the Czar, who, abhorring the murder of the King's father, accused them as favourers of it. But, by the means of the Czar's ministers, his Lordship was very ill received, and met with what he deemed affronts, and had no success as to his demands, so that at coming away he refused the presents sent him by the Czar. The Czar sent an Ambassador to England to complain

1662-3: 7<sup>th</sup> January. At night, I saw the ball in which his Majesty danced with several great ladies.

8<sup>th</sup>. I went to see my kinsman, Sir George Tuke's<sup>1</sup> comedy acted at the Duke's theatre, which took so universally, that it was acted for some weeks every day, and it was believed it would be worth to the comedians £400 or £500. The plot was incomparable; but the language stiff and formal.

10<sup>th</sup>. I saw a ball again at Court, danced by the King, the Duke, and ladies, in great pomp.

21<sup>st</sup>. Dined at Mr. Treasurer's of the Household, Sir Charles Berkeley's, where were the Earl of Oxford,<sup>2</sup> Lord Belasyse,<sup>3</sup> Lord Gerard,<sup>4</sup> Sir Andrew Scrope, Sir William Coventry,<sup>5</sup> Dr. Fraizer,<sup>6</sup> Mr. Windham, and others.

5<sup>th</sup> February. I saw *The Wild Gallant*, a comedy;<sup>7</sup> and was at the great ball at Court, where his Majesty, the Queen, etc., danced.

6<sup>th</sup>. Dined at my Lord Mayor's, Sir John Robinson,<sup>8</sup> Lieutenant of the Tower.

15<sup>th</sup>. This night some villains brake into my house and study below, and robbed me to the value of £60 in plate, money, and goods;—this being the third time I have been thus plundered.

of Lord Carlisle's conduct; but his Lordship vindicated himself so well, that the King told the Ambassador he saw no reason to condemn his Lordship's conduct" (Relation of the Embassy by G. M., authenticated by Lord Carlisle, printed 1669).

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Samuel Tuke (see *ante*, under 23<sup>rd</sup> December, 1662). Pepys was also present on this occasion. He too praises the plot, and the absence of ribaldry. Both Betterton and his wife took part in the performance, and the piece ran for thirteen nights without a break.]

<sup>2</sup> [Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl, 1626-1703. He had served as a military officer, both at home and abroad; and his services were rewarded at the Restoration by a seat at the Privy Council, the dignity of Knight of the Garter, and the appointment of Lord-Lieutenant of Essex. He left an only daughter, married to the Duke of St. Albans.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Belasyse, Baron Belasyse, 1614-89, afterwards Governor of Tangier.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 159.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>6</sup> [Dr. Alexander Fraizer, 1610?-81, physician to Charles II. He was knighted soon after the Restoration. Pepys refers to him more than once.]

<sup>7</sup> By Dryden. It was unsuccessful on the first representation in this year, but was subsequently altered to the form in which it now appears.

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]



26th March. I sat at the Commission of Sewers, where was a great case pleaded by his Majesty's counsel; he having built a wall over a water-course, denied the jurisdiction of the Court. The verdict went for the plaintiff.<sup>1</sup>

30th April. Came his Majesty to honour my poor villa with his presence, viewing the gardens and even every room of the house, and was pleased to take a small refreshment. There were with him the Duke of Richmond,<sup>2</sup> Earl of St. Albans,<sup>3</sup> Lord Lauderdale,<sup>4</sup> and several persons of quality.

14th May. Dined with my Lord Mordaunt,<sup>5</sup> and thence went to Barnes, to visit my excellent and ingenious friend, Abraham Cowley.<sup>6</sup>

17th. I saluted the old Bishop of Durham, Dr. Cosin,<sup>7</sup> to whom I had been kind, and assisted in his exile; but which he little remembered in his greatness.

29th. Dr. Creighton<sup>8</sup> preached his extravagant sermon at St. Margaret's, before the House of Commons.

30th. This morning was passed my lease of Sayes Court from the Crown, for the finishing of which I had been obliged to make such frequent journeys to London. I returned this evening, having seen the Russian Ambassador take leave of their Majesties with great solemnity.

2nd July. I saw the great Masque at Court, and lay that night at Arundel-house.<sup>9</sup>

4th. I saw his Majesty's Guards, being of horse and foot 4000, led by the General, the Duke of Albemarle, in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran soldiers, excellently clad, mounted, and ordered, drawn up in battalia before their Majesties in Hyde Park, where the old Earl of Cleveland trailed a pike,<sup>10</sup> and led the

right-hand file in a foot company, commanded by the Lord Wentworth, his son;<sup>1</sup> a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant soldiers. This was to show the French Ambassador, Monsieur Cominges;<sup>2</sup> there being a great assembly of coaches, etc., in the park.

7th. Dined at the Comptroller's;<sup>3</sup> after dinner, we met at the Commission about the streets, and to regulate hackney-coaches, also to make up our accounts to pass the Exchequer.

16th. A most extraordinary wet and cold season.

Sir George Carteret, Treasurer of the Navy,<sup>4</sup> had now married his daughter, Caroline, to Sir Thomas Scott, of Scott's Hall, in Kent.<sup>5</sup> This gentleman was thought to be the son of Prince Rupert.

2nd August. This evening, I accompanied Mr. Treasurer and Vice-Chamberlain Carteret to his lately married son-in-law's, Sir Thomas Scott, to Scott's hall.<sup>6</sup> We took barge as far as Gravesend, and thence by post to Rochester, whence in coach and six horses to Scott's Hall; a right noble seat, uniformly built, with a handsome gallery. It stands in a park well stored, the land fat and good. We were exceedingly feasted by the young knight, and in his pretty chapel heard an excellent sermon by his chaplain. In the afternoon, preached the learned Sir Norton Knatchbull (who has a noble seat hard by, and a plantation of stately fir trees).<sup>7</sup> In the church-yard of the parish church I measured an over-grown yew tree, that was eighteen of my paces in compass, out of some branches of which, torn off by the winds, were sawed divers goodly planks.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Thomas Wentworth, fifth Baron Wentworth, 1613-65.]

<sup>2</sup> [Gaston-Jean-Baptiste de Cominges, Seigneur of St. Fort, Fléac, and La Réole, 1613-70; Ambassador to England, 1662-65. He had come to this country 23rd December, 1662 (see *post*, under 29th October, 1664, and 20th June, 1665).]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir Hugh Pollard (see *ante*, p. 225).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

<sup>5</sup> [Whose ancestor led the Kentish forces at the Armada.]

<sup>6</sup> [Scott's Hall, near Smeeth, has now disappeared, and the site belongs to Lord Brabourne.]

<sup>7</sup> [Sir Norton Knatchbull 1602-85, of Merham Hatch. He wrote *Aninadoverstones in Libros Novi Testamenti*, 1659.]

<sup>8</sup> [It has long disappeared from Brabourne

<sup>1</sup> That is, against the King.

<sup>2</sup> [Charles Stuart, third Duke of Richmond, 1640-72, afterwards imprisoned in the Tower.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 205.]

<sup>4</sup> [John Maitland, first Duke of Lauderdale, 1616-82.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 193.]

<sup>6</sup> [Abraham Cowley, 1618-67. He retired to Barn Elms in 1663 for solitude, but left it in 1665 for Porch-house, Chertsey (see *post*, p. 229). He had lived at Deptford.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 154.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>9</sup> [See *ante*, p. 218.]

<sup>10</sup> [Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Cleveland, 1591-1667.]

10th August. We returned by Sir Norton's, whose house is likewise in a park. This gentleman is a worthy person, and learned critic, especially in Greek and Hebrew. Passing by Chatham, we saw his Majesty's Royal Navy, and dined at Commissioner Pett's,<sup>1</sup> master-builder there, who showed me his study and models, with other curiosities belonging to his art. He is esteemed for the most skilful ship-builder in the world. He hath a pretty garden and banqueting-house, pots, statues, cypresses, resembling some villas about Rome. After a great feast we rode post to Gravesend, and, sending the coach to London, came by barge home that night.

18th. To London, to see my Lord Chancellor, where I had discourse with my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury<sup>2</sup> and the Bishop of Winchester,<sup>3</sup> who enjoined me to write to Dr. Pierce, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, about a letter sent him by Dr. Goffe, a Romish Oratorian,<sup>4</sup> concerning an answer to Dean Cressy's late book.<sup>5</sup>

20th. I dined at the Comptroller's [of the Household] with the Earl of Oxford<sup>6</sup> and Mr. Ashburnham;<sup>7</sup> it was said it should be the last of the public diets, or tables, at Court, it being determined to put down the old hospitality, at which was great murmuring, considering his Majesty's vast revenue and the plenty of the nation. Hence, I went to sit in a Committee, to consider about the regula-

churyard. It was fifty-nine feet in circumference, and De Candolle thought it 3000 years old. Evelyn mentions it in his *Sylva* (Hunter's ed. 1822, ii 205.)

<sup>1</sup> [Peter Pett, 1610-70, son of Phineas Pett. 1570-1647 (see *ante*, p. 11). He was resident Commissioner of the Navy at Chatham from 1648 to 1667, succeeding his father. See *post*, under 18th June, 1667.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 212.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 152.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 12.]

<sup>5</sup> [Of Dr. Pierce (see *ante*, p. 102) Wood speaks very unfavourably in his *Fasti*. He was engaged in many disputes both in his College and at Salisbury. Dean Cressy was bred in the Church of England, and appointed Canon of Windsor and Dean of Leighlin in Ireland, in the time of King Charles I., but the troubles of that time interposed to prevent his receiving benefit from either; he afterwards became a Roman Catholic. The book here referred to is *Exomologētis* or the motives of his conversion.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 226.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *post*, under 28th August, 1667.]

tion of the Mint at the Tower; in which some small progress was made.

27th. Dined at Sir Philip Warwick's,<sup>1</sup> Secretary to my Lord Treasurer, who showed me the accounts and other private matters relating to the revenue. Thence, to the Commissioners of the Mint, particularly about coinage, and bringing his Majesty's rate from fifteen to ten shillings for every pound weight of gold.

31st. I was invited to the translation of Dr. Sheldon, Bishop of London,<sup>2</sup> from that see to Canterbury, the ceremony performed at Lambeth. First went his Grace's mace-bearer, steward, treasurer, comptroller, all in their gowns, and with white staves; next, the Bishops in their habits, eight in number; Dr. Sweate, Dean of the Arches, Dr. Exton, Judge of the Admiralty, Sir William Merick, Judge of the Prerogative Court, with divers advocates in scarlet. After divine service in the chapel, performed with music extraordinary, Dr. French and Dr. Stradling (his Grace's chaplains) said prayers. The Archbishop in a private room looking into the chapel, the Bishops who were Commissioners went up to a table placed before the altar, and sat round it in chairs. Then, Dr. Chaworth presented the commission under the broad seal to the Bishop of Winchester, and it was read by Dr. Sweate. After which, the Vicar-General went to the vestry, and brought his Grace into the chapel, his other officers marching before. He being presented to the Commissioners, was seated in a great arm-chair at one end of the table, when the definitive sentence was read by the Bishop of Winchester, and subscribed by all the Bishops, and proclamation was three times made at the chapel door, which was then set open for any to enter, and give their exceptions; if any they had. This done, we all went to dinner in the great hall to a mighty feast. There were present all the nobility in town, the Lord Mayor of London, Sheriffs, Duke of Albemarle, etc. My Lord Archbishop did in particular most civilly welcome me. So going to visit my Lady Needham, who lived at Lambeth,<sup>3</sup> I went over to London.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 205.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, under 20th August.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 195.]

10th September. I dined with Mr. Treasurer of the Navy,<sup>1</sup> where, sitting by Mr. Secretary Morice, we had much discourse about books and authors, he being a learned man, and had a good collection.

24th October. Mr. Edward Phillips<sup>2</sup> came to be my son's preceptor: this gentleman was nephew to Milton, who wrote against Salmasius's *Defensio*; but was not at all infected with his principles, though brought up by him.<sup>3</sup>

5th November. Dr. South,<sup>4</sup> my Lord Chancellor's chaplain, preached at Westminster Abbey an excellent discourse concerning obedience to magistrates, against the pontificians and sectaries. I afterwards dined at Sir Philip Warwick's,<sup>5</sup> where was much company.

6th. To Court, to get Sir John Evelyn of Godstone off from being Sheriff of Surrey.<sup>6</sup>

30th. Was the first anniversary of our Society for the choice of new officers, according to the tenor of our patent and institution. It being St. Andrew's day, who was our patron, each fellow wore a St. Andrew's cross of ribbon on the crown of his hat. After the election, we dined together, his Majesty sending us venison.

16th December. To our Society, where Mr. P. Balle,<sup>7</sup> our Treasurer at the late election, presented the Society with an iron chest, having three locks, and in it £100 as a gift.

18th. Dined with the gentlemen of his Majesty's bedchamber at Whitehall.

1663-4: 2nd January. To Barn Elms, to see Abraham Cowley after his sickness;<sup>8</sup> and returned that evening to London.

<sup>1</sup> [Sir George Carteret.]

<sup>2</sup> [Edward Phillips, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, 1630-96, son of Milton's only sister, Ann. He was afterwards tutor to Philip Herbert, later seventh Earl of Pembroke. From a letter of Evelyn to Wren in 1665, it appears that the salary of such a preceptor was £20 p. a. "and such other accommodations as shall be in no ways disagreeable to an ingenuous spirit." For this he was to be "a perfect Grecian," and have some knowledge of mathematics.]

<sup>3</sup> The lives of Edward and John Phillips, nephews and pupils of the poet, were published in 1815, by William Godwin.

<sup>4</sup> [The famous Dr. Robert South, 1634-1716, also at this date Public Orator at Oxford.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 205.]

<sup>6</sup> In which he succeeded.

<sup>7</sup> [Peter Balle, d. 1675, Doctor of Physic and Philosophy, Padua, 1660.]

<sup>8</sup> [See ante, p. 227. He had been "afflicted with a dangerous and lingering Fever."]

4th February. Dined at Sir Philip Warwick's;<sup>1</sup> thence, to Court, where I had discourse with the King about an invention of glass-grenades,<sup>2</sup> and several other subjects.

5th. I saw *The Indian Queen* acted, a tragedy well written,<sup>3</sup> so beautiful with rich scenes as the like had never been seen here, or haply (except rarely) elsewhere on a mercenary theatre.

16th. I presented my *Sylva* to the Society;<sup>4</sup> and next day to his Majesty, to whom it was dedicated; also to the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Chancellor.

24th. My Lord George Berkeley, of Durdans,<sup>5</sup> and Sir Samuel Tuke,<sup>6</sup> came to visit me. We went on board Sir William Petty's double-bottomed vessel,<sup>7</sup> and so to London.

26th. Dined with my Lord Chancellor; and thence to Court, where I had great thanks for my *Sylva*, and long discourse with the King of divers particulars.

2nd March. Went to London to distribute some of my books amongst friends.

4th. Came to dine with me the Earl of Lauderdale, his Majesty's great favourite, and Secretary of Scotland; the Earl of Teviot; my Lord Viscount Brouncker, President of the Royal Society; Dr. Wilkins, Dean of Ripon; Sir Robert Murray,<sup>8</sup> and Mr. Hooke, Curator to the Society.<sup>9</sup>

This spring, I planted the Home-field and West-field about Sayes Court with elms, being the same year that the elms were planted by his Majesty in Greenwich Park.

9th. I went to the Tower, to sit in commission about regulating the Mint; and now it was that the fine new-milled coin, both of white money and guineas, was established.

26th. It pleased God to take away my

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 205.]

<sup>2</sup> [Grenades of iron were invented in 1594 (see post, under 1st June, 1667).]

<sup>3</sup> By Sir Robert Howard and Dryden.

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 224. It was published in this year.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 199.]

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 151.]

<sup>7</sup> [See ante, p. 217, and Pepys's *Diary*, 31st July, 1663.]

<sup>8</sup> [See ante, pp. 209 and 213.]

<sup>9</sup> Dr. Robert Hooke, 1635-1703, professor of Geometry in Gresham College. He wrote several treatises on different branches of philosophy, and entered into controversies with Hevelius, and on Newton's Theory of Light and Colours.

son, Richard, now a month old, yet without any sickness of danger perceivably, being to all appearance a most likely child; we suspected much the nurse had over-lain him; to our extreme sorrow, being now again reduced to one: but God's will will be done.

29th March. After evening prayers, was my child buried near the rest of his brothers—my very dear children.

27th April. Saw a facetious comedy, called *Love in a Tub*;<sup>1</sup> and supped at Mr. Secretary Bennet's.<sup>2</sup>

3rd May. Came the Earl of Kent,<sup>3</sup> my kinsman, and his lady, to visit us.

5th. Went with some company a journey of pleasure on the water, in a barge, with music, and at Mortlake had a great banquet, returning late. The occasion was, Sir Robert Carr,<sup>4</sup> now courting Mrs. Bennet, sister to the Secretary of State.

6th. Went to see Mr. Wright the painter's collection of rare shells, etc.<sup>5</sup>

8th June. To our Society, to which his Majesty had sent that wonderful horn of the fish which struck a dangerous hole in the keel of a ship in the India sea, which, being broken off with the violence of the fish, and left in the timber, preserved it from foundering.<sup>6</sup>

9th. Sir Samuel Tuke<sup>7</sup> being this morning married to a lady, kinswoman to my Lord Arundel of Wardour, by the Queen's Lord Almoner, L. Aubigny,<sup>8</sup> in St. James's chapel, solemnised his wedding-night at my house with much company.

22nd. One Tomson, a Jesuit, showed me such a collection of rarities, sent from the Jesuits of Japan and China to their Order at Paris, as a present to be reserved in their repository, but brought to London by the East India ships for them, as in my

<sup>1</sup> [By Sir George Etherege, 1635-91. Its first title was *The Comical Revenge*. It was "very merry, but only so by gesture, not wit at all"—says Pepys, who saw it in January, 1665.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 215.]

<sup>3</sup> [Anthony Grey, eleventh Earl of Kent, d. 1702.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Robert Carr, of Sleaford, Lincolnshire.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 200.]

<sup>6</sup> [Grew's *Catalogue and Description of the Natural and Artificial Rarities belonging to the Royal Society, and preserved at Gresham Colledge, etc.*, 1681, contains no reference to this.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 151 and 204.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 163.]

life I had not seen. The chief things were, rhinoceroses' horns; glorious vests, wrought and embroidered on cloth of gold, but with such lively colours, that for splendour and vividness we have nothing in Europe that approaches it; a girdle studded with agates and rubies of great value and size; knives, of so keen an edge as one could not touch them, nor was the metal of our colour, but more pale and livid; fans, like those our ladies use, but much larger, and with long handles curiously carved and filled with Chinese characters; a sort of paper very broad, thin, and fine, like abortive parchment, and exquisitely polished, of an amber yellow, exceeding glorious and pretty to look on, and seeming to be like that which my Lord Verulam describes in his *Nova Atlantis*; several other sorts of paper, some written, others printed; prints of landscapes, their idols, saints, pagods, of most ugly serpentine monstrous and hideous shapes, to which they paid devotion; pictures of men and countries, rarely painted on a sort of gummed calico, transparent as glass; flowers, trees, beasts, birds, etc., excellently wrought in a kind of sleeve silk, very natural; divers drugs that our druggists and physicians could make nothing of, especially one which the Jesuit called *Lac Tigridis*: it looked like a fungus, but was weighty like metal, yet was a concretion, or coagulation, of some other matter; several book MSS.; a grammar of the language written in Spanish; with innumerable other rarities.

1st July. Went to see Mr. Povey's<sup>1</sup> elegant house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where the perspective in his court, painted by Streater,<sup>2</sup> is indeed excellent, with the vases in imitation of porphyry, and fountains; the inlaying of his closet; above all, his pretty cellar and ranging of his wine-bottles.

7th. To Court, where I subscribed to Sir Arthur Slingsby's<sup>3</sup> lottery, a desperate debt owing me long since in Paris.

14th. I went to take leave of the two Mr. Howards,<sup>4</sup> now going to Paris, and

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 225; and *post*, under 6th August, 1666.]

<sup>2</sup> [Robert Streater, 1624-80, called by Pepys "an excellent painter of perspective and landscape." He was Serjeant Painter to Charles II.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 222.]

brought them as far as Bromley; thence, to Eltham, to see Sir John Shaw's new house,<sup>1</sup> now building; the place is pleasant, if not too wet, but the house not well contrived; especially the roof and rooms too low pitched, and the kitchen where the cellars should be; the orangery and aviary handsome, and a very large plantation about it.

19<sup>th</sup> July. To London, to see the event of the lottery<sup>2</sup> which his Majesty had permitted Sir Arthur Slingsby to set up for one day in the Banqueting-house, at Whitehall; I gaining only a trifle, as well as did the King, Queen-Consort, and Queen-Mother, for near thirty lots; which was thought to be contrived very unhandsomely by the master of it, who was, in truth, a mere shark.

21<sup>st</sup>. I dined with my Lord Treasurer<sup>3</sup> at Southampton House, where his Lordship used me with singular humanity. I went in the afternoon to Chelsea, to wait on the Duke of Ormonde, and returned to London.

28<sup>th</sup>. Came to see me Monsieur Zulichem, Secretary to the Prince of Orange,<sup>4</sup> an excellent Latin poet, a rare lutanist, with Monsieur Oudart.<sup>5</sup>

3<sup>rd</sup> August. To London; a concert of excellent musicians, especially one Mr. Berkenshaw,<sup>6</sup> that rare artist, who invented a mathematical way of composure very extraordinary, true as to the exact rules of art, but without much harmony.

8<sup>th</sup>. Came the sad and unexpected news of the death of Lady Cotton,<sup>7</sup> wife to my brother George, a most excellent lady.

9<sup>th</sup>. Went with my brother Richard to Wotton, to visit and comfort my disconsolate brother; and on the 13<sup>th</sup> saw my

friend, Mr. Charles Howard, at Deepdene, near Dorking.<sup>1</sup>

16<sup>th</sup>. I went to see Sir William Ducie's house at Charlton,<sup>2</sup> which he purchased of my excellent friend, Sir Henry Newton,<sup>3</sup> now nobly furnished.

22<sup>nd</sup>. I went from London to Wotton, to assist at the funeral of my sister-in-law, the Lady Cotton, buried in our dormitory there, she being put up in lead. Dr. Owen made a profitable and pathetic discourse, concluding with an eulogy of that virtuous, pious, and deserving lady. It was a very solemn funeral, with about fifty mourners. I came back next day with my wife to London.

2<sup>nd</sup> September. Came Constantine Huyghens, Seigneur de Zulichem, Sir Robert Morris, Mr. Oudart, Mr. Carew,<sup>4</sup> and other friends, to spend the day with us.

5<sup>th</sup> October. To our Society. There was brought a new-invented instrument of music, being a harpsichord with gut-strings, sounding like a concert of viols with an organ, made vocal by a wheel, and a zone of parchment that rubbed horizontally against the strings.

6<sup>th</sup>. I heard the anniversary oration in praise of Dr. Harvey, in the Anatomy Theatre in the College of Physicians; after which I was invited by Dr. Alston, the President,<sup>5</sup> to a magnificent feast.

7<sup>th</sup>. I dined at Sir Nicholas Strood's, one of the Masters of Chancery, in Great St. Bartholomew's; passing the evening at Whitehall, with the Queen, etc.

8<sup>th</sup>. Sir William Curtius,<sup>6</sup> his Majesty's Resident in Germany, came to visit me; he was a wise and learned gentleman, and, as he told me, scholar to Henry Alstedius,<sup>7</sup> the Encyclopedist.

15<sup>th</sup>. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's, where were the Duke of Ormonde, Earl of Cork, and Bishop of Winchester. After dinner, my Lord Chancellor and his lady carried me in their coach to see their palace (for he now lived at Worcester-House in the Strand), building at the upper end of St. James's-street,<sup>8</sup> and to project the

<sup>1</sup> [Eltham Palace (see *ante*, p. 189) had been bestowed upon Sir John Shaw by Charles II. for services rendered at Brussels and Antwerp.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. Pepys's *Diary*, 20<sup>th</sup> July, 1664, for a longer account of this lottery.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 190.]

<sup>4</sup> [Constantine Huyghens, Seigneur de Zulichem, 1596-1687, father of Christian Huyghens (see *ante*, p. 210). He was in England in 1671 (see *post*, under 24<sup>th</sup> June, 1671).]

<sup>5</sup> [Secretary to the late Princess of Orange.]

<sup>6</sup> [Berkenshaw was music master to Pepys, who informs us in February, 1662, that he gave him five pounds for five weeks' lessons, "which is a great deal of money, and troubled me to part with it."]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 2.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 186.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 171.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 146.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 149.]

<sup>5</sup> [Sir Edward Alston, 1595-1669; P.C.P. 1635-66.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 159.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 159.]

<sup>8</sup> Clarendon House, Piccadilly. It stood on the N. side, between Berkeley Street and Bond Street,

garden. In the evening, I presented him with my book on Architecture,<sup>1</sup> as before I had done to his Majesty and the Queen-Mother. His lordship caused me to stay with him in his bedchamber, discoursing of several matters very late, even till he was going into his bed.

17th October. I went with my Lord Viscount Cornbury,<sup>2</sup> to Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, to assist him in the planting of the park, and bear him company, with Mr. Belin and Mr. May,<sup>3</sup> in a coach with six horses; dined at Uxbridge, lay at Wycombe.

18th. At Oxford. Went through Woodstock, where we beheld the destruction of that royal seat and park by the late rebels, and arrived that evening at Cornbury, a house lately built by the Earl of Denbigh, in the middle of a sweet park, walled with a dry wall.<sup>4</sup> The house is of excellent freestone, abounding in that part (a stone that is fine, but never sweats, or casts any damp); it is of ample dimensions, has goodly cellars, the paving of the hall admirable for its close laying. We designed a handsome chapel that was yet wanting: as Mr. May had the stables, which indeed are very fair, having set out the walks in the park and gardens. The lodge is a pretty solitude, and the ponds very convenient; the park well stored.

20th. Hence, to see the famous wells, natural and artificial grots and fountains, called Bushell's Wells, at Enstone.<sup>5</sup> This

and exactly fronting St. James's Palace. The Chancellor, in the Continuation of his Life, laments his "weakness and vanity" in having built it, and the "gust of envy" which its magnificence created. He had little enjoyment of it, as will be seen hereafter (see *post*, under 19th June and 18th September, 1683, and 12th June, 1684).

<sup>1</sup> *A Parallell of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern*, etc. Written in French, by Roland Freart, Sieur de Chambray, and translated by Evelyn. See his *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 337-48.

<sup>2</sup> [Henry Hyde, Lord Cornbury, 1638-1709, afterwards second Earl of Clarendon.]

<sup>3</sup> [Probably Hugh May, the architect of Cashibury, and surveyor of the works at Windsor Castle.]

<sup>4</sup> Once the residence of Francis Almeric, created Baron Churchill, brother of the fifth Duke of Marlborough.]

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Bushell, 1594-1674. He had been page and seal-bearer to Bacon. He printed a pamphlet descriptive of his contrivances at Enstone; and in Plot's *Oxfordshire* is an engraving of the rock, fountains, etc., belonging to it. See an account of him in Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey*, 1814, vol. iii. p. 523, and Appendix cxlix.

Bushell had been Secretary to my Lord Verulam. It is an extraordinary solitude. There he had two mummies; a grot where he lay in a hammock, like an Indian. Hence, we went to Ditchley, an ancient seat of the Lees, now Sir Henry Lee's; it is a low ancient timber house, with a pretty bowling-green. My Lady gave us an extraordinary dinner. This gentleman's mother was Countess of Rochester, who was also there, and Sir Walter St. John. There were some pictures of their ancestors, not ill painted; the great-grandfather had been Knight of the Garter: there was a picture of a Pope, and our Saviour's head. So we returned to Cornbury.

24th. We dined at Sir Timothy Tyrell's at Shotover. This gentleman married the daughter and heir of Dr. James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh, that learned prelate.<sup>1</sup> There is here in the grove a fountain of the coldest water I ever felt, and very clear. His plantation of oaks and other timber is very commendable. We went in the evening to Oxford, lay at Dr. Hyde's, principal of Magdalen-Hall (related to the Lord Chancellor), brother to the Lord Chief-Justice and that Sir Henry Hyde, who lost his head for his loyalty. We were handsomely entertained two days. The Vice-Chancellor, with Dr. Fell,<sup>2</sup> Dean of Christ Church, the learned Dr. Barlow,<sup>3</sup> Warden of Queen's, and several Heads of houses, came to visit Lord Cornbury (his father being now Chancellor of the University), and next day invited us all to dinner. I went to visit Mr. Boyle (now here), whom I found with Dr. Wallis,<sup>4</sup> and Dr. Christopher Wren,<sup>5</sup> in the tower of the schools, with an inverted tube, or telescope, observing the discus of the sun for the passing of Mercury that day before it; but the latitude was so great that nothing appeared; so we went to see the rarities in the Library, where the keepers showed me my name among the benefactors. They have a cabinet of some medals, and pictures of the muscular parts of man's body. Thence, to the new Theatre, now building at an exceeding and royal expense by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury [Sheldon], to keep the Acts in for the future, till now

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 166.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 213.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 175.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 213.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 175.]

being in St. Mary's Church. The foundation had been newly laid, and the whole designed by that incomparable genius, my worthy friend Dr. Christopher Wren, who showed me the model, not disdaining my advice in some particulars. Thence, to see the picture on the wall over the altar of All Souls, being the largest piece of fresco-painting (or rather in imitation of it, for it is in oil of turpentine) in England, not ill designed by the hand of one Fuller;<sup>1</sup> yet I fear it will not hold long. It seems too full of naked for a chapel.

Thence, to New College, and the painting of Magdalen chapel, which is on blue cloth in *chiaroscuro*, by one Greenborow,<sup>2</sup> being a *Cena Domini*, and a Last Judgment on the wall by Fuller, as is the other, but somewhat varied.

Next to Wadham, and the Physic Garden, where were two large locust trees, and as many platana, and some rare plants under the culture of old Bobart.<sup>3</sup>

26th October. We came back to Beaconsfield; next day to London, where we dined at the Lord Chancellor's, with my Lord Belasyse.<sup>4</sup>

27th. Being casually in the privy gallery at Whitehall, his Majesty gave me thanks before divers lords and noblemen for my book of Architecture, and again for my *Sylva*, saying they were the best designed and useful for the matter and subject, the best printed and designed (meaning the *taille-douces* of the Parallel of Architecture) that he had seen. He then caused me to follow him alone to one of the windows, and asked me if I had any paper about me unwritten, and a crayon; I presented him with both, and then laying it on the window-stool, he with his own hands designed to me the plot for the future building of Whitehall, together with the rooms of state, and other particulars. After this, he

talked with me of several matters, asking my advice, in which I find his Majesty had an extraordinary talent becoming a magnificent prince.

The same day at Council, there being Commissioners to be made to take care of such sick and wounded and prisoners of war, as might be expected upon occasion of a succeeding war and action at sea, war being already declared against the Hollanders, his Majesty was pleased to nominate me to be one, with three other gentlemen, parliament-men, viz. Sir William D'Oyly,<sup>1</sup> Knt. and Bart., Sir Thomas Clifford,<sup>2</sup> and Bullein Rheyms, Esq.; with a salary of £1200 a year amongst us, besides extraordinaries for our care and attention in time of station, each of us being appointed to a particular district, mine falling out to be Kent and Sussex, with power to constitute officers, physicians, surgeons, provost-m Marshals, and to dispose of half of the hospitals through England. After the council, we kissed his Majesty's hand. At this council, I heard Mr. Solicitor Finch<sup>3</sup> plead most elegantly for the merchants trading to the Canaries, praying for a new Charter.

29th. Was the most magnificent triumph by water and land of the Lord Mayor.<sup>4</sup> I dined at Guildhall, at the upper table, placed next to Sir H. Bennet, Secretary of State,<sup>5</sup> opposite to my Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Buckingham, who sate between Monsieur Cominges, the French Ambassador,<sup>6</sup> Lord Treasurer, the Dukes of Ormonde and Albemarle, Earl of Manchester, Lord Chamberlain, and the rest of the great officers of state. My Lord Mayor came twice up to us, first drinking in the golden goblet his Majesty's health, then the French King's as a compliment to the Ambassador; we returned my Lord Mayor's health, the trumpets and drums sounding. The cheer was not to be imagined for the plenty and rarity, with an

<sup>1</sup> [Isaac Fuller, 1606-72. But the altar-piece at All Souls is said to be by Thornhill. Fuller painted one at Magdalen.]

<sup>2</sup> [Query.—Robert Greenbury (*fl.* 1616-50).]

<sup>3</sup> Jacob Bobart, 1599-1680, was appointed the first keeper of the Physic Garden at Oxford. There is a fine print of him, after Loggan, by Burghers, dated 1675. There exists also a small whole-length of him in the frontispiece to *Vertumnus*, a poem on that Oxford garden. In this he is dressed in a long vest, with a beard. He was succeeded by his son, also Jacob, 1641-1719.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 226.]

<sup>1</sup> [Sir William D'Oyly of Shottisham, Norfolk, *c.* 1677. He was M.P. for Yarmouth, and had been created a Baronet in 1663.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Thomas Clifford of Ugbrooke, first Baron Clifford of Chudleigh, 1630-73.]

<sup>3</sup> Heneage Finch, 1621-82, afterwards first Earl of Nottingham and Lord Chancellor.

<sup>4</sup> Sir John Lawrence. The pageant for the day was at the cost of the Haberdashers' Company.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 216.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 227.]

infinite number of persons at the tables in that ample hall. The feast was said to cost £1000. I slipped away in the crowd, and came home late.

31st October. I was this day 44 years of age; for which I returned thanks to Almighty God, begging His merciful protection for the year to come.

2nd November. Her Majesty, the Queen-Mother, came across the gallery in Whitehall to give me thanks for my book of Architecture, which I had presented to her, with a compliment that I did by no means deserve.

16th. We chose our treasurer,<sup>1</sup> clerks, and messengers, and appointed our seal, which I ordered should be the good Samaritan, with this motto, *Fac similiter*. Painters' Hall was lent us to meet in. In the great room were divers pictures, some reasonably good, that had been given to the Company by several of the wardens and masters of the Company.

23rd. Our statutes now finished, were read before a full assembly of the Royal Society.<sup>2</sup>

24th. His Majesty was pleased to tell me that the conference was with the Holland Ambassador, which, as after I found, was the heads of the speech he made at the re-convention of the Parliament, which now began.

2nd December. We delivered the Privy Council's letters to the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, in Southwark, that a moiety of the house should be reserved for such sick and wounded as should from time to time be sent from the fleet during the war. This being delivered at their Court, the President and several Aldermen, Governors of that Hospital, invited us to a great feast in Fishmongers' Hall.<sup>3</sup>

20th. To London, our last sitting, taking order for our personal visiting our several districts.<sup>4</sup> I dined at Captain Cocke's (our treasurer), with that most ingenious gentleman, Matthew Wren, son to the Bishop of Ely,<sup>5</sup> and Mr. Joseph Williamson, since Secretary of State.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *infra*, 20th December.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 224.]

<sup>3</sup> [Afterwards destroyed in the Great Fire. It had previously been Lord Fanhope's.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 233.] <sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 192.]

<sup>6</sup> Afterwards Sir Joseph, 1633-1701. He was Secretary of State, 1660-61, and P.R.S., 1677-80.

22nd. I went to the launching of a new ship of two bottoms, invented by Sir William Petty, on which were various opinions;<sup>1</sup> his Majesty being present, gave her the name of the *Experiment*: so I returned home, where I found Sir Humphry Winch,<sup>2</sup> who spent the day with me.

This year I planted the lower grove next the pond at Sayes Court. It was now exceeding cold, and a hard long frosty season, and the comet was very visible.

28th. Some of my poor neighbours dined with me, and others of my tenants, according to my annual custom.

31st. Set my affairs in order, gave God praise for His mercies the past year, and prepared for the reception of the Holy Sacrament, which I partook of the next day, after hearing our minister on the 4th of Galatians, verses 4, 5, of the mystery of our Blessed Saviour's Incarnation.

1664-5: 2nd January. This day was published by me that part of *The Mystery of Jesuitism*<sup>3</sup> translated and collected by

He represented Thetford and Rochester in several parliaments. At his death he left £6000 to Queen's College, Oxford, where he was educated, and at Rochester he founded a mathematical school. There is a whole-length portrait of him in the Town-hall at Rochester.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 217, 220.]

<sup>2</sup> [A Commissioner of Trade, and later Commissioner of the Admiralty.]

<sup>3</sup> In a letter to Lord Cornbury, 2nd Jan. 1664, Evelyn says, "I came to present y<sup>r</sup> Lordship with y<sup>r</sup> owne booke [in the margin is written, 'The other part of the Mystery of Jesuitism translated and published by me'] : I left it with my Lord y<sup>r</sup> father, because I would not suffer it to be publiq<sup>t</sup> till he had first seene it, who, on y<sup>r</sup> L<sup>ts</sup> score, has so just a title to it. The particulars, w<sup>ch</sup> you will find added after the 4th letter, are extracted out of severall curious papers and passages lyving by me, which for being very apposite to y<sup>e</sup> controversie, I thought fit to annex, in danger otherwise to have never ben produced."—In another letter to Lord Cornbury, 9th Feb. 1664, Mr. Evelyn says he undertook the translation by command of his Lordship, and of his father the Lord Chancellor.

The authors of the *Biographia Britannica* speak of *The Mystery of Jesuitism* as one volume; but in the library at Wotton there are three, in duodecimo, with the subjoined titles and contents. The second in order is that translated by Mr. Evelyn.

1. Les Provinciales, or, the Mystery of Jesuitism, discovered in certain letters written upon occasion of the present difference at Sorbonne between the Jansenists and the Molinists, displaying the pernicious Maxims of the late Casuists. The second edition corrected, with large additions. *Sicut Serpentes*. London: Printed for Richard Royston, and are to be sold by Robert



me though without my name, containing the Imaginary Heresy, with four letters and other pieces.

4th January. I went in a coach, it being excessive sharp frost and snow, towards Dover and other parts of Kent, to settle physicians, chirurgeons, agents, marshals, and other officers in all the seaports, to take care of such as should be set on shore, wounded, sick, or prisoners, in pursuance of our commission reaching from the North Foreland, in Kent, to Portsmouth, in Hampshire. The rest of the ports in England were allotted to the other Commissioners. That evening, I came to Rochester, where I delivered the Privy Council's letter to the Mayor to receive orders from me.

5th. I arrived at Canterbury, and went to the cathedral, exceedingly well repaired since his Majesty's return.

6th. To Dover, where Colonel Stroode, Lieutenant of the Castle, having received the letter I brought him from the Duke of Albemarle, made me lodge in it, and I was splendidly treated, assisting me from place to place. Here I settled my first Deputy. The Mayor and officers of the Customs were very civil to me.

9th. To Deal.—10th. To Sandwich, a pretty town, about two miles from the sea. The Mayor and officers of the Customs

Clavell at the Stag's Head near St. Gregorie's church in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1658.—pp. 360. Additional, pp. 147. At the end are the names of some of the most eminent Casuists.

2. *Μυστήριον τῆς Ἀνομιᾶς*. That is, Another Part of the Mystery of Jesuitism; or the new Heresie of the Jesuits, publicly maintained at Paris, in the College of Clermont, the xii of December MDCLXI. declared to all the Bishops of France. According to the copy printed at Paris. Together with the Imaginary Heresy, in three Letters, with divers other particulars relating to the abominable Mysterie. Never before published in English. London: Printed by James Flesher for Richard Royston, bookseller to his most sacred Majesty, 1664.—3 letters, pp. 206. Copy of a Letter from the Reverend Father Valerian, a Capuchin, to Pope Alexander 7th, pp. 207-239. The sense of the French Church, pp. 240-254.

3. The Moral Practice of the Jesuits demonstrated by many remarkable histories of their actions in all parts of the world. Collected either from books of the greatest authority, or most certain and unquestionable records and memorials. By the Doctors of the Sorbonne. Faithfully translated into English (by Dr. Tongue; see hereafter, under 1678, Oct. 1). London: Printed for Simon Miller, at the Star at the west end of St. Paul's, 1670. See Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, p. 499. [Bray's Note.]

were very diligent to serve me. I visited the forts in the way, and returned that night to Canterbury.

11th. To Rochester, where I took order to settle officers at Chatham.

12th. To Gravesend, and returned home. A cold, busy, but not unpleasant journey.

25th. This night being at Whitehall, his Majesty came to me standing in the withdrawing-room, and gave me thanks for publishing *The Mysteries of Jesuitism*, which he said he had carried two days in his pocket, read it, and encouraged me; at which I did not a little wonder: I suppose Sir Robert Murray had given it to him.

27th. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's, who caused me after dinner to sit two or three hours alone with him in his bed-chamber.

2nd February. I saw a Masque performed at Court, by six gentlemen and six ladies, surprising his Majesty, it being Candlemas-day.<sup>1</sup>

8th. Ash Wednesday. I visited our prisoners at Chelsea College, and to examine how the marshal and sutlers behaved. These were prisoners taken in the war; they only complained that their bread was too fine. I dined at Sir Henry Herbert's,<sup>2</sup> Master of the Revels.

9th. Dined at my Lord Treasurer's, the Earl of Southampton,<sup>3</sup> in Bloomsbury, where he was building a noble square, or piazza,<sup>4</sup> a little town; his own house stands too low, some noble rooms, a pretty cedar chapel, a naked garden to the north, but good air.<sup>5</sup> I had much discourse with his Lordship, whom I found to be a person

<sup>1</sup> Pepys speaks of this more in detail, as a masquerade, "where six women (my Lady Castlemaine and Duchess of Monmouth being two of them) and six men (the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Arran [Ormonde's second son], and Monsieur Blanfort [Lewis Duras, p. 302], being three of them) in vizards, but most rich and antique dresses, did dance admirably and most gloriously" (*Diary*, February 3, 1665).

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 165. He was the brother of George Herbert.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 190.]

<sup>4</sup> The Italians mean simply a square by their *piazas*. [Cf. Pepys's *Diary*, October 2, 1664.]

<sup>5</sup> Afterwards called Bedford House, the town residence for many years of the Russell family. It was pulled down in 1880; and on the site and the adjoining fields were erected Russell Square, Bedford Place, Russell Place, etc.

of extraordinary parts, but a *valetudinarian*.—I went to St. James's Park, where I saw various animals, and examined the throat of the *onocrotalus*, or pelican, a fowl between a stork and a swan; a melancholy water-fowl, brought from Astracan by the Russian Ambassador; it was diverting to see how he would toss up and turn a flat fish, plaice, or flounder, to get it right into his gullet at its lower beak, which, being filmy, stretches to a prodigious wideness when it devours a great fish. Here was also a small water-fowl, not bigger than a moorhen, that went almost quite erect, like the penguin of America; it would eat as much fish as its whole body weighed; I never saw so unsatiable a devourer, yet the body did not appear to swell the bigger. The Solan geese here are also great devourers, and are said soon to exhaust all the fish in a pond. Here was a curious sort of poultry not much exceeding the size of a tame pigeon, with legs so short as their crops seemed to touch the earth; a milk-white raven; a stork, which was a rarity at this season, seeing he was loose, and could fly loftily; two Balearian cranes,<sup>1</sup> one of which having had one of his legs broken and cut off above the knee, had a wooden or boxen leg and thigh, with a joint so accurately made that the creature could walk and use it as well as if it had been natural; it was made by a soldier. The park was at this time stored with numerous flocks of several sorts of ordinary and extraordinary wild fowl, breeding about the Decoy,<sup>2</sup> which for being near so great a city, and among such a concourse of soldiers and people, is a singular and diverting thing. There were also deer of several countries, white; spotted like leopards; antelopes, an elk, red deer, roebucks, stags, Guinea goats, Arabian sheep, etc. There were withy-pots, or nests, for the wild fowl to lay their eggs in, a little above the surface of the water.

23rd February. I was invited to a great feast at Mr. Rich's (a relation of my wife's, now Reader at Lincoln's Inn); where was the Duke of Monmouth, the Archbishop of

<sup>1</sup> [Balearic cranes.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Decoy, at this date in course of construction, was at the south-eastern end of St. James's Park. It disappeared (with Duck Island) in 1771.]

Canterbury, Bishops of London and Winchester, the Speaker of the House of Commons, divers of the Judges, and several other great men.

24th. Dr. Fell,<sup>1</sup> Canon of Christ Church, preached before the King, on 15 ch. Romans, v. 2, a very formal discourse, and in blank verse, according to his manner; however, he is a good man.—Mr. Phillips, preceptor to my son,<sup>2</sup> went to be with the Earl of Pembroke's son, my Lord Herbert.

2nd March. I went with his Majesty, into the lobby behind the House of Lords, where I saw the King and the rest of the Lords robe themselves, and got into the House of Lords in a corner near the Wool-sack, on which the Lord Chancellor sits next below the throne: the King sate in all the regalia, the crown-imperial on his head, the sceptre and globe, etc. The Duke of Albemarle bare the sword, the Duke of Ormonde, the cap of dignity. The rest of the Lords robed in their places:—a most splendid and august convention. Then came the Speaker and the House of Commons, and at the bar made a speech, and afterwards presented several bills, a nod only passing them, the clerk saying, *Le Roy le veult*, as to public bills; as to private, *Soit fait comme il est désiré*. Then, his Majesty made a handsome but short speech, commanding my Lord Privy Seal to prorogue the Parliament, which he did, the Chancellor being ill and absent. I had not before seen this ceremony.

9th. I went to receive the poor creatures that were saved out of the *London* frigate,<sup>3</sup> blown up by accident, with above 200 men.

29th. Went to Goring House,<sup>4</sup> now Mr. Secretary Bennet's, ill built, but the place capable of being made a pretty villa. His Majesty was now finishing the Decoy in the Park.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 232.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 229.]

<sup>3</sup> ["A little on this side of the buoy of the Nore"—says Pepys, 8th March, 1665—"she suddenly blew up"—as they were bringing her from Chatham to the Hope. Three hundred men were drowned.]

<sup>4</sup> Buckingham Palace is now built on the site. There is a small print of Goring House, as it then stood.

<sup>5</sup> [In an account for "Workes and Services," drawn up in May, 1671, and printed in Cunningham's *London*, 1850, p. 259, are several items connected with the Decoy, which is said to have been

2nd April. Took order about some prisoners sent from Captain Allen's ship, taken in the *Solomon*,<sup>1</sup> viz. the brave men who defended her so gallantly.

5th. Was a day of public humiliation and for success of this terrible war,<sup>2</sup> begun doubtless at secret instigation of the French to weaken the States and Protestant interest. Prodigious preparations on both sides.

6th. In the afternoon, I saw acted *Mustapha*, a tragedy written by the Earl of Orrery.<sup>3</sup>

11th. To London, being now left the only Commissioner to take all necessary orders how to exchange, remove, and keep prisoners, dispose of hospitals, etc.; the rest of the Commissioners being gone to their several districts, in expectation of a sudden engagement.

19th. Invited to a great dinner at the Trinity House, where I had business with the Commissioners of the Navy, and to receive the second £5000 impressed for the service of the sick and wounded prisoners.

20th. To Whitehall, to the King, who called me into his bedchamber as he was dressing, to whom I showed the letter written to me from the Duke of York from the fleet, giving me notice of young Evertzen, and some considerable commanders newly taken in fight with the *Dartmouth* [? *Yarmouth*] and *Diamond* frigates,<sup>4</sup> whom he had sent me as prisoners at war; I went to know of his Majesty how he would have me treat them, when he commanded

"contrived" by one Sydrach Hilcus. Another person engaged upon it was the Edward Storey who gave his name to Storey's Gate.]

<sup>1</sup> [Pepys calls this Dutch ship the *King Solomon* (see *post*, under 24th April, 1665).]

<sup>2</sup> [It had been declared, 22nd February.]

<sup>3</sup> [*Mustapha, the Son of Solymán the Magnificent*, printed 1668. Pepys saw this on the 3rd at the Duke's Theatre; but does not praise it.]

<sup>4</sup> [Cf. Pepys, 17th April, 1665. "To the Duke of Albemarle's, where he showed me Mr. Coventry's letters, how three Dutch privateers are taken, in one whereof Everson's son is captain. But they have killed poor Captain Golding in the *Diamond* [see *ante*, p. 166]. Two of them, one of 32 and the other of 20 odd guns, did stand stoutly up against her, which hath 46, and the *Yarmouth*, that hath 52 guns, and as many more men as they. So that they did more than we could expect; not yielding till many of their men were killed. And Everson, when he was brought before the Duke of York, and was observed to be shot through the hat, answered, that he wished it had gone through his head, rather than been taken."]

me to bring the young captain to him, and to take the word of the Dutch Ambassador (who yet remained here) for the other, that he should render himself to me whenever I called on him, and not stir without leave. Upon which I desired more guards, the prison being Chelsea House.<sup>1</sup> I went also to Lord Arlington (the Secretary Bennet lately made a Lord)<sup>2</sup> about other business. Dined at my Lord Chancellor's; none with him but Sir Sackville Crowe, formerly Ambassador at Constantinople; we were very cheerful and merry.

24th. I presented young Captain Evertzen (eldest son of Cornelius, Vice-Admiral of Zealand, and nephew of John, now Admiral, a most valiant person) to his Majesty in his bedchamber. The King gave him his hand to kiss, and restored him his liberty; asked many questions concerning the fight (it being the first blood drawn), his Majesty remembering the many civilities he had formerly received from his relations abroad, who had now so much interest in that considerable Province. Then, I was commanded to go with him to the Holland Ambassador, where he was to stay for his passport, and I was to give him fifty pieces in broad gold. Next day I had the Ambassador's parole for the other Captain, taken in Captain Allen's fight before Cales [Cadiz].<sup>3</sup> I gave the King an account of what I had done, and afterwards asked the same favour for another Captain, which his Majesty gave me.

28th. I went to Tunbridge, to see a solemn exercise at the free-school there.<sup>4</sup>

Having taken orders with my marshal about my prisoners, and with the doctor and chirurgeon to attend the wounded enemies, and of our own men, I went to London again, and visited my charge, several with legs and arms off; miserable objects, God knows.

16th May. To London, to consider of the poor orphans and widows made by this

<sup>1</sup> [Chelsea College. See *ante*, p. 235; and *post*, under 24th September, 1667.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 230.]

<sup>3</sup> [Pepys refers to this action, which was fought in Cadiz Bay between eight ships under Allen, and thirty-four of the Dutch Smyrna Fleet (*Diary*, 23rd January, 1665).]

<sup>4</sup> At the annual visitation of the Skinners' Company of London, who are the patrons, at which verses, themes, etc., are spoken before them by the senior scholars.

bloody beginning, and whose husbands and relations perished in the *London* frigate, of which there were fifty widows, and forty-five of them with child.

26th May. To treat with the Holland Ambassador at Chelsea,<sup>1</sup> for release of divers prisoners of war in Holland on exchange here. After dinner, being called into the Council-Chamber at Whitehall, I gave his Majesty an account of what I had done, informing him of the vast charge upon us, now amounting to no less than £1000 weekly.

29th. I went with my little boy to my district in Kent, to make up accounts with my officers. Visited the Governor at Dover Castle,<sup>2</sup> where were some of my prisoners.

3rd June. In my return went to Gravesend; the fleets being just now engaged, gave special orders for my officers to be ready to receive the wounded and prisoners.

5th. To London, to speak with his Majesty and the Duke of Albemarle for horse and foot guards for the prisoners at war, committed more particularly to my charge by a commission apart.

8th. I went again to his Grace, thence to the Council, and moved for another privy seal for £20,000, and that I might have the disposal of the Savoy Hospital for the sick and wounded; all which was granted. Hence to the Royal Society, to refresh among the philosophers.

Came news of his Highness's victory,<sup>3</sup> which indeed might have been a complete one, and at once ended the war, had it been pursued, but the cowardice of some, or treachery, or both, frustrated that. We had, however, bonfires, bells, and rejoicing in the city. Next day, the 9th, I had instant orders to repair to the Downs, so as I got to Rochester this evening. Next day, I lay at Deal, where I found all in readiness: but, the fleet being hindered by contrary winds, I came away on the 12th, and went to Dover, and returned to Deal; and on the 13th, hearing the fleet was at Sole Bay, I went homeward, and lay at

Chatham, and on the 14th, I got home. On the 15th, came the eldest son of the present Secretary of State to the French King,<sup>1</sup> with much other company, to dine with me. After dinner, I went with him to London, to speak to my Lord General,<sup>2</sup> for more guards, and gave his Majesty an account of my journey to the coasts under my inspection. I also waited on his Royal Highness,<sup>3</sup> now come triumphant from the fleet, gotten into repair. See the whole history of this conflict in my *History of the Dutch War*.<sup>4</sup>

20th. To London, and represented the state of the sick and wounded to his Majesty in Council, for want of money; he ordered I should apply to my Lord Treasurer and Chancellor of the Exchequer, upon what funds to raise the money promised. We also presented to his Majesty divers expedients for retrenchment of the charge.

This evening making my court to the Duke, I spake to Monsieur Cominges, the French Ambassador,<sup>5</sup> and his Highness granted me six prisoners, Embdeners, who were desirous to go to the Barbadoes with a merchant.

22nd. We waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and got an Order of Council for the money to be paid to the Treasurer of the Navy for our Receivers.

23rd. I dined with Sir Robert Paston, since Earl of Yarmouth,<sup>6</sup> and saw the Duke of Verneuil, base brother to the Queen-Mother, a handsome old man, a great hunter.<sup>7</sup>

The Duke of York told us that, when we were in fight, his dog sought out absolutely the very securest place in all

<sup>1</sup> [The Marquis de Berni, eldest son of Hugues de Lionne, Foreign Secretary to Louis XIV. He had accompanied the Embassy, and was supposed to be in love with the famous Miss Jennings of Grammont's *Memoirs*.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Duke of Albemarle.]

<sup>3</sup> The Duke of York, who (assisted by Prince Rupert and the Earl of Sandwich) had been in command.]

<sup>4</sup> Never completed. See *post*, under 19th August, 1674.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 227.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]

<sup>7</sup> [Henri de Bourbon, Duc de Verneuil, 1601-82. He was the son of Henri IV. and Henrietta de Balzac, Marquise de Verneuil. He had been legitimised in 1603. This "great hunter" brought with him twenty-four horses, and some dogs, which latter he lost in returning to France.]

<sup>1</sup> [See above, p. 237.]

<sup>2</sup> [Colonel Stroode (see *ante*, p. 235; and *post*, under 6th January, 1665). "Captain John Stroode is Mr of the Castle"—says Edward Browne in April, 1664 (Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 57). Pepys also mentions Stroud under 4th June, 1666.]

<sup>3</sup> [Over the Dutch in Sole Bay (off Lowestoft), June 3.]

the vessel.—In the afternoon, I saw the pompous reception and audience of El Conde de Molina, the Spanish Ambassador, in the Banqueting-house, both their Majesties sitting together under the canopy of state.

30th June. To Chatham; and, 1st July, to the fleet with Lord Sandwich,<sup>1</sup> now Admiral, with whom I went in a pinnace to the Buoy of the Nore, where the whole fleet rode at anchor; went on board the *Prince*, of ninety brass ordnance, haply the best ship in the world, both for building and sailing; she had 700 men. They made a great huzza, or shout, at our approach, three times. Here we dined with many noblemen, gentlemen, and volunteers, served in plate and excellent meat of all sorts. After dinner, came his Majesty, the Duke, and Prince Rupert. Here I saw the King knight Captain Cuttance<sup>2</sup> for behaving so bravely in the late fight. It was surprising to behold the good order, decency, and plenty of all things in a vessel so full of men. The ship received a hundred cannon shot in her body. Then I went on board the *Charles*, to which after a gun was shot off, came all the flag-officers to his Majesty, who there held a General Council, which determined that his Royal Highness should adventure himself no more this summer. I came away late, having seen the most glorious fleet that ever spread sails. We returned in his Majesty's yacht with my Lord Sandwich and Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, landing at Chatham on Sunday morning.

5th July. I took order for 150 men, who had been recovered of their wounds, to be carried on board the *Clove Tree*, *Carolus Quintus*, and *Zealand*, ships that had been taken by us in the fight; and so returned home.

7th. To London, to Sir William Coventry;<sup>3</sup> and so to Syon, where his Majesty sat at Council during the contagion:<sup>4</sup> when business was over, I viewed

<sup>1</sup> [Edward Montagu (or Mountagu), first Earl of Sandwich, 1625-72, Lieut.-Admiral to the Duke of York. He had distinguished himself at Sole Bay (see *ante*, p. 238 n. 3).]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Roger Cuttance, flag-captain of the *Naseby*, and captain of the Fleet, 1665.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>4</sup> [The Great Plague, which ravaged London in this year, carrying off 100,000 persons. It first made its appearance in December, 1664; but

that seat belonging to the Earl of Northumberland,<sup>1</sup> built out of an old nunnery, of stone, and fair enough, but more celebrated for the garden than it deserves; yet there is excellent wall-fruit, and a pretty fountain; nothing else extraordinary.]

9th. I went to Hampton-Court,<sup>2</sup> where now the whole Court was, to solicit for money; to carry intercepted letters; confer again with Sir William Coventry, the Duke's Secretary; and so home, having dined with Mr. Secretary Morice.

16th. There died of the plague in London this week 1100; and in the week following, above 2000.<sup>3</sup> Two houses were shut up in our parish.

2nd August. A solemn fast through England to deprecate God's displeasure against the land by pestilence and war; our Doctor preaching on 26 Levit. v. 41, 42, that the means to obtain remission of punishment was not to repine at it; but humbly to submit to it.

3rd. Came his Grace the Duke of Albemarle, Lord General of all his Majesty's Forces, to visit me, and carried me to dine with him.

4th. I went to Wotton with my son and his tutor, Mr. Bohun,<sup>4</sup> Fellow of New College (recommended to me by Dr. Wilkins, and the President of New College, Oxford), for fear of the pestilence, still increasing in London and its environs. On my return, I called at Durdans, where I found Dr. Wilkins, Sir William Petty, and Mr. Hooke,<sup>5</sup> contriving chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheel for one to run races in, and other mechanical inventions; perhaps three such persons together were

Pepys does not begin to speak of it till May, 1665. "24th.—To the Coffee-house, where all the news is of the Dutch being gone, and of the plague growing upon us in this town; and of remedies against it; some saying one thing, and some another."

<sup>1</sup> [Syon (or Sion) House, Isleworth, Middlesex, the seat of the Northumberlands since 1553. It occupies the site of Syon Monastery, removed from Twickenham in 1431. Some ancient mulberries are still said to date from this period.]

<sup>2</sup> [When the plague appeared at Hampton, the Court moved to Salisbury.]

<sup>3</sup> [At the beginning of August, the number had risen to nearly 3000 per week; the ordinary average being 300.]

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Ralph Bohun, probationary fellow of New College, Oxford. In 1685 he completed his Doctor's degree. In 1701 Evelyn gave him the living of Wotton.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 175, 217, and 229.]

not to be found elsewhere in Europe, for parts and ingenuity.

8th August. I waited on the Duke of Albemarle, who was resolved to stay at the Cock-pit, in St. James's Park. Died this week in London, 4030.

15th. There perished this week 5000.

28th. The contagion still increasing, and growing now all about us, I sent my wife and whole family (two or three necessary servants excepted) to my brother's at Wotton, being resolved to stay at my house myself, and to look after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodness of God.

5th September. To Chatham, to inspect my charge, with £900 in my coach.

7th. Came home, there perishing near 10,000 poor creatures weekly; however, I went all along the city and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's, a dismal passage, and dangerous to see so many coffins exposed in the streets, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, not knowing whose turn might be next. I went to the Duke of Albemarle for a pest-ship, to wait on our infected men, who were not a few.

14th. I went to Wotton; and on 16th September, to visit old Secretary Nicholas,<sup>1</sup> being now at his new purchase of West Horsley,<sup>2</sup> once mortgaged to me by Lord Viscount Montague: a pretty dry seat on the Down. Returned to Wotton.

17th. Receiving a letter from Lord Sandwich of a defeat given to the Dutch,<sup>3</sup> I was forced to travel all Sunday. I was exceedingly perplexed to find that near 3000 prisoners were sent to me to dispose of, being more than I had places fit to receive and guard.

25th. My Lord Admiral being come from the fleet to Greenwich, I went thence

with him to the Cock-pit, to consult with the Duke of Albemarle. I was peremptory that, unless we had £10,000 immediately, the prisoners would starve, and it was proposed it should be raised out of the East India prizes,<sup>1</sup> now taken by Lord Sandwich. They being but two of the commission, and so not empowered to determine, sent an express to his Majesty and Council, to know what they should do. In the meantime, I had five vessels, with competent guards, to keep the prisoners in for the present, to be placed as I should think best. After dinner (which was at the General's) I went over to visit his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury,<sup>2</sup> at Lambeth.

28th. To the General again, to acquaint him of the deplorable state of our men for want of provisions: returned with orders.

29th. To Erith, to quicken the sale of the prizes lying there, with order to the commissioner who lay on board till they should be disposed of, £5000 being proportioned for my quarter. Then I delivered the Dutch Vice-Admiral, who was my prisoner, to Mr. Lo...<sup>3</sup> of the Marshalsea, he giving me bond in £500 to produce him at my call. I exceedingly pitted this brave unhappy person, who

<sup>1</sup> [Two vessels. See Pepys's *Diary*, under 10th September, 1665, and *infra*, p. 241. Evelyn has not yet mentioned Pepys; but Pepys had already visited Sayes Court in the preceding May, and had met Evelyn at Lord Brouncker's (*ante*, p. 213) and Captain Cocke's (*ante*, p. 234). On the 10th September aforesaid (a Sunday), he encountered him again at Cocke's, with his fellow-Commissioner, Sir W. D'Oyly; and Pepys's vivacious account of the entertainment may be here interpolated, though it is neglected by Evelyn's graver pen. "The receipt of this news [*i.e.* the taking of the East India Prizes] did put us all into such an ecstasy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes [Mennes] and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius) that I never saw any man so out-done in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth too to see himself out-done, was the crown of all our mirth." Evelyn at this date was nearly forty-five; Pepys was thirty-two.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Gilbert Sheldon.]

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Lowman.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 150.]

<sup>2</sup> [West Horsley Place, which passed to the family of Nicholas from Raleigh's son, Carew. "On the 2nd of March, 1665, I paid Mr. Carew Raleigh the sum of £9750, being the full purchase money for the manor, lands, etc., of West Horsley, in the county of Surrey" (Sir Edward Nicholas's memo., quoted in Brayley's *Surrey*, 1850, ii. p. 77). There is a monument to Sir Edward Nicholas in West Horsley Church. Carew Raleigh died in 1666.]

<sup>3</sup> [On the 12th, when twenty-one of the Dutch Fleet were taken (see Pepys's *Diary*, 14th September, 1665).]

had lost with these prizes £40,000 after 20 years' negotiation [trading] in the East Indies. I dined in one of these vessels, of 1200 tons, full of riches.

1st October. This afternoon, whilst at evening prayers, tidings were brought me of the birth of a daughter<sup>1</sup> at Wotton, after six sons, in the same chamber I had first took breath in, and at the first day of that month, as I was on the last, 45 years before.

4th. The monthly fast.

11th. To London, and went through the whole City, having occasion to alight out of the coach in several places about business of money, when I was environed with multitudes of poor pestiferous creatures begging alms: the shops universally shut up, a dreadful prospect! I dined with my Lord General; was to receive £10,000, and had guards to convey both myself and it, and so returned home, through God's infinite mercy.

17th. I went to Gravesend; next day to Chatham; thence to Maidstone, in order to the march of 500 prisoners to Leeds Castle,<sup>2</sup> which I had hired of Lord Colepeper. I was earnestly desired by the learned Sir Roger Twisden, and Deputy-Lieutenants, to spare Maidstone from quartering any of my sick flock. Here, Sir Edward Brett sent me some horse to bring up the rear. This country, from Rochester to Maidstone and the Downs, is very agreeable for the prospect.

21st. I came from Gravesend, where Sir J. Griffith, the Governor of the Fort, entertained me very handsomely.

31st. I was this day 45 years of age, wonderfully preserved; for which I blessed God for His infinite goodness towards me.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Mary Evelyn, *d.* 1685 (see *post*, under 7th March, 1685, and *infra*, under 31st October).]

<sup>2</sup> [Near Hollingbourne in Kent, once the seat of the Colepeper family. It now belongs to Mrs. Wykeham Martin.]

<sup>3</sup> [On the 5th November following—a Sunday—he was visited at Sayes Court by Pepys:—"By water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little; in distemper, Indian ink, water-colours: graving; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzotinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a

23rd November. Went home, the contagion having now decreased considerably.

27th. The Duke of Albemarle was going to Oxford, where both Court and Parliament had been most part of the summer. There was no small suspicion of my Lord Sandwich having permitted divers commanders, who were at the taking of the East India prizes, to break bulk, and to take to themselves jewels, silks, etc.: though I believe some whom I could name filled their pockets, my Lord Sandwich himself had the least share. However, he underwent the blame, and it created him enemies, and prepossessed the Lord General, for he spake to me of it with much zeal and concern, and I believe laid load enough on Lord Sandwich at Oxford.

8th December. To my Lord of Albemarle (now returned from Oxford), who was declared General at Sea, to the no small mortification of that excellent person the Earl of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Albemarle not only suspected faulty about the prizes, but less valiant; himself imagining how easy a thing it were to confound the Hollanders, as well now as heretofore he fought against them upon a more disloyal interest.

25th. Kept Christmas with my hospitable brother, at Wotton.

30th. To Woodcote,<sup>1</sup> where I supped at my Lady Mordaunt's at Ashstead, where was a room hung with *pintado*,<sup>2</sup> full of figures great and small, prettily representing sundry trades and occupations of the Indians, with their habits; here supped also Dr. Duke, a learned and facetious gentleman.

31st. Now blessed be God for His extraordinary mercies and preservations of

play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his *Hortus Hyemalis*; leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than any herbal. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate, and being pecked at by an eagle that was there."

<sup>1</sup> [His brother Richard's.]

<sup>2</sup> [Printed or stained chintz or calico, at this date imported from the East Indies.]

me this year, when thousands, and ten thousands, perished, and were swept away on each side of me, there dying in our parish this year 406 of the pestilence!

1665-6: 3rd January. I supped in Nonsuch House,<sup>1</sup> whither the office of the Exchequer was transferred during the plague, at my good friend's Mr. Packer's,<sup>2</sup> and took an exact view of the plaster statues and *basso-relievos* inserted betwixt the timbers and puncheons of the outside walls of the Court; which must needs have been the work of some celebrated Italian. I much admired how they had lasted so well and entire since the time of Henry VIII., exposed as they are to the air;<sup>3</sup> and pity it is they are not taken out and preserved in some dry place; a gallery would become them. There are some *mezzo-relievos* as big as the life; the story is of the Heathen Gods, emblems, compartments, etc. The palace consists of two courts, of which the first is of stone, castle like, by the Lord Lumleys (of whom it was purchased), the other of timber, a Gothic fabric, but these walls incomparably beautified. I observed that the appearing timber-puncheons, entrellices, etc., were all so covered with scales of slate, that it seemed carved in the wood and painted, the slate fastened on the timber in pretty figures, that has, like a coat of armour, preserved it from rotting. There stand in

the garden two handsome stone pyramids, and the avenue planted with rows of fair elms, but the rest of these goodly trees, both of this and of Worcester Park,<sup>1</sup> adjoining, were felled by those destructive and avaricious rebels in the late war, which defaced one of the stateliest seats his Majesty had.

12th. After much, and indeed extraordinary mirth and cheer, all my brothers, our wives, and children, being together, and after much sorrow and trouble during this contagion, which separated our families as well as others, I returned to my house, but my wife went back to Wotton, I not as yet willing to adventure her, the contagion, though exceedingly abated, not as yet wholly extinguished amongst us.

29th. I went to wait on his Majesty, now returned from Oxford to Hampton-Court, where the Duke of Albemarle presented me to him; he ran towards me, and in a most gracious manner gave me his hand to kiss, with many thanks for my care and faithfulness in his service in a time of such great danger, when everybody fled their employments; he told me he was much obliged to me, and said he was several times concerned for me, and the peril I underwent, and did receive my service most acceptably (though in truth I did but do my duty, and O that I had performed it as I ought!). After this, his Majesty was pleased to talk with me alone, near an hour, of several particulars of my employment, and ordered me to attend him again on the Thursday following at Whitehall. Then the Duke came towards me, and embraced me with much kindness, telling me if he had thought my danger would have been so great, he would not have suffered his Majesty to employ me in that station. Then came to salute me my Lord of St. Albans, Lord Arlington, Sir William Coventry, and several great persons;<sup>2</sup> after which, I got home, not being very well in health.

The Court was now in deep mourning for the French Queen-Mother.<sup>3</sup>

2nd February. To London; his Majesty now came to Whitehall, where I heard

<sup>1</sup> [Worcester Park, once a part of Nonsuch Great Park, is now partially built over.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, pp. 201 and 239.]

<sup>3</sup> [Anne of Austria, widow of Louis XIII., died 20th January, 1666.]

<sup>1</sup> Of this famous summer residence of Queen Elizabeth near Epsom not a vestige remains, but "the avenue planted with rows of fair elms." There is a small print of Nonsuch in Speed's Map of Surrey, but a larger one is given by Hoesnagle in his *Collection of Views, some in England, but chiefly abroad*. Lysons has copied the latter in his *Enviros of London*, edit. 1796, 153. Pepys mentions the Exchequer money being removed to Nonsuch in August, 1665, and describes the park and house as they appeared in September of the same year:—"Walked up and down the house and park; and a fine place it hath heretofore been, and a fine prospect about the house. A great walk of an elm and a walnut set one after another in order. And all the house on the outside filled with figures of stories, and good painting of Rubens' or Holbein's doing. And one great thing is, that most of the house is covered, I mean the posts and quarters in the walls, covered with lead, and gilded." The building was subsequently pulled down by its last possessor, the Duchess of Cleveland (Lady Castlemaine), and its contents dispersed. A modern structure has been raised near its site.

<sup>2</sup> [See post, under 6th August, 1674.]

<sup>3</sup> [They are said to have been cast in rye-dough.]



and saw my Lord Mayor (and brethren) make his speech of welcome, and the two Sheriffs were knighted.

6th February. My wife and family returned to me from the country, where they had been since August, by reason of the contagion, now almost universally ceasing. Blessed be God for His infinite mercy in preserving us! I having gone through so much danger and lost so many of my poor officers, escaping still myself that I might live to recount and magnify His goodness to me.

8th. I had another gracious reception by his Majesty, who called me into his bed-chamber, to lay before and describe to him my project of an Infirmary, which I read to him, who, with great approbation, recommended it to his Royal Highness.

20th. To the Commissioners of the Navy who, having seen the project of the Infirmary, encouraged the work, and were very earnest it should be set about immediately; but I saw no money, though a very moderate expense would have saved thousands to his Majesty, and been much more commodious for the cure and quartering of our sick and wounded, than the dispersing them into private houses, where many more chirurgeons and attendants were necessary, and the people tempted to debauchery.

21st. Went to my Lord Treasurer for an assignment of £40,000 upon the two last quarters for support of the next year's charge. Next day to Duke of Albemarle and Secretary of State, to desire them to propose it to the Council.

1st March. To London, and presented his Majesty my book intitled, *The pernicious Consequences of the new Heresy of the Jesuits against Kings and States*.<sup>1</sup>

7th. Dr. Sancroft,<sup>2</sup> since Archbishop of Canterbury, preached before the King about the identity and immutability of God, on Psalm cii. 27.

13th. To Chatham, to view a place designed for an Infirmary.

15th. My charge now amounted to near £7000 [weekly].

22nd. The Royal Society re-assembled, after the dispersion from the contagion.

24th. Sent £2000 to Chatham.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 234.

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. William Sancroft, 1617-93, at this date Dean of St. Paul's.]

1st April. To London, to consult about ordering the natural rarities belonging to the Repository of the Royal Society; referred to a Committee.

10th. Visited Sir William D'Oyly,<sup>1</sup> surprised with a fit of apoplexy, and in extreme danger.

11th. Dr. Bathurst<sup>2</sup> preached before the King, from "I say unto you all, watch"—a seasonable and most excellent discourse. When his Majesty came from chapel, he called to me in the lobby, and told me he must now have me sworn for a Justice of Peace (having long since made me of the Commission); which I declined as inconsistent with the other service I was engaged in, and humbly desired to be excused. After dinner, waiting on him, I gave him the first notice of the Spaniards referring the umpirage of the peace betwixt them and Portugal to the French King, which came to me in a letter from France before the Secretaries of State had any news of it. After this, his Majesty again asked me if I had found out any able person about our parts that might supply my place of Justice of Peace (the office in the world I had most industriously avoided, in regard of the perpetual trouble thereof in these numerous parishes); on which I nominated one, whom the King commanded me to give immediate notice of to my Lord Chancellor, and I should be excused; for which I rendered his Majesty many thanks.—From thence, I went to the Royal Society, where I was chosen by twenty-seven voices to be one of their Council for the ensuing year; but, upon my earnest suit in respect of my other affairs, I got to be excused—and so home.

15th. Our parish was now more infected with the plague than ever, and so was all the country about, though almost quite ceased at London.

24th. To London about our Mint-Commission, and sat in the Inner Court of Wards.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 233. Pepys records a wager which Sir William laid with him, of "a poll of ling, a brace of carps, and a pottle of wine; and Sir W. Pen and Mr. Scowen to be at the eating of them" 3rd June, 1667.

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Ralph Bathurst, 1620-1704, King's Chaplain, President of Trinity College, Oxford, and later Dean of Wells. There is a life of him by Thomas Warton.]

8th May. To Queenborough, where finding the *Richmond* frigate, I sailed to the Buoy of the Nore to my Lord General and Prince Rupert, where was the *rendezvous* of the most glorious fleet in the world, now preparing to meet the Hollander.—Went to visit my cousin, Hales,<sup>1</sup> at a sweetly-watered place at Chilston, near Bockton [Boughton Malherbe]. The next morning, to Leeds Castle, once a famous hold, now hired by me of my Lord Colepeper for a prison.<sup>2</sup> Here I flowed the dry moat, made a new drawbridge, brought spring water into the court of the Castle to an old fountain, and took order for the repairs.

22nd. Waited on my Lord Chancellor at his new palace<sup>3</sup> and Lord Berkeley's;<sup>4</sup> built next to it.

24th. Dined with Lord Cornbury,<sup>5</sup> now made Lord Chamberlain to the Queen; who kept a very honourable table.

1st June. Being in my garden at six o'clock in the evening, and hearing the great guns go thick off, I took horse and rode that night to Rochester; thence, next day towards the Downs and sea-coast, but meeting the Lieutenant of the *Hampshire* frigate, who told me what passed, or rather what had not passed, I returned to London, there being no noise, or appearance, at Deal, or on that coast of any engagement. Recounting this to his Majesty, whom I found at St. James's Park, impatiently expecting, and knowing that Prince Rupert was loose about three at St. Helen's Point at N. of the Isle of Wight, I greatly rejoiced him; but he was astonished when I assured him they heard nothing of the guns in the Downs, nor did the Lieutenant who landed there by five that morning.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Edward Hales.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 241.]

<sup>3</sup> [In Piccadilly (see *ante*, p. 231).]

<sup>4</sup> John Berkeley, first Baron Berkeley of Stratton (Stratton Fight), *d.* 1678. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1670-72, and Ambassador to France in 1676-77. His new house, next to the Lord Chancellor's, was well known as Berkeley House—the neighbourhood of Piccadilly being the then favourite locality for what Evelyn styles "new palaces." It was afterwards bought by the first Duke of Devonshire, who died here in 1707. In 1733 it was burned down, and rebuilt by William Kent for the third Duke (see *post*, under 25th September, 1672).

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 232.]

<sup>6</sup> [Cf. Pepys's *Diary*, June 4, 1666.]

3rd. Whit-Sunday. After sermon came news that the Duke of Albemarle was still in fight, and had been all Saturday, and that Captain Harman's ship (the *Henry*) was like to be burnt. Then a letter from Mr. Bertie that Prince Rupert was come up with his squadron (according to my former advice of his being loose and in the way), and put new courage into our fleet, now in a manner yielding ground; so that now we were chasing the chasers; that the Duke of Albemarle was slightly wounded, and the rest still in great danger. So, having been much wearied with my journey, I slipped home, the guns still roaring very fiercely.

5th. I went this morning to London, where came several particulars of the fight.<sup>1</sup>

6th. Came Sir Daniel Harvey from the General, and related the dreadful encounter, on which his Majesty commanded me to despatch an extraordinary physician and more surgeons. It was on the solemn Fast-day when the news came; his Majesty being in the chapel made a sudden stop to hear the relation, which being with much advantage on our side, his Majesty commanded that public thanks should immediately be given as for a victory. The Dean of the chapel going down to give notice of it to the other Dean officiating; and notice was likewise sent to St. Paul's and Westminster-Abbey. But this was no sooner over, than news came that our loss was very great, both in ships and men; that the *Prince* frigate was burnt, and as noble a vessel of 90 brass guns lost; and the taking of Sir George Ayscue, and exceeding shattering of both fleets; so as both being obstinate, both parted rather for want of ammunition and tackle than courage; our General retreating like a lion; which exceedingly abated of our former joy. There was, however, orders given for bonfires and bells; but, God knows, it was rather a deliverance than a triumph. So much it pleased God to humble our late over-confidence that nothing could withstand the Duke of Albemarle, who, in good truth, made too forward a reckoning of his success now, because he had once beaten the Dutch in

<sup>1</sup> [This was the four days' fight in the Downs between Monck and Prince Rupert and the Dutch, in which the victory was doubtful.]

another quarrel; and being ambitious to outdo the Earl of Sandwich, whom he had prejudicated as deficient in courage.

7th June. I sent more churgeons, linen, medicaments, etc., to the several ports in my district.

8th. Dined with me Sir Alexander Fraizer,<sup>1</sup> prime physician to his Majesty; afterwards, went on board his Majesty's pleasure-boat, when I saw the *London* frigate launched, a most stately ship, built by the City to supply that which was burnt by accident some time since;<sup>2</sup> the King, Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, being there with great banquet.

11th. Trinity Monday, after a sermon, applied to the re-meeting of the Corporation of the Trinity-House, after the late raging and wasting pestilence: I dined with them in their new room in Deptford, the first time since it was rebuilt.<sup>3</sup>

15th. I went to Chatham.—16th. In the *Jenny* yacht (an incomparable sailer) to sea, arrived by noon at the fleet at the Buoy at the Nore, dined with Prince Rupert and the General.

17th. Came his Majesty, the Duke, and many noblemen. After Council, we went to prayers. My business being despatched, I returned to Chatham, having lain but one night in the *Royal Charles*;<sup>4</sup> we had a tempestuous sea. I went on shore at Sheerness, where they were building an arsenal for the fleet, and designing a royal fort with a receptacle for great ships to ride at anchor; but here I beheld the sad spectacle, more than half that gallant bulwark of the kingdom miserably shattered, hardly a vessel entire, but appearing rather so many wrecks and hulls, so cruelly had the Dutch mangled us. The loss of the *Prince*, that gallant vessel, had been a loss to be universally deplored, none knowing for what reason we first engaged in this ungrateful war; we lost besides nine or ten more, and near 600 men slain and 1100 wounded, 2000 prisoners; to balance which, perhaps we might destroy eighteen or twenty of the enemy's ships, and 700 or 800 poor men.

18th. Weary of this sad sight, I returned home.

2nd July. Came Sir John Duncombe<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Thomas Chicheley,<sup>2</sup> both Privy Councillors and Commissioners of His Majesty's Ordnance, to visit me, and let me know that his Majesty had in Council nominated me to be one of the Commissioners for regulating the farming and making of saltpetre through the whole kingdom, and that we were to sit in the Tower the next day. When they were gone, came to see me Sir John Cotton,<sup>3</sup> heir to the famous antiquary, Sir Robert Cotton: a pretended great Grecian, but had by no means the parts, or genius of his grandfather.

3rd. I went to sit with the Commissioners at the Tower, where our Commission being read, we made some progress in business, our Secretary being Sir George Wharton, that famous mathematician who wrote the yearly Almanack during his Majesty's troubles.<sup>4</sup> Thence, to Painters' Hall, to our other commission, and dined at my Lord Mayor's.

4th. The solemn Fast-day. Dr. Meggot<sup>5</sup> preached an excellent discourse before the King on the terrors of God's judgments. After sermon, I waited on my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop of Winchester, where the Dean of Westminster spoke to me about putting into my hands the disposal of fifty pounds, which the charitable people of Oxford had sent to be distributed among the sick and wounded seamen since the battle. Hence, I went to the Lord Chancellor's to joy him of his Royal Highness's second son, now born at

<sup>1</sup> "Duncomb was a judicious man, but very haughty, and apt to raise enemies against himself. He was an able Parliament man; but could not go into all the designs of the Court; for he had a sense of religion, and a zeal for the liberty of his country" (Burnet's *Hist. of His Own Times*, 1724, i. 265).

<sup>2</sup> [Thomas Chicheley, 1618-94; knighted in 1670. He was Master-General of the Ordnance, 1670-74; and also, as Evelyn tells us, a member of the Privy Council.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 38; and *post*, under 12th March, 1668.]

<sup>4</sup> [George Wharton, 1617-81. He was created baronet in 1677. He issued his Almanac from 1641 to 1666. From 1660 to 1681 he was paymaster of the Ordnance Office.]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Richard Meggot, *d.* 1692; afterwards Bishop of Winchester (see *post*, under 16th September, 1685).]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 226.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 236.]

<sup>3</sup> [This was pulled down in 1787; but the Corporation had previously moved to London. Its present home is on Tower Hill.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 8th June, 1667.]

St. James's; and to desire the use of the Star-chamber for our Commissioners to meet in, Painters' Hall not being so convenient.

12<sup>th</sup> July. We sat the first time in the Star-chamber.<sup>1</sup> There was now added to our commission Sir George Downing<sup>2</sup> (one that had been a great . . . against his Majesty, but now insinuated into his favour; and, from a pedagogue and fanatic preacher, not worth a groat, had become excessively rich), to inspect the hospitals and treat about prisons.

14<sup>th</sup>. Sat at the Tower with Sir J. Duncombe<sup>3</sup> and Lord Berkeley,<sup>4</sup> to sign deputations for undertakers to furnish their proportions of saltpetre.

17<sup>th</sup>. To London, to prepare for the next engagement of the fleets, now gotten to sea again.

22<sup>nd</sup>. Our parish still infected with the contagion.

25<sup>th</sup>. The fleets engaged. I dined at Lord Berkeley's, at St. James's, where dined my Lady Harrietta Hyde, Lord Arlington, and Sir John Duncombe.

29<sup>th</sup>. The pestilence now fresh increasing in our parish, I forbore going to church. In the afternoon came tidings of our victory over the Dutch, sinking some, and driving others aground, and into their ports.<sup>5</sup>

1<sup>st</sup> August. I went to Dr. Keffler, who married the daughter of the famous chemist, Drebbell,<sup>6</sup> inventor of the bodied scarlet.

I went to see his [Kefflers?] iron ovens, made portable (formerly) for the Prince of Orange's army: supped at the Rhenish Wine-House<sup>1</sup> with divers Scots gentlemen.

6<sup>th</sup>. Dined with Mr. Povey, and then went with him to see a country house he had bought near Brentford;<sup>2</sup> returning by Kensington; which house stands to a very graceful avenue of trees, but it is an ordinary building, especially one part.

8<sup>th</sup>. Dined at Sir Stephen Fox's<sup>3</sup> with several friends and, on the 10<sup>th</sup>, with Mr. Oudart,<sup>4</sup> Secretary of the Latin tongue.

17<sup>th</sup>. Dined with the Lord Chancellor, whom I intreated to visit the Hospital of the Savoy,<sup>5</sup> and reduce it (after the great abuse that had been continued) to its original institution for the benefit of the poor, which he promised to do.

25<sup>th</sup>. Waited on Sir William D'Oyly, now recovered, as it were, miraculously.<sup>6</sup> In the afternoon, visited the Savoy Hospital, where I stayed to see the miserably dismembered and wounded men dressed, and gave some necessary orders. Then to my Lord Chancellor, who had, with the Bishop of London and others in the commission,<sup>7</sup> chosen me one of the three surveyors of the repairs of Paul's, and to consider of a model for the new building, or, if it might be, repairing of the steeple, which was most decayed.

26<sup>th</sup>. The contagion still continuing, we had the Church-service at home.

thing of an empiric, possessed a considerable knowledge of chemistry and of different branches of natural philosophy.

<sup>1</sup> [Probably the Rhenish Wine House in Channel or Cannon Row, where Dorset afterwards found Prior reading Horace (cf. Pepys's *Diary*, 30th July, 1660).]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 230. This country house, situated near Hounslow, was called the Priory.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir Stephen Fox, 1627-1716. He was knighted in 1665, made Clerk of the Green Cloth, and Paymaster of the Forces by Charles II. He was father of the first Earl of Ilchester, and of the first Baron Holland, and grandfather of Charles James Fox. He projected Chelsea College—the honour of which has generally been attributed to Nell Gwynn. He also founded a new church and a set of almshouses at his seat, Farley, in Wilts. (See *post*, under 6th September, 1680.)

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 231.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 238.]

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 233.]

<sup>7</sup> [The Commission of restoration dated from April, 1663. But the destruction of the building in the Great Fire put an end to its labours. (Cf. Pepys's *Diary*, 25th July, 1664.)]

<sup>1</sup> [At the end of Westminster Hall.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Downing, 1623-84, Secretary to the Treasury, and Commissioner of the Customs. He had been recently made a baronet (1663), and was now a zealous courtier; though, during the Commonwealth, as Cromwell's Resident in Holland, he had been no less zealous a republican. He subsequently went to Holland as Ambassador from the King. To him belongs the credit of having engaged Pepys about the year 1659, as one of the clerks in a department of the Exchequer then under his management. For his character, of which Evelyn speaks as above, and Pepys leaves a somewhat doubtful impression, see Lord Clarendon's *Life*.

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 245.]

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 244.]

<sup>5</sup> [This was the defeat off the North Foreland on 25th July, when the Dutch were chased into their harbours.]

<sup>6</sup> Cornelius van Drebbell, 1572-1634. He was famous for other discoveries besides the scarlet mentioned by Evelyn—the most important of which was the thermometer. He also made improvements in microscopes and telescopes; and though some-

27th August. I went to St. Paul's church, where, with Dr. Wren, Mr. Pratt,<sup>1</sup> Mr. May,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Thomas Chicheley,<sup>3</sup> Mr. Slingsby,<sup>4</sup> the Bishop of London,<sup>5</sup> the Dean of St. Paul's,<sup>6</sup> and several expert workmen, we went about to survey the general decays of that ancient and venerable church, and to set down in writing the particulars of what was fit to be done, with the charge thereof, giving our opinion from article to article. Finding the main building to recede outwards, it was the opinion of Chicheley and Mr. Pratt that it had been so built *ab origine* for an effect in perspective, in regard of the height; but I was, with Dr. Wren, quite of another judgment, and so we entered it; we plumbed the uprights in several places. When we came to the steeple,<sup>7</sup> it was deliberated whether it were not well enough to repair it only on its old foundation, with reservation to the four pillars; this Mr. Chicheley and Mr. Pratt were also for, but we totally rejected it, and persisted that it required a new foundation, not only in regard of the necessity, but for that the shape of what stood was very mean, and we had a mind to build it with a noble cupola, a form of church-building not as yet known in England, but of wonderful grace. For this purpose, we offered to bring in a plan and estimate, which, after much contest, was at last assented to, and that we should nominate a committee of able workmen to examine the present foundation. This concluded, we drew all up in writing, and so went with my Lord Bishop to the Dean's.

28th. Sat at the Star-chamber. Next day, to the Royal Society, where one Mercator,<sup>8</sup> an excellent mathematician, produced his rare clock and new motion to

perform the equations, and Mr. Rooke, his new pendulum.<sup>1</sup>

2nd September. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish-street, in London.<sup>2</sup>

3rd. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes,<sup>3</sup> were now consumed; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place; and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower-street, Fenchurch-street, Gracious-street,<sup>4</sup> and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was not nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 186. Pratt was the architect of Clarendon House.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 232.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 245.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 223.]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Hinchman (see *ante*, p. 202).]

<sup>6</sup> Dr. Sancroft, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury (see *ante*, p. 243).

<sup>7</sup> [The steeple had been taken down in 1651 and never effectively restored.]

<sup>8</sup> Nicholas Mercator, 1640-87, the mathematician, not to be confounded with his namesake, the inventor of Mercator's Projection. After the Restoration, he settled in England, where his scientific attainments procured him the honour of being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

<sup>1</sup> Laurence Rooke, 1622-62, was Astronomy, and subsequently Geometry, Professor of Gresham College. He assisted in the formation of the Royal Society.

<sup>2</sup> [It began soon after midnight, on Saturday, 1st September, and continued until the 6th.]

<sup>3</sup> [In the Vintry.]

<sup>4</sup> Now Gracechurch Street.

warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round-about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*: the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus, I returned.

4<sup>th</sup> September. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple. All Fleet-street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's-chain, Watling-street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like grenades, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving

the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them; for vain was the help of man.

5<sup>th</sup>. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh! the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetterlane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, etc., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commended to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when almost all was lost infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield, north: but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair. It also brake out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the black fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, etc., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Fumifugium* (see ante, p. 214).

giving warning what probably might be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City was looked upon as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

6th September. Thursday. I represented to his Majesty the case of the French prisoners at war in my custody, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseized houses. It is not indeed imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen; by which he showed his affection to his people, and gained theirs. Having, then, disposed of some under cure at the Savoy, I returned to Whitehall, where I dined at Mr. Offley's,<sup>1</sup> the groom-porter, who was my relation.

7th. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, etc., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was: the ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the gruff, which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the

demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church, St. Paul's—now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King)<sup>1</sup> now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St. Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron-work, bells, plate, etc., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust; the fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke; so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was

<sup>1</sup> [Inigo Jones's classic portico (west front), 200 feet long, 40 feet high, and 50 feet deep, which was an instalment of the new St. Paul's contemplated by Charles I.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 146.]

added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces. Also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the City-streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated.<sup>1</sup> The by-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish; nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some Church, or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the City. There was, in truth, some days before, great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult that they run from their goods, and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour

and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did with infinite pains and great difficulty, reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards, to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the City, where such as had friends, or opportunity, got shelter for the present; to which his Majesty's proclamation also invited them.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Subjoined is the Ordinance to which Evelyn alludes, as repinted by Bray from the original half-sheet in black letter:

CHARLES R.

His Majesty in his princely compassion and very tender care, taking into consideration the distressed condition of many of his good subjects, whom the late dreadful and dismal fire hath made destitute of habitations, and exposed to many exigencies and necessities; for present remedy and redresse whereof, his Majesty intending to give further testimony and evidences of his grace and favour towards them, as occasion shall arise, hath thought fit to declare and publish his royal pleasure. That as great proportions of bread and all other provisions as can possibly be furnished, shall be daily and constantly brought, not onely to the markets formerly in use, but also to such markets as by his Majesties late order and declaration to the Lord Mayor and Sherifs of London and Middlesex have been appointed and ordained, *viz.* Clerkenwell, Islington, Finsbury-fields, Mile-end Green, and Ratcliff; his Majesty being sensible that this will be for the benefit also of the towns and places adjoining, as being the best expedient to prevent the resort of such persons thereunto as may pilfer and disturb them. And whereas also divers of the said distressed persons have saved and preserved their goods, which nevertheless they know not how to dispose of, it is his Majesties pleasure, that all Churches, Chapels, Schools, and other like publick places, shall be free and open to receive the said goods, when they shall be brought to be there laid. And all Justices of the Peace within the several Counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Surrey, are to see the same to be done accordingly. And likewise that all cities and towns whatsoever shall without any contradiction receive the said distressed persons, and permit them to the free exercise of their manual trades; his Majesty resolving and promising, that when the present exigent shall be passed over, he will take such care and order, that the said persons shall be no burthen to their towns, or parishes. And it is his Majesties pleasure, that this his declaration be forthwith published, not only by the Sherifs of London and Middlesex, but also by all other Sherifs, Mayors, and other chief officers, in their respective precincts and limits, and by the constables in every parish. And of this his Majesties pleasure all persons con-

<sup>1</sup> [Worn and bruised,—a farrier's word.]



Still, the plague continuing in our parish, I could not, without danger, adventure to our church.

10th September. I went again to the ruins; for it was now no longer a city.

13th. I presented his Majesty with a survey of the ruins, and a plot for a new City,<sup>1</sup> with a discourse on it; whereupon, after dinner, his Majesty sent for me into the Queen's bedchamber, her Majesty and the Duke only being present. They examined each particular, and discoursed on them for near an hour, seeming to be extremely pleased with what I had so early thought on. The Queen was now in her cavalier riding-habit, hat and feather, and horseman's coat, going to take the air.

16th. I went to Greenwich Church, where Mr. Plume preached very well from this text: "Seeing therefore all these things shall be dissolved," etc.: taking occasion from the late unparalleled conflagration to mind us how we ought to walk more holy in all manner of conversation.

cerned are to take notice, and thereunto to give due obedience to the utmost of their power, as they will answer the contrary at their peril. Given at our Court at Whitehall, the fifth day of September, in the eighteenth year of our reign, one thousand six hundred sixty-six. God save the King.

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn has preserved his letter to Sir Samuel Tuke, on the subject of the fire, and his scheme for rebuilding the City. Part of his plan was to lessen the declivities, and to employ the rubbish in filling up the shore of the Thames to low-water mark, so as to keep the basin always full. In another letter to Mr. Oldenburg, Secretary to the Royal Society, dated 22nd December, 1666, he says, after mentioning his having presented his reflections on rebuilding the City to his Majesty, that "the want of a more exact plot, wherein I might have marked what the fire had spared, and accommodated my designe to the remaining parts, made me take it as a *rasa tabula*, and to forme mine idea thereof accordingly: I have since lighted upon Mr. Hollar's late plan, which looking upon as the most accurate hitherto extant, has caus'd me something to alter what I had so crudely don, though for the most part I still persist in my former discourse, and wiche I here send you as compleate as an imperfect copy will give me leave, and the suppliment of an ill memory, for since that tyme I hardly ever looked on it, and it was finish'd within two or three dayes after the Incendium." The plans were afterwards printed by the Society of Antiquaries, and have been engraved in different histories of London. [That by Hollar above referred to must have been the "Map of Ground Plot of the City of London, with the Suburbes thereof . . . by which is exactly demonstrated the present condition since the last sad accident by fire; . . . W. Hollar, f. 1666. *Cum Privilegio Regis.*"]

27th. Dined at Sir William D'Oyly's,<sup>1</sup> with that worthy gentleman, Sir John Holland, of Suffolk.

10th October. This day was ordered a general Fast through the Nation, to humble us on the late dreadful conflagration, added to the plague and war, the most dismal judgments that could be inflicted; but which indeed we highly deserved for our prodigious ingratitude, burning lusts, dissolute court, profane and abominable lives, under such dispensations of God's continued favour in restoring Church, Prince, and people from our late intestine calamities, of which we were altogether unmindful, even to astonishment. This made me resolve to go to our parish assembly, where our Doctor preached on Luke xix. 41: piously applying it to the occasion. After which, was a collection for the distressed losers in the late fire.

18th. To Court. It being the first time his Majesty put himself solemnly into the Eastern fashion of vest, changing doublet, stiff collar, bands and cloak, into a comely dress, after the Persian mode, with girdles or straps, and shoe-strings and garters into buckles, of which some were set with precious stones,<sup>2</sup> resolving never to alter it, and to leave the French mode, which had hitherto obtained to our great expense and reproach. Upon which, divers courtiers and gentlemen gave his Majesty gold by way of wager that he would not persist in this resolution. I had sometime before presented an invective against that unconscionable, and our so much affecting the

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 233.]

<sup>2</sup> [Rugge, in his *Diurnal*, thus describes this new costume.—"1666, October 11. In this month his Majestie and whole Court changed the fashion of their clothes—viz., a close coat of cloth, pinkt with a white taffety under the cutts. This in length reached the calf of the leg, and upon that a sercoat cutt at the breast, which hung loose and shorter than the vest six inches. The breeches the Spanish cut, and buskins some of cloth, some of leather, but of the same colour as the vest or garment; of never the like fashion since William the Conqueror." There is no portrait of Charles II. so accoutred; but the dress is shown in a picture by Lely of Lord Arlington engraved in Lodge's *Illustrations of Persons*. Pepys says (22nd November, 1666) that Louis XIV., "in defiance to the King of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests,"—an ingenious insult, which Steele no doubt remembered in his pleasant fable of "Brunetta and Phillis" (*Spectator*, No. 80). In any case, the Persian costume was soon abandoned.]

French fashion, to his Majesty; in which I took occasion to describe the comeliness and usefulness of the Persian clothing, in the very same manner his Majesty now clad himself. This pamphlet I entitled *Tyrannus, or the Mode*, and gave it to the King to read.<sup>1</sup> I do not impute to this discourse the change which soon happened, but it was an identity that I could not but take notice of.

This night was acted my Lord Broghill's<sup>2</sup> tragedy, called *Mustapha*, before their Majesties at Court, at which I was present; very seldom going to the public theatres for many reasons now, as they were abused to an atheistical liberty; foul and undecent women now (and never till now) permitted to appear and act, who inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses, and to some, their wives. Witness the Earl of Oxford,<sup>3</sup> Sir R. Howard,<sup>4</sup> Prince Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul.<sup>5</sup> I was invited by my Lord Chamberlain to see this tragedy, exceedingly well written, though in my mind I did not approve of any such pastime in a time of such judgments and calamities.

<sup>1</sup> *Tyrannus, or the Mode; in a Discourse of Sumptuary Lawes*, had been issued five years before, in 1661. It is reprinted at pp. 308-20 of vol. i. of Evelyn's *Memoirs*, 1829, from a first edition corrected by the author for republication; and in a final MS. note added by Evelyn, he connects it with the above innovation as follows:—"Note.—that this was publish'd 2 [?] years before the Vest, Cravett, Garters & Boucles came to be the fashion, & therefore might haply give occasion to the change that ensued in those very particulars." The Persian costume, however, is not specifically described in *Tyrannus*; and it must have been admired in England long before (see Appendix I.)

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 237. Roger Lord Broghill, 1621-1679, was created shortly after this, Earl of Orrery: he wrote several other plays besides that here noticed.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 218.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Robert Howard, 1626-98, held the office of Auditor of the Exchequer; but was more celebrated as an author, having written comedies, tragedies, poems, histories, and translations.]

<sup>5</sup> Among the principal offenders here aimed at were Mrs. Margaret Hughes, Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Uphill, and Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Davenport (Roxolana) was "my Lord Oxford's miss"; Mrs. Uphill was the actress alluded to in connection with Sir R. Howard, and Mrs. Hughes ensnared Prince Rupert. Nell Gwyn and Mrs. Mary Davis fell to the "greater person" whom Evelyn cautiously indicates.

21st October. This season, after so long and extraordinary a drought in August and September, as if preparatory for the dreadful fire, was so very wet and rainy as many feared an ensuing famine.

28th. The pestilence, through God's mercy, began now to abate considerably in our town.

30th. To London to our office, and now had I on the vest and surcoat, or tunic, as it was called, after his Majesty had brought the whole court to it. It was a comely and manly habit, too good to hold, it being impossible for us in good earnest to leave the Monsieurs' vanities long.<sup>1</sup>

31st. I heard the signal cause of my Lord Cleveland<sup>2</sup> pleaded before the House of Lords; and was this day forty-six years of age, wonderfully protected by the mercies of God, for which I render him immortal thanks.

14th November. I went my winter-circle through my district, Rochester and other places, where I had men quartered, and in custody.

15th. To Leed's Castle.<sup>3</sup>

16th. I mustered the prisoners, being about 600 Dutch and French, ordered their proportion of bread to be augmented, and provided clothes and fuel. Monsieur Colbert,<sup>4</sup> Ambassador at the Court of England, this day sent money from his master, the French King, to every prisoner of that nation under my guard.

17th. I returned to Chatham, my chariot overturning on the steep of Bexley Hill, wounded me in two places on the head; my son, Jack, being with me, was like to have been worse cut by the glass; but I thank God we both escaped without much hurt, though not without exceeding danger.—18th. At Rochester.—19th. Returned home.

23rd. At London, I heard an extraordinary case before a Committee of the whole House of Commons, in the Commons' House of Parliament, between one Captain Taylor and my Lord Viscount

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, under 18th October.]

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Wentworth, 1591-1667, created in February, 1627, Baron Wentworth of Nettlestead, and Earl of Cleveland.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 241.]

<sup>4</sup> [Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, 1625-96, a brother of Louis the Fourteenth's famous Minister and Financier, Jean-Baptiste Colbert.]

Mordaunt,<sup>1</sup> where, after the lawyers had pleaded and the witnesses been examined, such foul and dishonourable things were produced against his Lordship, of tyranny during his government of Windsor Castle, of which he was Constable, incontinence, and suborning witnesses (of which last, one Sir Richard Breames was most concerned), that I was exceedingly interested for his Lordship, who was my special friend, and husband of the most virtuous lady in the world. We sat till near ten at night, and yet but half the Counsel had done on behalf of the Plaintiff. The question then was put for bringing-in of lights to sit longer. This lasted so long before it was determined, and raised such a confused noise among the Members, that a stranger would have been astonished at it. I admire that there is not a rationale to regulate such trifling accidents, which consume much time, and is a reproach to the gravity of so great an assembly of sober men.

27th November. Sir Hugh Pollard, Comptroller of the Household, died at Whitehall,<sup>2</sup> and his Majesty conferred the white staff on my brother Commissioner for sick and wounded, Sir Thomas Clifford,<sup>3</sup> a bold young gentleman, of a small fortune in Devon, but advanced by Lord Arlington, Secretary of State, to the great astonishment of all the Court. This gentleman was somewhat related to me by the marriage of his mother to my nearest kinsman, Gregory Coale,<sup>4</sup> and was ever my noble friend, a valiant and daring person, but by no means fit for a supple and flattering courtier.

28th. Went to see Clarendon House,<sup>5</sup> now almost finished, a goodly pile to see to, but had many defects as to the architecture, yet placed most gracefully. After this, I waited on the Lord Chancellor, who was now at Berkshire House,<sup>6</sup> since the burning of London.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 193. The whole proceedings in this affair are to be found in the Journals of Lords and Commons, under date of this year.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 225.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 233. Clifford was subsequently Comptroller, and Treasurer of the Household. He "do speak very well and neatly"—says Pepys.]

<sup>4</sup> Of this "nearest kinsman" and his family, seated at Petersham in Surrey, see Bray's *History*, i. 439, 441, but his precise connection or kinship with the Evelyns does not appear.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 231.]

<sup>6</sup> Berkshire or Cleveland House, St. James's,

2nd December. Dined with me Monsieur Kiviet,<sup>1</sup> a Dutch gentleman-pensioner of Rotterdam, who came over for protection, being of the Prince of Orange's party, now not welcome in Holland. The King knighted him for some merit in the Prince's behalf. He should, if caught, have been beheaded with Monsieur Buat, and was brother-in-law to Van Tromp, the sea-general. With him came Mr. Gabriel Sylvius,<sup>2</sup> and Mr. Williamson, secretary to Lord Arlington;<sup>3</sup> M. Kiviet came to examine whether the soil about the river of Thames would be proper to make clinker-bricks,<sup>4</sup> and to treat with me about some accommodation in order to it.

1666-7: 9th January. To the Royal Society, which since the sad conflagration were invited by Mr. Howard<sup>5</sup> to sit at Arundel House in the Strand, who, at my instigation, likewise bestowed on the Society that noble library<sup>6</sup> which his grandfather especially, and his ancestors had collected. This gentleman had so little inclination to books, that it was the preservation of them from embezzlement.

24th. Visited my Lord Clarendon, and presented my son John, to him, now preparing to go to Oxford, of which his Lordship was Chancellor. This evening I heard rare Italian voices, two eunuchs and one woman, in his Majesty's green chamber, next his cabinet.

belonging to the Howards, Earl of Berkshire. It was purchased and presented by Charles II. to Barbara Duchess of Cleveland, and was then of great extent; she, however, afterwards sold part, which was divided into various houses. The name survives in Cleveland Court.

<sup>1</sup> [Sir John Kiviet. See *post*, under 6th March and 7th September, 1667. He is probably the "Kevet, Burgomaster of Amsterdam," mentioned by Pepys under 17th February, 1667, as arranging the Peace with Lord Arlington.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 11th November, 1677.]

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 234. Pepys describes Williamson (6th February, 1663) as "a pretty knowing man and a scholar, but, it may be, thinks himself to be too much so."

<sup>4</sup> [Cf. *ante*, p. 16.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 128; and *post*, under 19th September, 1667.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *post*, under March, 1669, and 29th August, 1678. Mr. Howard's grandfather, the second Earl of Arundel (see *ante*, p. 9), had purchased many of the books during his embassy to Vienna in 1636. Part had come from the library collected at Buda in 1485 by Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary, which, after his death in 1490, had passed into the possession of Dürer's friend, Rilibald Pirckheimer of Nuremberg.]

29th January. To London, in order to my son's Oxford journey, who, being very early entered both in Latin and Greek, and prompt to learn beyond most of his age, I was persuaded to trust him under the tutorage of Mr. Bohun, Fellow of New College,<sup>1</sup> who had been his preceptor in my house some years before; but, at Oxford, under the inspection of Dr. Bathurst, President of Trinity College,<sup>2</sup> where I placed him, not as yet thirteen years old. He was newly out of long coats.<sup>3</sup>

15th February. My little book, in answer to Sir George Mackenzie<sup>4</sup> on Solitude, was now published, entitled *Public Employment, and an Active Life, and all its appanages, preferred to Solitude*.<sup>5</sup>

18th. I was present at a magnificent ball, or masque, in the theatre at the Court, where their Majesties and all the great lords and ladies danced, infinitely gallant, the men in their richly embroidered most becoming vests.<sup>6</sup>

19th. I saw a Comedy acted at Court. In the afternoon, I witnessed a wrestling match for £1000 in St. James's Park, before his Majesty, a vast assemblage of lords and other spectators, betwixt the western and northern men, Mr. Secretary Morice and Lord Gerard being the judges. The western men won. Many great sums were betted.

6th March. I proposed to my Lord Chancellor Monsieur Kiviet's undertaking

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 239.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 243.]

<sup>3</sup> In illustration of the garb which succeeded the "long coats" out of which lads of twelve or thirteen were thus suffered to emerge, it may be mentioned that there once hung upon the walls of the Swan Inn at Leatherhead in Surrey, a picture of four children, dates of birth between 1640 and 1650, of whom a lad of about the age of young Evelyn is represented in a coat reaching to his ankles.

<sup>4</sup> Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, 1636-91, King's advocate, who wrote several works on the Scottish laws, and various essays and poetical pieces (see *post*, under 9th March, 1690).

<sup>5</sup> Reprinted in *Miscellaneous Writings*, pp. 502-552. In a letter to Cowley, 12th March, 1666-67, Evelyn apologises for having written against that life which he had joined with Mr. Cowley in so much admiring, assuring him he neither was nor could be serious in avowing such a preference. (See Appendix VI.) [and an article by Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave in *The Library*, 1901, ii. 349, on the different issues of Evelyn's pamphlet. Pepys thought the book pretty for "a bye discourse" (*Diary*, 25th May, 1667).]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 252.]

to wharf the whole river of Thames, or quay, from the Temple to the Tower, as far as the fire destroyed, with brick, without piles, both lasting and ornamental.<sup>1</sup>—Great frosts, snow, and winds, prodigious at the vernal equinox; indeed it has been a year of prodigies in this nation, plague, war, fire, rain, tempest and comet.

14th. Saw *The Virgin-Queen*,<sup>2</sup> a play written by Mr. Dryden.

22nd. Dined at Mr. Secretary Morice's,<sup>3</sup> who showed me his library, which was a well-chosen collection. This afternoon, I had audience of his Majesty, concerning the proposal I had made of building the Quay.

26th. Sir John Kiviet dined with me. We went to search for brick-earth, in order to a great undertaking.<sup>4</sup>

4th April. The cold so intense, that there was hardly a leaf on a tree.

18th. I went to make court to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, at their house in Clerkenwell,<sup>5</sup> being newly come out of the north. They received me with great kindness, and I was much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the Duchess.

22nd. Saw the sumptuous supper in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, on the eve of St. George's Day, where were all the companions of the Order of the Garter.

23rd. In the morning, his Majesty went to chapel with the Knights of the Garter, all in their habits and robes, ushered by the heralds; after the first service, they went in procession, the youngest first, the Sovereign last, with the Prelate of the Order and Dean, who had about his neck the book of the Statutes of the Order; and then the Chancellor of the Order (old Sir

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253.]

<sup>2</sup> The *Virgin Queen* which Evelyn saw was Dryden's *Maiden Queen*. Pepys saw it on the night of its first production (twelve days before Evelyn's visit); and was charmed by Nell Gwyn's Florimel. "So great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before" (21st March, 1667).

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 215.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253.]

<sup>5</sup> [This, now non-existent, was the town house of William Cavendish, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Newcastle, 1592-1676, and his second wife, Margaret Lucas, 1624-74 (see *post*, under 25th and 27th April). In 1667, the Duchess published a high-flown *Life* of her husband, of which a reprint was issued in 1872.]

Henry de Vic),<sup>1</sup> who wore the purse about his neck; then the Heralds and Garter-King-at-Arms, Clarencieux, Black Rod. But before the Prelate and Dean of Windsor went the gentlemen of the chapel and choristers, singing as they marched; behind them two doctors of music in damask robes; this procession was about the courts at Whitehall. Then, returning to their stalls and seats in the chapel, placed under each knight's coat-armour and titles, the second service began. Then, the King offered at the altar, an anthem was sung; then, the rest of the Knights offered, and lastly proceeded to the Banqueting-house to a great feast. The King sat on an elevated throne at the upper end at a table alone; the Knights at a table on the right hand, reaching all the length of the room; over-against them a cupboard of rich gilded plate; at the lower end, the music; on the balusters above, wind-music, trumpets, and kettle-drums. The King was served by the lords and pensioners, who brought up the dishes. About the middle of the dinner, the Knights drank the King's health, then the King theirs, when the trumpets and music played and sounded, the guns going off at the Tower. At the Banquet, came in the Queen, and stood by the King's left hand, but did not sit. Then was the banqueting-stuff flung about the room profusely. In truth, the crowd was so great, that though I stayed all the supper the day before, I now stayed no longer than this sport began, for fear of disorder. The cheer was extraordinary, each Knight having forty dishes to his mess, piled up five or six high; the room hung with the richest tapestry.

*25th April.* Visited again the Duke of Newcastle, with whom I had been acquainted long before in France, where the Duchess had obligation to my wife's mother for her marriage there; she was sister to Lord Lucas,<sup>2</sup> and maid of honour then to the Queen-Mother; married in our chapel at Paris.<sup>3</sup> My wife being with me, the Duke and Duchess both would needs bring her to the very Court.

*26th.* My Lord Chancellor showed me all his newly finished and furnished palace

and library; then, we went to take the air in Hyde Park.

*27th.* I had a great deal of discourse with his Majesty at dinner. In the afternoon, I went again with my wife to the Duchess of Newcastle, who received her in a kind of transport, suitable to her extravagant humour and dress, which was very singular.<sup>1</sup>

*8th May.* Made up accounts with our Receiver, which amounted to £33,936:1:4. Dined at Lord Cornbury's, with Don Francisco de Melos, Portugal Ambassador, and kindred to the Queen: of the party were Mr. Henry Jermyn,<sup>2</sup> and Sir Henry Capel.<sup>3</sup> Afterwards I went to Arundel House, to salute Mr. Howard's sons, newly returned out of France.

*11th.* To London; dined with the Duke of Newcastle, and sat discoursing with her Grace in her bedchamber after dinner, till my Lord Marquis of Dorchester with other company came in, when I went away.

*30th.* To London, to wait on the Duchess of Newcastle (who was a mighty pretender to learning, poetry, and philosophy, and had in both published divers books) to the Royal Society, whether she came in great pomp, and being received by our Lord President at the door of our meeting-room, the mace, etc., carried before him, had several experiments showed to her. I conducted her Grace to her coach, and returned home.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 254. Mrs. Evelyn has left an unvarnished account of this visit in a letter to Dr. Bohun in 1667. "I was surprised"—she says—"to find so much extravagancy and vanity in any person not confined within four walls. Her [the Duchess's] habit particular, fantastical, not unbecoming a good shape, which she may truly boast of. Her face discovers the facility of the sex, in being yet persuaded it deserves the esteem years forbid, by the infinite care she takes to place her curls and patches. Her mien surpasses the imagination of poets, or the descriptions of a romance heroine's greatness; her gracious bows, seasonable nods, courteous stretching out of her hands, twinkling of her eyes, and various gestures, of approbation, show what may be expected from her discourse, which is as airy, empty, whimsical and rambling as her books, aiming at science, difficulties, high notions, terminating commonly in nonsense, oaths, and obscenity." Cf. also Pepys's *Diary*, 18th March, 1668.]

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards, 1685, Baron Jermyn of Dover.

<sup>3</sup> Afterwards, 1692, Baron Capel of Tewkesbury, and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He died 1696.

<sup>4</sup> [Pepys also gives an account of this visit, under the same date. The Society was not without

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 23.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Charles Lucas, shot by Ireton at Colchester in 1648.]

<sup>3</sup> [In April, 1645.]

1st June. I went to Greenwich, where his Majesty was trying divers grenades shot out of cannon at the Castlehill, from the house in the Park; they brake not till they hit the mark, the forged ones brake not at all, but the cast ones very well. The inventor was a German there present. At the same time, a ring was showed to the King, pretended to be a projection of mercury, and malleable, and said by the gentlemen to be fixed by the juice of a plant.

8th. To London, alarmed by the Dutch, who were fallen on our fleet at Chatham, by a most audacious enterprise entering the very river with part of their fleet, doing us not only disgrace, but incredible mischief in burning several of our best men-of-war lying at anchor and moored there, and all this through our unaccountable negligence in not setting out our fleet in due time.<sup>1</sup> This alarm caused me, fearing the enemy might venture up the Thames even to London (which they might have done with ease, and fired all the vessels in the river, too), to send away my best goods, plate, etc., from my house to another place. The alarm was so great that it put both Country and City into a panic, fear and consternation, such as I hope I shall never see more; everybody was flying, none knew why or whither. Now, there

apprehension that the town would be "full of ballads" about the honour done them.]

<sup>1</sup> [This was the Chatham disaster. In June sixty-one Dutch men-of-war under De Ruyter entered the Thames, destroyed the unfinished fort at Sheerness (June 11), and sailed up the Medway, breaking the chain at Gillingham. At Chatham they burned three ships (see *post*, p. 257), and captured the *Royal Charles*, formerly the *Naseby*, which, after fighting the battles of the Commonwealth, had been despatched to Scheveling in May, 1660, to bring Charles II. to Dover. Peter Pett (see *ante*, p. 228) was made the scapegoat upon this occasion:—

After this loss, to relish discontent,  
Some one must be accused by Parliament;  
All our miscarriages on Pett must fall,  
His name alone seems fit to answer all.

Thus, and at greater length, sings Andrew Marvell in his *Last Instructions to a Painter about the Dutch Wars*, 1667, ll. 717-20. The Commons threatened to impeach Pett for carelessness, and he was superseded; but it was well known that the real fault lay with the King. In the Museum at Amsterdam is a picture by Jan Pieters commemorating the Dutch success; and the stern of the *Royal Charles* is still preserved at the Hague (*Cornhill Magazine*, viii. 550).]

were land-forces despatched with the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Middleton,<sup>1</sup> Prince Rupert, and the Duke, to hinder the Dutch coming to Chatham, fortifying Upnor Castle, and laying chains and bombs; but the resolute enemy brake through all, and set fire on our ships, and retreated in spite, stopping up the Thames, the rest of the fleet lying before the mouth of it.

14th. I went to see the work at Woolwich, a battery to prevent them coming up to London, which Prince Rupert commanded, and sunk some ships in the river.

17th. This night, about two o'clock, some chips and combustible matter prepared for some fire-ships, taking flame in Deptford-yard, made such a blaze, and caused such an uproar in the Tower (it being given out that the Dutch fleet was come up, and had landed their men and fired the Tower), as had like to have done more mischief before people would be persuaded to the contrary and believe the accident. Everybody went to their arms. These were sad and troublesome times.

24th. The Dutch fleet still continuing to stop up the river, so as nothing could stir out or come in, I was before the Council, and commanded by his Majesty to go with some others and search about the environs of the city, now exceedingly distressed for want of fuel, whether there could be any peat, or turf, found fit for use. The next day, I went and discovered enough, and made my report that there might be found a great deal; but nothing further was done in it.

28th. I went to Chatham, and thence to view not only what mischief the Dutch had done; but how triumphantly their whole fleet lay within the very mouth of the Thames, all from the North Foreland, Margate, even to the Buoy of the Nore—a dreadful spectacle as ever Englishmen saw, and a dishonour never to be wiped

<sup>1</sup> John Middleton, 1639-74, was first a Parliamentary general, but subsequently fought for Charles II. at Worcester, and otherwise distinguished himself as a Royalist officer till the Restoration, when he was created first Earl of Middleton. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Scotland, Governor of Edinburgh Castle, Lord High Commissioner to the Scottish Parliament, and finally Governor of Tangier, where he died.

off! Those who advised his Majesty to prepare no fleet this spring deserved—I know what—but<sup>1</sup>—

Here in the river off Chatham, just before the town, lay the carcass of the *London* (now the third time burnt), the *Royal Oak*, the *James*, etc., yet smoking;<sup>2</sup> and now, when the mischief was done, we were making trifling forts on the brink of the river. Here were yet forces, both of horse and foot, with General Middleton continually expecting the motions of the enemy's fleet. I had much discourse with him, who was an experienced commander. I told him I wondered the King did not fortify Sheerness<sup>3</sup> and the Ferry; both abandoned.

2nd July. Called upon by my Lord Arlington, as from his Majesty, about the new fuel. The occasion why I was mentioned, was from what I said in my *Sylva* three years before,<sup>4</sup> about a sort of fuel for a need, which obstructed a patent of Lord Carlingford,<sup>5</sup> who had been seeking for it himself; he was endeavouring to bring me into the project, and proffered me a share. I met my Lord; and, on the 9th, by an order of Council, went to my Lord Mayor, to be assisting. In the meantime they had made an experiment of my receipt of *houillies*, which I mention in my book to be made at Maestricht, with a mixture of charcoal dust and loam, and which was tried with success at Gresham College (then being the exchange for the meeting of the merchants since the fire) for everybody to see. This done, I went to the Treasury

for £12,000 for the sick and wounded yet on my hands.

Next day, we met again about the fuel at Sir J. Armorer's in the Mews.

8th. My Lord Brereton and others dined at my house, where I showed them proof of my new fuel, which was very glowing, and without smoke or ill smell.

10th. I went to see Sir Samuel Morland's<sup>1</sup> inventions and machines, arithmetical wheels, quench-fires, and new harp.

17th. The Master of the Mint and his lady, Mr. Williamson, Sir Nicholas Armorer,<sup>2</sup> Sir Edward Bowyer, Sir Anthony Auger, and other friends dined with me.

29th. I went to Gravesend; the Dutch fleet still at anchor before the river, where I saw five of his Majesty's men-at-war encounter above twenty of the Dutch, in the bottom of the *Hope*, chasing them with many broadsides given and returned towards the buoy of the *Nore*, where the body of their fleet lay, which lasted till about midnight. One of their ships was fired, supposed by themselves, she being run on ground. Having seen this bold action, and their braving us so far up the river, I went home the next day, not without indignation at our negligence, and the nation's reproach. It is well known who of the Commissioners of the Treasury gave

<sup>1</sup> According to the *Life of King James the Second*, 1816, i. 425, these advisers were "the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer Southampton, the Duke of Albemarle, and the other Ministers." They "persuaded the King upon pretence of saving charges, to lay up the first and Second Rate of Ships, and to send out such only as were most proper to interrupt the Enemy's Trade, and only to make a defensive war." The Duke of York opposed these measures; but he was overruled. (See also p. 258.)

<sup>2</sup> [Each doleful day still with fresh loss returns,  
The *Loyal London* now a third time burns,  
And the true *Royal Oak* and *Royal James*,  
Allied in fate, increase with their her flames.]  
MARVELL, *ut supra*.]

<sup>3</sup> Since done.—*Evelyn's Note*.  
<sup>4</sup> [See *Sylva*, 1664, Bk. iii ch. iv., "Of Timber, the Seasoning and Uses, and Fuel."] ]

<sup>5</sup> Theobald Taaffe, second Viscount Taaffe, created Earl of Carlingford in 1662, *d.* 1677.

<sup>1</sup> Aubrey (in his account of Surrey, vol. i. p. 12) says: "Under the equestrian Statue of Charles II., in the great Court at Windsor, is an engine for raising water, contrived by Sir Samuel Morland, *alias* Morley [1625-95]. He was son of Sir Samuel Morland, of Sulhamsted Bannister, Berks, created Baronet by Charles II., in consideration of services performed during his exile. The son was a great mechanic, and was presented with a gold medal, and made *Magister Mechanicorum* by the King, in 1681. He invented the drum capstands, for weighing heavy anchors: the speaking trumpet and other useful engines. He died and was buried at Hammersmith, 1696. There is a monument for the two wives of Sir Samuel Morland in Westminster Abbey. There is a print of the son, by Lombart, after Lely. This Sir Samuel, the son, built a large room in his garden at Vauxhall, which was much admired at that time. On the top was a punchinello, holding a dial."

<sup>2</sup> Sir Nicholas (a different person from Sir James) Armorer was Equerry to Charles II. Pepys, under 23rd September, 1667, tells a curious anecdote of his inducing the King to drink the Duke of York's health on his knees. The Queen of Bohemia talks of him familiarly in her letters as Nick Armorer.

advice that the charge of setting forth a fleet this year might be spared, Sir W. C. (William Coventry) by name.<sup>1</sup>

1st August. I received the sad news of Abraham Cowley's death,<sup>2</sup> that incomparable poet and virtuous man, my very dear friend, and was greatly deplored.

3rd. Went to Mr. Cowley's funeral, whose corpse lay at Wallingford House,<sup>3</sup> and was thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey in a hearse with six horses and all funeral decency, near a hundred coaches of noblemen and persons of quality following; among these, all the wits of the town, divers bishops and clergymen. He was interred next Geoffrey Chaucer, and near Spenser. A goodly monument is since erected to his memory.<sup>4</sup>

Now did his Majesty again dine in the presence, in ancient state, with music and all the court-ceremonies, which had been interrupted since the late war.

8th. Visited Mr. Oldenburg, a close prisoner in the Tower, being suspected of writing intelligence. I had an order from Lord Arlington, Secretary of State, which caused me to be admitted. This gentleman was secretary to our Society, and I am confident will prove an innocent person.<sup>5</sup>

15th. Finished my account, amounting to £25,000.

17th. To the funeral of Mr. Farringdon, a relation of my wife's.

There was now a very gallant horse to be baited to death with dogs; but he fought them all, so as the fiercest of them could not fasten on him, till the men run him through with their swords. This wicked and barbarous sport deserved to have been punished in the cruel contrivers to get money, under pretence that the horse had killed a man, which was false. I would not be persuaded to be a spectator.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 257; and Pepys's *Diary*, April 1, and June 14, 1667.]

<sup>2</sup> [28th July, 1667.]

<sup>3</sup> [On the site of the Admiralty, and occupied at this date by the poet's friend and brother collegian, the second Duke of Buckingham.]

<sup>4</sup> [At the cost of the Duke of Buckingham, with an epitaph by Bishop Sprat, who wrote Cowley's Life.]

<sup>5</sup> Henry Oldenburg, 1615-77, Secretary to the Royal Society, 1663-77. He was committed to the Tower, as Pepys informs us, "for writing news to a virtuoso in France" (25th June, 1667), but was shortly afterwards liberated.

21st. Saw the famous Italian puppet-play,<sup>1</sup> for it was no other.

24th. I was appointed, with the rest of my brother Commissioners, to put in execution an order of Council for freeing the prisoners-at-war in my custody at Leeds Castle, and taking off his Majesty's extraordinary charge, having called before us the French and Dutch agents. The Peace was now proclaimed, in the usual form, by the heralds-at-arms.<sup>2</sup>

25th. After evening service, I went to visit Mr. Vaughan,<sup>3</sup> who lay at Greenwich, a very wise and learned person, one of Mr. Selden's executors and intimate friends.

27th. Visited the Lord Chancellor, to whom his Majesty had sent for the seals a few days before;<sup>4</sup> I found him in his bed-chamber, very sad. The Parliament had accused him, and he had enemies at Court, especially the buffoons and ladies of pleasure, because he thwarted some of them, and stood in their way; I could name some of the chief. The truth is, he made few friends during his grandeur among the royal sufferers, but advanced the old rebels. He was, however, though no considerable lawyer, one who kept up the form and substance of things in the nation with more solemnity than some would have had. He was my particular kind friend, on all occasions. The Cabal,<sup>5</sup> however, prevailed, and that party in Parliament. Great division at Court concerning him, and divers great persons interceding for him.

28th. I dined with my late Lord Chancellor, where also dined Mr. Ashburnham,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Perhaps at Charing Cross, where, in this year, "the Italian puppet player" had a Booth (*Overseers' Books of St. Martin in the Fields*, quoted in Cunningham's *London*).]

<sup>2</sup> [It had been concluded July 21. All prisoners were to be set free; and the Dutch agreed to lower their flag to British ships of war.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Vaughan, afterwards Sir John, 1603-74, and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was active in the impeachment of Clarendon. Selden died 30th November, 1654.]

<sup>4</sup> [He was deprived of his office, August 30; impeached by the Commons, November 12; and retired to the Continent by the King's command, November 29. He died at Rouen in 1674, having employed the interim in writing his *History of the Rebellion*.]

<sup>5</sup> [The new Ministry formed on the Chancellor's dismissal.]

<sup>6</sup> John Ashburnham, 1603-71, Groom of the Bed-chamber to Charles I. and Charles II.



and Mr. W. Legge,<sup>1</sup> of the Bedchamber; his Lordship pretty well in heart, though now many of his friends and sycophants abandoned him.

In the afternoon, to the Lords Commissioners for money, and thence to the audience of a Russian Envoy in the Queen's presence-chamber, introduced with much state, the soldiers, pensioners, and guards in their order. His letters of credence brought by his secretary in a scarf of sarsenet, their vests sumptuous, much embroidered with pearls. He delivered his speech in the Russ language, but without the least action, or motion, of his body, which was immediately interpreted aloud by a German that spake good English: half of it consisted in repetition of the Czar's titles, which were very haughty and oriental: the substance of the rest was, that he was only sent to see the King and Queen, and know how they did, with much compliment and frothy language. Then, they kissed their Majesties' hands, and went as they came; but their real errand was to get money.

29th August. Wemet at the Star-Chamber about exchange and release of prisoners.

7th September. Came Sir John Kiviet, to article with me about his brickwork.<sup>2</sup>

13th. Betwixt the hours of twelve and one, was born my second daughter, who was afterwards christened Elizabeth.<sup>3</sup>

19th. To London, with Mr. Henry Howard, of Norfolk,<sup>4</sup> of whom I obtained the gift of his Arundelian Marbles, those celebrated and famous inscriptions Greek and Latin, gathered with so much cost and industry from Greece, by his illustrious grandfather, the magnificent Earl of Arundel, my noble friend whilst he lived. When I saw these precious monuments miserably neglected, and scattered up and down about the garden, and other parts of Arundel House, and how exceedingly the corrosive air of London impaired them, I procured

him to bestow them on the University of Oxford. This he was pleased to grant me; and now gave me the key of the gallery, with leave to mark all those stones, urns, altars, etc., and whatever I found had inscriptions on them, that were not statues. This I did; and getting them removed and piled together, with those which were incrustured in the garden walls, I sent immediately letters to the Vice-Chancellor of what I had procured, and that if they esteemed it a service to the University (of which I had been a member), they should take order for their transportation.

This done, 21st, I accompanied Mr. Howard to his villa at Albury, where I designed for him the plot of his canal and garden, with a crypt<sup>1</sup> through the hill.

24th. Returned to London, where I had orders to deliver the possession of Chelsea College (used as my prison during the war with Holland for such as were sent from the fleet to London) to our Society, as a gift of his Majesty our founder.

8th October. Came to dine with me Dr. Bathurst, Dean of Wells,<sup>2</sup> President of Trinity College, sent by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, in the name both of him and the whole University, to thank me for procuring the inscriptions, and to receive my directions what was to be done to show their gratitude to Mr. Howard.

11th. I went to see Lord Clarendon, late Lord Chancellor and greatest officer in England, in continual apprehension what the Parliament would determine concerning him.<sup>3</sup>

17th. Came Dr. Barlow,<sup>4</sup> Provost of Queen's College and Protobibliothecus of the Bodleian library, to take order about the transportation of the Marbles.

25th. There were delivered to me two letters from the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, with the Decree of the Convocation, attested by the Public Notary, ordering four Doctors of Divinity and Law to acknowledge the obligation the University had to me for

<sup>1</sup> Colonel William Legge, 1609-70, Treasurer and Superintendent of the Ordnance, Member for Southampton, and father of George Legge, first Lord Dartmouth. Pepys describes him as "a pleasant man, and that hath seen much of the world, and more of the Court." He was with Charles I. during the rebellion.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 254.

<sup>3</sup> [She died in 1685 (see *post*, under 27th August, 1685).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 128.]

<sup>1</sup> [The canal at Albury Park has been drained; but a part of the crypt, or "Fausillippe," remains (Murray's *Surrey*, 1808, p. 126). See also *post*, under 23rd September, 1670; and cf. an interesting paper in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1888, p. 218, entitled "In a Garden of John Evelyn's."]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 243.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 258.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 175.]

procuring the *Marmora Arundeliana*, which was solemnly done by Dr. Barlow, Dr. Jenkins,<sup>1</sup> Judge of the Admiralty, Dr. Lloyd<sup>2</sup> and Obadiah Walker,<sup>3</sup> of University College, who having made a large compliment from the University, delivered me the decree fairly written :

Gesta venerabili domo Convocationis Universitatis Oxon.; . . . 17. 1667. Quo die retulit ad Senatum Academicum Dominus Vicecancellarius, quantum Universitas deberet singulari benevolentiae Johannis Evelini Armigeri, qui pro eâ pietate quâ Almam Matrem prosequitur non solum Suasu et Consilio apud inclytum Heroem Henricum Howard, Ducis Norfolkiae hæredem, intercessit, ut Universitati pretiosissimum eruditæ antiquitatis thesaurum Marmora Arundeliana largiretur; sed egregius insuper in ijs colligendis asservandisq; navavit operam: Qua propter unanimi suffragio Venerabilis Domûs decretum est, ut eidem publicæ gratiæ per delegatos ad Honoratissimum Dominum Henricum Howard propediem mittendos solemniter reddantur.

Concordant superscripta cum originali collatione factâ per me Ben. Cooper, Notarium Publicum et Registrarium Universitat. Oxon.

SIR,

We intend also a noble inscription, in which also honourable mention shall be made of yourself; but Mr. Vice-Chancellor commands me to tell you that that was not sufficient for your merits; but, that if your occasions would permit you to come down at the Act (when we intend a dedication of our new Theatre), some other testimony should be given both of your own worth and affection to this your old Mother; for we are all very sensible this great addition of learning and reputation to the University is due as well to your industrious care for the University, and interest with my Lord Howard, as to his great nobleness and generosity of spirit.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
OBADIAH WALKER, Univ. Coll.

The Vice-Chancellor's letter to the same effect were too vainglorious to insert, with divers copies of verses that were also sent me. Their mentioning me in the inscription I totally declined, when I directed the titles of Mr. Howard, now made Lord,<sup>1</sup> upon his Ambassage to Morocco.

These four doctors, having made me this compliment, desired me to carry and introduce them to Mr. Howard, at Arundel-House: which I did, Dr. Barlow (Provost of Queen's) after a short speech, delivering a larger letter of the University's thanks, which was written in Latin, expressing the great sense they had of the honour done them. After this compliment handsomely performed and as nobly received, Mr. Howard accompanied the Doctors to their coach. That evening, I supped with them.

26th October. My late Lord Chancellor was accused by Mr. Seymour in the House of Commons; and, in the evening, I returned home.

31st. My birthday—blessed be God for all his mercies! I made the Royal Society a present of the Table of Veins, Arteries, and Nerves, which great curiosity I had caused to be made in Italy, out of the natural human bodies, by a learned physician, and the help of Veslingius (professor at Padua), from whence I brought them in 1646.<sup>2</sup> For this I received the public thanks of the Society; and they are hanging up in their Repository with an inscription.

9th December. To visit the late Lord Chancellor.<sup>3</sup> I found him in his garden at his new-built palace, sitting in his gout

<sup>1</sup> [He was created Baron Howard of Castle Rising.]

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 129. [A description of these tables (which were the work of Veslingius's assistant, Fabritius Bartoletus) was drawn up in 1702 by William Cowper (1666-1709) the surgeon, and read to the Royal Society. It is printed in the *Phil. Trans.* vol. xxiii. p. 1177 (No. 280), with the title, *An Account of several Schemes of Arteries and Veins, dissected from adult Human Bodies, and given to the Repository of the Royal Society by John Evelyn, Esq., F.R.S.* (see *post*, under 21st January, 1702). The Tables are now in the British Museum. A manuscript account of them, drawn up by Evelyn himself for Mr. Cowper, was in the collection of Mr. Alfred H. Huth.]

<sup>3</sup> This entry of the 9th December, 1667, is a mistake. Evelyn could not have visited the "late Lord Chancellor" on that day. Lord Clarendon died on Saturday, the 29th of November, 1667, and his letter resigning the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford is dated from Calais on the

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Sir Leoline Jenkins, 1623-85, Secretary of State.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 162.]

<sup>3</sup> Subsequently head of that College. See *ante*, p. 148; and *post*, under 8th July, 1675.

wheel-chair, and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields. He looked and spake very disconsolately. After some while deploring his condition to me, I took my leave. Next morning,<sup>1</sup> I heard he was gone; though I am persuaded that, had he gone sooner, though but to Cornbury, and there lain quiet, it would have satisfied the Parliament. That which exasperated them was his presuming to stay and contest the accusation as long as it was possible: and they were on the point of sending him to the Tower.

10th December. I went to the funeral of Mrs. Heath,<sup>2</sup> wife of my worthy friend and schoolfellow.

21st. I saw one Carr pilloried at Charing-cross for a libel, which was burnt before him by the hangman.

1667-8: 8th January. I saw deep and prodigious gaming at the Groom-Porter's, vast heaps of gold squandered away in a vain and profuse manner. This I looked on as a horrid vice, and unsuitable in a Christian Court.

9th. Went to see the revels at the Middle Temple, which is also an old riotous custom, and has relation neither to virtue nor policy.<sup>3</sup>

10th. To visit Mr. Povey, where were divers great Lords to see his well-contrived cellar, and other elegancies.<sup>4</sup>

24th. We went to stake out ground for building a college for the Royal Society at Arundel House, but did not finish it, which we shall repent of.

4th February. I saw the tragedy of *Horace* (written by the virtuous Mrs. Philips)<sup>5</sup> acted before their Majesties.

7th of December. That Evelyn's book is not, in every respect, strictly a diary, is shown by this and several similar passages. If the entry of the 18th of September, 1683, is correct, the date of Evelyn's last visit to Lord Clarendon was the 28th of November, 1667.

<sup>1</sup> [I.e. 29th November.] <sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 164.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 218.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 225, 230; and *post*, under 29th February, 1676.]

<sup>5</sup> [Mrs. Katherine Philips (the "matchless Orinda"), 1631-64. Her *Horace* was (like Cotton's) a translation from Pierre Corneille, a fifth act being added by Denham. The Duke of Monmouth spoke the Prologue. Candid Mr. Pepys thought it "a silly tragedy" (19th January, 1669). By "*virtuous*," Evelyn seems only to have intended to accentuate the difference between the deceased author and the ladies of the audience. He wrote

Betwixt each act a masque and antique dance.<sup>1</sup> The excessive gallantry of the ladies was infinite, those especially on that . . . Castlemaine<sup>2</sup> esteemed at £40,000 and more, far outshining the Queen.

15th. I saw the audience of the Swedish Ambassador Count Donna, in great state in the Banqueting-house.

3rd March. Was launched at Deptford, that goodly vessel, *The Charles*. I was near his Majesty. She is longer than the *Sovereign*, and carries 110 brass cannon; she was built by old Shish, a plain honest carpenter, master-builder of this dock, but one who can give very little account of his art by discourse, and is hardly capable of reading,<sup>3</sup> yet of great ability in his calling. The family have been ship-carpenters in this yard above 300 years.<sup>4</sup>

admirably of "*Orinda*" to Pepys in August, and Mrs. Evelyn also praises her to Dr. Bohun. There is an appreciation of her in Gosse's *Seventeenth Century Studies*, 3rd edition, 1897, pp. 229-258; and her poems are reprinted from the edition of 1678 in Sainsbury's *Caroline Poets*, 1905, pp. 485-612.]

<sup>1</sup> [Mrs. Evelyn calls this—"a farce and dance between every act, composed by Lacy, and played by him and Nell [Gwyn], which takes" (Letter to Mr. Tyrrill, 10th February, 1669). But from the description of Pepys (19th January), this part of the performance must have been gross and stupid.]

<sup>2</sup> [This, and that on the following page, are Evelyn's first references to Barbara Villiers (afterwards Palmer), Countess of Castlemaine. She was born in 1641, her father being William Villiers, second Viscount Grandison, killed at Edgehill in 1643; and at this date (1668) she was seven-and-twenty. She had been married, at eighteen, to Roger Palmer, who was made Earl of Castlemaine in 1661. She had known Charles in Holland; and she was his mistress from the Restoration until she was supplanted by Mlle. de Kéroualle. She was created Duchess of Cleveland in 1670. She had five children by Charles,—three sons, the Dukes of Southampton, Grafton, and Northumberland, and two daughters. She afterwards married Beau Fielding, and died in 1709. Her picture by Lely (as Minerva!) is in William III.'s State Bedroom at Hampton Court; it has been drawn in less attractive colours by Gilbert Burnet:—"She was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish but imperious, very uneasy to the King, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him" (*History of His Own Time*, 1724, i. 94). There is a privately printed *Memoir* of her by the late G. Steinman Steinman of Croydon, 1871.]

<sup>3</sup> [Jonas Shish, 1605-80, master shipwright at Deptford and Woolwich dockyards. He has a mural monument in St. Nicholas Church. See *post*, under 13th May, 1680.]

<sup>4</sup> [Pepys also assisted. "Down by water to Deptford, where the King, Queen, and Court are

12th March. Went to visit Sir John Cotton,<sup>1</sup> who had me into his library, full of good MSS. Greek and Latin, but most famous for those of the Saxon and English Antiquities, collected by his grandfather.

2nd April. To the Royal Society, where I subscribed 50,000 bricks, towards building a college. Amongst other libertine libels, there was one now printed and thrown about, a bold petition of the poor w——s to Lady Castlemaine.<sup>2</sup>

9th. To London, about finishing my grand account of the sick and wounded, and prisoners at war, amounting to above £34,000.

I heard Sir R. Howard impeach Sir William Penn,<sup>3</sup> in the House of Lords, for breaking bulk, and taking away rich goods out of the East India prizes, formerly taken by Lord Sandwich.

28th. To London, about the purchase of Ravensbourne Mills, and land around it, in Upper Deptford, of one Mr. Becher.

30th. We sealed the deeds in Sir Edward Thurland's<sup>4</sup> chambers in the Inner Temple. I pray God bless it to me, it being a dear pennyworth;<sup>5</sup> but the passion Sir R. Browne had for it, and that it was contiguous to our other grounds, engaged me!

to see launched the new ship built by Mr. Shish, called the *Charles*. God send her better luck than the former!" (*Diary*, 3rd March, 1668). By the "former," he means the *Royal Charles*, captured by the Dutch in 1667 (see *ante*, pp. 256 and 185). A note in the *Globe Pepys* says that in the *Gazette* the new ship is called *Charles the Second*, and was to carry 106 guns.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 38.]

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps Mr. Evelyn knew the author—is Bray's note to this. ["I do hear (says Pepys) that my Lady Castlemaine is horribly vexed at the late libel,—the petition of the poor prostitutes about the town whose houses were pulled down the other day." Pepys thought it more severe than witty, and wonders "how it durst be printed and spread abroad, which shows that the times are loose, and come to a great disregard of the King, or Court, or Government" (*Diary*, 6th April, 1668). The "petition" was, of course, answered (*Globe Pepys*, II. under date).]

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Penn, 1621-70, father of the Founder of Pennsylvania, whom Evelyn in a subsequent page accuses of having published "a blasphemous book against the Deity of our blessed Lord" (*The Sandy Foundation Shaken*, 1668). Sir William Penn held the rank of Admiral, and had distinguished himself in the battle with the Dutch. He was Governor of Kinsale.

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Edward Thurland, 1606-83, afterwards Baron of the Exchequer.] <sup>5</sup> [Bargain.]

13th May. Invited by that expert commander, Captain Fox, master of the lately built *Charles the Second*, now the best vessel of the fleet, designed for the Duke of York, I went to Erith, where we had a great dinner.

16th. Sir Richard Edgecombe, of Mount Edgecombe, by Plymouth, my relation, came to visit me; a very virtuous and worthy gentleman.

19th June. To a new play with several of my relations, *The Evening Lover*,<sup>1</sup> a foolish plot, and very profane; it afflicted me to see how the stage was degenerated and polluted by the licentious times.

2nd July. Sir Samuel Tuke, Bart.,<sup>2</sup> and the lady he had married this day, came and bedded at my house, many friends accompanying the bride.

23rd. At the Royal Society, were presented divers *glossa petras*, and other natural curiosities, found in digging to build the fort at Sheerness. They were just the same as they bring from Malta, pretending them to be viper's teeth, whereas, in truth, they are of a shark, as we found by comparing them with one in our Repository.

3rd August. Mr. Bramston<sup>3</sup> (son to Judge B.), my old fellow-traveller, now Reader at the Middle Temple, invited me to his feast, which was so very extravagant and great as the like had not been seen at any time. There were the Duke of Ormonde, Privy Seal, Bedford, Belasyse,<sup>4</sup> Halifax, and a world more of Earls and Lords.

14th. His Majesty was pleased to grant me a lease of a slip of ground out of Brick Close, to enlarge my fore-court, for which I now gave him thanks; then, entering into other discourse, he talked to me of a new varnish for ships, instead of pitch, and

<sup>1</sup> There is no play with this name extant; and though the latter might be but a second title (for Evelyn frequently mentions only one name of a play that has two), it is next to certain that he here means Dryden's comedy of *An Evening's Love*, or, *The Mock Astrologer*, which is indeed sufficiently licentious. It was produced and printed in 1668, when Evelyn appears to have seen it.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 226.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 127. "In August, 1668, he [Bramston] was called to the Bench, and read there upon 1<sup>st</sup> stat. 3<sup>o</sup> Jacobi, cap. 4, concerning recusants" (Sir John Bramston's *Autobiography*, 1845, p. 30).] <sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 226.]

of the gilding with which his new yacht was beautified. I showed his Majesty the perpetual motion sent to me by Dr. Stokes,<sup>1</sup> from Cologne; and then came in Monsieur Colbert, the French Ambassador.<sup>2</sup>

19th August. I saw the magnificent entry of the French Ambassador Colbert, received in the Banqueting-house. I had never seen a richer coach than that which he came in to Whitehall. Standing by his Majesty at dinner in the presence, there was of that rare fruit called the King-pine, growing in Barbadoes and the West Indies; the first of them I have ever seen.<sup>3</sup> His Majesty having cut it up, was pleased to give me a piece off his own plate to taste of; but, in my opinion, it falls short of those ravishing varieties of deliciousness described in Captain Ligon's *History*,<sup>4</sup> and others; but possibly it might, or certainly was, much impaired in coming so far; it has yet a grateful acidity, but tastes more like the quince and melon than of any other fruit he mentions.

28th. Published my book of *The Perfection of Painting*,<sup>5</sup> dedicated to Mr. Howard.

17th September. I entertained Signor Muccinigo, the Venetian Ambassador, of one of the noblest families of the State, this being the day of making his public entry, setting forth from my house with several gentlemen of Venice and others in a very glorious train. He staid with me till the Earl of Anglesea and Sir Charles Cotterell (Master of the Ceremonies) came with the King's barge to carry him to the Tower, where the guns were fired at his landing; he then entered his Majesty's coach, followed by many others of the nobility. I accompanied him to his house, where there was a most noble supper to all the company, of course. After the extraordinary compliments to me and my

wife, for the civilities he received at my house, I took leave and returned. He is a very accomplished person. He is since Ambassador at Rome.

29th. I had much discourse with Signor Pietro Cisiij,<sup>1</sup> a Persian gentleman, about the affairs of Turkey, to my great satisfaction. I went to see Sir Elias Leighton's<sup>2</sup> project of a cart with iron axle-trees.

8th November. Being at dinner, my sister Evelyn sent for me to come up to London to my continuing sick brother.<sup>3</sup>

14th. To London, invited to the consecration of that excellent person, the Dean of Ripon, Dr. Wilkins, now made Bishop of Chester;<sup>4</sup> it was at Ely-House,<sup>5</sup> the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham, the Bishops of Ely, Salisbury, Rochester, and others officiating. Dr. Tillotson preached.<sup>6</sup> Then, we went to a sumptuous dinner in the hall, where were the Duke of Buckingham, Judges, Secretaries of State, Lord-Keeper, Council, Noblemen, and innumerable other company, who were honourers of this incomparable man, universally beloved by all who knew him.

This being the Queen's birthday, great was the gallantry at Whitehall, and the night celebrated with very fine fireworks.

My poor brother continuing ill, I went not from him till the 17th, when, dining at the Groom-Porter's, I heard Sir Edward Sutton play excellently on the Irish harp; he performs genteelly, but not approaching my worthy friend, Mr. Clark,<sup>7</sup> a gentleman of Northumberland, who makes it execute lute, viol, and all the harmony an instrument is capable of; pity 'tis that it is not more in use; but, indeed, to play well, takes up the whole man, as Mr. Clark has assured me, who, though a gentleman of

<sup>1</sup> [To whom was owing the inception of the *History of the Three Impostors* (see *post*, p. 265).]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Elisha Leighton, *d.* 1685. He was one of the secretaries to the Prize Office, and F.R.S. from 1663 to 1677. "A mad freaking fellow"—according to one authority—though a D.C.L. According to another, "for a speech of forty words the wittiest man that ever he knew," and moreover "one of the best companions at a meal in the world."

<sup>3</sup> [Richard Evelyn of Woodcote.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 175.]

<sup>5</sup> See *post*, under 27th June, 1675.

<sup>6</sup> [Dr. John Tillotson, 1630-94, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 172.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 184.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 252.]

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, as to the Queen-pine, p. 214.

<sup>4</sup> [A True and Exact History of the Island of Barbadoes, 1673.]

<sup>5</sup> ["An Idea of the Perfection of Painting, demonstrated from the Principles of Art, etc. . . . Written in French by Roland Freart, Sieur de Cambray, and rendered English by J. E., Esquire, 1668." There is nothing of Evelyn in it but the Dedication, dated, "Says-Court, July 24, 1668," and a preface "To the Reader," both of which are reprinted in the *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 553-62.]

quality and parts, was yet brought up to that instrument from five years old, as I remember he told me.

25th November. I waited on Lord Sand-  
wich, who presented me with a *Sembrador*<sup>1</sup> he brought out of Spain, showing me his two books of observations made during his embassy and stay at Madrid; in which were several rare things he promised to impart to me.

27th. I dined at my Lord Ashley's (since Earl of Shaftesbury),<sup>2</sup> when the match of my niece<sup>3</sup> was proposed for his only son, in which my assistance was desired for my Lord.

28th. Dr. Patrick<sup>4</sup> preached at Covent Garden, on Acts xvii. 31, the certainty of Christ's coming to judgment, it being Advent; a most suitable discourse.

19th December. I went to see the old play of *Catiline* acted,<sup>5</sup> having been now forgotten almost forty years.

20th. I dined with my Lord Cornbury at Clarendon House, now bravely furnished, especially with the pictures of most of our ancient and modern wits, poets, philosophers, famous and learned Englishmen; which collection of the Chancellor's I much commended, and gave his Lordship a catalogue of more to be added.<sup>6</sup>

31st. I entertained my kind neighbours, according to custom, giving Almighty God

thanks for His gracious mercies to me the past year.

1668-9: 1st January. Imploring His blessing for the year entering, I went to church, where our Doctor preached on Psalm lxx. 12, apposite to the season, and beginning a new year.

3rd. About this time one of Sir William Penn's sons had published a blasphemous

to be wanting, I shall range under these three heads:

#### THE LEARNED.

Sir Hen. Saville.	Geo. Ripley.
Abp. of Armagh.	Wm. of Occam.
Dr. Harvey.	Hadrian 4th.
Sir H. Wotton.	Alex. Ales.
Sir T. Bodley.	Ven. Bede.
G. Buchanan.	Jo. Duns Scotus.
Jo. Barclay.	Alcuinus,
Ed. Spenser.	Ridley,
Wm. Lilly.	Latimer,
Wm. Hooker.	Roger Ascham.
Dr. Sanderson.	Sir J. Cheke.
Wm. Oughtred.	Ladies { Eliz Joan
M. Philips.	{ Weston,*
Rog. Bacon.	{ Jane Grey.

#### POLITICIANS.

Sir Fra. Walsingham.	Card. Wolsey.
Earl of Leicester.	Sir T. Smith.
Sir W. Raleigh.	Card. Pole.

#### SOLDIERS.

Sir Fra. Drake.	Earl of Essex.
Sir J. Hawkins.	Talbot.
Sir Martin Frobisher.	Sir F. Greville.
Tho. Cavendish.	Hor. E. of Oxford.
Sir Ph. Sidney.	

Some of which, though difficult to procure originals of, yet haply copies might be found out upon diligent inquiry. The rest, I think, your Lordship has already in good proportion."

Writing on the same subject to Pepys, in a long letter dated 12th August, 1689, Evelyn tells him that the Lord Chancellor Clarendon had collected Portraits of very many of our great men; and he proceeds to put them down, without order or arrangement, as he recollected them. He gives also there a list of Portraits which he recommended to be added, a little different from the list contained in the letter above quoted; and he adds, that "when Lord Clarendon's design of making this collection was known, everybody who had any of the portraits, or could purchase them at any price, strove to make their court by presenting them. By this means he got many excellent pieces of Vandyck, and other originals by Lely and other the best of our modern masters."

\* For an account of Lady Joan Weston, less known than her companion, see George Ballard's *Learned Ladies*, 1775. There is a very scarce volume of Latin Poems by her, printed at Prague, 1606, and Evelyn specially mentions her in his *Numismata*. She is often celebrated by the writers of her time.

<sup>1</sup> [A new engine for ploughing, equal sowing, and harrowing at once. There is a letter by Evelyn to Lord Brouncker on this in the *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 621-22. It is also described by its inventor, Don Joseph Lucatelo, in *Phil. Trans.* June, 1670, No. 60, vol. v. p. 1056.]

<sup>2</sup> [Anthony Ashley Cooper, 1621-83, created Earl of Shaftesbury in 1672.]

<sup>3</sup> Probably the daughter of his brother Richard, of Epsom, who eventually married William Montagu.

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. Simon Patrick, 1626-1707, champion of the Protestant party, and eventually Bishop of Ely.]

<sup>5</sup> [*Catiline, his Conspiracy*, by Ben Jonson, a Tragedy, 1611.]

<sup>6</sup> In a letter to the Lord Chancellor, dated 18th March, 1666-67, Evelyn writes:

"My Lord, your Lordship inquires of me what pictures might be added to the Assembly of the Learned and Heroic persons of England which your Lordship has already collected; the design of which I do infinitely more magnify than the most famous heads of foreigners, which do not concern the glory of our country; and it is in my opinion the most honourable ornament, the most becoming and obliging, which your Lordship can think of to adorn your palace withal; such, therefore, as seem

book against the Deity of our Blessed Lord.<sup>1</sup>

29th January. I went to see a tall gigantic woman who measured 6 feet 10 inches high, at 21 years old, born in the Low Countries.

13th February. I presented his Majesty with my *History of the Four [?] Impostors*;<sup>2</sup> he told me of other like cheats. I gave my book to Lord Arlington, to whom I dedicated it. It was now that he began to tempt me about writing "the Dutch War."<sup>3</sup>

15th. Saw Mrs. Philips' *Horace*<sup>4</sup> acted again.

18th. To the Royal Society, when Signor Malpighi,<sup>5</sup> an Italian physician and anatomist, sent this learned body the incomparable History of the Silkworm.

1st March. Dined at Lord Arlington's at Goring House,<sup>6</sup> with the Bishop of Hereford.

4th. To the Council of the Royal Society, about disposing my Lord Howard's library, now given to us.<sup>7</sup>

16th. To London, to place Mr. Christopher Wase<sup>8</sup> about my Lord Arlington.

18th. I went with Lord Howard of Norfolk, to visit Sir William Ducie at Charlton,<sup>9</sup> where we dined; the servants made our coachmen so drunk, that they both fell off their boxes on the heath, where we were fain to leave them, and were driven to London by two servants of my Lord's. This barbarous custom of making the masters welcome by intoxicating the servants, had now the second time happened to my coachmen.<sup>10</sup>

My son came finally from Oxford.

2nd April. Dined at Mr. Treasurer's, where was (with many noblemen) Colonel Titus of the bedchamber, author of the

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 262, and cf. Pepys's *Diary*, 12th February, 1669.]

<sup>2</sup> *The History of the Three late Famous Impostors, viz. Padre Ottomano, Mahomed Bei, and Sabatai Sevi*, 1669. Reprinted in Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, pp. 563-620.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 238.]

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, p. 261.

<sup>5</sup> Marcellus Malpighi, 1628-94, was eminent for his discoveries respecting the economy of the liver and kidneys, and for his researches in vegetable physiology.

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 236. The last Earl of Norwich let Goring House to Lord Arlington in 1666. It was burnt down in September, 1674.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 164.]

<sup>9</sup> [See *ante*, p. 146.]

<sup>10</sup> [See *ante*, p. 177.]

famous piece against Cromwell, *Killing no Murder*.<sup>1</sup>

I now placed Mr. Wase with Mr. Williamson, Secretary to the Secretary of State, and Clerk of the Papers.

14th. I dined with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, and saw the library, which was not very considerable.

19th May. At a Council of the Royal Society our grant was finished, in which his Majesty gives us Chelsea College;<sup>2</sup> and some land about it. It was ordered that five should be a quorum for a Council. The Vice-President was then sworn for the first time, and it was proposed how we should receive the Prince of Tuscany, who desired to visit the Society.

20th. This evening, at 10 o'clock, was born my third daughter, who was baptized on the 25th by the name of Susanna.<sup>3</sup>

3rd June. Went to take leave of Lord Howard, going Ambassador to Morocco.<sup>4</sup> Dined at Lord Arlington's, where were the Earl of Berkshire, Lord Saint John, Sir Robert Howard, and Sir R. Holmes.<sup>5</sup>

10th. Came my Lord Cornbury, Sir William Pulteney,<sup>6</sup> and others to visit me. I went this evening to London, to carry Mr. Pepys to my brother Richard, now exceedingly afflicted with the stone, who had been successfully cut,<sup>7</sup> and carried the stone as big as a tennis-ball to show him, and encourage his resolution to go through the operation.

30th. My wife went a journey of pleasure down the river as far as the sea, with Mrs. Howard<sup>8</sup> and her daughter,<sup>9</sup> the

<sup>1</sup> [Silius Titus, 1623-1704. The apology for tyrannicide called *Killing no Murder*, May, 1657, is now attributed to Edward Sexby, *d.* 1658, but Titus may have had a hand in it. It is reprinted in Henry Morley's *Famous Pamphlets*, and the *Harleian Miscellany*, iv. 289.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 259. The conversion of Chelsea College into a house for the meetings of the Royal Society was never put into effect.]

<sup>3</sup> [Afterwards Mrs. William Draper. See *post*, under 19th February, 1693.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 260.]

<sup>5</sup> [Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, 1622-92, Governor in this year of the Isle of Wight.]

<sup>6</sup> Grandfather of the first Earl of Bath. He was a Commissioner of the Privy Seal under William III.

<sup>7</sup> [This is Evelyn's first mention of his brother diarist, whose records end 31st May in this year.]

<sup>8</sup> [Mrs. Howard was the widow of William, fourth son of the first Earl of Berkshire.]

<sup>9</sup> [Anne, afterwards married to Sir Gabriel

Maid of Honour, and others, amongst whom that excellent creature Mrs. Blagge.<sup>1</sup>

7th July. I went towards Oxford; lay at Little Wycombe.

8th. Oxford.

9th. In the morning was celebrated the Encænna of the New Theatre, so magnificently built by the munificence of Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, in which was spent £25,000, as Sir Christopher Wren, the architect (as I remember), told me; and yet it was never seen by the benefactor, my Lord Archbishop having told me that he never did or never would see it. It is, in truth, a fabric comparable to any of this kind of former ages, and doubtless exceeding any of the present, as this University does for colleges, libraries, schools, students, and order, all the Universities in the world. To the theatre is added the famous Sheldonian printing-house. This being at the Act and the first time of opening the Theatre (Acts being formerly kept in St. Mary's Church, which might be thought indecent, that being a place set apart for the immediate worship of God, and was the inducement for building this noble pile), it was now resolved to keep the present Act in it, and celebrate its dedication with the greatest splendour and formality that might be; and, therefore, drew a world of strangers, and other company, to the University, from all parts of the nation.

The Vice-Chancellor, Heads of Houses, and Doctors, being seated in magisterial seats, the Vice-Chancellor's chair and desk, Proctors', etc., covered with brocade (a kind of brocade) and cloth of gold; the University Registrar read the founder's grant and gift of it to the University for their scholastic exercises upon these solemn occasions. Then followed Dr. South,<sup>2</sup> the University's orator, in an eloquent speech, which was very long, and not without some malicious and indecent reflections on

the Royal Society, as underminers of the University; which was very foolish and untrue, as well as unseasonable. But, to let that pass from an ill-natured man, the rest was in praise of the Archbishop and the ingenious architect. This ended, after loud music from the corridor above, where an organ was placed, there followed divers panegyric speeches, both in prose and verse, interchangeably pronounced by the young students placed in the rostrums, in Pindarics, Eclogues, Heroics, etc., mingled with excellent music, vocal and instrumental, to entertain the ladies and the rest of the company. A speech was then made in praise of academical learning. This lasted from eleven in the morning till seven at night, which was concluded with ringing of bells, and universal joy and feasting.

10th. The next day began the more solemn lectures in all the faculties, which were performed in the several schools, where all the Inceptor-Doctors did their exercises, the Professors having first ended their reading. The assembly now returned to the Theatre, where the *Terra filius* (the *University Buffoon*) entertained the auditory with a tedious, abusive, sarcastical rhapsody, most unbecoming the gravity of the University, and that so grossly, that unless it be suppressed, it will be of ill consequence, as I afterwards plainly expressed my sense of it both to the Vice-Chancellor and several Heads of Houses, who were perfectly ashamed of it, and resolved to take care of it in future. The old facetious way of rallying upon the questions was left off, falling wholly upon persons, so that it was rather licentious lying and railing than genuine and noble wit. In my life, I was never witness of so shameful entertainment. After this ribaldry, the Proctors made their speeches. Then began the music Act, vocal and instrumental, above in the balustrade corridor opposite to the Vice-Chancellor's seat. Then, Dr. Wallis,<sup>1</sup> the mathematical Professor, made his oration, and created one Doctor of music according to the usual ceremonies of gown (which was of white damask), cap, ring, kiss, etc. Next followed the disputations of the Inceptor-Doctors in Medicine, the speech

Sylvius, Hofmeister or Chamberlain to the Prince of Orange.]

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Blagge, afterwards Mrs. Godolphin, 1652-78, whose life, written by Evelyn, was published in 1847 under the auspices of Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. It has recently, 1904, been reprinted in the series of "King's Classics" edited by Professor Gollancz. (See *post*, under 9th September, 1678.)

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 229.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 213.]



of their Professor, Dr. Hyde,<sup>1</sup> and so in course their respective creations. Then disputed the Inceptors of Law, the speech of their Professor, and creation. Lastly, Inceptors of Theology: Dr. Compton<sup>2</sup> (brother to the Earl of Northampton) being junior, began with great modesty and applause; so the rest. After which, Dr. Tillotson, Dr. Sprat,<sup>3</sup> etc., and then Dr. Allestree's speech,<sup>4</sup> the King's Professor, and their respective creations. Last of all, the Vice-Chancellor, shutting up the whole in a panegyric oration, celebrating their benefactor and the rest, apposite to the occasion.

Thus was the Theatre dedicated by the scholastic exercises in all the Faculties with great solemnity; and the night, as the former, entertaining the new Doctor's friends in feasting and music. I was invited by Dr. Barlow,<sup>5</sup> the worthy and learned Professor of Queen's College.

11<sup>th</sup> July. The Act sermon was this forenoon preached by Dr. Hall,<sup>6</sup> in St. Mary's, in an honest practical discourse against Atheism. In the afternoon, the church was so crowded, that not coming early I could not approach to hear.

12<sup>th</sup>. Monday. Was held the Divinity Act in the Theatre again, when proceeded seventeen Doctors, in all Faculties some.<sup>7</sup>

13<sup>th</sup>. I dined at the Vice-Chancellor's,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Hyde, D.D., 1636-1703, Hebrew Reader, Keeper of the Bodleian Library, Prebend of Salisbury Cathedral, Regius Professor of Hebrew, and canon of Christ Church, Oxford; author of a Latin History of the Ancient Persians and Medes, and one of Walton's coadjutors in the great polyglot Bible.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Compton, 1632-1713, son of Spencer Compton, second Earl of Northampton, slain at the battle of Hopton Heath, commenced his career as a cornet of dragoons, but after a short time abandoned the army for the church, in which he raised himself by his talents to be Bishop of Oxford, and in 1675 was translated to the see of London. He was a zealous Protestant during the reign of James II., and not only was instrumental in bringing over William of Orange to this country, but placed the crown upon his head, on Archbishop Sancroft refusing to assist at the coronation. He wrote several works of a religious character, and a translation of the life of Donna Olympia Maldacina, from the Italian.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Thomas Sprat, 1635-1713, Bishop of Rochester, the biographer of Cowley, historian of the Royal Society, and author of sundry verses and sermons.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 208.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 199.]

<sup>6</sup> [Dr. Fell (see p. 213).]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 175.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 266.]

and spent the afternoon in seeing the rarities of the public libraries, and visiting the noble marbles and inscriptions, now inserted in the walls, that compass the area of the Theatre, which were 150 of the most ancient and worthy treasures of that kind in the learned world. Now, observing that people approached them too near, some idle persons began to scratch and injure them, I advised that a hedge of holly should be planted at the foot of the wall, to be kept breast-high only to protect them; which the Vice-Chancellor promised to do the next season.

14<sup>th</sup>. Dr. Fell,<sup>1</sup> Dean of Christ-church, and Vice-Chancellor, with Dr. Allestree, Professor, with beables and maces before them, came to visit me at my lodging.—I went to visit Lord Howard's sons at Magdalen College.

15<sup>th</sup>. Having two days before had notice that the University intended me the honour of Doctorship, I was this morning attended by the beables belonging to the Law, who conducted me to the Theatre, where I found the Duke of Ormonde (now Chancellor of the University) with the Earl of Chesterfield and Mr. Spencer (brother to the late Earl of Sunderland).<sup>2</sup> Thence we marched to the Convocation-House, a convocation having been called on purpose; here, being all of us robed in the porch, in scarlet with caps and hoods, we were led in by the Professor of Laws, and presented respectively by name, with a short eulogy, to the Vice-Chancellor, who sat in the chair, with all the Doctors and Heads of Houses and masters about the room, which was exceeding full. Then, began the Public Orator his speech, directed chiefly to the Duke of Ormonde, the Chancellor; but in which I had my compliment, in course. This ended, we were called up and created Doctors according to the form, and seated by the Vice-Chancellor amongst the Doctors, on his right hand; then the Vice-Chancellor made a short speech, and so, saluting our brother Doctors, the pageantry concluded, and the convocation was dissolved. So formal a creation of honorary Doctors had seldom been seen, that a

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Bishop of Oxford, 1675.

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 8th July, 1675, where Evelyn says he had known Mr. Spencer in France.]

convocation should be called on purpose, and speeches made by the Orator; but they could do no less, their Chancellor being to receive, or rather do them, this honour. I should have been made Doctor with the rest at the public Act, but their expectation of their Chancellor made them defer it. I was then led with my brother Doctors to an extraordinary entertainment at Doctor Mews',<sup>1</sup> head of St. John's College, and, after abundance of feasting and compliments, having visited the Vice-Chancellor and other Doctors, and given them thanks for the honour done me, I went towards home the 16th, and got as far as Windsor, and so to my house the next day.

4th August. I was invited by Sir Henry Peckham to his reading-feast in the Middle Temple, a pompous entertainment, where were the Archbishop of Canterbury, all the great Earls and Lords, etc. I had much discourse with my Lord Winchelsea,<sup>2</sup> a prodigious talker; and the Venetian Ambassador.

17th. To London, spending almost the entire day in surveying what progress was made in rebuilding the ruinous City, which now began a little to revive after its sad calamity.

20th. I saw the splendid audience of the Danish Ambassador in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall.

23rd. I went to visit my most excellent and worthy neighbour, the Lord Bishop of Rochester,<sup>3</sup> at Bromley, which he was now repairing, after the dilapidations of the late Rebellion.

2nd September. I was this day very ill of a pain in my limbs, which continued most of this week, and was increased by a visit I made to my old acquaintance, the Earl of Norwich, at his house in Epping Forest, where are many good pictures put into the wainscot of the rooms, which Mr. Baker,<sup>4</sup> his Lordship's predecessor there,

<sup>1</sup> [Peter Mews, 1619-1706; President of St. John's College, Oxford, 1667-73.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 204.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Dolben, 1625-86; Bishop of Rochester, 1666-83. The palace, afterwards improved by Atterbury and visited by Walpole, no longer exists, and the house which has taken its place is not in the diocese of Rochester.]

<sup>4</sup> [The Earl of Norwich (George Goring) had married Mr. Baker's widow (see *post*, under 16th March, 1683).]

brought out of Spain; especially the History of Joseph, a picture of the pious and learned Picus Mirandola, and an incomparable one of old Brueghel. The gardens were well understood, I mean the *potager*. I returned late in the evening, ferrying over the water at Greenwich.

26th. To church, to give God thanks for my recovery.

3rd October. I received the Blessed Eucharist, to my unspeakable joy.

21st. To the Royal Society, meeting for the first time after a long recess, during vacation, according to custom; where was read a description of the prodigious eruption of Mount Etna; and our English itinerant presented an account of his autumnal peregrination about England, for which we hired him, bringing dried fowls, fish, plants, animals, etc.

26th. My dear brother continued extremely full of pain, the Lord be gracious to him!

3rd November. This being the day of meeting for the poor, we dined neighbourly together.

25th. I heard an excellent discourse by Dr. Patrick,<sup>1</sup> on the Resurrection; and afterwards visited the Countess of Kent, my kinswoman.

8th December. To London, upon the second edition of my *Sylva*,<sup>2</sup> which I presented to the Royal Society.

1669-70: 6th February. Dr. John Breton, Master of Emmanuel College, in Cambridge (uncle to our vicar),<sup>3</sup> preached on John i. 27; "whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose," etc., describing the various fashions of shoes, or sandals, worn by the Jews, and other nations: of the ornaments of the feet: how great persons had servants that took them off when they came to their houses, and bare them after them: by which pointing the dignity of our Saviour, when such a person as St. John Baptist acknowledged his unworthiness even of that mean office. The lawfulness, decency, and necessity, of subordinate degrees and ranks of men and servants, as well in the Church as State: against the late levellers, and others of that dangerous rabble, who would have all alike.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 264.] <sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 224.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Robert Breton of Deptford (see *ante*, p. 216).]

3rd March. Finding my brother [Richard] in such exceeding torture, and that he now began to fall into convulsion-fits, I solemnly set the next day apart to beg of God to mitigate his sufferings, and prosper the only means which yet remained for his recovery, he being not only much wasted, but exceedingly and all along averse from being cut (for the stone); but, when he at last consented, and it came to the operation, and all things prepared, his spirit and resolution failed.

6th March. Dr. Patrick<sup>1</sup> preached in Covent Garden church. I participated of the Blessed Sacrament, recommending to God the deplorable condition of my dear brother, who was almost in the last agonies of death. I watched late with him this night. It pleased God to deliver him out of this miserable life, towards five o'clock this Monday morning, to my unspeakable grief. He was a brother whom I most dearly loved, for his many virtues; but two years younger than myself, a sober, prudent, worthy gentleman. He had married a great fortune, and left one only daughter,<sup>2</sup> and a noble seat at Woodcote, near Epsom. His body was opened, and a stone taken out of his bladder, not much bigger than a nutmeg. I returned home on the 8th, full of sadness, and to bemoan my loss.

20th. A stranger preached at the Savoy French church; the Liturgy of the Church of England being now used altogether, as translated into French by Dr. Durel.<sup>3</sup>

21st. We all accompanied the corpse of my dear brother to Epsom church, where he was decently interred in the chapel belonging to Woodcote House. A great number of friends and gentlemen of the country attended, about twenty coaches and six horses, and innumerable people.

22nd. I went to Westminster, where in the House of Lords I saw his Majesty sit on his throne,<sup>4</sup> but without his robes, all

the peers sitting with their hats on; the business of the day being the divorce of my Lord Roos. Such an occasion and sight had not been seen in England since the time of Henry VIII.<sup>1</sup>

5th May. To London, concerning the office of Latin Secretary to his Majesty, a place of more honour and dignity than profit, the reversion of which he had promised me.

21st. Came to visit me Mr. Henry Saville,<sup>2</sup> and Sir Charles Scarborough.<sup>3</sup>

26th. Receiving a letter from Mr. Philip Howard, Lord Almoner to the Queen,<sup>4</sup> that Monsieur Evelin,<sup>5</sup> first physician to Madame (who was now come to Dover to visit the King her brother),<sup>6</sup> was come to town, greatly desirous to see me; but his

interested in the Roos divorce bill. Marvell adds — "The King has ever since continued his session among them [the Lords], and says it is better than going to a play" (Birrell's *Marvell*, 1905, p. 149.)

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn subjoins in a note: "When there was a project, 1669, for getting a divorce for the King, to facilitate it there was brought into the House of Lords a bill for dissolving the marriage of Lord Roos, on account of adultery, and to give him leave to marry again. This Bill, after great debates, passed by the plurality of only two votes, and that by the great industry of the Lord's friends, as well as the Duke's enemies, who carried it on chiefly in hopes it might be a precedent and inducement for the King to enter the more easily into their late proposals: nor were they a little encouraged therein, when they saw the King countenance and drive on the Bill in Lord Roos's favour. Of eighteen Bishops that were in the House, only two voted for the bill, of which one voted through age, and one was reputed Socinian." — The two Bishops favourable to the bill were Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham, and Dr. Wilkins, Bishop of Chester.

<sup>2</sup> [Henry Saville, 1642-87; Vice-Chamberlain, 1680, and Envoy to Paris, 1679-82.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 170.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 130.]

<sup>5</sup> [William Yvelin, or Evelin, Physician and Confessor to Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. (Bright's *Dorking*, 1884, 303). He attended Madame in her last illness, at St. Cloud.]

<sup>6</sup> [The Princess Henrietta (Duchess of Orleans), who had come to England on the 25th May, to negotiate the secret (and scandalous) Treaty of Dover—the "*Traité de Madame*"—which was signed on the 1st June. Marvell notes her intended advent. "Madam, our King's sister, during the King of France's progress in Flanders, is to come as far as Canterbury. There will doubtless be family counsels then" (Letter of 14th April in Birrell's *Marvell*, 1905, p. 150). Other forecasters attributed her visit to other causes. Lord Halifax (*Character of a Trimmer, Miscellaneous*, 1700, p. 74) laid it *inter alia* to the Persian costume (*ante*, p. 251):—"It was thought that one of the Instructions Madam brought along

<sup>1</sup> [Vide *supra*, 25th November.]

<sup>2</sup> [Ann (not Mary) Evelyn, afterwards Mrs. William Montagu (see *post*, under 29th June, 1670).]

<sup>3</sup> John Durel, Dean of Windsor, 1625-83. He translated the Liturgy into the French and Latin languages, and was the author of a Vindication of the Church of England against Schismatics, 1669.

<sup>4</sup> [Marvell, in a letter of 14th April, makes the date 26th March. Charles (see next note) was

stay so short, that he could not come to meet me, I went with my brother to meet him at the Tower, where he was seeing the magazines and other curiosities, having never before been in England: we renewed our alliance and friendship,<sup>1</sup> with much regret on both sides that, he being to return towards Dover that evening, we could not enjoy one another any longer. How this French family, Iveln, of Evelin, Normandy, a very ancient and noble house, is grafted into our pedigree, see in the collection brought from Paris, 1650.

16th June. I went with some friends to the Bear Garden,<sup>2</sup> where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, bear and bull baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceeding well, but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall grey-hound, a stately creature indeed, who beat a cruel mastiff. One of the bulls tossed a dog full into a lady's lap as she sat in one of the boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poor dogs were killed, and so all ended with the ape on horseback, and I most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seen, I think, in twenty years before.

18th. Dined at Goring House,<sup>3</sup> whither my Lord Arlington carried me from Whitehall with the Marquis of Worcester;<sup>4</sup> there, we found Lord Sandwich, Viscount Stafford,<sup>5</sup> the Lieutenant of the Tower, and others. After dinner, my Lord communicated to me his Majesty's desire that I would engage to write the History of our late War with the Hollanders, which I had

with her, was to laugh us out of these Vests, which she performed so effectually, that in a moment, like so many Footmen who had quitted their Masters Livery, we all took it again, and returned to our old Service."

<sup>1</sup> [Evelyn must have already met his French kinsman at Paris.]

<sup>2</sup> [In the Bankside, Southwark, near to the old Palace of the Bishops of Winchester, and the prison called the Clink. Pepys also saw a dog tossed into the boxes (14th August, 1665). "It is a very rude and nasty pleasure," he says. But he went again.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 236.]

<sup>4</sup> [Henry Somerset, third Marquis of Worcester, 1629-1700, afterwards first Duke of Beaufort.]

<sup>5</sup> William Howard, first Viscount Stafford, 1614-80, fifth son of Thomas, Earl of Arundel. In 1678, he was accused of complicity with the Popish Plot, and upon trial by his Peers in Westminster Hall, was found guilty and beheaded.

hitherto declined; this I found was ill taken, and that I should disoblige his Majesty, who had made choice of me to do him this service, and, if I would undertake it, I should have all the assistance the Secretary's office and others could give me, with other encouragements, which I could not decently refuse.<sup>1</sup>

Lord Stafford rose from table, in some disorder, because there were roses stuck about the fruit when the dessert was set on the table;<sup>2</sup> such an antipathy, it seems, he had to them as once Lady St. Leger also had, and to that degree that, as Sir Kenelm Digby tells us, laying but a rose upon her cheek when she was asleep, it raised a blister; but Sir Kenelm was a teller of strange things.

24th. Came the Earl of Huntingdon and Countess,<sup>3</sup> with the Lord Sherard, to visit us.

29th. To London, in order to my niece's marriage, Mary,<sup>4</sup> daughter to my late brother Richard, of Woodcote, with the eldest son of Mr. Attorney Montagu,<sup>5</sup> which was celebrated at Southampton House chapel, after which a magnificent entertainment, feast, and dancing, dinner and supper, in the great room there; but the bride was bedded at my sister's lodging, in Drury-Lane.

6th July. Came to visit me Mr. Stanhope, Gentleman-Usher to Her Majesty, and uncle to the Earl of Chesterfield, a very fine man, with my Lady Hutcheson.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 265; and *post*, pp. 273, 275.]

<sup>2</sup> [Montaigne, in the twenty-fifth chapter of his first Book, refers to some kindred antipathies. Germanicus (he says) "could not abide to see a cock, or hear his crowing"—in which latter peculiarity he must have resembled Carlyle. "I have seen some to startle at the smell of an apple, more than at the shot of a peece" (Florio's translation). Several other instances are given in Kirby's *Wonderful Museum*, 1805, iii. pp. 122-23. The Duc d'Epéron, an admiral of France, fainted at the sight of a leveret; César d'Albret was taken ill whenever he saw a sucking-pig at table; La Mothe le Vayer (who delighted in thunder) was unable to endure musical instruments of any kind; Hobbes of Malmesbury could not bear to be left in the dark; Tycho Brahe was grievously affected by hares or foxes; and so many people object to cheese that a Groningen philosopher, Martin Schock, composed a treatise *De Aversione Casei*. (Cf. also Pepys's *Diary*, 12th July, 1666.)

<sup>3</sup> [Theophilus Hastings, seventh Earl of Huntingdon, 1650-1701.] <sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 264 n.]

<sup>5</sup> [Sir William Montagu, 1619-1706; Chief Baron of the Exchequer, 1676.]

19th July. I accompanied my worthy friend, that excellent man Sir Robert Murray,<sup>1</sup> with Mr. Slingsby, Master of the Mint, to see the latter's seat and estate at Burrow Green in Cambridgeshire, he desiring our advice for placing a new house, which he was resolved to build.<sup>2</sup> We set out in a coach and six horses with him and his lady, dined about midway at one Mr. Turner's, where we found a very noble dinner, venison, music, and a circle of country ladies and their gallants. After dinner, we proceeded, and came to Burrow Green that night. This had been the ancient seat of the Chekes (whose daughter Mr. Slingsby married), formerly tutor to King Henry [? Edward] VI. The old house large and ample, and built for ancient hospitality, ready to fall down with age, placed in a dirty hole, a stiff clay, no water, next an adjoining churchyard, and with other inconveniences. We pitched on a spot of rising ground, adorned with venerable woods, a dry and sweet prospect east and west, and fit for a park, but no running water; at a mile distance from the old house.

20th. We went to dine at Lord Allington's,<sup>3</sup> who had newly built a house of great cost, I believe little less than £20,000.<sup>4</sup> His architect was Mr. Pratt. It is seated in a park, with a sweet prospect and stately avenue; but water still defective; the house has also its infirmities. Went back to Mr. Slingsby's.

22nd. We rode out to see the great mere, or level, of recovered fen land, not far off. In the way, we met Lord Arlington going to his house in Suffolk, accompanied with Count Ognati, the Spanish minister, and Sir Bernard Gas-

coigne;<sup>1</sup> he was very importunate with me to go with him to Euston, being but fifteen miles distant; but in regard of my company, I could not. So, passing through Newmarket, we alighted to see his Majesty's house there, now new-building;<sup>2</sup> the arches of the cellars beneath are well turned by Mr. Samuel, the architect, the rest mean enough, and hardly fit for a hunting-house. Many of the rooms above had the chimneys in the angles and corners, a mode now introduced by his Majesty, which I do at no hand approve of. I predict it will spoil many noble houses and rooms, if followed. It does only well in very small and trifling rooms, but takes from the state of greater. Besides, this house is placed in a dirty street, without any court or avenue, like a common one, whereas it might, and ought to have been built at either end of the town, upon the very carpet where the sports are celebrated; but, it being the purchase of an old wretched house of my Lord Thomond's,<sup>3</sup> his Majesty was persuaded to set it on that foundation, the most improper imaginable for a house of sport and pleasure.

We went to see the stables and fine horses, of which many were here kept at a vast expense, with all the art and tenderness imaginable.

Being arrived at some meres, we found Lord Wotton<sup>4</sup> and Sir John Kiviet<sup>5</sup> about their draining-engines, having, it seems, undertaken to do wonders on a vast piece of marsh-ground they had hired of Sir Thomas Chicheley (Master of the Ordnance).<sup>6</sup> They much pleased themselves with the hopes of a rich harvest of

building. His grandson was created Lord Montford, in 1741. In 1776, the second Lord Montford sold the estate, the house being sold, in 1777, for the materials, to be pulled down. See Lysons, *Magna Britannia*, 1810, ii. pp. 216, 217.

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Bernard Gascoigne, 1614-87, afterwards Envoy to Vienna.]

<sup>2</sup> [In High Street. It occupied the site of the lodge erected by James I.; and was sold pursuant to 57 Geo. III. cap. 97. The part which remains belongs to the Duke of Rutland; where the rest stood, there is now an Independent Chapel (Murray's *Suffolk*, etc., 1892, p. 411).]

<sup>3</sup> Sold by the Crown in 1716.

<sup>4</sup> [Charles Henry Kirkhoven, first Baron Wotton of Wotton, and Earl of Bellomont, d. 1683. See *post*, under 2nd June, 1676.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253.]

<sup>6</sup> See *ante*, p. 245.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 213.]

<sup>2</sup> It is probable that Slingsby did not build, and that after his misfortunes (see *post*, under 12th January, 1688) it was sold. Lysons tells us, in his *Magna Britannia*, 1810, ii. 96, that all which remained of an old brick mansion was converted into a farm-house.

<sup>3</sup> Since Constable of the Tower. — *Evelyn's Note*.

<sup>4</sup> At Horseheath The Allingtons were settled here before 1429: Evelyn's friend, William, who built the house above referred to, had been created an Irish Peer in 1646 by the title of Lord Allington. Lysons says the house cost £70,000, and with the estate was sold, about 1687, to Mr. John Bromley for £42,000, who expended £30,000 more on the

hemp and cole-seed, which was the crop expected.

Here we visited the engines and mills both for wind and water, draining it through two rivers, or graffs, cut by hand, and capable of carrying considerable barges, which went thwart one the other, discharging the water into the sea. Such this spot had been the former winter; it was astonishing to see it now dry, and so rich that weeds grew on the banks, almost as high as a man and horse. Here, my Lord and his partner had built two or three rooms, with Flanders white bricks, very hard. One of the great engines was in the kitchen, where I saw the fish swim up, even to the very chimney-hearth, by a small cut through the room, and running within a foot of the very fire.

Having, after dinner, rid about that vast level, pestered with heat and swarms of gnats, we returned over Newmarket Heath, the way being mostly a sweet turf and down, like Salisbury Plain, the jockeys breathing their fine barbs and racers, and giving them their heats.

*23rd July.* We returned from Burrow Green to London, staying some time at Audley End,<sup>1</sup> to see that fine palace. It is indeed a cheerful piece of Gothic building, or rather *antico moderno*, but placed in an obscure bottom. The cellars and galleries are very stately. It has a river by it, a pretty avenue of limes, and in a park.

This is in Saffron Walden parish, famous for that useful plant, with which all the country is covered.

Dining at Bishop Stortford, we came late to London.

*5th August.* There was sent me by a neighbour a servant-maid, who, in the last month, as she was sitting before her mistress at work, felt a stroke on her arm a little above the wrist for some height, the smart of which, as if struck by another hand, caused her to hold her arm awhile till somewhat mitigated; but it put her into a kind of convulsion, or rather hysterical fit. A gentleman, coming casually in, looking on her arm, found that part powdered with red crosses, set in most exact and wonderful order, neither swelled nor depressed, about this shape,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 184.]

		x		
	x		x	
x		x		x
	x		x	
		x		

not seeming to be any way made by artifice, of a reddish colour, not so red as blood, the skin over them smooth, the rest of the arm livid and of a mortified hue, with certain prints as it were of the stroke of fingers. This had happened three several times in July, at about ten days' interval, the crosses beginning to wear out, but the successive ones set in other different, yet uniform order. The maid seemed very modest, and came from London to Deptford with her mistress, to avoid the discourse and importunity of curious people. She made no gain by it, pretended no religious fancies; but seemed to be a plain, ordinary, silent, working wench, somewhat fat, short, and high-coloured. She told me divers divines and physicians had seen her, but were unsatisfied; that she had taken some remedies against her fits, but they did her no good; she had never before had any fits; once since, she seemed in her sleep to hear one say to her that she should tamper no more with them, nor trouble herself with anything that happened, but put her trust in the merits of Christ only.

This is the substance of what she told me, and what I saw and curiously examined. I was formerly acquainted with the impostorious nuns of Loudun,<sup>1</sup> in France, which made much noise amongst the Papists; I therefore thought this worth the notice. I remember Monsieur Monconys<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Between 1632 and 1637, a number of Ursuline Nuns at Loudun, in the Department of Vienne, France, were said to be possessed; and they affirmed that they had been bewitched by Urbain Grandier, *curé* of St. Peter in Loudun, who had sought, but failed to obtain, the office of Director to the convent. Grandier was tried, convicted of magic and other crimes, and burned alive in 1634. His trial and death occupy the initial chapters of Alfred de Vigny's once famous novel *Cinq Mars*, 1826. The possession of the nuns continued for some time afterwards, since, from the *Memoirs of Sir George Courthop*, the Jesuits were still exorcising the devils in 1637 (*Camden Miscellany*, 1907, vol. xi. pp. 106-8).]

<sup>2</sup> [Balthazar de Monconys, 1611-65, whose travels were published in three vols., 1665-6. He visited the *supérieure* of the Ursulines, 8th May, 1645. He did not believe in the marks; and, indeed, claims to have removed part of a letter with his nail (*Voies*, Pt. i. pp. 8, 9, as quoted in Bayle).]

(that curious traveller and a Roman Catholic) was by no means satisfied with the *stigmata* of those nuns, because they were so shy of letting him scrape the letters, which were Jesus, Maria, Joseph (as I think), observing they began to scale off with it, whereas this poor wench was willing to submit to any trial; so that I profess I know not what to think of it, nor dare I pronounce it anything supernatural.

26th August. At Windsor I supped with the Duke of Monmouth; and, the next day, invited by Lord Arlington, dined with the same Duke, and divers Lords. After dinner, my Lord and I had a conference of more than an hour alone in his bedchamber, to engage me in the History. I showed him something that I had drawn up, to his great satisfaction, and he desired me to show it to the Treasurer.

28th. One of the Canons preached; then followed the offering of the Knights of the Order, according to custom; first the the poor Knights, in procession, then, the Canons in their formalities, the Dean and Chancellor, then his Majesty (the Sovereign), the Duke of York, Prince Rupert; and, lastly, the Earl of Oxford, being all the Knights that were then at Court.

I dined with the Treasurer, and consulted with him what pieces I was to add; in the afternoon, the King took me aside into the balcony over the terrace, extremely pleased with what had been told him I had begun, in order to his commands, and enjoining me to proceed vigorously in it. He told me he had ordered the Secretaries of State to give me all necessary assistance of papers and particulars relating to it, and enjoining me to make it a *little keen*, for that the Hollanders had very unhandsomely abused him in their pictures, books, and libels.

Windsor was now going to be repaired, being exceedingly ragged and ruinous. Prince Rupert, the Constable, had begun to trim up the keep or high round Tower, and handsomely adorned his hall with furniture of arms, which was very singular, by so disposing the pikes, muskets, pistols, bandoleers, holsters, drums, back, breast, and headpieces, as was very extraordinary. Thus, those huge steep stairs ascending to it had the walls invested with this martial furniture, all new and bright, so disposing

the bandoleers, holsters, and drums, as to represent festoons, and that without any confusion, trophy-like. From the hall we went into his bedchamber, and ample rooms hung with tapestry, curious and effeminate pictures, so extremely different from the other, which presented nothing but war and horror.

The King passed most of his time in hunting the stag, and walking in the park, which he was now planting with rows of trees.

13th September. To visit Sir Richard Lashford, my kinsman, and Mr. Charles Howard,<sup>1</sup> at his extraordinary garden, at Deepdene.

15th. I went to visit Mr. Arthur Onslow, at West Clandon, a pretty dry seat on the Downs,<sup>2</sup> where we dined in his great room.

17th. To visit Mr. Hussey,<sup>3</sup> who, being near Wotton, lives in a sweet valley, deliciously watered.

23rd. To Albury, to see how that garden proceeded, which I found exactly done to the design and plot I had made, with the crypta through the mountain in the park, thirty perches in length. Such a Pausilippe<sup>4</sup> is nowhere in England. The canal was now digging, and the vineyard planted.

14th October. I spent the whole afternoon in private with the Treasurer, who put into my hands those secret pieces and transactions concerning the Dutch war, and particularly the expedition of Bergen, in which he had himself the chief part, and gave me instructions, till the King arriving from Newmarket, we both went up into his bedchamber.

21st. Dined with the Treasurer; and, after dinner, we were shut up together. I received other [further] advices, and ten paper-books of despatches and treaties; to return which again I gave a note under my hand to Mr. Joseph Williamson, Master of the Paper-office.

31st. I was this morning fifty years of

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 222.]

<sup>2</sup> [Clandon Park, West Clandon. The present house was built by Giacomo Leoni in 1731, and the park laid out by "Capability" Brown.]

<sup>3</sup> [Peter Hussey, at Sutton in Shere (see *post*, under 30th August, 1681.)]

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, p. 259. "Pausilippe" is a word adapted by Evelyn for a subterranean passage from the famous Grotta di Posilipo near Naples.

age; the Lord teach me to number my days so as to apply them to his glory! Amen.

4<sup>th</sup> November. Saw the Prince of Orange,<sup>1</sup> newly come to see the King, his uncle; he has a manly, courageous, wise countenance, resembling his mother<sup>2</sup> and the Duke of Gloucester, both deceased.

I now also saw that famous beauty, but in my opinion of a childish, simple, and baby face, Mademoiselle Kéroualle,<sup>3</sup> lately Maid of Honour to Madame, and now to be so to the Queen.

23<sup>rd</sup>. Dined with the Earl of Arlington, where was the Venetian Ambassador, of whom I now took solemn leave, now on his return. There were also Lords Howard, Wharton, Windsor, and divers other great persons.

24<sup>th</sup>. I dined with the Treasurer,<sup>4</sup> where was the Earl of Rochester, a very profane wit.<sup>5</sup>

15<sup>th</sup> December. It was the thickest and darkest fog on the Thames that was ever known in the memory of man, and I happened to be in the very midst of it. I supped with Monsieur Zulestein, late Governor to the late Prince of Orange.

1670-1: 10<sup>th</sup> January. Mr. Bohun, my son's tutor, had been five years in my house, and now Bachelor of Laws, and Fellow of New College, went from me to Oxford to reside there, having well and faithfully performed his charge.<sup>6</sup>

18<sup>th</sup>. This day, I first acquainted his Majesty with that incomparable young man, Gibbons,<sup>7</sup> whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by mere accident,

as I was walking near a poor solitary thatched house, in a field in our parish, near Sayes Court. I found him shut in; but looking in at the window, I perceived him carving that large cartoon, or crucifix, of Tintoretto, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked if I might enter; he opened the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactness, I never had before seen in all my travels. I questioned him why he worked in such an obscure and lonesome place; he told me it was that he might apply himself to his profession without interruption, and wondered not a little how I found him out. I asked if he was unwilling to be made known to some great man, for that I believed it might turn to his profit; he answered, he was yet but a beginner, but would not be sorry to sell off that piece; on demanding the price, he said £100. In good earnest, the very frame was worth the money, there being nothing in nature so tender and delicate as the flowers and festoons about it, and yet the work was very strong; in the piece were more than one hundred figures of men, etc. I found he was likewise musical, and very civil, sober, and discreet in his discourse. There was only an old woman in the house. So, desiring leave to visit him sometimes, I went away.

Of this young artist, together with my manner of finding him out, I acquainted the King, and begged that he would give me leave to bring him and his work to Whitehall, for that I would adventure my reputation with his Majesty that he had never seen anything approach it, and that he would be exceedingly pleased, and employ him. The King said he would himself go see him. This was the first

box, oak, and pear. There are samples of his work in St. Paul's; at Cambridge (Trinity College Library); at Chatsworth, Petworth, and at many seats of the nobility. He was also a sculptor, witness the pedestal of the statue of Charles II. in the courtyard at Windsor (see *post*, under 24<sup>th</sup> July, 1680), and the bronze statue of James II., long in Whitehall Gardens, and now at the back of the Admiralty. From 1678 until his death he lived in Bow Street, Covent Garden. There is a portrait of him by Kneller, dated 1690, engraved in mezzotint by John Smith.]

<sup>1</sup> [William, Prince of Orange, afterwards William III.]

<sup>2</sup> [Mary, daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria.]

<sup>3</sup> Louise-Renée de Penancoët de Kéroualle, 1649-1734. She had been of the suite of Madame, and came over again to entice Charles into coalition with Louis XIV. — a design that succeeded but too well. She became the King's mistress, was made Duchess of Portsmouth and Aubigny, and was his favourite till his death. [There is a beautiful portrait of her by Pierre Mignard, painted in 1682, in the National Portrait Gallery.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Thomas Clifford (see *ante*, p. 253).]

<sup>5</sup> [John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, 1647-80, whose life was afterwards written by Burnet in 1680.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 239.]

<sup>7</sup> [The famous wood-carver, Grinling Gibbons, 1648-1720. He was born in Rotterdam. He usually worked in lime-wood; but he also used



notice his Majesty ever had of Mr. Gibbons.

20th January. The King came to see me in the Queen's withdrawing-room from the circle of ladies, to talk with me as to what advance I had made in the Dutch History.<sup>1</sup> I dined with the Treasurer, and afterwards we went to the Secretary's Office, where we conferred about divers particulars.

21st. I was directed to go to Sir George Downing,<sup>2</sup> who having been a public minister in Holland, at the beginning of the war, was to give me light in some material passages.

This year the weather was so wet, stormy, and unseasonable, as had not been known in many years.

9th February. I saw the great ball danced by the Queen and distinguished ladies at Whitehall Theatre. Next day, was acted there the famous play, called *The Siege of Granada*, two days acted successively; there were indeed very glorious scenes and perspectives, the work of Mr. Streater, who well understands it.<sup>3</sup>

19th. This day dined with me Mr. Surveyor, Dr. Christopher Wren, and Mr. Pepys, Clerk of the Acts, two extraordinary, ingenious, and knowing persons, and other friends. I carried them to see the piece of carving which I had recommended to the King.

25th. Came to visit me one of the Lords Commissioners of Scotland for the Union.

28th. The Treasurer acquainted me that his Majesty was graciously pleased to nominate me one of the Council of Foreign Plantations, and give me a salary of £500 per annum, to encourage me.

29th. I went to thank the Treasurer, who was my great friend, and loved me; I dined with him and much company, and went thence to my Lord Arlington, Secretary of State, in whose favour I likewise was upon many occasions, though I cultivated neither of their friendships by any mean submissions. I kissed his Majesty's hand, on his making me one of that new-established Council.

1st March. I caused Mr. Gibbons to bring to Whitehall his excellent piece of

carving, where being come, I advertised his Majesty, who asked me where it was; I told him in Sir Richard Browne's (my father-in-law) chamber, and that if it pleased his Majesty to appoint whither it should be brought, being large and though of wood heavy, I would take care for it. "No," says the King, "show me the way, I'll go to Sir Richard's chamber," which he immediately did, walking along the entries after me; as far as the Ewry,<sup>1</sup> till he came up into the room, where I also lay. No sooner was he entered and cast his eye on the work, but he was astonished at the curiosity of it; and having considered it a long time, and discoursed with Mr. Gibbons, whom I brought to kiss his hand, he commanded it should be immediately carried to the Queen's side to show her. It was carried up into her bedchamber, where she and the King looked on and admired it again; the King, being called away, left us with the Queen, believing she would have bought it, it being a crucifix; but, when his Majesty was gone, a French peddling woman, one Madame de Boord,<sup>2</sup> who used to bring petticoats and fans, and baubles, out of France to the ladies, began to find fault with several things in the work, which she understood no more than an ass, or a monkey, so as in a kind of indignation, I caused the person who brought it to carry it back to the chamber, finding the Queen so much governed by an ignorant Frenchwoman, and this incomparable artist had his labour only for his pains, which not a little displeased me; and he was fain to send it down to his cottage again; he not long after sold it for £80, though well worth £100, without the frame, to Sir George Viner.

His Majesty's Surveyor, Mr. Wren, faithfully promised me to employ him.<sup>3</sup> I having also bespoke his Majesty for his work at Windsor, which my friend, Mr. May, the architect there, was going to alter, and repair universally; for, on the next day, I had a fair opportunity of talking to his Majesty about it, in the lobby next the

<sup>1</sup> [Where were kept the ewers for the use of the Royal Household.]

<sup>2</sup> [M. Henri Forneron, *Louise de Kérmaclac*, 1886, p. 28, calls this fatuous person "Mme. Deborde."]

<sup>3</sup> The carving of the Choir Stalls, etc., in St. Paul's Cathedral was executed by Gibbons.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 273.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 246.]

<sup>3</sup> Evelyn here refers to Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*. As to Streater, see *ante*, p. 230.

Queen's side, where I presented him with some sheets of my history. I thence walked with him through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between . . .<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Nelly,<sup>2</sup> as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and . . .<sup>1</sup> standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland,<sup>3</sup> another lady of pleasure, and curse of our nation.

5th March. I dined at Greenwich, to take leave of Sir Thomas Lynch, going Governor of Jamaica.<sup>4</sup>

10th. To London, about passing my patent as one of the standing Council for Plantations, a considerable honour, the others in the Council being chiefly noblemen and officers of state.

2nd April. To Sir Thomas Clifford, the Treasurer,<sup>5</sup> to condole with him on the loss of his eldest son, who died at Florence.

2nd May. The French King, being now with a great army of 28,000 men about Dunkirk, divers of the grandees of that Court, and a vast number of gentlemen and cadets, in fantastical habits, came flocking over to see our Court, and compliment his Majesty. I was present, when they first were conducted into the Queen's withdrawing-room, where saluted their Majesties the Dukes of Guise,<sup>6</sup> Longueville, and many others of the first rank.

10th. Dined at Mr. Treasurer's,<sup>7</sup> in

<sup>1</sup> [Charles II.]

<sup>2</sup> [Eleanor, or Nell Gwyn, 1650-87. She had, says her biographer, Peter Cunningham, from 1671 to her death, a house "in Pall Mall [south side], with a garden with a mound at the end, overlooking the Mall."]

<sup>3</sup> [At Cleveland House, St. James's.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Thomas Lynch, d. 1684. He had been Provost Marshal in 1661; Member of Council, 1663; President, 1664; and was made Governor and knighted in 1670.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 253.]

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 51.]

<sup>7</sup> This entry of 10th May, 1671—says Forster—so far as it relates to Blood, and the stealing of the crown, etc., is a mistake. Colonel Thomas Blood, 1618-80, stole the crown on the 9th of May, 1671—the very day before; and the "not long before" of Evelyn, and the circumstance of his being "pardoned," which Evelyn also mentions, can hardly be said to relate to only the day before. This is another of those passages to which frequent reference has been made, and of which an explanation is suggested in the Preface to this volume.

company with Monsieur De Grammont<sup>1</sup> and several French noblemen, and one Blood, that impudent bold fellow who had not long before attempted to steal the imperial crown itself out of the Tower, pretending only curiosity of seeing the regalia there, when stabbing the keeper, though not mortally, he boldly went away with it through all the guards, taken only by the accident of his horse falling down. How he came to be pardoned, and even received into favour, not only after this, but several other exploits almost as daring both in Ireland and here, I could never come to understand. Some believed he became a spy of several parties, being well with the Sectaries and Enthusiasts, and did his Majesty services that way, which none alive could do so well as he; but it was certainly the boldest attempt, so the only treason of this sort that was ever pardoned. This man had not only a daring but a villainous unmerciful look, a false countenance, but very well-spoken and dangerously insinuating.

11th. I went to Eltham to sit as one of the Commissioners about the subsidy now given by Parliament to his Majesty.

17th. Dined at Mr. Treasurer's [Sir Thomas Clifford] with the Earl of Arlington, Carlingford,<sup>2</sup> Lord Arundel of Wardour,<sup>3</sup> Lord Almoner to the Queen, a French Count and two abbots, with several more of French nobility; and now by something I had lately observed of Mr. Treasurer's conversation on occasion, I suspected him a little warping to Rome.

25th. I dined at a feast made for me and my wife by the Trinity Company, for our passing a fine of the land which Sir R. Browne, my wife's father, freely gave to found and build their college, or Almshouses on, at Deptford,<sup>4</sup> it being my wife's

<sup>1</sup> [This was Philibert, Comte de Grammont (more properly Gramont), the hero of Anthony Hamilton's vivacious *Memoirs*. He died in 1707.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 257.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 202.]

<sup>4</sup> [The Deptford Almshouses erected by the Trinity House on the site given by Sir Richard Browne have long been pulled down, and a system of pensions has been established in lieu of them. But there is still a memento of Evelyn's father-in-law at the Mile End establishment of the Corporation in the shape of a scutcheon carved with Browne's arms. This was transferred from Deptford; and there is a sketch of it at p. 122 of Barrett's *Trinity House of Deptford Strand*, 1893.]

after her father's decease. It was a good and charitable work and gift, but would have been better bestowed on the poor of that parish, than on the seamen's widows, the Trinity Company being very rich, and the rest of the poor of the parish exceedingly indigent.

26th May. The Earl of Bristol's house in Queen's Street [Lincoln's Inn Fields] was taken for the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations,<sup>1</sup> and furnished with rich hangings of the King's. It consisted of seven rooms on a floor, with a long gallery, gardens, etc. This day we met; the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Colepeper, Sir George Carteret, Vice-Chamberlain, and myself, had the oaths given us by the Earl of Sandwich, our President. It was to advise and counsel his Majesty, to the best of our abilities, for the well-governing of his Foreign Plantations, etc., the form very little differing from that given to the Privy Council. We then took our places at the Board in the Council-Chamber, a very large room furnished with atlases, maps, charts, globes, etc. Then came the Lord Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgeman,<sup>2</sup> Earl of Arlington, Secretary of State, Lord Ashley, Mr. Treasurer, Sir John Trevor,<sup>3</sup> the other Secretary, Sir John Duncomb, Lord Alington,<sup>4</sup> Mr. Grey, son to the Lord Grey, Mr. Henry Brouncker,<sup>5</sup> Sir Humphrey Winch,<sup>6</sup> Sir John Finch,<sup>7</sup> Mr. Waller,<sup>8</sup> and Colonel Titus, of the Bedchamber,<sup>9</sup> with Mr. Slingsby, Secretary to the Council, and two Clerks of the Council, who had all been sworn some days before. Being all set, our Patent was read, and then the additional Patent, in which was recited this new establishment; then was delivered to each a copy of the Patent, and of instructions: after which, we proceeded to business.

The first thing we did was, to settle the form of a circular letter to the Governors of all his Majesty's Plantations and Terri-

tones in the West Indies and Islands thereof, to give them notice to whom they should apply themselves on all occasions, and to render us an account of their present state and government; but, what we most insisted on was, to know the condition of New England, which appearing to be very independent as to their regard to Old England, or his Majesty, rich and strong as they now were, there were great debates in what style to write to them; for the condition of that Colony was such, that they were able to contest with all other Plantations about them, and there was fear of their breaking from all dependence on this nation; his Majesty, therefore, commended this affair more expressly. We, therefore, thought fit, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves as well as we could of the state of that place, by some whom we heard of that were newly come from thence, and to be informed of their present posture and condition; some of our Council were for sending them a menacing letter, which those who better understood the peevish and touchy humour of that Colony, were utterly against.

A letter was then read from Sir Thomas Modyford, Governor of Jamaica;<sup>1</sup> and then the Council brake up.

Having brought an action against one Cocke, for money which he had received for me, it had been referred to an arbitration by the recommendation of that excellent good man, the Chief-Justice Hale;<sup>2</sup> but, this not succeeding, I went to advise with that famous lawyer, Mr. Jones, of Gray's Inn, and, 27th May, had a trial before Lord Chief-Justice Hale; and, after the lawyers had wrangled sufficiently, it was referred to a new arbitration. This was the very first suit at law that ever I had with any creature, and oh, that it might be the last!

1st June. An installation at Windsor.

6th. I went to Council, where was

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Thomas Modyford, 1620-79, had been made Governor of Jamaica in 1664. He had been sent home under arrest this year upon an accusation of encouraging piracy.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Matthew Hale, 1609-76, famous as one of the justices of the bench in Cromwell's time. After the Restoration, he became Chief Baron of the Exchequer; then Chief Justice of the King's Bench. [Burnet published a life of Hale in 1682; but there is an exhaustive biography by Sir John Bickerton Williams, 1835.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 275.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Orlando Bridgeman, 1606-74. He was Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, 1667-72.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir John Trevor, 1626-72; knighted in 1668.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 271.]

<sup>5</sup> [Lord Brouncker's brother Henry Brouncker, d. 1688, afterwards third Viscount Brouncker.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 234.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 233.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 130.]

<sup>9</sup> [See *ante*, p. 265.]

produced a most exact and ample information of the state of Jamaica, and of the best expedients as to New England, on which there was a long debate; but at length it was concluded that, if any, it should be only a conciliating paper at first, or civil letter, till we had better information of the present face of things, since we understood they were a people almost upon the very brink of renouncing any dependence on the Crown.

19th June. To a splendid dinner at the great room in Deptford Trinity House,<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Allen<sup>2</sup> chosen Master, and succeeding the Earl of Craven.

20th. To carry Colonel Middleton<sup>3</sup> to Whitehall, to my Lord Sandwich, our President, for some information which he was able to give of the state of the Colony in New England.

21st. To Council again, when one Colonel Cartwright, a Nottinghamshire man (formerly in commission with Colonel Nicholls), gave us a considerable relation of that country; on which the Council concluded that in the first place a letter of amnesty should be despatched.

24th. Constantine Huyghens, Seigneur de Zulichem,<sup>4</sup> that excellent learned man, poet, and musician, now near eighty years of age, a vigorous brisk man, came to take leave of me before his return into Holland with the Prince, whose Secretary he was.

26th. To Council, where Lord Arlington acquainted us, that it was his Majesty's proposal we should, every one of us, contribute £20 towards building a Council-chamber and conveniences somewhere in Whitehall, that his Majesty might come and sit amongst us, and hear our debates; the money we laid out to be reimbursed out of the contingent monies already set apart for us, viz. £1000 yearly. To this we unanimously consented. There came an uncertain bruit from Barbadoes of some disorder there. On my return home I stepped in at the theatre to see the new

machines for the intended scenes, which were indeed very costly and magnificent.

29th June. To Council, where were letters from Sir Thomas Modyford, of the expedition and exploit of Colonel Morgan,<sup>1</sup> and others of Jamaica, on the Spanish Continent at Panama.

4th July. To Council, where we drew up and agreed to a letter to be sent to New England, and made some proposal to Mr. Gorges, for his interest in a plantation there.

24th. To Council. Mr. Surveyor brought us a plot for the building of our Council-chamber, to be erected at the end of the Privy-garden, in Whitehall.

3rd August. A full appearance at the Council. The matter in debate was, whether we should send a deputy to New England, requiring them of the Massachusetts to restore such to their limits and respective possessions, as had petitioned the Council; this to be the open commission only; but, in truth, with secret instructions to inform us of the condition of those Colonies, and whether they were of such power, as to be able to resist his Majesty and declare for themselves as independent of the Crown, which we were told, and which of late years made them refractory. Colonel Middleton,<sup>2</sup> being called in, assured us they might be curbed by a few of his Majesty's first-rate frigates, to spoil their trade with the islands; but, though my Lord President was not satisfied, the rest were, and we did resolve to advise his Majesty to send Commissioners with a formal commission for adjusting boundaries, etc., with some other instructions.

19th. To Council. The letters of Sir Thomas Modyford were read, giving relation of the exploit at Panama, which was very brave; they took, burnt, and pillaged the town of vast treasures, but the best of the booty had been shipped off, and lay at anchor in the South Sea, so that, after our men had ranged the country sixty miles about, they went back to Nombre de Dios, and embarked for Jamaica. Such an action had not been done since the famous Drake.

<sup>1</sup> [Now pulled down.]

<sup>2</sup> [Captain Sir Thomas Allen (see *ante*, p. 237).]

<sup>3</sup> Colonel Thomas Middleton, a coadjutor of Pepys at the Navy Board, and by him styled "a most honest and understanding man." [He had been made a Commissioner in 1664.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 231.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *infra*, August 19, and *post*, p. 296. Colonel Morgan (after Sir Henry), 1635-88, came to England in 1672 to answer for this magnificent buccaneering exploit, and was made Lieut.-Governor of Jamaica.]

<sup>2</sup> [See above, June 20.]

I dined at the Hamburg Resident's, and, after dinner, went to the christening of Sir Samuel Tuke's son, Charles, at Somerset-House, by a Popish priest, and many odd ceremonies. The god-fathers were the King, and Lord Arundel of Wardour,<sup>1</sup> and godmother, the Countess of Huntingdon.<sup>2</sup>

29<sup>th</sup> August. To London, with some more papers of my progress in the Dutch War, delivered to the Treasurer.

1<sup>st</sup> September. Dined with the Treasurer, in company with my Lord Arlington, Halifax, and Sir Thomas Strickland;<sup>3</sup> and, next day, went home, being the anniversary of the late dreadful fire of London.

13<sup>th</sup>. This night fell a dreadful tempest.

15<sup>th</sup>. In the afternoon at Council, where letters were read from Sir Charles Wheeler,<sup>4</sup> concerning his resigning his government of St. Christopher's.

21<sup>st</sup>. I dined in the City, at the fraternity feast in Ironmongers' Hall,<sup>5</sup> where the four stewards chose their successors for the next year, with a solemn procession, garlands about their heads, and music playing before them; so, coming up to the upper tables where the gentlemen sat, they drank to the new stewards; and so we parted.

22<sup>nd</sup>. I dined at the Treasurer's, where I had discourse with Sir Henry Jones (now come over to raise a regiment of horse), concerning the French conquests in Lorraine; he told me the king sold all things to the soldiers, even to a handful of hay.

Lord Sunderland was now nominated Ambassador to Spain.<sup>6</sup>

After dinner, the Treasurer carried me to Lincoln's Inn, to one of the Parliament Clerks, to obtain of him, that I might carry home and peruse, some of the Journals, which were accordingly delivered to me to examine about the late Dutch war.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 202.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 270.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir Thomas Strickland, *d.* 1694. Made a baronet by Charles I. on the field at Edgehill, where he commanded a regiment of infantry. After the Restoration he was member for the County of Westmoreland, and Privy Purse to Charles II. He was subsequently one of James II.'s Privy Council, and followed him into France.

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 14<sup>th</sup> November, 1671.]

<sup>5</sup> One of the grand court-days of that opulent Company, which is one of *twelve*.

<sup>6</sup> [Robert Spencer, second Earl of Sunderland, 1640-1702; ambassador to Spain 1671, and Paris, 1672.]

Returning home, I went on shore to see the Custom-House, now newly rebuilt since the dreadful conflagration.<sup>1</sup>

9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> October. I went, after evening-service, to London, in order to a journey of refreshment with Mr. Treasurer, to Newmarket,<sup>2</sup> where the King then was, in his coach with six brave horses, which we changed thrice, first, at Bishop Stortford, and last, at Chesterford; so, by night, we got to Newmarket, where Mr. Henry Jermyn<sup>3</sup> (nephew to the Earl of St. Albans) lodged me very civilly. We proceeded immediately to Court, the King and all the English gallants being there at their autumnal sports.<sup>4</sup> Supped at the Lord Chamberlain's; and, the next day, after dinner, I was on the heath, where I saw the great match run between Woodcock and Flatfoot, belonging to the King, and to Mr. Eliot, of the Bedchamber, many thousands being spectators; a more signal race had not been run for many years.

This over, I went that night with Mr. Treasurer to Euston,<sup>5</sup> a palace of Lord Arlington's, where we found Monsieur Colbert (the French Ambassador), and the famous new French Maid of Honour, Mademoiselle Kéroualle,<sup>6</sup> now coming to be in great favour with the King. Here

<sup>1</sup> This new edifice was again destroyed by fire in 1718, and, again rebuilt, was a third time destroyed by fire in February 1814.

<sup>2</sup> ["Your father is gone a little journey with Mr. Treasurer, to Newmarket, and to my Lord Arlington's upon his earnest invitation" (Mrs. Evelyn to her son, October 9, 1671).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 255.]

<sup>4</sup> [Reresby, eleven years later, describes Charles at Newmarket, and his habits probably varied very little. "The King was so much pleased with the country, and so great a lover of the diversions which that place did afford, that he let himself down from Majesty to the very degree of a country gentleman. He mixed himself amongst the crowd, allowed every man to speak to him that pleased; went a-hawking in the mornings, to cock-matches in the afternoons (if there were no horse-races), and to plays in the evenings, acted in a barn, and by very ordinary Bartlemewfair comedians" (*Memoirs*, 1875, pp. 244-45).]

<sup>5</sup> [Euston Hall, Thetford, W. Suffolk, now belongs to the Duke of Grafton, to whose ancestor, Henry Fitzroy, first Duke, it passed with Lord Arlington's daughter Isabella (see *post*, under 1<sup>st</sup> August, 1672). Verrio's first frescoes in England were done for this house. Walpole calls it "large and bad" and built in a hole! Bloomfield, who was born in a neighbouring village, has celebrated "Euston's watered vale, and sloping plains" (*Murray's Suffolk, etc.*, 1892, p. 149).]

<sup>6</sup> See *ante*, p. 274.

was also the Countess of Sunderland,<sup>1</sup> and several lords and ladies, who lodged in the house.

During my stay here with Lord Arlington, near a fortnight, his Majesty came almost every second day with the Duke, who commonly returned to Newmarket, but the King often lay here, during which time I had twice the honour to sit at dinner with him, with all freedom. It was universally reported that the fair lady<sup>2</sup> — was bedded one of these nights, and the stocking flung, after the manner of a married bride; I acknowledge she was for the most part in her undress all day, and that there was fondness and toying with that young wanton; nay, it was said, I was at the former ceremony; but it is utterly false; I neither saw nor heard of any such thing whilst I was there, though I had been in her chamber, and all over that apartment late enough, and was myself observing all passages with much curiosity. However, it was with confidence believed she was first made a *Miss*, as they call these unhappy creatures, with solemnity at this time.<sup>3</sup>

On Sunday, a young Cambridge Divine preached an excellent sermon in the chapel, the King and the Duke of York being present.

16th October. Came all the great men from Newmarket, and other parts both of Suffolk and Norfolk, to make their court, the whole house filled from one end to the other with lords, ladies, and gallants; there was such a furnished table, as I had seldom seen, nor anything more splendid and free, so that for fifteen days there were entertained at least 200 people, and half as many horses, besides servants and guards, at infinite expense.

In the morning, we went hunting and hawking; in the afternoon, till almost morning, to cards and dice, yet I must say without noise, swearing, quarrel, or confusion of any sort. I, who was no

gamester, had often discourse with the French Ambassador, Colbert, and went sometimes abroad on horseback with the ladies to take the air, and now and then to hunting; thus idly passing the time, but not without more often recess to my pretty apartment, where I was quite out of all this hurry, and had leisure when I would, to converse with books, for there is no man more hospitably easy to be withal than my Lord Arlington, of whose particular friendship and kindness I had ever a more than ordinary share. His house is a very noble pile, consisting of four pavilions after the French, beside a body of a large house, and, though not built altogether, but formed of additions to an old house (purchased by his Lordship of one Sir T. Rookwood), yet with a vast expense made not only capable and roomsome, but very magnificent and commodious, as well within as without, nor less splendidly furnished. The staircase is very elegant, the garden handsome, the canal beautiful, but the soil dry, barren, and miserably sandy, which flies in drifts as the wind sits. Here my Lord was pleased to advise with me about ordering his plantations of firs, elms, limes, etc., up his park, and in all other places and avenues. I persuaded him to bring his park so near as to comprehend his house within it; which he resolved upon, it being now near a mile to it. The water furnishing the fountains, is raised by a pretty engine, or very slight plain wheels, which likewise serve to grind his corn, from a small cascade of the canal, the invention of Sir Samuel Morland.<sup>1</sup> In my Lord's house, and especially above the staircase, in the great hall and some of the chambers and rooms of state, are paintings in fresco by Signor Verrio, being the first work which he did in England.

17th. My Lord Henry Howard coming this night to visit my Lord Chamberlain, and staying a day, would needs have me go with him to Norwich, promising to convey me back, after a day or two; this, as I could not refuse, I was not hard to be persuaded to, having a desire to see that famous scholar and physician, Dr. T. Browne, author of the *Religio Medici* and *Vulgar Errors*, now lately knighted.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Ann Spencer, daughter of Digby, Earl of Bristol.]

<sup>2</sup> [Louise de Kéroualle.]

<sup>3</sup> [This seems to have been the case; and Louis XIV. ordered his Ambassador, Colbert, to congratulate Mlle. de Kéroualle (Forneron, *Louise de Kéroualle*, 1886, p. 54). Cf. also Mme. de Sévigné to her daughter, Mme. de Grignan, March 30, 1672.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 257.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Browne, 1605-82. [He was

Thither, then, went my Lord and I alone, in his flying chariot with six horses; and, by the way, discoursing with me of several of his concerns, he acquainted me of his going to marry his eldest son to one of the King's natural daughters, by the Duchess of Cleveland; by which he reckoned he should come into mighty favour. He also told me that, though he kept that idle creature, Mrs. B——,<sup>1</sup> and would leave £200 a year to the son he had by her, he would never marry her, and that the King himself had cautioned him against it. All the world knows how he kept his promise,<sup>2</sup> and I was sorry at heart to hear what now he confessed to me; and that a person and a family which I so much honoured for the sake of that noble and illustrious friend of mine, his grandfather, should dishonour and pollute them both with those base and vicious courses he of late had taken since the death of Sir Samuel Tuke,<sup>3</sup> and that of his own virtuous lady (my Lady Anne Somerset, sister to the Marquis);<sup>4</sup> who, whilst they lived, preserved this gentleman by their example and advice from those many extravagances that impaired both his fortune and reputation.

Being come to the Ducal Palace,<sup>5</sup> my Lord made very much of me; but I had little rest, so exceedingly desirous he was to show me the contrivance he had made for the entertainment of their Majesties, and the whole Court not long before, and

knighted in the previous September.] Beside the works mentioned by Evelyn, he was the author of *Urn Burial* and *The Garden of Cyrus*, published together in 1658.

<sup>1</sup> [Mrs. Jane Bickerton (see *post*, under 23rd January, 1678).]

<sup>2</sup> This is another of the many evidences to which attention has been drawn, that Evelyn's book partakes more of the character of Memoirs than a Diary, in the strict sense of that word. The title "Memoirs," indeed, is given to it by himself (see *post*, under 18th August, 1673).

<sup>3</sup> [Sir Samuel Tuke (see *ante*, pp. 151 and 230) did not die until 26th January, 1674.]

<sup>4</sup> [Lady Anne Somerset, eldest daughter of Edward, Marquess of Worcester, *d.* 1662.]

<sup>5</sup> [The Ducal Palace at Norwich had been first acquired by the Howard family in the reign of Henry VIII. It stood "in the heart of the city," and Macaulay gives a glowing account of its festivities in his famous third chapter. As stated in the text, Charles II. and his Court had just been entertained there. Lord Howard's grandson pulled it down; and the Norwich Museum subsequently occupied the site. Fuller called it "the greatest house he ever saw in a city out of London."] ]

which, though much of it was but temporary, apparently framed of boards only, was yet standing. As to the palace, it is an old wretched building, and that part of it newly built of brick, is very ill understood; so as I was of opinion it had been much better to have demolished all, and set it up in a better place, than to proceed any further; for it stands in the very market-place, and, though near a river, yet a very narrow muddy one, without any extent.

Next morning, I went to see Sir Thomas Browne (with whom I had some time corresponded by letter, though I had never seen him before); his whole house and garden being a paradise and cabinet of rarities, and that of the best collection, especially medals, books, plants, and natural things. Amongst other curiosities, Sir Thomas had a collection of the eggs of all the fowl and birds he could procure, that country (especially the promontory of Norfolk) being frequented, as he said, by several kinds which seldom or never go farther into the land, as cranes, storks, eagles, and variety of waterfowl. He led me to see all the remarkable places of this ancient city, being one of the largest, and certainly, after London, one of the noblest of England, for its venerable cathedral, number of stately churches, cleanness of the streets, and buildings of flint so exquisitely headed and squared, as I was much astonished at; but he told me they had lost the art of squaring the flints, in which they so much excelled, and of which the churches, best houses, and walls are built. The Castle is an antique extent of ground, which now they call Marsfield, and would have been a fitting area to have placed the Ducal Palace in. The suburbs are large, the prospects sweet, with other amenities, not omitting the flower-gardens, in which all the inhabitants excel. The fabric of stuffs brings a vast trade to this populous town.

Being returned to my Lord's, who had been with me all this morning, he advised with me concerning a plot to rebuild his house, having already, as he said, erected a front next the street, and a left wing, and now resolving to set up another wing and pavilion next the garden, and to convert the bowling-green into stables. My advice

was, to desist from all, and to meditate wholly on rebuilding a handsome palace at Arundel House, in the Strand, before he proceeded further here, and then to place this in the Castle, that ground belonging to his Lordship.

I observed that most of the church-yards (though some of them large enough) were filled up with earth, or rather the congestion of dead bodies one upon another, for want of earth, even to the very top of the walls, and some above the walls, so as the churches seemed to be built in pits.

18th October. I returned to Euston, in Lord Henry Howard's coach, leaving him at Norwich, in company with a very ingenious gentleman, Mr. White,<sup>1</sup> whose father and mother (daughter to the late Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of Portland) I knew at Rome, where this gentleman was born, and where his parents lived and died with much reputation, during their banishment in our civil broils.

21st. Quitting Euston, I lodged this night at Newmarket, where I found the jolly blades racing, dancing, feasting, and revelling, more resembling a luxurious and abandoned rout, than a Christian Court. The Duke of Buckingham was now in mighty favour, and had with him that impudent woman, the Countess of Shrewsbury,<sup>2</sup> with his band of fiddlers, etc.<sup>3</sup>

Next morning, in company with Sir Bernard Gascoigne,<sup>4</sup> and Lord Hawley, I came in the Treasurer's coach to Bishop Stortford, where he gave us a noble supper.

<sup>1</sup> [Nephew of the Paris philosopher, *ante*, p. 159.]

<sup>2</sup> [Anna Maria, *d.* 1702, daughter of Robert Brudenel, Earl of Cardigan, and second wife of Francis Talbot, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury, who died (16th March, 1668) after a duel fought in January near Barn Elms with George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham,—his wife, it is asserted, holding Buckingham's horse meanwhile, in the disguise of a page. For the credit of womanhood, it should, however, be added, on the authority of Lady Burghclere's careful and impartial study of Dryden's very various "Zimri," that, in 1674, Buckingham distinctly stated, when arraigned by his Peers, "that, at the time of the duel, the Countess was living in a 'French monastery,'" and the statement was not controverted (*George Villiers*, 1903, p. 195). Lady Shrewsbury eventually married George Rodney Bridges, second son of Sir Thomas Bridges, of Keynsham, Somerset.]

<sup>3</sup> ["The 'fiddlers of Thetford' were in favour with the Court at Newmarket—not for their edifying songs or behaviour" (*Murray's Suffolk, etc.*, 1897, p. 411).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 271.]

The following day to London, and so home.

14th November. To Council, where Sir Charles Wheeler, late Governor of the Leeward Islands, having been complained of for many indiscreet managements, it was resolved, on scanning many of the particulars, to advise his Majesty to remove him; and consult what was to be done, to prevent these inconveniences he had brought things to. This business staid me in London almost a week, being in Council, or Committee, every morning till the 25th.

27th. We ordered that a proclamation should be presented to his Majesty to sign, against what Sir Charles Wheeler had done in St. Christopher's since the war, on the articles of peace at Breda. He was shortly afterwards recalled.

6th December. Came to visit me Sir William Haywood, a great pretender to English antiquities.

14th. Went to see the Duke of Buckingham's ridiculous farce and rhapsody, called *The Recital*,<sup>1</sup> buffooning all plays, yet profane enough.

23rd. The Councillors of the Board of Trade dined together at the Cock, in Suffolk Street.<sup>2</sup>

1671-2: 12th January. His Majesty renewed us our lease of Sayes Court pastures for ninety-nine years, but ought, according to his solemn promise<sup>3</sup> (as I hope he will still perform), have passed them to us in fee-farm.

23rd. To London, in order to Sir Richard Browne, my father-in-law, resigning his place as Clerk of the Council to Joseph Williamson, Esq.,<sup>4</sup> who was admitted, and was knighted. This place his Majesty had promised to give me many years before; but, upon consideration of the renewal of our lease and other reasons, I chose to part with it to Sir Joseph, who gave us and the rest of his brother-clerks a handsome supper at his house; and, after supper, a concert of music.

<sup>1</sup> [*The Rehearsal*. Its aim was to ridicule the fustian and absurdities of the heroic plays. It was first acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 7th December, 1671; and published in 1672.]

<sup>2</sup> [An ordinary at the end of Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, of which there is now no trace. Pepys mentions it 15th March, and 7th and 23rd April, 1669.]

<sup>3</sup> The King's engagement, under his hand, is now at Wotton House.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 234.]



3rd February. An extraordinary snow; part of the week was taken up in consulting about the commission of prisoners of war, and instructions to our officers, in order to a second war with the Hollanders, his Majesty having made choice of the former commissioners, and myself amongst them.

11th. In the afternoon, that famous proselyte, Monsieur Brevall, preached at the Abbey, in English, extremely well and with much eloquence. He had been a Capuchin, but much better learned than most of that Order.

12th. At the Council we entered on inquiries about improving the Plantations by silks, galls, flax, senna, etc., and considered how nutmegs and cinnamon might be obtained, and brought to Jamaica, that soil and climate promising success. Dr. Worsley<sup>1</sup> being called in, spake many considerable things to encourage it. We took order to send to the Plantations, that none of their ships should adventure homeward single, but stay for company and convoys. We also deliberated on some fit person to go as Commissioner to inspect their actions in New England, and, from time to time, report how that people stood affected.<sup>2</sup>—In future, to meet at Whitehall.

20th. Dr. Parr, of Camberwell,<sup>3</sup> preached a most pathetic funeral discourse and panegyric at the interment of our late pastor, Dr. Breton<sup>4</sup> (who died on the 18th), on "Happy is the servant whom when his Lord cometh," etc. This good man, among other expressions, professed that he had never been so touched and concerned at any loss as at this, unless at that of King Charles our Martyr, and Archbishop Ussher, whose chaplain he had been. Dr. Breton had preached on the 28th and 30th of January: on the Friday, having fasted all day, making his provisionary sermon for the Sunday following, he went well to bed; but was taken suddenly ill, and expired before help could come to him.

Never had a parish a greater loss, not only as he was an excellent preacher, and fitted for our great and vulgar auditory, but for his excellent life and chaity, his meekness and obliging nature, industrious, helpful, and full of good works. He left near £400 to the poor in his will, and that what children of his should die in their minority, their portion should be so employed. I lost in particular a special friend, and one that had an extraordinary love to me and mine.

25th. To London, to speak with the Bishop, and Sir John Cutler,<sup>1</sup> our patron, to present Mr. Frampton<sup>2</sup> (afterwards Bishop of Gloucester).

1st March. A full Council of Plantations, on the danger of the Leeward Islands, threatened by the French, who had taken some of our ships, and began to interrupt our trade. Also in debate, whether the new Governor of St. Christopher's should be subordinate to the Governor of Barbadoes. The debate was serious and long.

12th. Now was the first blow given by us to the Dutch convoy of the Smyrna fleet, by Sir Robert Holmes<sup>3</sup> and Lord Ossory, in which we received little save blows, and a worthy reproach for attacking our neighbours ere any war was proclaimed, and then pretending the occasion to be, that some time before, the *Merlin* yacht chancing to sail through the whole Dutch fleet, their Admiral did not strike to that trifling vessel. Surely, this was a quarrel slenderly grounded, and not becoming Christian neighbours. We are like to thrive, accordingly. Lord Ossory several times deplored to me his being engaged in it; he had more justice and honour than in the least to approve of it, though he had been over-persuaded to the expedition. There is no doubt but we should have surprised this exceedingly rich fleet, had not the avarice and ambition of Holmes and Spragge<sup>4</sup> separated themselves, and wilfully divided our fleet, on presumption that either of them was strong enough to deal with the Dutch convoy without joining and mutual help; but they so warmly plied

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 15th October, 1673.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 278.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Richard Parr, 1617-91; Vicar of Reigate and Camberwell, 1653-91. His sermon was printed in this year (Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, 1804, i. 323.)

<sup>4</sup> [The Rev. Robert Breton, Vicar of Deptford. See *ante*, p. 216. The Evelyns were much attached to him.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 200.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Robert Frampton, 1622-1708, afterwards one of the seven Bishops of 1688.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 265.]

<sup>4</sup> [Admiral Sir Edward Spragge, *a.* 1673.]

our divided fleets, that whilst in conflict the merchants sailed away, and got safe into Holland.

A few days before this, the Treasurer of the Household, Sir Thomas Clifford,<sup>1</sup> hinted to me, as a confidant, that his Majesty would *shut up the Exchequer* (and, accordingly, his Majesty made use of infinite treasure there, to prepare for an intended rupture);<sup>2</sup> but, says he, it will soon be open again, and everybody satisfied; for this bold man, who had been the sole adviser of the King to invade that sacred stock (though some pretend it was Lord Ashley's counsel, then Chancellor of the Exchequer), was so over-confident of the success of this unworthy design against the Smyrna merchants, as to put his Majesty on an action which not only lost the hearts of his subjects, and ruined many widows and orphans, whose stocks were lent him, but the reputation of his Exchequer for ever, it being before in such credit, that he might have commanded half the wealth of the nation.

The credit of this bank being thus broken, did exceedingly discontent the people, and never did his Majesty's affairs prosper to any purpose after it, for as it did not supply the expense of the meditated war, so it melted away, I know not how.

To this succeeded the King's Declaration for an universal toleration;<sup>3</sup> Papists, and swarms of Sectaries, now boldly showing themselves in their public meetings. This was imputed to the same counsel, Clifford warping to Rome as was believed, nor was Lord Arlington clear of suspicion, to gratify that party, but as since it has proved, and was then evidently foreseen, to the extreme weakening the Church of England and its Episcopal Government, as it was projected. I speak not this as my own sense, but what was the discourse and thoughts of others, who were lookers-on; for I think there might be some relaxations without the least prejudice to the present Establish-

ment, discreetly limited, but to let go the reins in this manner, and then to imagine they could take them up again as easily, was a false policy, and greatly destructive. The truth is, our Bishops slipped the occasion; for, had they held a steady hand upon his Majesty's restoration, as they might easily have done, the Church of England had emerged and flourished, without interruption; but they were then remiss, and covetous after advantages of another kind, whilst his Majesty suffered them to come into a harvest, with which, without any injustice, he might have remunerated innumerable gallant gentlemen for their services, who had ruined themselves in the late rebellion.<sup>1</sup>

*21st March.* I visited the coasts in my district of Kent, and divers wounded and languishing poor men, that had been in the Smyrna conflict. I went over to see the new-begun Fort of Tilbury; a royal work, indeed, and such as will one day bridle a great city to the purpose, before they are aware.

*23rd.* Captain Cox,<sup>2</sup> one of the Commissioners of the Navy, furnishing me with a yacht, I sailed to Sheerness to see that fort also, now newly finished; several places on both sides the Swale and Medway to Gillingham and Upnor, being also provided with redoubts and batteries, to secure the station of our men-of-war at Chatham, and shut the door when the steeds were stolen.

*24th.* I saw the surgeon cut off the leg of a wounded sailor, the stout and gallant man enduring it with incredible patience, without being bound to his chair, as usual on such painful occasions. I had hardly courage enough to be present. Not being cut off high enough, the gangrene prevailed, and the second operation cost the poor creature his life.

Lord! what miseries are mortal men subject to, and what confusion and mischief do the avarice, anger, and ambition of Princes, cause in the world!

*25th.* I proceeded to Canterbury, Dover, Deal, the Isle of Thanet, by Sandwich, and so to Margate. Here we had abund-

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253.]

<sup>2</sup> On the 2nd January, 1672, Charles seized upon the Goldsmiths' funds in the Exchequer to provide money for the war with the Dutch, which, in pursuance of the Treaty of Dover (see *ante*, p. 269), was declared 17th March following.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Declaration of Indulgence dispensing with the laws against Nonconformists, March 15, 1672.]

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn here refers to the fines for renewals of leases not filled up during the interregnum, and now to be immediately applied for.

<sup>2</sup> [Of the *Charles the Second* (see *ante*, p. 261 *u.*)]

ance of miserably wounded men, his Majesty sending his chief chirurgeon, Serjeant Knight, to meet me, and Dr. Waldron had attended me all the journey. Having taken order for the accommodation of the wounded, I came back through a country the best cultivated of any that in my life I had anywhere seen, every field lying as even as a bowling-green, and the fences, plantations, and husbandry, in such admirable order, as infinitely delighted me, after the sad and afflicting spectacles and objects I was come from. Observing almost every tall tree to have a weathercock on the top bough, and some trees half-a-dozen, I learned that, on a certain holyday, the farmers feast their servants; at which solemnity, they set up these cocks, in a kind of triumph.

Being come back towards Rochester, I went to take order respecting the building a strong and high wall about a house I had hired of a gentleman, at a place called Hartlip, for a prison, paying £50 yearly rent. Here I settled a Provost-Marshal and other officers, returning by Faversham. On the 30th, heard a sermon in Rochester Cathedral, and so got to Sayes Court on the first of April.<sup>1</sup>

4th April. I went to see the fopperies of the Papists at Somerset House and York House, where now the French Ambassador had caused to be represented our Blessed Saviour at the Pascal Supper with his Disciples, in figures and puppets made as big as the life, of wax-work, curiously clad and sitting round a large table, the room nobly hung, and shining with innumerable lamps and candles: this was exposed to all the world; all the City came to see it. Such liberty had the Roman Catholics at this time obtained.

16th. Sat in Council, preparing Lord Willoughby's<sup>2</sup> commission and instructions as Governor of Barbadoes and the Caribbee Islands.

<sup>1</sup> [Mrs. Evelyn mentions this tour of inspection in one of her letters. "Mr. Evelyn is at present taking care of those that fall by the hands of the Dutch, being gone to visit Chatham and Dover, and the rest of those places where sick and prisoners put in; Jack is with him" (Letter to Lady Ann Carr, March 26, 1672).]

<sup>2</sup> [William Willoughby, sixth Baron Willoughby of Parham, *d.* 1673. He had succeeded his brother Francis in 1667, as Governor of Barbadoes and the Caribbee Islands.]

17th. Sat on business in the Star Chamber.

19th. At Council, preparing instructions for Colonel Stapleton, how to go Governor of St. Christopher's; and heard the complaints of the Jamaica merchants against the Spaniards, for hindering them from cutting logwood on the mainland, where they have no pretence.

21st. To my Lord of Canterbury, to entreat him to engage Sir John Cutler, the patron, to provide us a grave and learned man, in opposition to a novice.

30th. Congratulated Mr. Treasurer Clifford's new honour, being made a Baron.<sup>1</sup>

2nd May. My son, John, was specially admitted of the Middle Temple by Sir Francis North, his Majesty's Solicitor-General, and since Chancellor.<sup>2</sup> I pray God bless this beginning, my intention being that he should seriously apply himself to the study of the law.

10th. I was ordered, by letter, from the Council, to repair forthwith to his Majesty, whom I found in the Pall-Mall, in St. James's Park, where his Majesty coming to me from the company, commanded me to go immediately to the sea-coast, and to observe the motion of the Dutch fleet and ours, the Duke and so many of the flower of our nation being now under sail, coming from Portsmouth, through the Downs, where it was believed there might be an encounter.

11th. Went to Chatham.—12th. Heard a sermon in Rochester Cathedral.

13th. To Canterbury; visited Dr. Bargrave,<sup>3</sup> my old fellow-traveller in Italy, and great virtuoso.

14th. To Dover; but the fleet did not appear till the 16th, when the Duke of York with his and the French squadron, in all 170 ships (of which above 100 were men-of-war), sailed by, after the Dutch, who were newly withdrawn. Such a gallant and formidable navy never, I think, spread sail upon the seas. It was a goodly yet terrible sight, to behold them as I did

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 284.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Francis North, 1637-85, afterwards first Baron Guildford (see *post*, under 7th February, 1684).]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. John Bargrave, 1610-80, Dean of Canterbury. He has not been mentioned previously; but he travelled on the Continent till the Restoration.]

passing eastward by the straits betwixt Dover and Calais in a glorious day. The wind was yet so high, that I could not well go aboard, and they were soon got out of sight. The next day, having visited our prisoners and the Castle, and saluted the Governor, I took horse for Margate. Here, from the North Foreland Light-house top (which is a Pharos, built of brick, and having on the top a cradle of iron, in which a man attends a great sea-coal fire all the year long, when the nights are dark, for the safeguard of sailors), we could see our fleet as they lay at anchor. The next morning, they weighed, and sailed out of sight to the N.E.

19th May. Went to Margate; and, the following day, was carried to see a gallant widow, brought up a farmeress, and I think of gigantic race, rich, comely, and exceedingly industrious. She put me in mind of Deborah and Abigail, her house was so plentifully stored with all manner of country-provisions, all of her own growth, and all her conveniences so substantial, neat, and well understood; she herself so jolly and hospitable; and her land so trim and rarely husbanded, that it struck me with admiration at her economy.

This town much consists of brewers of a certain heady ale, and they deal much in malt, etc. For the rest, it is raggedly built, and has an ill haven, with a small fort of little concernment, nor is the island [Thanet] well disciplined; but as to the husbandry and rural part, far exceeding any part of England for the accurate culture of their ground, in which they exceed, even to curiosity and emulation.

We passed by Richborough, and in sight of Reculvers, and so through a sweet garden, as it were, to Canterbury.

24th. To London, and gave his Majesty an account of my journey, and that I had put all things in readiness upon all events, and so returned home sufficiently wearied.

31st. I received another command to repair to the sea-side; so I went to Rochester, where I found many wounded, sick, and prisoners, newly put on shore after the engagement on the 28th,<sup>1</sup> in which the Earl of Sandwich, that incom-

parable person and my particular friend, and divers more whom I loved, were lost. My Lord (who was Admiral of the Blue) was in the *Prince*, which was burnt, one of the best men-of-war that ever spread canvass on the sea. There were lost with this brave man, a son of Sir Charles Cotterell (Master of the Ceremonies), and a son of Sir Charles Harbord (his Majesty's Surveyor-General), two valiant and most accomplished youths, full of virtue and courage, who might have saved themselves; but chose to perish with my Lord, whom they honoured and loved above their own lives.

Here, I cannot but make some reflections on things past. It was not above a day or two that going to Whitehall to take leave of his Lordship, who had his lodgings in the Privy-Garden, shaking me by the hand he bid me good-bye, and said he thought he should see me no more, and I saw, to my thinking, something boding in his countenance. "No," says he, "they will not have me live. Had I lost a fleet" (meaning on his return from Bergen when he took the East India prize)<sup>1</sup> "I should have fared better; but, be as it pleases God—I must do something, I know not what, to save my reputation." Something to this effect, he had hinted to me; thus I took my leave. I well remember that the Duke of Albemarle, and my now Lord Clifford, had, I know not why, no great opinion of his courage, because in former conflicts, being an able and experienced seaman (which neither of them were), he always brought off his Majesty's ships without loss, though not without as many marks of true courage as the stoutest of them; and I am a witness that, in the late war, his own ship was pierced like a colander. But the business was, he was utterly against this war from the beginning, and abhorred the attacking of the Smyrna fleet;<sup>2</sup> he did not favour the heady expedition of Clifford at Bergen, nor was he so furious and confident as was the Duke of Albemarle, who believed he could vanquish the Hollanders with one squadron.<sup>3</sup> My Lord Sandwich was prudent as well as valiant, and always governed his affairs with success and little loss; he was for

<sup>1</sup> [This was the defeat by the Duke of York of the Dutch under De Ruyter in Southwold, or Sole Bay.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 240.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 283.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 241.]

deliberation and reason, they for action and slaughter without either; and for this, whispered as if my Lord Sandwich was not so gallant, because he was not so rash, and knew how fatal it was to lose a fleet, such as was that under his conduct, and for which these very persons would have censured him on the other side. This it was, I am confident, grieved him, and made him enter like a lion, and fight like one, too, in the midst of the hottest service, where the stoutest of the rest seeing him engaged, and so many ships upon him, durst not, or would not, come to his succour, as some of them, whom I know, might have done. Thus, this gallant person perished, to gratify the pride and envy of some I named.

Deplorable was the loss of one of the best accomplished persons, not only of this nation but of any other. He was learned in sea-affairs, in politics, in mathematics, and in music: he had been on divers embassies, was of a sweet and obliging temper, sober, chaste, very ingenious, a true nobleman, an ornament to the Court and his Prince; nor has he left any behind him who approach his many virtues.

He had, I confess, served the tyrant Cromwell, when a young man, but it was without malice, as a soldier of fortune; and he readily submitted, and that with joy, bringing an entire fleet with him from the Sound, at the first tidings of his Majesty's restoration. I verily believe him as faithful a subject as any that were not his friends. I am yet heartily grieved at this mighty loss, nor do I call it to my thoughts without emotion.

*2nd June.* Trinity-Sunday I passed at Rochester; and, on the 5th, there was buried in the Cathedral Monsieur Rabinère, Rear-Admiral of the French squadron, a gallant person, who died of the wounds he received in the fight. This ceremony lay on me, which I performed with all the decency I could, inviting the Mayor and Aldermen to come in their formalities. Sir Jonas Atkins<sup>1</sup> was there with his guards; and the Dean and Prebendaries: one of his countrymen pronouncing a funeral oration at the brink of

his grave, which I caused to be dug in the choir. This is more at large described in the Gazette of that day; Colonel Rheymes,<sup>1</sup> my colleague in commission, assisting, who was so kind as to accompany me from London, though it was not his district; for indeed the stress of both these wars lay more on me by far than on any of my brethren, who had little to do in theirs.—I went to see Upnor Castle, which I found pretty well defended, but of no great moment.

Next day, I sailed to the fleet, now riding at the Buoy of the Nore, where I met his Majesty, the Duke, Lord Arlington, and all the great men in the *Charles*, lying miserably shattered; but the miss of Lord Sandwich redoubled the loss to me, and showed the folly of hazarding so brave a fleet, and losing so many good men, for no provocation but that the Hollanders exceeded us in industry, and in all things but envy.

At Sheerness, I gave his Majesty and his Royal Highness an account of my charge, and returned to Queenborough; next day, dined at Major Dorel's, Governor of Sheerness; thence to Rochester; and the following day, home.

*12th.* To London to his Majesty, to solicit for money for the sick and wounded, which he promised me.

*19th.* To London again, to solicit the same.

*21st.* At a Council of Plantations. Most of this week busied with the sick and wounded.

*3rd July.* To Lord Sandwich's funeral, which was by water to Westminster, in solemn pomp.

*31st.* I entertained the Maids of Honour (among whom there was one I infinitely esteemed for her many and extraordinary virtues<sup>2</sup>) at a comedy this afternoon, and so went home.

*1st August.* I was at the marriage of Lord Arlington's only daughter (a sweet child if ever there was any<sup>3</sup>) to the Duke

<sup>1</sup> [Colonel Bullein Rheymes (see *ante*, p. 233).]

<sup>2</sup> Margaret Blagge, whom Evelyn never wearied of instancing as a rare example of piety and virtue, in a licentious court and depraved age (see *ante*, p. 266).

<sup>3</sup> [Isabella Bennet, through whom Euston Hall (see *ante*, p. 280) came to the first Duke of Grafton. She was then only five years old and her husband nine (see *post*, under 6th November, 1679).]

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Jonathan Atkins (see *post*, under 27th October, 1673).]

of Grafton, the King's natural son by the Duchess of Cleveland; the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating, the King and all the grandees being present. I had a favour given me by my Lady; but took no great joy at the thing for many reasons.

18th August. Sir James Hayes, Secretary to Prince Rupert, dined with me: after dinner, I was sent for to Gravesend to dispose of no fewer than 800 sick men. That night, I got to the fleet at the Buoy of the Nore, where I spake with the King and the Duke; and, after dinner next day, returned to Gravesend.

1st September. I spent this week in soliciting for moneys, and in reading to my Lord Clifford my papers relating to the first Holland war.—Now, our Council of Plantations met at Lord Shaftesbury's (Chancellor of the Exchequer) to read and reform the draught of our new Patent, joining the Council of Trade to our political capacities. After this, I returned home, in order to another excursion to the sea-side, to get as many as possible of the men who were recovered on board the fleet.

8th. I lay at Gravesend, thence to Rochester, returning on the 11th.

15th. Dr. Duport, Greek Professor of Cambridge,<sup>1</sup> preached before the King on 1 Timothy vi. 6. No great preacher, but a very worthy and learned man.

25th. I dined at Lord John Berkeley's,<sup>2</sup> newly arrived out of Ireland, where he had been Deputy; it was in his new house,<sup>3</sup> or rather palace; for I am assured it stood him in near £30,000. It is very well built, and has many noble rooms, but they are not very convenient, consisting but of one *Corps de Logis*; they are all rooms of state, without closets. The staircase is of cedar, the furniture is princely: the kitchen and stables are ill-placed, and the corridor worse, having no report to the wings they join to. For the rest, the fore-court is noble, so are the stables; and, above all, the gardens, which are incomparable by reason of the inequality of the ground, and a pretty piscina. The holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of. The

porticoes are in imitation of a house described by Palladio; but it happens to be the worst in his book, though my good friend, Mr. Hugh May,<sup>1</sup> his Lordship's architect, effected it.

26th. I carried with me to dinner my Lord H. Howard (now to be made Earl of Norwich and Earl Marshal of England) to Sir Robert Clayton's, now Sheriff of London, at his new house,<sup>2</sup> where we had a great feast; it is built indeed for a great magistrate, at excessive cost. The cedar dining-room is painted with the history of the Giants' War, incomparably done by Mr. Streater, but the figures are too near the eye.<sup>3</sup>

6th October. Dr. Thistlethwait preached at Whitehall on Rev. v. 2,—a young, but good preacher. I received the blessed Communion, Dr. Blandford, Bishop of Worcester, and Dean of the Chapel, officiating.<sup>4</sup> Dined at my Lord Clifford's with Lord Mulgrave,<sup>5</sup> Sir Gilbert Talbot,<sup>6</sup> and Sir Robert Holmes.

8th. I took leave of my Lady Sunderland,<sup>7</sup> who was going to Paris to my Lord, now ambassador there. She made me stay dinner at Leicester-House,<sup>8</sup> and afterwards sent for Richardson, the famous fire-eater.<sup>9</sup> He devoured brimstone on glowing coals before us, chewing and swallowing them; he melted a beer-glass and eat it quite up; then taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 232.]

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 192. Sir Robert's house, which he built to keep his shrievalty, was in the Old Jewry. Afterwards for some years it was the residence of Mr. Samuel Sharp, a famous surgeon in his time, and was then occupied (from 1806 to the close of the year 1811) by the London Institution, for their library and reading-rooms.

<sup>3</sup> [These paintings were later transferred to Marden Park, six miles south of Croydon, which Sir Robert Clayton bought in 1677 from Evelyn's cousin Sir John Evelyn of Godstone.]

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. Walter Blandford, 1619-75; Bishop of Worcester, 1672-75.]

<sup>5</sup> [John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, 1648-1721.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 223.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 279, 280.]

<sup>8</sup> Then a handsome brick building, on the north side of Leicester-Fields, which many years later, in 1708, was occupied by the German Ambassador, having been let to him by the Earl of Leicester. [It was pulled down in 1790.]

<sup>9</sup> [There is an account of Richardson's not now miraculous feats in the *Journal des Scavans* for 1680.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 213.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 244.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 244, and Pepys's *Diary*, 14th October, 1668.]

the coal was blown on with bellows till it flamed and sparkled in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped and was quite boiled. Then, he melted pitch and wax with sulphur, which he drank down, as it flamed; I saw it flaming in his mouth, a good while; he also took up a thick piece of iron, such as laundresses use to put in their smoothing boxes, when it was fiery hot, held it between his teeth, then in his hand, and threw it about like a stone; but this I observed, he cared not to hold very long; then, he stood on a small pot; and bending his body, took a glowing iron with his mouth from between his feet, without touching the pot, or ground, with his hands; with divers other prodigious feats.

13<sup>th</sup> October. After sermon (being summoned before), I went to my Lord Keeper's, Sir Orlando Bridgeman, at Essex House,<sup>1</sup> where our new patent was opened and read, constituting us that were of the Council of Plantations, to be now of the Council of Trade also, both united. After the patent was read, we all took our oaths, and departed.

24<sup>th</sup>. Met in Council, the Earl of Shaftesbury,<sup>2</sup> now our president, swearing our Secretary and his clerks, which was Mr Locke,<sup>3</sup> an excellent learned gentleman and student of Christ Church, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Frowde.<sup>4</sup> We despatched a letter to Sir Thomas Lynch, Governor of Jamaica,<sup>5</sup> giving him notice of a design of the Dutch on that island.

27<sup>th</sup>. I went to hear that famous preacher, Dr. Frampton,<sup>6</sup> at St. Giles, on Psalm xxxix. 6. This divine had been twice at Jerusalem, and was not only a very pious and holy man, but excellent in the pulpit for the moving affections.

8<sup>th</sup> November. At Council, we debated the business of the consulate of Leghorn.

<sup>1</sup> "A large, but ugly house"—says Pepys (24th January, 1669), which stood near St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand, and of which the site is still commemorated in Essex Street, Essex Court, and Devereux Court.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 264.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Locke, 1632-1704. He was Secretary to the reconstructed Council of Trade between 1673 and 1675. When Lord Shaftesbury withdrew to Holland in 1682 Locke followed him, for which he was deprived of his student's place by an order from the King.]

<sup>4</sup> [Mr. Locke's clerk.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 276.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 283.]

I was of the Committee with Sir Humphry Winch,<sup>1</sup> the chairman, to examine the laws of his Majesty's several plantations and colonies in the West Indies, etc.

15<sup>th</sup>. Many merchants were summoned about the consulate of Venice; which caused great disputes; the most considerable thought it useless. This being the Queen Consort's birthday, there was an extraordinary appearance of gallantry, and a ball danced at Court.

30<sup>th</sup>. I was chosen Secretary to the Royal Society.

21<sup>st</sup> December. Settled the consulate of Venice.

1672-3: 1<sup>st</sup> January. After public prayers in the chapel at Whitehall, when I gave God solemn thanks for all his mercies to me the year past, and my humble supplications to him for his blessing the year now entering, I returned home, having my poor deceased servant (Adams) to bury, who died of a pleurisy.

3<sup>rd</sup>. My son now published his version of "*Rapinus Hortorum*."<sup>2</sup>

28<sup>th</sup>. Visited Don Francisco de Melos, the Portugal Ambassador,<sup>3</sup> who showed me his curious collection of books and pictures. He was a person of good parts, and a virtuous man.

6<sup>th</sup> February. To Council about reforming an abuse of the dyers with *saundus*,<sup>4</sup> and other false drugs; examined divers of that trade.

23<sup>rd</sup>. The Bishop of Chichester<sup>5</sup> preached before the King on Coloss. ii. 14, 15, admirably well, as he can do nothing but what is well.

5<sup>th</sup> March. Our new vicar,<sup>6</sup> Mr. Holden, preached in Whitehall chapel, on Psalm

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 234.]

<sup>2</sup> "*Of Gardens, in Four Books*. Originally written in Latin verse, by Renatus Rapinus, and now made English. By I. E. London, 1673. Dedicated to Henry, Earl of Arlington, etc. etc. etc." The Dedication is reprinted in Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, pp. 623, 624.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 255.]

<sup>4</sup> [Query,—Saunders, Sandalwood.]

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Peter Gunning, 1624-84, who held the Mastership of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards the Bishopric of Ely. Burnet, *Hist. of His Own Time*, 1724, i. 590, says of him that he was a man of great reading, but "a dark and perplexed preacher."

<sup>6</sup> [I.e. Richard Holden, M.A., of Deptford, *d.* 1700. "A learn'd man," Evelyn calls him in another place. He succeeded Dr. Breton (see *ante*, p. 283).]

iv. 6, 7. This gentleman is a very excellent and universal scholar, a good and wise man; but he had not the popular way of preaching, nor is in any measure fit for our plain and vulgar auditory, as his predecessor was. There was, however, no comparison betwixt their parts for profound learning. But time and experience may form him to a more practical way than that he is in of University lectures and erudition; which is now universally left off for what is much more profitable.

15<sup>th</sup> March. I heard the speech made to the Lords in their House by Sir Samuel Tuke, in behalf of the Papists, to take off the penal laws; and then dined with Colonel Norwood.

16<sup>th</sup>. Dr. Pearson, Bishop of Chester,<sup>1</sup> preached on Hebrews ix. 14; a most incomparable sermon from one of the most learned divines of our nation. I dined at my Lord Arlington's with the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth;<sup>2</sup> she is one of the wisest and craftiest of her sex, and has much wit. Here was also the learned Isaac Vossius.<sup>3</sup>

During Lent, there is constantly the most excellent preaching by the most eminent bishops and divines of the nation.

26<sup>th</sup>. I was sworn a younger brother of the Trinity-House, with my most worthy and long-acquainted noble friend, Lord Ossory (eldest son to the Duke of Ormonde), Sir Richard Browne, my father-in-law, being now Master of that Society; after which there was a great collation.

29<sup>th</sup>. I carried my son to the Bishop of Chichester, that learned and pious man, Dr. Peter Gunning,<sup>4</sup> to be instructed by him before he received the Holy Sacrament, when he gave him most excellent advice, which I pray God may influence and remain with him as long as he lives; and oh that I had been so blessed and

instructed, when first I was admitted to that sacred ordinance!

30<sup>th</sup>. *Easter-Day*. Myself and son received the blessed Communion, it being his first time, and with that whole week's more extraordinary preparation. I beseech God to make him a sincere good Christian, whilst I endeavour to instil into him the fear and love of God, and discharge the duty of a father.

At the sermon *coram Rege*, preached by Dr. Sparrow, Bishop of Exeter,<sup>1</sup> to a most crowded auditory; I staid to see whether, according to custom, the Duke of York received the Communion with the King; but he did not, to the amazement of everybody. This being the second year he had forborne,<sup>2</sup> and put it off, and within a day of the Parliament sitting, who had lately made so severe an Act against the increase of Popery, gave exceeding grief and scandal to the whole nation, that the heir of it, and the son of a martyr for the Protestant religion, should apostatise. What the consequence of this will be, God only knows, and wise men dread.

11<sup>th</sup> April. I dined with the plenipotentiaries designed for the treaty of Nimeguen.

17<sup>th</sup>. I carried Lady Tuke to thank the Countess of Arlington for speaking to his Majesty in her behalf, for being one of the Queen-Consort's women. She carried us up into her new dressing-room at Goring House,<sup>3</sup> where was a bed, two glasses, silver jars, and vases, cabinets, and other so rich furniture as I had seldom seen; to this excess of superfluity were we now arrived and that not only at Court, but almost universally, even to wantonness and profusion.

Dr. Compton,<sup>4</sup> brother to the Earl of Northampton, preached on 1 Corinth. v. 11-16, showing the Church's power in ordaining things indifferent; this worthy person's talent is not preaching, but he is like to make a grave and serious good man.

I saw her Majesty's rich toilet in her dressing-room, being all of massy gold, presented to her by the King, valued at £4000.

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Anthony Sparrow, 1612-85; Bishop of Exeter, 1667-76.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. Clarke's *Life of James the Second*, 1816, i. pp. 482-83.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 236, 265.] <sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 267.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 170.]

<sup>2</sup> [Anne Scott, Countess of Buccleuch in her own right.]

<sup>3</sup> [Isaac Vossius, 1618-89, son of J. G. Vos, Canon of Canterbury.] On coming to England, Charles II. gave him a canonry at Windsor, and the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. It was said of him by the King, "He is a strange man for a divine; there is nothing he refuses to believe, but the Bible."

<sup>4</sup> [See *supra*, p. 289.]



26th April. Dr. Lamplugh<sup>1</sup> preached at St. Martin's, the Holy Sacrament following, which I partook of, upon obligation of the late Act of Parliament,<sup>2</sup> enjoining everybody in office, civil or military, under penalty of £500, to receive it within one month before two authentic witnesses; being engrossed on parchment, to be afterwards produced in the Court of Chancery, or some other Court of Record; which I did at the Chancery-bar, as being one of the Council of Plantations and Trade; taking then also the oath of allegiance and supremacy, signing the clause in the said Act against Transubstantiation.

25th May. My son was made a younger brother of the Trinity-House. The new master was Sir Jer. Smith,<sup>3</sup> one of the Commissioners of the Navy, a stout seaman, who had interposed and saved the Duke from perishing by a fire-ship in the late war.

28th. I carried one Withers, an ingenious shipwright, to the King, to show him some new method of building.

29th. I saw the Italian comedy at the Court, this afternoon.

10th June. Came to visit and dine with me my Lord Viscount Cornbury and his Lady; Lady Francis Hyde, sister to the Duchess of York; and Mrs Dorothy Howard, Maid of Honour.<sup>4</sup> We went, after dinner, to see the formal and formidable camp on Blackheath,<sup>5</sup> raised to invade Holland; or, as others suspected, for another design. Thence, to the Italian glass-house at Greenwich, where glass was blown of finer metal than that of Murano, at Venice.

13th. Came to visit us, with other ladies of rank, Mrs. Sedley,<sup>6</sup> daughter to Sir Charles, who was none of the most virtuous, but a wit.

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Thomas Lamplugh, 1615-91, afterwards Archbishop of York.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Test Act, 25 Car. II. c. 2, by which no one who would not take the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England could hold office under the Crown.]

<sup>3</sup> [Admiral Sir Jeremiah Smith, *d.* 1675. He is often mentioned by Pepys.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 8th July, 1675.]

<sup>5</sup> [This was one of several temporary camps formed at Blackheath (see *post*, under 26th June).]

<sup>6</sup> Catherine Sedley, 1657-1717, the Duke of York's mistress, afterwards created by him Baroness of Darlington and Countess of Dorchester (see *post*, under 23rd August, 1678, and 19th January, 1686).

19th. Congratulated the new Lord Treasurer, Sir Thomas Osborne,<sup>1</sup> a gentleman with whom I had been intimately acquainted at Paris, and who was every day at my father-in-law's house and table there; on which account, I was too confident of succeeding in his favour, as I had done in his predecessor's; but such a friend shall I never find, and I neglected my time, far from believing that my Lord Clifford would have so rashly laid down his staff,<sup>2</sup> as he did, to the amazement of all the world, when it came to the test of his receiving the Communion, which I am confident he forbore more from some promise he had entered into to gratify the Duke, than from any prejudice to the Protestant religion, though I found him wavering a pretty while.

23rd. To London, to accompany our Council, who went in a body to congratulate the new Lord Treasurer, no friend to it, because promoted by my Lord Arlington, whom he hated.

26th. Came visitors from Court to dine with me and see the army still remaining encamped on Blackheath.

6th July. This evening I went to the funeral of my dear and excellent friend, that good man and accomplished gentleman, Sir Robert Murray,<sup>3</sup> Secretary of Scotland. He was buried by order of his Majesty in Westminster Abbey.

25th. I went to Tunbridge Wells, to visit my Lord Clifford, late Lord Treasurer, who was there to divert his mind more than his body; it was believed that he had so engaged himself to the Duke, that rather than take the Test, without which he was not capable of holding any office, he would resign that great and honourable station. This, I am confident, grieved him to the heart, and at last broke it; for, though he carried with him music and people to divert

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 156.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lord Clifford and the Duke of York resigned their posts in consequence of the Test Act. The Duke was succeeded as Admiral of the Fleet by Prince Rupert.]

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 209. According to the testimony of his contemporaries, universally beloved and esteemed by men of all sides and sorts, and the life and soul of the Royal Society. He delighted in every occasion of doing good, and Burnet refers enthusiastically to his superiority of genius and comprehension (*Hist. of His Own Time*, 1724, i. 59).

him, and, when I came to see him, lodged me in his own apartment, and would not let me go from him, I found he was struggling in his mind; and being of a rough and ambitious nature, he could not long brook the necessity he had brought on himself, of submission to this conjuncture. Besides, he saw the Dutch war, which was made much by his advice, as well as the shutting up of the Exchequer,<sup>1</sup> very unprosperous. These things his high spirit could not support. Having staid here two or three days, I obtained leave of my Lord to return.

In my way, I saw my Lord of Dorset's house at Knole, near Sevenoaks,<sup>2</sup> a great old-fashioned house.

30<sup>th</sup> July. To Council, where the business of transporting wool was brought before us.

31<sup>st</sup>. I went to see the pictures of all the judges and eminent men of the Long Robe, newly painted by Mr. Wright,<sup>3</sup> and set up in Guildhall, costing the City £1000. Most of them are very like the persons they represent, though I never took Wright to be any considerable artist.

13<sup>th</sup> August. I rode to Durdans,<sup>4</sup> where I dined at my Lord Berkeley's of Berkeley Castle, my old and noble friend, it being his wedding-anniversary, where I found the Duchess of Albemarle, and other company, and returned home on that evening, late.

15<sup>th</sup>. Came to visit me my Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Shaftesbury.

18<sup>th</sup>. My Lord Clifford, being about this time returned from Tunbridge, and preparing for Devonshire, I went to take my leave of him at Wallingford-House;<sup>5</sup> he was packing up pictures, most of which were of hunting wild beasts, and vast pieces

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 284. Burnet says the Earl of Shaftesbury was the chief man in this advice (*Hist. of His Own Time*, 1724, i. 306). There is a story—says Bray—among the gossip of that day, that Shaftesbury having formed the plan, Clifford got possession of it over a bottle of wine, and carried it to the King as his own.

<sup>2</sup> [Knole Park, Sevenoaks, Kent, at present the seat of Lord Sackville (Lionel Sackville Sackville-West, G.C.M.G., second Baron). It is still said to retain much of the character of the Caroline era. When Evelyn wrote, it belonged to Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset, 1638-1706.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 200. Wright's picture contains portraits of the Judges (Sir Matthew Hale and others) who, during the rebuilding of London after the Fire, sat at Clifford's Inn to arrange differences between landlords and tenants.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 199.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 258.]

of bull-baiting, bear-baiting, etc. I found him in his study, and restored to him several papers of state, and others of importance, which he had furnished me with, on engaging me to write the History of the Holland War, with other private letters of his acknowledgments to my Lord Arlington, who from a private gentleman of a very noble family, but inconsiderable fortune, had advanced him from almost nothing. The first thing was his being in Parliament, then knighted, then made one of the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded, on which occasion, we sate long together; then, on the death of Hugh Pollard, he was made Comptroller of the Household and Privy Councillor, yet still my brother Commissioner; after the death of Lord Fitz-Harding, Treasurer of the Household, he, by letters to Lord Arlington, which that Lord showed me, begged of his Lordship to obtain it for him as the very height of his ambition. These were written with such submissions and professions of his patronage, as I had never seen any more acknowledging. The Earl of Southampton then dying, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Treasury. His Majesty inclining to put it into one hand, my Lord Clifford, under pretence of making all his interest for his patron, my Lord Arlington, cut the grass under his feet, and procured it for himself, assuring the King that Lord Arlington did not desire it. Indeed, my Lord Arlington protested to me that his confidence in Lord Clifford made him so remiss, and his affection to him was so particular, that he was absolutely minded to devolve it on Lord Clifford, all the world knowing how he himself affected ease and quiet, now growing into years, yet little thinking of this go-by. This was the only great ingratitude Lord Clifford showed, keeping my Lord Arlington in ignorance, continually assuring him he was pursuing his interest, which was the Duke's, into whose great favour Lord Clifford was now gotten; but which certainly cost him the loss of all, namely, his going so irrevocably far in his interest.

For the rest, my Lord Clifford was a valiant incorrupt gentleman, ambitious, not covetous; generous, passionate, a most constant sincere friend, to me in particular, so as when he laid down his office, I was

at the end of all my hopes and endeavours. These were not for high matters, but to obtain what his Majesty was really indebted to my father-in-law, which was the utmost of my ambition, and which I had undoubtedly obtained, if this friend had stood. Sir Thomas Osborne, who succeeded him, though much more obliged to my father-in-law and his family, and my long and old acquaintance, being of a more haughty and far less obliging nature, I could hope for little; a man of excellent natural parts; but nothing of generous or grateful.

Taking leave of my Lord Clifford, he wrung me by the hand, and, looking earnestly on me, bid me God-b'ye, adding, "Mr. Evelyn, I shall never see thee more." "No!" said I, "my Lord, what's the meaning of this? I hope I shall see you often, and as great a person again." "No, Mr. Evelyn, do not expect it, I will never see this place, this City, or Court again," or words of this sound. In this manner, not without almost mutual tears, I parted from him; nor was it long after, but the news was that he was dead, and I have heard from some who I believe knew, he made himself away, after an extraordinary melancholy. This is not confidently affirmed, but a servant who lived in the house, and afterwards with Sir Robert Clayton, Lord Mayor, did, as well as others, report it; and when I hinted some such thing to Mr. Prideaux, one of his trustees, he was not willing to enter into that discourse.

It was reported with these particulars, that, causing his servant to leave him unusually one morning, locking himself in, he strangled himself with his cravat upon the bed-tester; his servant, not liking the manner of dismissing him, and looking through the key-hole (as I remember), and seeing his master hanging, brake in before he was quite dead, and taking him down, vomiting a great deal of blood, he was heard to utter these words, "Well; let men say what they will, there is a God, a just God above"; after which he spake no more. This, if true, is dismal. Really, he was the chief occasion of the Dutch war, and of all that blood which was lost at Bergen in attacking the Smyrna fleet,<sup>1</sup> and that whole quarrel.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 283]

This leads me to call to mind what my Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury affirmed, not to me only, but to all my brethren the Council of Foreign Plantations, when not long after, this accident being mentioned as we were one day sitting in Council, his Lordship told us this remarkable passage: that, being one day discoursing with him when he was only Sir Thomas Clifford, speaking of men's advancement to great charges in the nation, "Well," says he, "my Lord, I shall be one of the greatest men in England. Don't impute what I say either to fancy, or vanity; I am certain that I shall be a mighty man; but it will not last long; I shall not hold it, but die a bloody death." "What," says my Lord, "your horoscope tells you so?" "No matter for that, it will be as I tell you." "Well," says my Lord Chancellor Shaftesbury, "if I were of that opinion, I either would not be a great man, but decline preferment, or prevent my danger."

This my Lord affirmed in my hearing, before several gentlemen and noblemen sitting in council at Whitehall. And I the rather am confident of it, remembering what Sir Edward Walker (Garter King-at-Arms)<sup>1</sup> had likewise affirmed to me a long time before, even when he was first made a Lord; that carrying his pedigree to Lord Clifford on his being created a peer, and, finding him busy, he bade him go into his study, and divert himself there till he was at leisure to discourse with him about some things relating to his family; there lay, said Sir Edward, on his table, his horoscope and nativity calculated, with some writing under it, where he read that he should be advanced to the highest degree in the state that could be conferred upon him, but that he should not long enjoy it, but should die, or expressions to that sense; and I think, (but cannot confidently say) a bloody death. This Sir Edward affirmed both to me and Sir Richard

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward Walker, 1612-77, celebrated for his knowledge of heraldry. He attended Charles II. into exile, and after the Restoration he became first Clerk of the Privy Council, and subsequently Garter King-at-Arms. Author, among other works, of *Iter Carolinum*, or an account of the Matches, etc., of King Charles I., *Military Discoveries*, *Historical Discoveries*, etc. Pepys describes his bringing the Garter to the Earl of Sandwich (27th May, 1660).

Browne; nor could I forbear to note this extraordinary passage in these memoirs.<sup>1</sup>

14<sup>th</sup> September. Dr. Creighton,<sup>2</sup> son to the late eloquent Bishop of Bath and Wells, preached to the Household on Isaiah lvii. 8.

15<sup>th</sup>. I procured £4000 of the Lords of the Treasury, and rectified divers matters about the sick and wounded.

16<sup>th</sup>. To Council, about choosing a new Secretary.

17<sup>th</sup>. I went with some friends to visit Mr. Bernard Grenville, at Ab's Court in Surrey; an old house in a pretty park.<sup>3</sup>

23<sup>rd</sup>. I went to see Paradise, a room in Hatton-Garden, furnished with a representation of all sorts of animals handsomely painted on boards, or cloth, and so cut out and made to stand, move, fly, crawl, roar, and make their several cries.<sup>4</sup> The man who showed it, made us laugh heartily at his formal poetry.

15<sup>th</sup> October. To Council, and swore in Mr. Locke, secretary, Dr. Worsley being dead.<sup>5</sup>

27<sup>th</sup>. To Council, about sending succours to recover New York; and then we read the commission and instructions to Sir Jonathan Atkins, the new Governor of Barbadoes.

5<sup>th</sup> November. This night the youths of the City burnt the Pope in effigy, after they had made procession with it in great triumph, they being displeased at the Duke for altering his religion, and marrying an Italian lady.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Here Evelyn speaks of his diary by its proper title.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>3</sup> [Apps or Ab's Court, "over against Hampton Court," 1½ mile N.E. from Walton-on-Thames. It is said to have been a residence of Wolsey. It certainly once belonged to Lord Halifax, who left it to the lady to whom he is believed to have been privately married, Newton's niece, the beautiful Catherine Barton. Pope mentions the house in the *Imitations of Horace*, Ep. II. Bk. ii. l. 232:—

Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford

Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord,

when it was apparently occupied by Colonel Cotterell, to whom the Epistle is addressed. A new house now stands on the old site.]

<sup>4</sup> [This was a popular exhibition at the end of the seventeenth century. Locke notes it down for a friend as a place to be visited.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 283.]

<sup>6</sup> [Mary Beatrice D'Este, 1658-1718, daughter of Alfonso IV., Duke of Modena. James married her

30<sup>th</sup>. On St. Andrew's day, I first saw the new Duchess of York, and the Duchess of Modena, her mother.

1<sup>st</sup> December. To Gresham College, whither the City had invited the Royal Society by many of their chief aldermen and magistrates, who gave us a collation, to welcome us to our first place of assembly, from whence we had been driven to give place to the City, on their making it their Exchange, on the dreadful conflagration, till their new Exchange was finished, which it now was. The Society having till now been entertained and having met at Arundel House.<sup>1</sup>

2<sup>nd</sup>. I dined with some friends, and visited the sick: thence, to an alms-house, where was prayers and relief, some very ill and miserable. It was one of the best days I ever spent in my life.

3<sup>rd</sup>. There was at dinner my Lord Lockhart,<sup>2</sup> designed ambassador for France, a gallant and a sober person.

9<sup>th</sup>. I saw again the Italian Duchess and her brother, the Prince Reynaldo.

20<sup>th</sup>. I had some discourse with certain strangers, not unlearned, who had been born not far from Old Nineveh; they assured me of the ruins being still extant, and vast and wonderful were the buildings, vaults, pillars, and magnificent fragments; but they could say little of the Tower of Babel that satisfied me. But the description of the amenity and fragrantcy of the country for health and cheerfulness, delighted me; so sensibly they spake of the excellent air and climate in respect of our cloudy and splenetic country.

24<sup>th</sup>. Visited the prisoners at Ludgate, taking orders about the releasing of some.

30<sup>th</sup>. I gave Almighty God thanks for His infinite goodness to me the year past, and begged His mercy and protection the year following; afterwards, invited my neighbours to spend the day with me.

1673-4: 5<sup>th</sup> January. I saw an Italian opera in music, the first that had been in England of this kind.

9<sup>th</sup>. Sent for by his Majesty to write something against the Hollanders about the

in this year, his first wife, Anne Hyde, having died 31<sup>st</sup> March, 1671.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Lockhart of Lee, 1621-76; Ambassador to Paris, 1673-76.]

duty of the Flag and Fishery. Returned with some papers.

25th March. I dined at Knightsbridge, with the Bishops of Salisbury, Chester, and Lincoln, my old friends.

29th May. His Majesty's birthday and Restoration. Mr. Demalhoj, Roger L'Estrange,<sup>1</sup> and several of my friends, came to dine with me on the happy occasion.

27th June. Mr. Dryden,<sup>2</sup> the famous poet and now laureate, came to give me a visit. It was the anniversary of my marriage,<sup>3</sup> and the first day I went into my new little cell and cabinet, which I built below towards the south court, at the east end of the parlour.

9th July. Paid £360 for purchase of Dr. Jacobbe's son's share in the mill and land at Deptford, which I bought of the Beechers.

22nd. I went to Windsor with my wife and son to see my daughter Mary, who was there with my Lady Tuke, and to do my duty to his Majesty. Next day, to a great entertainment at Sir Robert Holmes's<sup>4</sup> at Cranborne Lodge, in the Forest; there were his Majesty, the Queen, Duke, Duchess, and all the Court. I returned in the evening with Sir Joseph Williamson,<sup>5</sup> now declared Secretary of State. He was son of a poor clergyman somewhere in Cumberland, brought up at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he came to be a fellow; then travelled with . . . .<sup>6</sup> and returning when the King was restored, was received as a Clerk under Mr. Secretary Nicholas. Sir Henry Bennet (now Lord Arlington) succeeding, Williamson is transferred to him, who loving his ease more than business (though sufficiently able had he applied himself to it) remitted all to his man Williamson; and, in a short time, let him so into the secret of affairs, that (as his Lordship himself told me) there was a kind of necessity to advance him; and so, by his subtlety, dexterity, and insinuation, he got now to be principal Secretary; absolutely

Lord Arlington's creature, and ungrateful enough. It has been the fate of this obliging favourite to advance those who soon forgot their original. Sir Joseph was a musician, could play at *Jeu de Gobelets*,<sup>1</sup> exceeding formal, a severe master to his servants, but so inward with my Lord O'Brien, that after a few months of that gentleman's death, he married his widow,<sup>2</sup> who, being sister and heir of the Duke of Richmond, brought him a noble fortune. It was thought they lived not so kindly after marriage as they did before. She was much censured for marrying so meanly, being herself allied to the Royal family.

6th August. I went to Groombridge, to see my old friend, Mr. Packer;<sup>3</sup> the house built within a moat, in a woody valley. The old house had been the place of confinement of the Duke of Orleans,<sup>4</sup> taken by one Waller (whose house it then was) at the battle of Agincourt, now demolished, and a new one built in its place,<sup>5</sup> though a far better situation had been on the south of the wood, on a graceful ascent. At some small distance, is a large chapel, not long since built by Mr. Packer's father, on a vow he made to do it on the return of King Charles I. out of Spain, 1625, and dedicated to St. Charles; but what saint there was then of that name I am to seek, for, being a Protestant, I conceive it was not Borromeo.

I went to see my farm at Ripe, near Lewes.<sup>6</sup>

19th. His Majesty told me how exceedingly the Dutch were displeased at my treatise of the *History of Commerce*;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [This is a figure for a "juggler" or "trickster"; but Evelyn may mean something more literal.]

<sup>2</sup> Lady Catherine Stuart, sister and heir to Charles Stuart, third Duke of Richmond, the husband of Frances Teresa Stewart (1647-1702), one of the most admired beauties of the Court, with whom Charles the Second was so deeply in love that he never forgave the Duke for marrying her in 1667, having already, it is thought, formed some similar intention himself. He took the first opportunity of sending the Duke into an honourable exile, as Ambassador to Denmark, where he shortly after died (1672), leaving no issue by the Duchess.

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 169.]

<sup>4</sup> [The Duke's arms are still to be seen on a stone preserved over the S. porch of the present Speldhurst Church.]

<sup>5</sup> [Circa 1660.]

<sup>6</sup> [Seven miles E. of Lewes.]

<sup>7</sup> Entitled *Navigation and Commerce, their Original and Progress, etc.* Containing a succinct

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 188.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dryden, born in 1631, was now forty-three. He had been made Laureate and historiographer in 1670.]

<sup>3</sup> [27th June, 1647 (see ante, p. 145).]

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 265.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 234.]

<sup>6</sup> ["Possibly one of the sons of the Marquis of Ormonde" (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*).]

that the Holland Ambassador had complained to him of what I had touched of the Flags and Fishery, etc.,<sup>1</sup> and desired the book might be called in; whilst, on the other side, he assured me he was exceedingly pleased with what I had done, and gave me many thanks. However, it being just upon conclusion of the treaty of Breda<sup>2</sup> (indeed it was designed to have been published some months before and when we were at defiance), his Majesty told me he must recall it formally; but gave order that what copies should be publicly seized to pacify the Ambassador, should immediately be restored to the printer, and that neither he nor the vender should be molested. The truth is, that which touched the Hollander was much less than what the King himself furnished me with, and obliged me to publish, having caused it to be read to him before it went to the press; but the error was, it should have been published before the peace was proclaimed. The noise of this book's suppression made it presently be bought up, and turned much to the stationer's advantage. It was no other than the Preface prepared to be prefixed to my History of the whole War; which I now pursued no further.

21st August. In one of the meadows at the foot of the long Terrace below the Castle [Windsor], works were thrown up to show the King a representation of the City of Maestricht, newly taken by the French.<sup>3</sup> Bastions, bulwarks, ramparts, palisadoes, graffs, horn-works, counter-scarps, etc., were constructed. It was attacked by the Duke of Monmouth (newly come from the real siege) and the Duke of York, with a little army, to show their

Account of Traffick in General; its Benefits and Improvements: of Discoveries, Wars, and Conflicts at Sea, from the Original of Navigation to this Day; with special regard to the English Nation; their several Voyages and Expeditions, to the Beginning of our late Differences with Holland; In which His Majesties Title to the Dominion of the Sea is asserted against the Novel, and later Pretenders. By J. Evelyn, Esq., S.R.S. 8vo., 1674. Dedicated to the King. It was, as stated, only the introduction to the intended *History of the Dutch War*, and is reprinted in Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, pp. 625-686.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 294.]

<sup>2</sup> [In which the honour of the flag was conceded.]

<sup>3</sup> [In 1673.]

skill in tactics. On Saturday night, they made their approaches, opened trenches, raised batteries, took the counterscarp and ravelin, after a stout defence; great guns fired on both sides, grenades shot, mines sprung, parties sent out, attempts of raising the siege, prisoners taken, parleys; and, in short, all the circumstances of a formal siege, to appearance, and, what is most strange, all without disorder, or ill accident, to the great satisfaction of a thousand spectators. Being night, it made a formidable show. The siege being over, I went with Mr. Pepys back to London, where we arrived about three in the morning.

15th September. To Council, about fetching away the English left at Surinam, etc., since our reconciliation with Holland.

21st. I went to see the great loss that Lord Arlington had sustained by fire at Goring House,<sup>1</sup> this night consumed to the ground, with exceeding loss of hangings, plate, rare pictures, and cabinets; hardly anything was saved of the best and most princely furniture that any subject had in England. My lord and lady were both absent at the Bath.

6th October. The Lord Chief Baron Turner,<sup>2</sup> and Serjeant Wild, Recorder of London,<sup>3</sup> came to visit me.

20th. At Lord Berkeley's, I discoursed with Sir Thomas Modyford, late Governor of Jamaica, and with Colonel Morgan,<sup>4</sup> who undertook that gallant exploit from Nombre de Dios to Panama, on the Continent of America; he told me 10,000 men would easily conquer all the Spanish Indies, they were so secure. They took great booty, and much greater had been taken, had they not been betrayed and so discovered before their approach, by which the Spaniards had time to carry their vast treasure on board ships that put off to sea in sight of our men, who had no boats to follow. They set fire to Panama, and ravaged the country sixty miles about. The Spaniards were so supine and un-

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 290.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edward Turner, *d.* 1675, Speaker of the House of Commons, subsequently Solicitor-General, and Lord Chief Baron.

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Wilde, 1611-79, was King's Serjeant, 1661; Judge of Common Pleas, 1668; and King's Bench, 1673.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 278.]

exercised, that they were afraid to fire a great gun.

31st October. My birthday, 54th year of my life. Blessed be God! It was also preparation-day for the Holy Sacrament, in which I participated the next day, imploring God's protection for the year following, and confirming my resolutions of a more holy life, even upon the Holy Book. The Lord assist and be gracious unto me! Amen.

15th November. The anniversary of my baptism: I first heard that famous and excellent preacher, Dr. Burnet<sup>1</sup> (author of the *History of the Reformation*) on Colossians iii. 10, with such flow of eloquence and fulness of matter, as showed him to be a person of extraordinary parts.

Being her Majesty's birthday, the Court was exceeding splendid in clothes and jewels, to the height of excess.

17th. To Council, on the business of Surinam, where the Dutch had detained some English in prison, ever since the first war, 1665.<sup>2</sup>

19th. I heard that stupendous violin, Signor Nicholao (with other rare musicians), whom I never heard mortal man exceed on that instrument. He had a stroke so sweet, and made it speak like the voice of a man, and, when he pleased, like a concert of several instruments. He did wonders upon a note, and was an excellent composer. Here was also that rare lutanist, Dr. Wallgrave;<sup>3</sup> but nothing approached the violin in Nicholao's hand. He played such ravishing things as astonished us all.

2nd December. At Mr. Slingsby's, Master of the Mint, my worthy friend, a great lover of music. Heard Signor Francesco on the harpsichord,<sup>4</sup> esteemed one of the most excellent masters in Europe on that instrument; then, came Nicholao with his violin, and struck all mute, but Mrs. Knight,<sup>5</sup> who sung incomparably, and doubtless has the greatest reach of any English woman; she has been lately

roaming in Italy, and was much improved in that quality.

15th. Saw a comedy<sup>1</sup> at night, at Court, acted by the ladies only, amongst them Lady Mary and Ann, his Royal Highness's two daughters, and my dear friend, Mrs. Blagge,<sup>2</sup> who, having the principal part, performed it to admiration. They were all covered with jewels.

22nd. Was at the repetition of the *Pastoral*, on which occasion Mrs. Blagge had about her near £20,000 worth of jewels, of which she lost one worth about £80, borrowed of the Countess of Suffolk. The press was so great, that it is a wonder she lost no more. The Duke made it good.

1674-5: 20th January. Went to see Mr. Streater,<sup>3</sup> that excellent painter of perspective and landscape, to comfort and encourage him to be cut for the stone, with which that honest man was exceedingly afflicted.

22nd March. Supped at Sir William Petty's<sup>4</sup> with the Bishop of Salisbury,<sup>5</sup> and divers honourable persons. We had a noble entertainment in a house gloriously furnished; the master and mistress of it were extraordinary persons. Sir William

<sup>1</sup> This was the Masque of *Calisto*; or, the *Chaste Nymph*, by John Crowne, d. 1703. The performers in the piece were, the two daughters of the Duke of York, Lady Henrietta Wentworth (afterwards mistress to the Duke of Monmouth), the Countess of Sussex, Lady Mary Mordaunt, Mrs. Blagge, who had been Maid of Honour to the Queen, and Mrs. Jennings, then Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York, and afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. The Duke of Monmouth, Lord Dunblane, Lord Daincourt, were among the dancers; and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Butler, and other celebrated comedians of the day, also acted and sung in the performance. The Masque was printed in 4to in 1675.

<sup>2</sup> [At this time Margaret Blagge had withdrawn from Court, and was living at Berkeley House with her friend Lady Berkeley, wife of Lord Berkeley of Stratton (see *ante*, p. 288). But the King and Duke of York had "jaid their Commands" upon her to take part in Crowne's masque. She appropriately represented *Diana*.]

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 230. King Charles, who had a great regard for this artist, is said to have sent for a famous surgeon from Paris, on purpose to perform the operation.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 217. Sir William Petty's house was in Sackville Street, Piccadilly—the corner house on the east side, opposite St. James's Church.]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Seth Ward (see *ante*, p. 175). Walter Pope, mentioned in the following note, wrote his life.]

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Gilbert Burnet, 1643-1715, afterwards (1689) Bishop of Salisbury. He had been dismissed by the King from his Chaplaincy.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 296.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 28th February, 1684.]

<sup>4</sup> [See Pepys's *Diary*, 5th August, 1667, where he is referred to as a guitar player.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 201.]

was the son of a mean man somewhere in Sussex, and sent from school to Oxford, where he studied Philosophy, but was most eminent in Mathematics and Mechanics; proceeded Doctor of Physic, and was grown famous, as for his learning so for his recovering a poor wench that had been hanged for felony; and her body having been begged (as the custom is) for the anatomy lecture, he bled her, put her to bed to a warm woman, and, with spirits and other means, restored her to life.<sup>1</sup> The young scholars joined and made a little portion, and married her to a man who had several children by her, she living fifteen years after, as I have been assured. Sir William came from Oxford to be tutor to a neighbour of mine; thence, when the rebels were dividing their conquests in Ireland, he was employed by them to measure and set out the land, which he did on an easy contract, so much per acre. This he effected so exactly, that it not only furnished him with a great sum of money; but enabled him to purchase an estate worth £4000 a year. He afterwards married the daughter of Sir Hardress Waller;<sup>2</sup> she was an extraordinary wit as well as beauty, and a prudent woman.

Sir William, amongst other inventions, was author of the double-bottomed ship,<sup>3</sup> which perished, and he was censured for rashness, being lost in the Bay of Biscay in a storm, when, I think, fifteen other vessels miscarried. This vessel was flat-bottomed, of exceeding use to put into shallow ports,

and ride over small depths of water. It consisted of two distinct keels cramped together with huge timbers, etc., so as that a violent stream ran between; it bore a monstrous broad sail, and he still persists that it is practicable, and of exceeding use; and he has often told me he would adventure himself in such another, could he procure sailors, and his Majesty's permission to make a second *Experiment*; which name the King gave the vessel at the launching.<sup>1</sup>

The Map of Ireland<sup>2</sup> made by Sir William Petty is believed to be the most exact that ever yet was made of any country. He did promise to publish it; and I am told it has cost him near £1000 to have it engraved at Amsterdam. There is not a better Latin poet living, when he gives himself that diversion; nor is his excellence less in Council and prudent matters of state; but he is so exceeding nice in sifting and examining all possible contingencies, that he adventures at nothing which is not demonstration. There were not in the whole world his equal for a superintendent of manufacture and improvement of trade, or to govern a plantation. If I were a Prince, I should make him my second Counsellor, at least. There is nothing difficult to him. He is, besides, courageous; on which account, I cannot but note a true story of him, that when Sir Aleyn Brodrick sent him a challenge upon a difference betwixt them in Ireland, Sir William, though exceedingly purblind, accepted the challenge, and it being his part to propound the weapon, desired his antagonist to meet him with a hatchet, or axe, in a dark cellar; which the other, of course, refused.

Sir William was, with all this, facetious and of easy conversation, friendly and courteous, and had such a faculty of imitating others, that he would take a text and preach, now like a grave orthodox divine, then falling into the Presbyterian way, then to the fanatical, the Quaker, the monk and friar, the Popish priest, with such admirable action, and alteration of voice and tone, as it was not possible to

<sup>1</sup> According to Biay, a full account of this event was given in a published pamphlet at the time, entitled "Newes from the Dead, or a true and exact Narration of the miraculous Deliverance of Anne Greene, who being executed at Oxford, Dec. 14, 1650, afterwards revived; and by the care of certain Physicians there, is now perfectly recovered. Oxford, the second Impression, with Additions, 4to, 1651." Added to the Narrative are several copies of Verses in Latin, English, and French, by Gentlemen of the University, commemorative of the event; amongst others, by Joseph Williamson, afterwards Secretary of State, by Christopher Wren, the famous architect, then of Wadham College, by Walter Pope [author of *The Wish*, 1697], Dr. Ralph Bathurst (the last under other names), and many more. The pamphlet was reprinted, but very negligently, from the first and worst edition, in Morgan's *Phœnix Britannicus*, 4to.

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Hardress Waller, the regicide, 1604-66. He was imprisoned for life.]

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 217.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 234.]

<sup>2</sup> [The "Down Survey" of forfeited estates executed for the Commonwealth in 1654. It was the first attempt at carrying out a survey on a large scale scientifically.]



abstain from wonder, and one would swear to hear several persons, or forbear to think he was not in good earnest an enthusiast and almost beside himself; then, he would fall out of it into a serious discourse; but it was very rarely he would be prevailed on to oblige the company with this faculty, and that only amongst most intimate friends. My Lord Duke of Ormonde once obtained it of him, and was almost ravished with admiration; but by-and-bye, he fell upon a serious reprimand of the faults and miscarriages of some Princes and Governors, which, though he named none, did so sensibly touch the Duke, who was then Lieutenant of Ireland, that he began to be very uneasy, and wished the spirit laid which he had raised, for he was neither able to endure such truths, nor could he but be delighted. At last, he melted his discourse to a ridiculous subject, and came down from the joint stool on which he had stood; but my lord would not have him preach any more. He never could get favour at Court, because he outwitted all the projectors that came near him. Having never known such another genius, I cannot but mention these particulars, amongst a multitude of others which I could produce. When I, who knew him in mean circumstances, have been in his splendid palace, he would himself be in admiration how he arrived at it; nor was it his value or inclination for splendid furniture and the curiosities of the age, but his elegant lady could endure nothing mean, or that was not magnificent. He was very negligent himself, and rather so of his person, and of a philosophic temper. "What a to-do is here!" would he say, "I can lie in straw with as much satisfaction."

He is author of the ingenious deductions from the bills of mortality, which go under the name of Mr. Graunt;<sup>1</sup> also of that useful discourse of the manufacture of wool, and several others in the register of the Royal Society. He was also author of that paraphrase on the 104th Psalm in Latin verse, which goes about in MS., and is inimitable. In a word, there is nothing impenetrable to him.

<sup>1</sup> [John Graunt, the statistician, 1620-74. The work referred to is presumably *Natural and Political Observations . . . made vpon the Bills of Mortality*, 1661.]

26th March. Dr. Brideoake was elected Bishop of Chichester,<sup>1</sup> on the translation of Dr. Gunning to Ely.<sup>2</sup>

30th. Dr. Allestree<sup>3</sup> preached on Romans vi. 3, the necessity of those who are baptized to die to sin; a very excellent discourse from an excellent preacher.

25th April. Dr. Barrow,<sup>4</sup> that excellent, pious, and most learned man, divine, mathematician, poet, traveller, and most humble person, preached at Whitehall to the household, on Luke xx. 27, of love and charity to our neighbours.

29th. I read my first discourse *Of Earth and Vegetation* before the Royal Society as a lecture in course,<sup>5</sup> after Sir Robert Southwell<sup>6</sup> had read his the week before *On Water*. I was commanded by our President, and the suffrage of the Society, to print it.

16th May. This day was my dear friend, Mrs. Blagge,<sup>7</sup> married at the Temple Church to my friend, Mr. Sidney Godolphin,<sup>8</sup> Groom of the Bedchamber to his Majesty.

18th. I went to visit one Mr. Bathurst, a Spanish merchant, my neighbour.

31st. I went with Lord Ossory to Deptford, where we chose him Master of the Trinity Company.

2nd June. I was at a conference of the Lords and Commons in the Painted Chamber, on a difference about imprisoning some of their members; and, on the 3rd, at another conference, when the Lords accused the Commons for their transcendent

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Ralph Brideoake, 1613-78; Bishop of Chichester, 1675-78.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 195.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 208.]

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Isaac Barrow, 1630-77, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; in which he succeeded Dr. John Pearson, made Bishop of Chester in 1673.

<sup>5</sup> [A *Philosophical Discourse of Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it for Vegetation, and the propagation of Plants, etc., as it was presented to the Royal Society*, April 29, 1675. By J. Evelyn, Esq., Fellow of the said Society, 1676.]

<sup>6</sup> Sir Robert Southwell, 1635-1702. He was sent Envoy Extraordinary to Portugal, in 1665-68, and in the same capacity to Brussels, in 1671. He was subsequently Clerk of the Privy Council, and having shown much taste for learned and scientific researches, was five times elected President of the Royal Society.

<sup>7</sup> *Ante*, p. 297, etc.; and see *post*, under 8th September, 1678.

<sup>8</sup> [Sidney Godolphin, 1645-1712, afterwards first Earl of Godolphin. This entry must have been added later, for at this date Evelyn did not know of the marriage.]

misbehaviour, breach of privilege, Magna Charta, subversion of government, and other high, provoking, and diminishing expressions, showing what duties and subjection they owed to the Lords in Parliament, by record of Henry IV. This was likely to create a notable disturbance.

15<sup>th</sup> June. This afternoon came Monsieur Kérroualle and his lady, parents to the famous beauty and \* \* \* \* \* favourite at Court,<sup>1</sup> to see Sir R. Browne, with whom they were intimately acquainted in Bretagne, at the time Sir Richard was sent to Brest to supervise his Majesty's sea-affairs, during the latter part of the King's banishment. This gentleman's house was not a mile from Brest; Sir Richard made an acquaintance there, and, being used very civilly, was obliged to return it here, which we did. He seemed a soldierly person and a good fellow, as the Bretons generally are; his lady had been very handsome, and seemed a shrewd understanding woman. Conversing with him in our garden, I found several words of the Breton language the same with our Welsh. His daughter was now made Duchess of Portsmouth,<sup>2</sup> and in the height of favour; but he never made any use of it.

27<sup>th</sup>. At Ely House, I went to the consecration of my worthy friend, the learned Dr. Barlow, Warden of Queen's College, Oxford, now made Bishop of Lincoln.<sup>3</sup> After it, succeeded a magnificent feast, where were the Duke of Ormonde, Earl of Lauderdale, the Lord Treasurer, Lord Keeper, etc.

8<sup>th</sup> July. I went with Mrs. Howard and her two daughters<sup>4</sup> towards Northampton Assizes, about a trial at law, in which I was concerned for them as a trustee. We lay this night at Henley-on-the-Thames, at our attorney, Mr. Stephens's, who entertained us very handsomely. Next day, dining at Shotover, at Sir Timothy Tyrell's,<sup>5</sup> a sweet place, we lay at Oxford, where it

was the time of the Act. Mr. Robert Spencer, uncle to the Earl of Sunderland,<sup>1</sup> and my old acquaintance in France, entertained us at his apartment in Christ Church, with exceeding generosity.

10<sup>th</sup>. The Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Bathurst<sup>2</sup> (who had formerly taken particular care of my son), President of Trinity College, invited me to dinner, and did me great honour all the time of my stay. The next day, he invited me and all my company, though strangers to him, to a very noble feast. I was at all the academic exercises. —Sunday, at St. Mary's, preached a Fellow of Brasen-nose, not a little magnifying the dignity of Churchmen.

11<sup>th</sup>. We heard the speeches, and saw the ceremony of creating Doctors in Divinity, Law, and Physic. I had, early in the morning, heard Dr. Morison,<sup>3</sup> Botanic Professor, read on divers plants in the Physic Garden: and saw that rare collection of natural curiosities of Dr. Plot's,<sup>4</sup> of Magdalen Hall, author of *The Natural History of Oxfordshire*, all of them collected in that shire, and indeed extraordinary, that in one county there should be found such variety of plants, shells, stones, minerals, marcasites,<sup>5</sup> fowls, insects, models of works, crystals, agates and marbles. He was now intending to visit Staffordshire, and, as he had of Oxfordshire, to give us the natural, topical, political, and mechanical history. Pity it is that more of this industrious man's genius were not employed so to describe every county of England; it would be one of the most useful and illustrious works that was ever produced in any age or nation.

I visited also the Bodleian Library, and my old friend, the learned Obadiah Walker,<sup>6</sup> head of University College, which he had now almost re-built, or repaired. We then

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 267.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 243.]

<sup>3</sup> Robert Morison, 1620-83, Physician to Charles II., Regius Professor of Botany at Oxford, and author of *Præcludia Botanica*, and of the fragment of a *Historia Plantarum Oxoniensis*, which he left unfinished.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Plot, 1640-96, Doctor of Laws, one of the Secretaries of the Royal Society, Royal Historiographer, Keeper of the Archives of the Herald's College; celebrated for his *Natural Histories of Oxfordshire and Staffordshire*.

<sup>5</sup> A mineral often mistaken for gold or silver ore.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 148.]

<sup>1</sup> [Her father was Guillaume de Penancoët, Sieur de Kérroualle, a Breton gentleman of an old descent: her mother, Marie de Pleuc de Timeur (through her mother) was connected with the family of de Rieux.]

<sup>2</sup> [In 1673.]

<sup>3</sup> [Ely Place (or House), Holborn, belonged to the See of Ely. The Bishop of Ely, Dr. Benjamin Laney, 1591-1675, died there in this year. Dr. Thomas Barlow, 1607-91, was Bishop of Lincoln, 1675-91, succeeding Dr. William Fuller, d. 1675.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 265.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 164.]

proceeded to Northampton, where we arrived the next day.

In this journey, went part of the way Mr. James Graham (since Privy Purse to the Duke), a young gentleman exceedingly in love with Mrs. Dorothy Howard, one of the Maids of Honour in our Company.<sup>1</sup> I could not but pity them both, the mother not much favouring it. This lady was not only a great beauty, but a most virtuous and excellent creature, and worthy to have been wife to the best of men. My advice was required, and I spake to the advantage of the young gentleman, more out of pity than that she deserved no better match; for, though he was a gentleman of good family, yet there was great inequality.

*14th July.* I went to see my Lord Sunderland's seat at Althorp,<sup>2</sup> four miles from the ragged town of Northampton (since burnt, and well re-built). It is placed in a pretty open bottom, very finely watered and flanked with stately woods and groves in a park, with a canal, but the water is not running, which is a defect. The house, a kind of modern building, of freestone, within most nobly furnished; the apartments very commodious, a gallery and noble hall; but the kitchen being in the body of the house, and chapel too small, were defects. There is an old yet honourable gate-house standing awry, and out-housing mean, but designed to be taken away. It was moated round, after the old manner, but it is now dry, and turfed with a beautiful carpet. Above all, are admirable and magnificent the several ample gardens furnished with the choicest fruit, and exquisitely kept. Great plenty of oranges and other curiosities. The park full of fowl, especially herts, and from it a prospect to Holmby House,<sup>3</sup> which being demolished in the late civil wars, shows like a Roman ruin, shaded by the trees

about it, a stately, solemn, and pleasing view.

*15th.* Our cause was pleaded in behalf of the mother, Mrs. Howard<sup>1</sup> and her daughters, before Baron Thurland,<sup>2</sup> who had formerly been steward of Courts for me; we carried our cause, as there was reason, for here was an imprudent as well as disobedient son against his mother, by instigation, doubtless, of his wife, one Mrs. Ogle (an ancient maid), whom he had clandestinely married, and who brought him no fortune, he being heir-apparent to the Earl of Berkshire. We lay at Brickhill, in Bedfordshire, and came late the next day to our journey's end.

This was a journey of adventures and knight-errantry. One of the lady's servants being as desperately in love with Mrs. Howard's woman, as Mr. Graham was with her daughter, and she riding on horseback behind his rival, the amorous and jealous youth having a little drink in his pate, had here killed himself had he not been prevented; for, alighting from his horse, and drawing his sword, he endeavoured twice or thrice to fall on it, but was interrupted by our coachman, and a stranger passing by. After this, running to his rival, and snatching his sword from his side (for we had beaten his own out of his hand), and on the sudden pulling down his mistress, would have run both of them through; we parted them, not without some blood. This miserable creature poisoned himself for her not many days after they came to London.

*19th.* The Lord Treasurer's<sup>3</sup> Chaplain preached at Wallingford-house.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Howard was widow of William, fourth son of the first Earl of Berkshire, being the daughter of Lord Dundas, a Scottish peer. They had one son, Craven Howard; and two daughters, Dorothy, who married Colonel James Graham, of Levens, in Westmoreland; and Anne, who married Sir Gabriel Sylvius, Knt. Craven married two wives, the first of whom was Ann Ogle, of the family of the Ogles of Pinchbeck, in the county of Lincoln (Collins's *Peerage*, 1735, ii. pp. 139, 140). She was Maid of Honour to Queen Catherine at the time. These two daughters are the ladies mentioned by Evelyn in the text; but he is not correct in calling Craven heir-apparent of the Earl of Berks, since, besides the uncle then in possession of the title, there was another uncle before him, who in fact inherited it, and did not die till many years after.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 262.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Earl of Danby, late Sir Thomas Osborne (see *ante*, p. 291).]

<sup>1</sup> He afterwards married her (see 15th July, *n.*).

<sup>2</sup> [Althorp (see *post*, under 15th and 18th August, 1688). Althorp Park is the seat of Earl Spencer.]

<sup>3</sup> [Holmby, or Holdenby House, 6½ m. N.W. of Northampton. It was built by Sir Christopher Hatton; became a royal palace under James I.; and, in 1647, was, for a brief period, the prison of Charles I. It was dismantled in 1652. At this date [1675] it belonged to Lord Duras (see *post*, under 24th October, 1675). It was afterwards in the possession of the Marlborough family. The present house belongs to Lord Annaly.]

9th August. Dr. Sprat,<sup>1</sup> prebend of Westminster, and Chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, preached on the 3rd Epistle of Jude, showing what the primitive faith was, how near it and how excellent that of the Church of England, also the danger of departing from it.

27th. I visited the Bishop of Rochester, at Bromley, and dined at Sir Philip Warwick's, at Froggnall.<sup>2</sup>

22d September. I went to see Dulwich College, being the pious foundation of one Alleyn, a famous comedian, in King James's time. The chapel is pretty, the rest of the hospital very ill contrived; it yet maintains divers poor of both sexes. It is in a melancholy part of Camberwell parish. I came back by a certain medicinal Spa waters, at a place called Sydenham Wells,<sup>3</sup> in Lewisham parish, much frequented in summer.

10th. I was casually showed the Duchess of Portsmouth's splendid apartment<sup>4</sup> at Whitehall, luxuriously furnished, and with ten times the richness and glory beyond the Queen's; such massy pieces of plate, whole tables, and stands of incredible value.

29th. I saw the Italian Scaramuccio act before the King at Whitehall, people giving money to come in, which was very scandalous, and never so before at Court-diversions. Having seen him act before in Italy, many years past, I was not averse from seeing the most excellent of that kind of folly.

14th October. Dined at Kensington with my old acquaintance, Mr. Henshaw, newly returned from Denmark, where he had been left resident after the death of the Duke of Richmond,<sup>5</sup> who died there Ambassador.

15th. I got an extreme cold, such as was afterwards so epidemical, as not only to afflict us in this island, but was rife over all Europe, like a plague. It was after an exceeding dry summer and autumn.

I settled affairs, my son<sup>1</sup> being to go into France with my Lord Berkeley,<sup>2</sup> designed Ambassador Extraordinary for France and Plenipotentiary for the general treaty of peace at Nimeguen.

24th. Dined at Lord Chamberlain's with the Holland Ambassador L. Duras,<sup>3</sup> a valiant gentleman whom his Majesty made an English Baron, of a cadet, and gave him his seat of Holmby, in Northamptonshire.

27th. Lord Berkeley coming into Council, fell down in the gallery at Whitehall, in a fit of apoplexy, and being carried into my Lord Chamberlain's lodgings,<sup>4</sup> several famous doctors were employed all that night, and with much ado he was at last recovered to some sense, by applying hot firepans and spirit of amber to his head; but nothing was found so effectual as cupping him on the shoulders. It was almost a miraculous restoration. The next day he was carried to Berkeley House. This stopped his journey for the present, and caused my stay in town. He had put all his affairs and his whole estate in England into my hands during his intended absence, which though I was very unfit to undertake, in regard of many businesses which then took me up, yet, upon the great importunity of my lady and Mr. Godolphin<sup>5</sup> (to whom I could refuse nothing) I did take it on me. It seems when he was Deputy in Ireland, not long before, he had been much wronged by one he left in trust with his affairs, and therefore wished for some unmercenary friend who would take that trouble on him; this was to receive his rents, look after his houses and tenants, solicit supplies from the Lord Treasurer, and correspond weekly with him, more than enough to employ any drudge in England; but what will not friendship and love make one do?

31st. Dined at my Lord Chamberlain's, with my son. There were the learned

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 10th November, 1675, and 13th May, 1676.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 244.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 267.]      <sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 205.]  
<sup>3</sup> [The Sydenham waters (once visited by George III.) would at present be vainly sought for. The spring was on Sydenham Common, now enclosed.]

<sup>4</sup> [It was over the Stone Gallery to the south of the Privy Garden (see *post*, under 10th April, 1691). It is not shown on Fisher's *Plan of Whitehall*, 1680.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 295 n.]

<sup>3</sup> [Louis Duras, or Durfort, 1640-1709, created Baron Duras of Holdenby, 1673; English Ambassador at Nimeguen, 1675, afterwards Earl of Feversham (see *post*, under 8th July, 1685).]

<sup>4</sup> [Lord Arlington's, by the Privy Garden.]

<sup>5</sup> [Godolphin's aunt Penelope was the wife of Lord Berkeley's brother, Sir Charles Berkeley (see Appendix V.).]

Isaac Vossius,<sup>1</sup> and Spanhemius,<sup>2</sup> son of the famous man of Heidelberg; nor was this gentleman less learned, being a general scholar. Amongst other pieces, he was author of an excellent treatise on Medals.

10th November. Being the day appointed for my Lord Ambassador to set out, I met them with my coach at New Cross. There were with him my Lady his wife, and my dear friend, Mrs. Godolphin, who, out of an extraordinary friendship, would needs accompany my lady to Paris, and stay with her some time, which was the chief inducement for permitting my son to travel,<sup>3</sup> but I knew him safe under her inspection, and in regard my Lord himself had promised to take him into his special favour, he having intrusted all he had to my care.

Thus we set out, three coaches (besides mine), three waggons, and about forty horse. It being late, and my Lord as yet but valetudinary, we got but to Dartford the first day, the next to Sittingbourne.

At Rochester, the major [mayor?], Mr. Cony, then an officer of mine for the sick and wounded of that place, gave the ladies a handsome refreshment as we came by his house.

12th. We came to Canterbury: and, next morning, to Dover.

There was in my Lady Ambassador's company my Lady Hamilton, a sprightly young lady, much in the good graces of the family, wife of that valiant and worthy gentleman George Hamilton, not long after slain in the wars. She had been a maid of honour to the Duchess, and now turned Papist.

14th. Being Sunday, my Lord having before delivered to me his letter of attorney, keys, seal, and his Will, we took solemn leave of one another upon the beach, the coaches carrying them into the sea to the boats, which delivered them to Captain Gunman's yacht, the *Mary*. Being under sail, the castle<sup>4</sup> gave them seventeen guns,

which Captain Gunman answered with eleven. Hence, I went to church, to beg a blessing on their voyage.

2nd December. Being returned home, I visited Lady Mordaunt at Parson's Green, my Lord her son being sick. This pious woman delivered to me £100 to bestow as I thought fit for the release of poor prisoners, and other charitable uses.

21st. Visited her Ladyship again, where I found the Bishop of Winchester,<sup>1</sup> whom I had long known in France; he invited me to his house at Chelsea.

23rd. Lady Sunderland gave me ten guineas, to bestow in charities.

1675-6: 20th February. Dr. Gunning, Bishop of Ely,<sup>2</sup> preached before the King from St. John xx. 21, 22, 23, chiefly against an anonymous book, called *Naked Truth*, a famous and popular treatise against the corruption in the Clergy, but not sound as to its quotations, supposed to have been the Bishop of Hereford's,<sup>3</sup> and was answered by Dr. Turner, it endeavouring to prove an equality of order of Bishop and Presbyter.

27th. Dr. Pritchard, Bishop of Gloucester,<sup>4</sup> preached at Whitehall, on Isaiah v. 5, very allegorically, according to his manner, yet very gravely and wittily.

29th. I dined with Mr. Povey,<sup>5</sup> one of the Masters of Requests, a nice contriver of all elegancies, and exceedingly formal. Supped with Sir J. Williamson, where were of our Society Mr. Robert Boyle, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir William Petty, Dr. Holden,<sup>6</sup> sub-dean of his Majesty's Chapel, Sir James Shaen, Dr. Whistler,<sup>7</sup> and our Secretary, Mr. Oldenburg.

4th March. Sir Thomas Lynch<sup>8</sup> was returned from his government of Jamaica.

16th. The Countess of Sunderland and I went by water to Parson's Green, to visit

<sup>1</sup> [Bishop Morley (see *ante*, p. 152).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 195.]

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Herbert Croft, 1603-91; Bishop of Hereford, 1661-91.

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. John Pritchard or Pritchett, Bishop of Gloucester, 1672-81.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 220.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 289.]

<sup>7</sup> Dr. Daniel Whistler, 1619-84, President of the College of Physicians. He accompanied Balustrade Whitelock in his embassy to Sweden. Pepys says, 4th February, 1661, that he found him "good company and a very ingenious man."

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 276.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 290.]

<sup>2</sup> Ezekiel Spanheim, 1629-1710. The Elector Palatine, Charles Louis, to whose son he had been tutor, sent him, after the peace of Ryswyk, ambassador to France, and thence to England.

<sup>3</sup> [Young John Evelyn, now twenty, in a letter to his father, calls Mrs. Godolphin his "Pretty, Pious, Pearly Governess."]

<sup>4</sup> [Dover Castle.]

my Lady Mordaunt, and to consult with her about my Lord's monument.<sup>1</sup> We returned by coach.

19th March. Dr. Lloyd, late Curate of Deptford, but now Bishop of Llandaff,<sup>2</sup> preached before the King, on 1 Cor. xv. 57, that though sin subjects us to death, yet through Christ we become his conquerors.

23rd. To Twickenham Park, Lord Berkeley's country-seat,<sup>3</sup> to examine how the bailiffs and servants ordered matters.

24th. Dr. Brideoake,<sup>4</sup> Bishop of Chichester, preached a mean discourse for a Bishop. I also heard Dr. Fleetwood, Bishop of Worcester, on Matt. xxvi. 38, of the sorrows of Christ, a deadly sorrow caused by our sins; he was no great preacher.

30th. Dining with my Lady Sunderland, I saw a fellow swallow a knife, and divers great pebble stones, which would make a plain rattling one against another. The knife was in a sheath of horn.

Dr. North, son of my Lord North, preached before the King, on Isaiah liii. 57, a very young but learned and excellent person. Note. This was the first time the Duke appeared no more in chapel, to the infinite grief and threatened ruin of this poor nation.<sup>5</sup>

2nd April. I had now notice that my dear friend, Mrs. Godolphin, was returning from Paris. On the 6th, she arrived to my great joy, whom I most heartily welcomed.

28th. My wife entertained her Majesty at Deptford, for which the Queen gave me thanks in the withdrawing-room at Whitehall.

The University of Oxford presented me with the *Marmora Oxoniensia Arundeliana*; <sup>6</sup> the Bishop of Oxford<sup>7</sup> writing to desire that I would introduce Mr. Prideaux,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [John Mordaunt, first Baron Mordaunt of Reigate in Surrey, and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon in Somerset, d. 1675.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. William Lloyd, 1637-1710; Bishop of Llandaff, 1675-79.]

<sup>3</sup> [An old house once inhabited by Bacon, who here gardened and planned the *Novum Organum*. It was transferred in 1668 to Lord Berkeley from Henry Murray. The Berkeley family occupied it until 1685. The site is now "a village of villas and genteel residences!"]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 299.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 295.]

<sup>6</sup> See *ante*, p. 290.

<sup>7</sup> [Bishop John Fell. He was the friend of Prideaux.]

<sup>8</sup> The copy of Prideaux's book thus presented to

the editor (a young man most learned in antiquities), to the Duke of Norfolk, to present another dedicated to his Grace, which I did, and we dined with the Duke at Arundel House, and supped at the Bishop of Rochester's with Isaac Vossius.

7th May. I spoke to the Duke of York about my Lord Berkeley's going to Nimeguen. Thence, to the Queen's Council at Somerset House, about Mrs. Godolphin's lease of Spalding, in Lincolnshire.

11th. I dined with Mr. Charleton, and went to see Mr. Montagu's<sup>1</sup> new palace near Bloomsbury, built by Mr. Hooke, of our Society, after the French manner.<sup>2</sup>

13th. Returned home, and found my son returned from France; praised be God!

22nd. Trinity Monday. A chaplain of my Lord Ossory's preached, after which we took barge to Trinity House in London. Mr. Pepys (Secretary of the Admiralty) succeeded my Lord as Master.<sup>3</sup>

2nd June. I went with my Lord Chamberlain to see a garden,<sup>4</sup> at Enfield town; thence, to Mr. Secretary Coventry's<sup>5</sup> lodge in the Chase.<sup>6</sup> It is a very pretty place, the house commodious, the gardens handsome, and our entertainment very free, there being none but my Lord and myself. That which I most wondered at was, that, in the compass of twenty-five miles, yet within fourteen of London, there is not a house, barn, church, or building, besides three lodges.<sup>7</sup> To this Lodge are three great ponds, and some few inclosures, the rest a solitary desert, yet stored with not

Evelyn is still in the library at Wotton. Humphrey Prideaux, 1648-1724, became Dean of Norwich. He was the author of *The Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament*, 1716-18, *The Life of Mahomet*, 1697, and other works.

<sup>1</sup> [Ralph Montagu, 1638-1709, made Earl of Montagu by King William, and Duke by Anne.]

<sup>2</sup> [Robert Hooke, 1635-1703, Curator of the Royal Society, and Surveyor of London. This house was subsequently burned down in 1686 (see *post*, under 19th January, 1686). In the building erected on its site the British Museum was afterwards established.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 299.]

<sup>4</sup> Probably that of Dr. Robert Uvedale, Master of the Grammar School at Enfield in 1664. See an account of it in *Archæologia*, vol. xii. p. 188, and Robinson's *History of Enfield*, vol. i. p. 116.

<sup>5</sup> [Sir William Coventry (see *ante*, p. 151).]

<sup>6</sup> [West Lodge. A new house has replaced the old.]

<sup>7</sup> Enfield Chase was divided in 1777.

less than 3000 deer. These are pretty retreats for gentlemen, especially for those who are studious and lovers of privacy.<sup>1</sup>

We returned in the evening by Hampstead, to see Lord Wotton's house and garden (Belsize House),<sup>2</sup> built with vast expense by Mr. O'Neale, an Irish gentleman who married Lord Wotton's mother, Lady Stanhope. The furniture is very particular for Indian cabinets, porcelain, and other solid and noble movables. The gallery very fine, the gardens very large, but ill-kept, yet woody and chargeable. The soil a cold weeping clay, not answering the expense.

12th June. I went to Sir Thomas Bond's new and fine house by Peckham;<sup>3</sup> it is on a flat, but has a fine garden and prospect through the meadows to London.

2nd July. Dr. Castilion,<sup>4</sup> Prebend of Canterbury, preached before the King, on John xv. 22, at Whitehall.

19th. Went to the funeral of Sir William Sanderson,<sup>5</sup> husband to the Mother of the Maids, and author of two large but mean histories of King James and King Charles the First. He was buried at Westminster.

1st August. In the afternoon, after prayers at St. James's Chapel, was christened a daughter of Dr. Leake's, the Duke's Chaplain: godmothers were Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of York, and the Duchess of Monmouth: godfather, the Earl of Bath.

15th. Came to dine with me my Lord Halifax,<sup>6</sup> Sir Thomas Meeres, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, Sir John Clayton, Mr. Slingsby, Mr. Henshaw, and Mr. Bridgeman.

<sup>1</sup> [Macaulay, *History*, chap. iii., and Scott, *Fortunes of Nigel*, chap. xxxvi., had both apparently read this account of Enfield Chase.]

<sup>2</sup> In Park's *History of Hampstead* will be found notices of this house. [It was pulled down in 1831. Belsize Park now occupies the site.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, under 23rd September, 1681. He had been Comptroller of the Household to Queen Henrietta Maria.]

<sup>4</sup> [John Castilion, *d.* 1688, being then Dean of Rochester.]

<sup>5</sup> Sir William Sanderson, 1586-1676. He was the author of a *History of Mary, Queen of Scots*, and of *Histories of James and Charles I.* He held the post of gentleman of the privy chamber, and his wife that of "mother of the maids" (see *ante*, p. 220).

<sup>6</sup> [Sir George Savile, afterwards Marquess of Halifax, 1637-1695, at this date Baron Savile of Eland and Viscount Halifax (see *ante*, p. 224).]

25th. Dined with Sir John Banks at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on recommending Mr. Upman to be tutor to his son going into France. This Sir John Banks was a merchant of small beginning, but had amassed £100,000.

26th. I dined at the Admiralty with Secretary Pepys, and supped at the Lord Chamberlain's. Here was Captain Baker, who had been lately on the attempt of the North-West Passage. He reported prodigious depth of ice, blue as a sapphire and as transparent. The thick mists were their chief impediment, and cause of their return.

2nd September. I paid £1700 to the Marquis de Sissac, which he had lent to my Lord Berkeley, and which I heard the Marquis lost at play in a night or two.

The Dean of Chichester<sup>1</sup> preached before the King, on Acts xxiv. 16; and Dr. Creighton<sup>2</sup> preached the second sermon before him on Psalm xc. 12, of wisely numbering our days, and well employing our time.

3rd. Dined at Captain Graham's,<sup>3</sup> where I became acquainted with Dr. Compton<sup>4</sup> (brother to the Earl of Northampton), now Bishop of London, and Mr. North,<sup>5</sup> son to the Lord North, brother to the Lord Chief Justice and Clerk of the Closet, a most hopeful young man. The Bishop had once been a soldier,<sup>6</sup> had also travelled Italy, and became a most sober, grave, and excellent prelate.

6th. Supped at the Lord Chamberlain's, where also supped the famous beauty and errant lady, the Duchess Mazarin (all the world knows her story),<sup>7</sup> the Duke of

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. George Stradling, 1621-88; Dean of Chichester, 1672-88.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 301.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 267.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 304.]

<sup>6</sup> [A cornet of horse.]

<sup>7</sup> [Hortense Mancini, Duchesse Mazarin, the most beautiful of Cardinal Mazarin's nieces, 1646-99. Before the Restoration Charles II. had been anxious to marry her. In March, 1660, she had become the wife of the Marquis Armand de la Meilleraye (son of the marshal of that name), a man of moderate nobility, but extremely rich. Mazarin gave her the greater part of his fortune, and made the pair Duke and Duchess Mazarin. Her husband proved a jealous and eccentric bigot, from whom she was eventually separated, leading a wandering and irregular life in Italy and elsewhere, which brought her in 1675 to London, where her former royal admirer gave her a pension of £4000 (see *post*, under 4th February, 1685, and

Monmouth, Countess of Sussex (both natural children of the King by the Duchess of Cleveland),<sup>1</sup> and the Countess of Derby, a virtuous lady, daughter to my best friend, the Earl of Ossory.

10th September. Dined with me Mr. Flamsteed, the learned astrologer and mathematician,<sup>2</sup> whom his Majesty had established in the new Observatory in Greenwich Park, furnished with the choicest instruments. An honest, sincere man.

12th. To London, to take order about the building of a house, or rather an apartment, which had all the conveniences of a house, for my dear friend, Mr. Godolphin and lady, which I undertook to contrive and survey, and employ workmen until it should be quite finished; it being just over-against his Majesty's wood-yard by the Thames side, leading to Scotland-yard.

19th. To Lambeth, to that rare magazine of marble, to take order for chimneypieces, etc., for Mr. Godolphin's house. The owner of the works had built for himself a pretty dwelling-house; this Dutchman had contracted with the Genoese for all their marble. We also saw the Duke of Buckingham's glass-work, where they made huge vases of metal as clear, ponderous, and thick as crystal; also looking-glasses far larger and better than any that come from Venice.<sup>3</sup>

9th October. I went with Mrs. Godolphin and my wife to Blackwall, to see

11th June, 1699). Lord Sandwich has a beautiful painting of her by Mignard at Hinchbrook; and Fielding says that Sophy Western resembled her (*Tom Jones*, bk. iv. ch. ii.).]

<sup>1</sup> Evelyn slips here. The Duke of Monmouth's mother, it is well known, was Lucy Walter of Haverfordwest, sometimes called Mrs. Barlow (see *ante*, p. 151). Lady Ann Palmer (*b.* 1661), on the other hand (if she be intended), who married Thomas, fifteenth Lord Dacre, subsequently Earl of Sussex, was a daughter of the Duchess of Cleveland by Charles II.

<sup>2</sup> John Flamsteed, 1646-1719, author of *Historia Cælestis Britannica*, and other works. A distinguished astronomer; and in the comprehensiveness of his scientific knowledge, second only to Sir Isaac Newton.

<sup>3</sup> [The workmen, the principal of whom was one Rosetti, were Venetians, acting under the patronage of the Duke. They had come to England *circa* 1670, and established themselves at Vauxhall, where there is still a Glasshouse Street. Buckingham—says Lady Burghclere—"took out a patent for extracting glass and crystals from flint" as early as 1663 (*George Villiers*, 1903, p. 147).]

some Indian curiosities; the streets being slippery, I fell against a piece of timber with such violence that I could not speak nor fetch my breath for some space: being carried into a house and let blood, I was removed to the water-side and so home, where, after a day's rest, I recovered. This being one of my greatest deliverances, the Lord Jesus make me ever mindful and thankful!

31st. Being my birthday, and fifty-six years old, I spent the morning in devotion and imploring God's protection, with solemn thanksgiving for all His signal mercies to me, especially for that escape which concerned me this month at Blackwall. Dined with Mrs. Godolphin, and returned home through a prodigious and dangerous mist.

9th November. Finished the lease of Spalding, for Mr. Godolphin.

16th. My son and I dining at my Lord Chamberlain's, he showed us amongst others that incomparable piece of Raphael's, being a Minister of State dictating to Guicciardini, the earnestness of whose face looking up in expectation of what he was next to write, is so to the life, and so natural, as I esteem it one of the choicest pieces of that admirable artist. There was a Woman's head of Leonardo da Vinci; a Madonna of old Palma, and two of Vandyck's, of which one was his own picture at length, when young, in a leaning posture; the other, an eunuch, singing. Rare pieces indeed!<sup>1</sup>

4th December. I saw the great ball danced by all the gallants and ladies at the Duchess of York's.

10th. There fell so deep a snow as hindered us from church.

12th. To London, in so great a snow, as I remember not to have seen the like.

<sup>1</sup> [Lord Arlington's picture, of which Evelyn here makes mention, is not by Raphael, though long attributed to him, and even engraved as his. It is now given to Sebastian del Piombo; and the persons shown are held to be Ferry Carondelet, Archdeacon of Bitonto, with his secretary. It is at present in the Duke of Grafton's collection. Vandyck's "eunuch, singing," is the portrait of the organist, Hendrik Liberti. These particulars have been kindly supplied by Mr. Laurence Binyon of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum. Passavant, it may be added, says that the portrait of the Archdeacon was presented to Lord Arlington by the Dutch Government.]



17th December. More snow falling, I was not able to get to church.

1676-7: 8th February. I went to Roehampton, with my lady Duchess of Ormonde. The garden and perspective is pretty, the prospect most agreeable.

15th May. Came the Earl of Peterborough,<sup>1</sup> to desire me to be a trustee for Lord Viscount Mordaunt and the Countess, for the sale of certain lands set out by Act of Parliament, to pay debts.

12th June. I went to London, to give the Lord Ambassador Berkeley (now returned from the treaty at Nimueguen) an account of the great trust reposed in me during his absence, I having received and remitted to him no less than £20,000 to my no small trouble and loss of time, that during his absence, and when the Lord Treasurer was no great friend [of his] I yet procured him great sums, very often soliciting his Majesty in his behalf; looking after the rest of his estates and concerns entirely, without once accepting any kind of acknowledgment, purely upon the request of my dear friend, Mr. Godolphin. I returned with abundance of thanks and professions from my Lord Berkeley and my lady.

29th. This business being now at an end, and myself delivered from that intolerable servitude and correspondence, I had leisure to be somewhat more at home and to myself.

3rd July. I sealed the deeds of sale of the manor of Bletchingley to Sir Robert Clayton,<sup>2</sup> for payment of Lord Peterborough's debts, according to the trust of the Act of Parliament.

16th. I went to Wotton.—22nd. Mr. Evans, curate of Abinger, preached an excellent sermon on Matt. v. 12. In the afternoon, Mr. Higham<sup>3</sup> at Wotton catechised.

26th. I dined at Mr. Duncomb's, at Sheere,<sup>4</sup> whose house stands enviroined with very sweet and quick streams.

29th. Mr. Bohun, my son's late tutor, preached at Abinger, on Phil. iv. 8, very elegantly and practically.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 193.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 492. There is a florid monument to Sir Robert Clayton (Dryden's *Ishban*) in Bletchingley Church (St. Mary's). It was erected during his lifetime.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 172.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 1st July, 1694.]

5th August. I went to visit my Lord Brouncker, now taking the waters at Dulwich.

9th. Dined at the Earl of Peterborough's the day after the marriage of my Lord of Arundel to Lady Mary Mordaunt, daughter to the Earl of Peterborough.<sup>1</sup>

28th. To visit my Lord Chamberlain,<sup>2</sup> in Suffolk; he sent his coach and six to meet and bring me from St. Edmund's Bury to Euston.<sup>3</sup>

29th. We hunted in the Park and killed a very fat buck.—31st. I went a-hawking.

4th September. I went to visit my Lord Crofts,<sup>4</sup> now dying at St. Edmund's Bury, and took the opportunity to see this ancient town, and the remains of that famous monastery and abbey. There is little standing entire, save the gatehouse; it has been a vast and magnificent Gothic structure, and of great extent. The gates are wood, but quite plated over with iron. There are also two stately churches, one especially.

5th. I went to Thetford, to the borough-town, where stand the ruins of a religious house: there is a round mountain<sup>5</sup> artificially raised, either for some castle, or monument, which makes a pretty landscape. As we went and returned, a tumbler showed his extraordinary address in the Warren. I also saw the Decoy; much pleased with the stratagem.

7th. There dined this day at my Lord's one Sir John Gawdie,<sup>6</sup> a very handsome person, but quite dumb, yet very intelligent by signs, and a very fine painter; he was so civil and well bred, as it was not possible to discern any imperfection by him. His lady and children were also there, and he was at church in the morning with us.

9th. A stranger preached at Euston Church, and fell into a handsome panegyric on my Lord's new building the church, which indeed for its elegance and cheerfulness, is one of the prettiest country churches

<sup>1</sup> [She was afterwards divorced by her husband, being then Duchess of Norfolk (see *post*, under April, 1700).]

<sup>2</sup> [Lord Arlington.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 280.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>5</sup> ["There is a very high hill quite round stands up on one side of it and Can scarcely be ascended so steep" (Celia Fiennes, *Diary* (1689-94), 1888, 122).]

<sup>6</sup> [Sir John Gawdie, 1639-1708. He was a pupil of Lely, and deaf as well as dumb.]

in England. My Lord told me his heart smote him that, after he had bestowed so much on his magnificent palace there, he should see God's house in the ruin it lay in. He has also re-built the parsonage-house, all of stone, very neat and ample.

*10th September.* To divert me, my Lord would needs carry me to see Ipswich, when wedined with one Mr. Mann by the way, who was Recorder of the town. There were in our company my Lord Huntingtower, son to the Duchess of Lauderdale, Sir Edward Bacon, a learned gentleman of the family of the great Chancellor Verulam, and Sir John Felton, with some other Knights and Gentlemen. After dinner, came the Bailiff and Magistrates in their formalities with their maces to compliment my Lord, and invite him to the town-house, where they presented us a collation of dried sweet-meats and wine, the bells ringing, etc. Then, we went to see the town, and first, the Lord Viscount Hereford's house,<sup>1</sup> which stands in a park near the town, like that at Brussels, in Flanders; the house not great, yet pretty, especially the hall. The stews for fish succeed one another, and feed one the other, all paved at bottom. There is a good picture of the Blessed Virgin in one of the parlours, seeming to be of Holbein or some good master. Then we saw the Haven, seven miles from Harwich. The tide runs out every day, but the bedding being soft mud, it is safe for shipping and a station. The trade of Ipswich is for the most part Newcastle coals, with which they supply London; but it was formerly a clothing town. There is not any beggar asks alms in the whole place, a thing very extraordinary, so ordered by the prudence of the Magistrates. It has in it fourteen or fifteen beautiful churches; in a word, it is for building, cleanness, and good order, one of the best towns in England. Cardinal Wolsey was a butcher's son of Ipswich, but there is little of that magnificent Prelate's foundation here, besides a school and I think a library, which I did not see. His intentions were to build some great thing. We returned late to Euston, having travelled about fifty miles this day.

<sup>1</sup> ["There is one pretty good house of y<sup>e</sup> Earle of Hereffords that marry'd one of Mr. Norborns Daughters, that was Killed by Sr Tho: Montgomery" (*Diary of Celia Fiennes* (1689-94), 1888, 117).]

Since first I was at this place,<sup>1</sup> I found things exceedingly improved. It is seated in a bottom between two graceful swellings, the main building being now in the figure of a Greek II with four pavilions, two at each corner, and a break in the front, railed and balustered at the top, where I caused huge jars to be placed full of earth to keep them steady upon their pedestals between the statues, which make as good a show as if they were of stone, and, though the building be of brick, and but two stories besides cellars, and garrets covered with blue slate, yet there is room enough for a full court, the offices and outhouses being so ample and well disposed. The King's apartment is painted a *fresco* and magnificently furnished. There are many excellent pictures of the great masters. The gallery is a pleasant, noble room: in the break, or middle, is a billiard-table, but the wainscot, being of fir, and painted, does not please me so well as Spanish oak without paint. The chapel is pretty, the porch descending to the gardens. The orange-garden is very fine, and leads into the green-house, at the end of which is a hall to eat in, and the conservatory some hundred feet long, adorned with maps, as the other side is with the heads of the Cæsars, ill cut in alabaster; above, are several apartments for my Lord, Lady, and Duchess,<sup>2</sup> with kitchens and other offices below, in a lesser form; lodgings for servants, all distinct, for them to retire to when they please, and would be in private, and have no communication with the palace, which he tells me he will wholly resign to his son-in-law and daughter, that charming young creature.

The canal running under my lady's dressing-room chamber window, is full of carps and fowl, which come and are fed there. The cascade at the end of the canal turns a corn-mill, that provides the family, and raises water for the fountains and offices. To pass this canal into the opposite meadows, Sir Samuel Morland<sup>3</sup> has invented a screw-bridge, which, being turned with a key, lands you fifty feet distant at the entrance of an ascending walk of trees, a mile in length, as it is also

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 307.]

<sup>2</sup> His daughter, the Duchess of Grafton (see *ante*, p. 287.)

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 257.]

on the front into the park, of four rows of ash trees, and reaches to the park-pale, which is nine miles in compass, and the best for riding and meeting the game that I ever saw. There were now of red and fallow deer almost a thousand, with good covert, but the soil barren and flying sand, in which nothing will grow kindly. The tufts of fir, and much of the other wood, were planted by my direction, some years before. This seat is admirably placed for field-sports, hawking, hunting or racing. The mutton is small, but sweet. The stables hold thirty horses and four coaches. The out-offices make two large quadrangles, so as servants never lived with more ease and convenience; never master more civil. Strangers are attended and accommodated as at their home, in pretty apartments furnished with all manner of conveniences and privacy.

There is a library full of excellent books; bathing-rooms, elaboratory, dispensary, a decoy, and places to keep and fat fowl in. He had now in his new church (near the garden) built a dormitory, or vault, with several repositories, in which to bury his family.

In the expense of this pious structure, the church is most laudable, most of the Houses of God in this country resembling rather stables and thatched cottages than temples in which to serve the Most High. He has built a lodge in the park for the keeper, which is a neat dwelling, and might become any gentleman. The same has he done for the parson, little deserving it for murmuring that my Lord put him some time out of his wretched hovel, whilst it was building. He has also erected a fair inn at some distance from his palace, with a bridge of stone over a river near it, and repaired all the tenants' houses, so as there is nothing but neatness and accommodations about his estate, which I yet think is not above £1500 a year. I believe he had now in his family one hundred domestic servants.

His lady (being one of the Brederode's daughters, grandchild to a natural son of Henry Frederick, Prince of Orange) is a good-natured and obliging woman.<sup>1</sup> They love fine things, and to live easily, pompously.

<sup>1</sup> [Isabella von Beverweert. She was a sister of Lady Ossory, and daughter of Henry de Nassau.]

and hospitably; but, with so vast expense, as plunges my Lord into debts exceedingly. My Lord himself is given into no expensive vice but building, and to have all things rich, polite, and princely. He never plays, but reads much, having the Latin, French, and Spanish tongues in perfection. He has travelled much, and is the best-bred and courtly person his Majesty has about him, so as the public Ministers more frequent him than any of the rest of the Nobility. Whilst he was Secretary of State and Prime Minister, he had gotten vastly, but spent it as hastily, even before he had established a fund to maintain his greatness; and now beginning to decline in favour (the Duke being no great friend of his), he knows not how to retrench. He was son of a Doctor of Laws,<sup>1</sup> whom I have seen, and, being sent from Westminster School to Oxford, with intention to be a divine, and parson of Arlington,<sup>2</sup> a village near Brentford, when Master of Arts, the Rebellion falling out, he followed the King's Army, and receiving an *honourable wound in the face*,<sup>3</sup> grew into favour, and was advanced from a mean fortune, at his Majesty's restoration, to be an Earl and Knight of the Garter, Lord Chamberlain of the Household, and first favourite for a long time, during which the King married his natural son, the Duke of Grafton, to his only daughter and heiress, as before mentioned,<sup>4</sup> worthy for her beauty and virtue of the greatest Prince in Christendom. My Lord is, besides this, a prudent and understanding person in business, and speaks well; unfortunate yet in those he has advanced, most of them proving ungrateful. The many obligations and civilities I have received from

<sup>1</sup> [Sir John Bennet. Another Sir John Bennet, *d.* 1627, was his grandfather.]

<sup>2</sup> Harlington. He wished to be called Lord Cheney, and for some days was so called. But a Buckinghamshire gentleman of that name objecting, he took the title of a little farm that had belonged to his father,—“the proper and true name of the place being Harlington, a little village between London and Uxbridge” (*Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon*, 1827, ii. 359).

<sup>3</sup> A deep cut across his nose. He was obliged always to wear a black lozenge-shaped patch upon it, and so is represented in his portraits (e.g. that by Lely, in the possession of the Earl of Tankerville. According to Anthony Hamilton “this remarkable plaster so well suited his mysterious looks, that it seemed an addition to his gravity and self-sufficiency” (*Memoirs of Grammont*, chap. vii.).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 257.]

this noble gentleman, extracts from me this character, and I am sorry he is in no better circumstances.

Having now passed near three weeks at Euston, to my great satisfaction, with much difficulty he suffered me to look homeward, being very earnest with me to stay longer; and, to engage me, would himself have carried me to Lynn Regis, a town of important traffic, about twenty miles beyond, which I had never seen; as also the Travelling Sands, about ten miles wide of Euston, that have so damaged the country, rolling from place to place, and, like the Sands in the Deserts of Lybia, quite overwhelmed some gentlemen's whole estates, as the relation extant in print, and brought to our Society, describes at large.

13<sup>th</sup> September. My Lord's coach conveyed me to Bury, and thence baiting at Newmarket, stepping in at Audley End<sup>1</sup> to see that house again, I slept at Bishop Stortford; and, the next day, home. I was accompanied in my journey by Major Fairfax, of a younger house of the Lord Fairfax,<sup>2</sup> a soldier, a traveller, an excellent musician, a good-natured, well-bred gentleman.

18<sup>th</sup>. I preferred Mr. Phillips<sup>3</sup> (nephew of Milton) to the service of my Lord Chamberlain, who wanted a scholar to read to and entertain him sometimes.

12<sup>th</sup> October. With Sir Robert Clayton to Marden, an estate he had bought lately of my kinsman, Sir John Evelyn, of Godstone in Surrey, which from a despicable farm-house Sir Robert had erected into a seat with extraordinary expense.<sup>4</sup> It is in such a solitude among hills, as, being not above sixteen miles from London, seems almost incredible, the ways up to it are so winding and intricate. The gardens are large, and well walled, and the husbandry part made very convenient and perfectly understood. The barns, the stacks of corn, the stalls for cattle, pigeon-house, etc., of most laudable example. Innumerable are the plantations of trees, especially walnuts. The orangery and gardens are very curious. In the house are large and noble rooms.

He and his lady (who is very curious in distillery) entertained me three or four days very freely. I earnestly suggested to him the repairing of an old desolate dilapidated church, standing on the hill above the house,<sup>1</sup> which I left him in good disposition to do, and endow it better; there not being above four or five houses in the parish, besides that of this prodigious rich scrivener.<sup>2</sup> This place is exceeding sharp in the winter, by reason of the serpentine of the hills; and it wants running water; but the solitude much pleased me. All the ground is so full of wild thyme, marjoram, and other sweet plants, that it cannot be overstocked with bees; I think he had near forty hives of that industrious insect.

14<sup>th</sup>. I went to church at Godstone, and to see old Sir John Evelyn's<sup>3</sup> dormitory, joining to the church, paved with marble, where he and his lady lie on a very stately monument at length; he in armour of white marble. The inscription is only an account of his particular branch of the family, on black marble.

15<sup>th</sup>. Returned to London; in the evening, I saw the Prince of Orange, and supped with Lord Ossory.

23<sup>rd</sup>. Saw again the Prince of Orange; his marriage with the Lady Mary, eldest daughter to the Duke of York, by Mrs. Hyde, the late Duchess, was now declared.<sup>4</sup>

11<sup>th</sup> November. I was all this week composing matters between old Mrs. Howard and Sir Gabriel Sylvius, upon his long and earnest addresses to Mrs. Anne, her second daughter,<sup>5</sup> Maid of Honour to the Queen.

<sup>1</sup> Woldingham. The Church—according to Bray—consisted of one room about thirty feet long and twenty-one wide, without any tower, spire, or bell. It was considered as a Donative, not subject to the Bishop; and service was performed therein once a month. No churchwarden; two farm-houses, four cottages; and by the Population Return, even as late as 1811, the number of inhabitants was only fifty-eight [which in 1904 had increased to two hundred and twenty]. That disposition in Sir Robert Clayton which Evelyn fancied he saw, appears to have subsided, for the church remained for a long time as it was in the Diarist's day. [In 1890 it was restored by the present owner of Marden Park.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 192; and *post*, under 18<sup>th</sup> November, 1679.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir John Evelyn of Leigh Place, d. 1643. His "lady" was Thomasine Heynes of Chessington.]

<sup>4</sup> [It took place 4<sup>th</sup> November, 1677.]

<sup>5</sup> See *ante*, p. 301. Evelyn dedicated his Life of Mrs. Godolphin to Lady Sylvius.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 184.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 181.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 229.]

<sup>4</sup> [Marden Park, Surrey, six miles south of Croydon, now the residence of Walpole Greenwell, Esq. Wilberforce lived here for a time.]

My friend, Mrs. Godolphin (who exceedingly loved the young lady), was most industrious in it, out of pity to the languishing knight; so as though there were great differences in their years, it was at last effected, and they were married the 13th, in Henry VII.'s Chapel, by the Bishop of Rochester,<sup>1</sup> there being besides my wife and Mrs. Graham, her sister,<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Godolphin, and very few more. We dined at the old lady's, and supped at Mr. Graham's at St. James's.

15th November. The Queen's birthday, a great Ball at Court, where the Prince of Orange and his new Princess danced.

19th. They went away, and I saw embarked my Lady Sylvius, who went into Holland with her husband, made Hoffmaester to the Prince, a considerable employment. We parted with great sorrow, for the great respect and honour I bore her, a most pious and virtuous lady.

27th. Dined at the Lord Treasurer's with Prince Rupert, Viscount Fauconberg,<sup>3</sup> Earl of Bath, Lord O'Brien, Sir John Lowther,<sup>4</sup> Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Grew,<sup>5</sup> and other learned men.

30th. Sir Joseph Williamson, Principal Secretary of State, was chosen President of the Royal Society, after my Lord Viscount Brouncker had possessed the chair now sixteen years successively, and therefore now thought fit to *change*, that prescription might not prejudice.

4th December. Being the first day of his taking the chair, he gave us a magnificent supper.

20th. Carried to my Lord Treasurer an account of the Earl of Bristol's Library, at Wimbledon, which my Lord thought of purchasing, till I acquainted him that it was a very broken collection, consisting much in books of judicial astrology, romances, and trifles.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John Dolben, 1625-86, also Dean of Westminster, translated afterwards to York.

<sup>2</sup> [Dorothy Howard (see *ante*, p. 301).]

<sup>3</sup> [Thomas Belasyse, 1627-1700, Viscount Fauconberg. He married Mary, Cromwell's daughter.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir John Lowther, 1655-1700, afterwards first Viscount Lonsdale.]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Nehemiah Grew, 1641-1712, author of the *Anatomy of Plants*, 1682, and one of the first who advocated the theory of different sexes in botany. He was Secretary to the Royal Society, 1677-79, and made a catalogue of the rarities belonging to them.]

25th. I gave my son an Office,<sup>1</sup> with instructions how to govern his youth; I pray God give him the grace to make a right use of it!

1677-8: 23rd January. Dined with the Duke of Norfolk, being the first time I had seen him since the death of his elder brother, who died at Padua in Italy,<sup>2</sup> where he had resided above thirty years. The Duke had now newly declared his marriage to his concubine, whom he promised me he never would marry.<sup>3</sup> I went with him to see the Duke of Buckingham, thence to my Lord Sunderland, now Secretary of State, to show him that rare piece of Vorstermans'<sup>4</sup> (son of old Vorsterman), which was a view, or landscape of my Lord's palace, etc., at Althorp, in Northamptonshire.

8th February. Supping at my Lord Chamberlain's I had a long discourse with the Count de Castel Mellor, lately Prime Minister in Portugal, who, taking part with his master, King Alphonso, was banished by his brother, Don Pedro, now Regent; but had behaved himself so uncorruptly in all his ministry that, though he was acquitted, and his estate restored, yet would they not suffer him to return. He is a very intelligent and worthy gentleman.<sup>5</sup>

18th. My Lord Treasurer sent for me to accompany him to Wimbledon, which he had lately purchased of the Earl of Bristol;<sup>6</sup> so breaking fast with him privately in his chamber, I accompanied him with two of his daughters, my Lord Conway, and Sir Bernard Gascoyne;<sup>7</sup> and, having surveyed his gardens and alterations, returned late at night.

22nd. Dr. Pierce<sup>8</sup> preached at Whitehall, on 2 Thessalonians iii. 6, against our late schismatics, in a rational discourse, but a little over-sharp, and not at all proper for the auditory there.

<sup>1</sup> [A service-book or book of prayers.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 127.]

<sup>3</sup> [Lord Henry Howard, now Duke of Norfolk, had married his second wife, Mrs. Jane Bickerton, daughter of Robert Bickerton, a Scotchman, who was Gentleman of the Wine-Cellar to King Charles II. (see *ante*, p. 281; and *post*, under 23rd August, 1678).]

<sup>4</sup> [Johannes Vorstermans, 1643-99.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *post*, under 10th July, 1685.]

<sup>6</sup> Lord Treasurer Danby had purchased Wimbledon House from the widow of Lord Bristol, who died in 1676 (see *ante*, p. 219).]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 271.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 192.]

22nd March. Dr. South<sup>1</sup> preached *coram Rege*, an incomparable discourse on this text, "A wounded spirit who can bear!" Note: Now was our Communion-table placed altarwise; the church steeple, clock, and other reparations finished.

16th April. I showed Don Emmanuel de Lyra (Portugal Ambassador) and the Count de Castel Mellor,<sup>2</sup> the Repository of the Royal Society, and the College of Physicians.

18th. I went to see new Bedlam Hospital, magnificently built,<sup>3</sup> and most sweetly placed in Moorfields, since the dreadful fire in London.

28th June. I went to Windsor with my Lord Chamberlain (the castle now repairing with exceeding cost) to see the rare work of Verrio, and incomparable carving of Gibbons.

29th. Returned with my Lord by Hounslow Heath, where we saw the new-raised army encamped, designed against France, in pretence, at least; but which gave umbrage to the Parliament. His Majesty and a world of company were in the field, and the whole army in battalia; a very glorious sight. Now were brought into service a new sort of soldiers, called Grenadiers, who were dexterous in flinging hand grenades, every one having a pouch full; they had furred caps with coped crowns like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce, and some had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools. Their clothing being likewise piebald, yellow and red.

8th July. Came to dine with me my Lord Longford,\* Treasurer of Ireland, nephew to that learned gentleman, my Lord Aungier,<sup>4</sup> with whom I was long since acquainted: also the Lady Stidolph, and other company.

19th. The Earl of Ossory came to take

his leave of me, going into Holland to command the English forces.

20th. I went to the Tower to try a metal at the Assay-master's, which only proved sulphur; then saw Monsieur Rotier, that excellent graver belonging to the Mint, who emulates even the ancients, in both metal and stone;<sup>1</sup> he was now moulding a horse for the King's statue, to be cast in silver, of a yard high. I dined with Mr. Slingsby, Master of the Mint.

23rd. Went to see Mr. Elias Ashmole's library and curiosities, at Lambeth.<sup>2</sup> He has divers MSS., but most of them astrological, to which study he is addicted, though I believe not learned, but very industrious, as his History of the order of the Garter proves.<sup>3</sup> He showed me a toad included in amber. The prospect from a turret is very fine, it being so near London, and yet not discovering any house about the country. The famous John Tradescant<sup>4</sup> bequeathed his Repository to this gentleman, who has given them to the University of Oxford, and erected a lecture on them, over the laboratory, in imitation of the Royal Society.<sup>5</sup>

Mr. Godolphin was made Master of the Robes to the King.

25th. There was sent me £70; from whom I knew not, to be by me distributed among poor people; I afterwards found it was from that dear friend (Mrs. Godolphin), who had frequently given me large sums to bestow on charities.

16th August. I went to Lady Mordaunt,<sup>6</sup> who put £100 into my hand to dispose of for pious uses, relief of prisoners, poor, etc. Many a sum had she sent me on

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 266.]

<sup>2</sup> [Portuguese Prime Minister.]

<sup>3</sup> This Bedlam, of which Robert Hooke was architect, and of which there is a view in Strype, was taken down in 1814, and a new one erected, from the designs of James Lewis, on the Surrey side of the Thames, in the road leading from St. George's Fields to Lambeth. On pulling the first building down, the foundations were found to be very bad, it having been built on part of the Town-ditch, and on a soil very unfit for the erection of so large a structure.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 184.]

<sup>1</sup> John Roettier, or Rotier, 1631-1703, the medallist, who introduced the figure of Britannia into the coinage, taking for his model the King's favourite, Frances Teresa Stewart, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox. [Her portrait by Lely is in William III.'s State Bedroom at Hampton Court. Pepys mentions Roettier, *Diary*, 8th March, 1663.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 195.]

<sup>3</sup> [*Institutions, etc., of the most noble Order of the Garter*, London, folio, 1672.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 195.]

<sup>5</sup> [The donation took effect in 1677, and a suitable building was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1682, bearing the name of the "Ashmolean Museum." In it are preserved good portraits of Ashmole, and of the Tradescant family, by William Dobson.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 307.]

similar occasions ; a blessed creature she was, and one that loved and feared God exemplarily.

23<sup>rd</sup> August. Upon Sir Robert Reading's<sup>1</sup> importunity, I went to visit the Duke of Norfolk, at his new Palace at Weybridge,<sup>2</sup> where he has laid out in building near £10,000, on a copyhold, and in a miserable, barren, sandy place by the street-side ; never in my life had I seen such expense to so small purpose. The rooms are wainscoted, and some of them richly parqueted with cedar, yew, cypress, etc. There are some good pictures, especially that incomparable painting of Holbein's, where the Duke of Norfolk, Charles Brandon, and Henry VIII., are dancing with the three ladies, with most amorous countenances, and sprightly motion exquisitely expressed. It is a thousand pities (as I told my Lord of Arundel his son), that that jewel should be given away.

24<sup>th</sup>. I went to see my Lord of St. Albans' house, at Byfleet, an old large building. Thence to the paper-mills, where I found them making a coarse white paper. They cull the rags which are linen for white paper, woollen for brown ; then they stamp them in troughs to a pap, with pestles, or hammers, like the powder-mills, then put it into a vessel of water, in which they dip a frame closely wired with wire as small as a hair and as close as a weaver's reed ; on this they take up the pap, the superfluous water draining through the wire ; this they dexterously turning, shake out like a pancake on a smooth board between two pieces of flannel, then press it between a great press, the flannel sucking out the moisture ; then, taking it out, they ply and dry it on strings, as they dry linen in the laundry ; then dip it in alum-water, lastly, polish and make it up in quires. They put some gum in the

water in which they macerate the rags. The mark we find on the sheets is formed in the wire.<sup>1</sup>

25<sup>th</sup>. After evening prayer, visited Mr. Sheldon (nephew to the late Archbishop of Canterbury), and his pretty melancholy garden ; I took notice of the largest *arbor thuyris* I had ever seen. The place is finely watered, and there are many curiosities of India, shown in the house.

There was at Weybridge the Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Thomas Howard<sup>2</sup> (a worthy and virtuous gentleman, with whom my son was sometime bred in Arundel House), who was newly come from Rome, where he had been some time ; also one of the Duke's daughters, by his first lady. My Lord leading me about the house made no scruple of showing me all the hiding-places for the Popish priests,<sup>3</sup> and where they said mass, for he was no bigoted Papist. He told me he never trusted them with any secret, and used Protestants only in all businesses of importance.

I went this evening with my Lord Duke to Windsor, where was a magnificent Court, it being the first time of his Majesty removing thither since it was repaired.

27<sup>th</sup>. I took leave of the Duke, and dined at Mr. Henry Brouncker's,<sup>4</sup> at the Abbey of Sheen, formerly a Monastery of Carthusians, there yet remaining one of their solitary cells with a cross. Within this ample enclosure are several pretty villas and fine gardens of the most excellent fruits, especially Sir William Temple's<sup>5</sup> (lately Ambassador into Holland), and the Lord Lisle's, son to the Earl of Leicester,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ["There are no paper mills at Byfleet now ; the nearest are at Woking" (Thorne, *Environs of London*, 1876, p. 70).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 222.]

<sup>3</sup> [Others called them merely cupboards, and local tradition, the places where James II., visiting his mistress, lodged his guards. But Pepys, under 23<sup>rd</sup> May, 1660, speaks of a "priest's hole" in a Catholic house, where, for a good while, Charles II. was obliged "to lie for his privacy".]

<sup>4</sup> [Afterwards Lord Brouncker. He had obtained, with Sir William Temple, a lease of the Priory at West Sheen. Brouncker occupied the mansion ; Temple, a house which he had long rented.]

<sup>5</sup> [Sir William Temple, 1628-99. He had recently (1674) returned from the Hague, where he had negotiated the marriage of William and Mary. He had first settled at Sheen in 1663.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 188.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 10th January, 1684.]

<sup>2</sup> This house, Ham House, as it was at one time called, was the property of Mrs. Jane Bickerton, whom the Duke married (see *ante*, p. 311). After his death, she married Mr. Maxwell, and they, together with Lord George Howard (her eldest son by the Duke), sold it to Catherine Sedley, afterwards Countess of Dorchester, mistress to James II. The Countess, who bore a daughter to James II. subsequently married David Colyear, Earl of Portmore. [The site, near the church, is now covered with villas.] (See *post*, under 19th January, 1686.)

who has divers rare pictures, above all, that of Sir Brian Tuke, by Holbein.<sup>1</sup>

After dinner, I walked to Ham, to see the house and garden of the Duke of Lauderdale, which is indeed inferior to few of the best villas in Italy itself; the house furnished like a great Prince's; the parterres, flower-gardens, orangeries, groves, avenues, courts, statues, perspectives, fountains, aviaries, and all this at the banks of the sweetest river in the world, must needs be admirable.<sup>2</sup>

Hence, I went to my worthy friend, Sir Henry Capel<sup>3</sup> [at Kew], brother to the Earl of Essex; it is an old timber-house; but his garden has the choicest fruit of any plantation in England, as he is the most industrious and understanding in it.

29<sup>th</sup> August. I was called to London to wait upon the Duke of Norfolk, who having at my sole request bestowed the Arundelian Library on the Royal Society,<sup>4</sup> sent to me to take charge of the books, and remove them, only stipulating that I would suffer the Herald's chief officer, Sir William Dugdale,<sup>5</sup> to have such of them as concerned Heraldry and the Marshal's office, books of Armory and Genealogies, the Duke being Earl Marshal of England. I procured for our Society, besides printed books, near one hundred MSS., some in Greek of great concernment. The printed books being of the oldest impressions, are not the less valuable; I esteem them almost equal to MSS. Amongst them, are most of the Fathers,

printed at Basle, before the Jesuits abused them with their expurgatory Indexes; there is a noble MS. of Vitruvius. Many of these books had been presented by Popes, Cardinals, and great persons, to the Earls of Arundel and the Dukes of Norfolk; and the late magnificent Earl of Arundel bought a noble library in Germany,<sup>1</sup> which is in this collection. I should not, for the honour I bear the family, have persuaded the Duke to part with these, had I not seen how negligent he was of them, suffering the priests and everybody to carry away and dispose of what they pleased; so that abundance of rare things are irrecoverably gone.

Having taken order here, I went to the Royal Society to give them an account of what I had procured, that they might call a Council and appoint a day to wait on the Duke to thank him for this munificent gift.

3<sup>rd</sup> September. I went to London, to dine with Mrs. Godolphin, and found her in labour; she was brought to bed of a son, who was baptized in the chamber, by the name of Francis, the susceptors being Sir William Godolphin (head of the family),<sup>2</sup> Mr. John Hervey, Treasurer to the Queen,<sup>3</sup> and Mrs. Boscawen, sister to Sir William and the father.

8<sup>th</sup>. Whilst I was at church came a letter from Mr. Godolphin, that my dear friend his lady was exceedingly ill, and desiring my prayers and assistance. My wife and I took boat immediately, and went to Whitehall,<sup>4</sup> where, to my inexpressible sorrow, I found she had been attacked with a new fever, then reigning this excessive hot autumn, and which was so violent, that it was not thought she could last many hours.

9<sup>th</sup>. She died in the 26<sup>th</sup> year of her age, to the inexpressible affliction of her dear husband, and all her relations, but of none in the world more than myself, who lost the most excellent and inestimable friend that ever lived. Never was a more virtuous and inviolable friendship; never a more religious, discreet, and admirable creature, beloved of all, admired of all, for

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Bryan Tuke, *d.* 1545, Treasurer of the Household to Henry VIII. The Duke of Westminster has a portrait of him by Holbein signed "*Brianus Tuke, Miles, Anno Ætatis suæ, LVII.*" There is another in the Munich Pinakothek.]

<sup>2</sup> [Ham House, Petersham, had passed in 1672 to John Maitland, second Earl and first Duke of Lauderdale (see *ante*, p. 227), by his marriage with Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, who had inherited it from her father. There is an excellent history of Ham House by Mrs. Charles Roundell, 1904.]

<sup>3</sup> [Afterwards Lord Capel of Tewkesbury, *d.* 1666. Kew House, now no longer existent, fronted the present Kew Palace; and was afterwards occupied by George III., in whose day it was known indifferently as the Queen's Lodge, Kew Palace, the White House, and Kew Lodge. It was pulled down in 1802 and subsequently (see *post*, under 30<sup>th</sup> October, 1683, and 24<sup>th</sup> March, 1688).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253 n.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir William Godolphin, 1634-96; Ambassador to Madrid, 1671-78 (see *post*, p. 315).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 188.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 306.]



all possible perfections of her sex. She is gone to receive the reward of her signal charity, and all other her Christian graces, too blessed a creature to converse with mortals, fitted as she was, by a most holy life, to be received into the mansions above. She was for wit, beauty, good-nature, fidelity, discretion, and all accomplishments, the most incomparable person. How shall I ever repay the obligations to her for the infinite good offices she did my soul by so often engaging me to make religion the terms and tie of the friendship there was between us! She was the best wife, the best mistress, the best friend, that ever husband had. But it is not here that I pretend to give her character, *having designed to consecrate her worthy life to posterity*.<sup>1</sup>

Her husband, struck with unspeakable affliction, fell down as dead. The King himself, and all the Court, expressed their sorrow. To the poor and miserable, her loss was irreparable; for there was no degree but had some obligation to her memory. So careful and provident was she to be prepared for all possible accidents, that (as if she foresaw her end) she received the heavenly viaticum but the Sunday before, after a most solemn recollection. She put all her domestic concerns into the exactest order, and left a letter directed to her husband, to be opened in case she died in child-bed, in which with the most pathetic and endearing expressions of a most loyal and virtuous wife, she begs his kindness to her memory might be continued by his care and esteem of those she left behind, even to her domestic servants, to the meanest of which she left considerable legacies, as well as to the poor. It was now seven years since she was Maid of Honour to the Queen, that she regarded me as a father, a brother, and what is more, a friend. We often prayed, visited the sick and miserable, received, read, discoursed, and communicated in all holy offices together. She was most dear to my wife, and affectionate to my children. But she is gone! This only is my comfort, that she is happy in Christ, and I shall shortly behold her again. She desired to be buried in the dormitory of his family, near three hundred miles from all

her other friends. So afflicted was her husband at this severe loss, that the entire care of her funeral was committed to me. Having closed the eyes, and dropped a tear upon the cheek of my dear departed friend, lovely even in death, I caused her corpse to be embalmed and wrapped in lead, a plate of brass soldered thereon, with an inscription, and other circumstances due to her worth, with as much diligence and care as my grieved heart would permit me; I then retired home for two days, which were spent in solitude and sad reflection.

*17th September.* She was, accordingly, carried to Godolphin, in Cornwall, in a hearse with six horses, attended by two coaches of as many, with about thirty of her relations and servants. There accompanied the hearse her husband's brother, Sir William, two more of his brothers, and three sisters: her husband was so overcome with grief, that he was wholly unfit to travel so long a journey, till he was more composed. I went as far as Hounslow with a sad heart; but was obliged to return upon some indispensable affairs. The corpse was ordered to be taken out of the hearse every night, and decently placed in the house, with tapers about it, and her servants attending, to Cornwall; and then was honourably interred in the parish church of Godolphin. This funeral cost not much less than £1000.

With Mr. Godolphin,<sup>1</sup> I looked over and sorted his lady's papers, most of which consisted of Prayers, Meditations, Sermon-notes, Discourses, and Collections on several religious subjects, and many of her own happy composing, and so pertinently digested, as if she had been all her life a student in divinity. We found a diary of her solemn resolutions, tending to practical virtue, with letters from select friends, all put into exact method. It astonished us to see what she had read and written, her youth considered.

*1st October.* The Parliament and the whole nation were alarmed about a con-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Godolphin (afterwards Lord Godolphin) continued the steady friend of Mr. Evelyn, whose grandson, John Evelyn, married a daughter of Godolphin's sister, Mrs. Boscawen (see *ante*, p. 314). Francis Godolphin, the infant now mentioned as born, carried on through a long life the friendly family intercourse thus earnestly begun.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 266 n.]

spiracy of some eminent Papists for the destruction of the King and introduction of Popery, discovered by one Oates<sup>1</sup> and Dr. Tonge, *which last I knew, being the translator of the "Jesuits' Morals"*; <sup>2</sup> I went to see and converse with him at Whitehall, with Mr. Oates, one that was lately an apostate to the church of Rome, and now returned again with this discovery. He seemed to be a bold man, and, in my thoughts, furiously indiscreet; but every-

<sup>1</sup> [Titus Oates, 1649-1705. This infamous informer, after being expelled as a boy from Merchant Taylors', became a clergyman. Losing his living for perjury, he next entered the navy as a chaplain, and was dismissed. Then—after holding some subordinate post in the service of the Duke of Norfolk—he "turned Roman" (1677), residing for a time at the English Jesuit Colleges at Valladolid and Saint Omer, from both of which institutions he speedily received notice to quit. In 1678 he came back to England with the alleged discovery of a complicated Popish plot for the murder of the King, the massacre of the Protestants, the invasion of Ireland, and so forth. Unhappily, accidental circumstances lent a certain colour to some of these fabrications (see *post*, under 18th July, 1679).]

<sup>2</sup> Israel Tonge was bred in University College, Oxford, and being puritanically inclined, quitted the University; but in 1648 returned, and was made a Fellow. He had the living of Pluckley, in Kent, which he resigned in consequence of quarrels with his parishioners and Quakers. In 1657, he was made fellow of the newly-erected College at Durham, and that being dissolved in 1659, he taught school at Islington. He then went with Colonel Edward Harley to Dunkirk, and subsequently took a small living in Herefordshire (Leintwardine); but quitted it for St. Mary Stayingin, in London, which, after the fire in 1666, was united to St. Michael, Wood Street. These he held till his death, in 1680. He was a great opponent of the Roman Catholics. Wood mentions several publications of his, among which are, *The Jesuits unmasked*, 1678; *Jesuitical Aphorismes*, 1679; and *The Jesuits' Morals*, 1680 (1670); the two latter translated from the French (Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 502). Evelyn speaks of the last of these translations as having been executed by his desire: and it figures in a notable passage of Oates's testimony. Oates said, for example, "that Thomas Whitbread, a priest, on 13th June, 16... did tell the rector of St. Omer's that a Minister of the Church of England had scandalously put out the *Jesuits' Morals* in English, and had endeavoured to render them odious, and had asked the Rector whether he thought Oates might know him? and the Rector called the deponent, who heard these words as he stood at the chamber-door, and when he went into the chamber of the Provincial, he asked him 'If he knew the author of the *Jesuits' Morals*?' deponent answered, 'His person, but not his name.' Whitbread then demanded, whether he would undertake to poison, or assassinate the author; which deponent undertook, having £50 reward promised him, and appointed to return to England" (*Bray's Note slightly altered*).

body believed what he said; and it quite changed the genius and motions of the Parliament, growing now corrupt and interested with long sitting and court practices; but, with all this, Popery would not go down. This discovery turned them all as one man against it, and nothing was done but to find out the depth of this. Oates was encouraged, and everything he affirmed taken for gospel;—the truth is, the Roman Catholics were exceeding bold and busy everywhere, since the Duke forebore to go any longer to the chapel.

16th October. Mr. Godolphin requested me to continue the trust his wife had reposed in me, in behalf of his little son, conjuring me to transfer the friendship I had for his dear wife, on him and his.

21st. The murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, found strangled about this time, as was manifest, by the Papists,<sup>1</sup> he being the Justice of the Peace, and one who knew much of their practices, as conversant with Coleman (a servant of the...<sup>2</sup> now accused), put the whole nation into a new ferment against them.

31st. Being my [the?] 58th of my age, required my humble addresses to Almighty God, and that He would take off His heavy hand, still on my family; and restore comforts to us after the loss of my excellent friend.

5th November. Dr. Tillotson<sup>3</sup> preached before the Commons at St. Margaret's. He said the Papists were now arrived at that impudence, as to deny that there ever

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, 1621-78, was a wood and coal dealer, and a well-known Justice of the Peace for the County of Middlesex and the City of Westminster. He had received the first depositions of Oates and Tonge in September, and communicated them to the Catholic Duke of York. On the 17th October, he was found dead in a dry ditch on the south side of Primrose Hill, his body, it was affirmed, bearing marks of strangulation, and his own sword being thrust through his heart. But where he met his end, and how, is still to seek, though three innocent men, Hill, Berry, and Green, were hanged in February, 1679, for murdering him. The subject is minutely discussed in Mr. John Pollock's *Popish Plot*, 1903, pp. 83-166; and in Mr. Andrew Lang's *Valet's Tragedy and other Studies*, 1903, pp. 55-103. A later writer, Mr. Alfred Marks (*Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?* 1905), fortified by an expert medical opinion, inclines (like Mr. Lang) to the theory of suicide.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Duke of York, whose secretary he was.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 263.]

was any such as the gunpowder-conspiracy ; but he affirmed that he himself had several letters written by Sir Everard Digby (one of the traitors),<sup>1</sup> in which he gloried that he was to suffer for it ; and that it was so contrived, that of the Papists not above two or three should have been blown up, and they, such as were not worth saving.

15th November. The Queen's birthday. I never saw the Court more brave, nor the nation in more apprehension and consternation. Coleman and one Staley<sup>2</sup> had now been tried, condemned, and executed. On this, Oates grew so presumptuous, as to accuse the Queen of intending to poison the King ; which certainly that pious and virtuous lady abhorred the thoughts of, and Oates's circumstances made it utterly unlikely in my opinion. He probably thought to gratify some who would have been glad his Majesty should have married a fruitful lady ; but the King was too kind a husband to let any of these make impression on him.<sup>3</sup> However, divers of the Popish peers were sent to the Tower, accused by Oates ;<sup>4</sup> and all the Roman Catholic lords were by a new Act<sup>5</sup> for ever excluded the Parliament ; which was a mighty blow. The King's, Queen's, and Duke's servants, were banished, and a test to be taken by everybody who pretended to enjoy any office of public trust, and who would not be suspected of Popery. I went with Sir William Godolphin, a member of the Commons' House, to the Bishop of Ely (Dr. Peter Gunning),<sup>6</sup> to be resolved whether masses were idolatry, as the test expressed it, which was so worded, that several good Protestants scrupled, and Sir William, though a learned man and excellent divine himself, had some doubts about it. The Bishop's opinion was, that he

might take it, though he wished it had been otherwise worded in the test.

1678-9: 15th January. I went with my Lady Sunderland to Chelsea, and dined with the Countess of Bristol [her mother] in the great house, formerly the Duke of Buckingham's, a spacious and excellent place for the extent of ground and situation in a good air.<sup>1</sup> The house is large, but ill contrived, though my Lord of Bristol, who purchased it after he sold Wimbledon to my Lord Treasurer, expended much money on it. There were divers pictures of Titian and Vandyck, and some of Bassano, very excellent, especially an Adonis and Venus, a Duke of Venice, a butcher in his shambles selling meat to a Swiss ; and of Vandyck, my Lord of Bristol's picture, with the Earl of Bedford's at length, in the same table.<sup>2</sup> There was in the garden a rare collection of orange trees, of which she was pleased to bestow some upon me.

16th. I supped this night with Mr. Secretary at one Mr. Houblon's, a French merchant,<sup>3</sup> who had his house<sup>4</sup> furnished *en Prince*, and gave us a splendid entertainment.

<sup>1</sup> This mansion stood at the north end of Beaufort Row, Chelsea, extending westward about 200 yards from the water-side. It was originally called Buckingham House, after the Duke of Buckingham. In January, 1682, Lord Bristol's widow sold it to Henry Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, created Duke of Beaufort in the same year ; after whom it was known by the title of Beaufort House (see *post*, 3rd September, 1683). It continued in the possession of this family till about 1738, when, having stood empty for several years, it was purchased by Sir Hans Sloane, and was pulled down in 1740.

<sup>2</sup> [This picture, of which there is a copy in Heinemann's *Great Masters*, represents the second Earl of Bristol (see *ante*, p. 216), and the first Duke of Bedford (see *ante*, p. 262).]

<sup>3</sup> [This was James Houblon, *d.* 1700, son of James Houblon, 1592-1682. He was knighted by William III. in 1691, and was M.P. for the city of London, 1698-1700, and an original director of the Bank of England. His brother, John (1632-1712), was also knighted by William III. in 1689, and was the first Governor of the Bank of England, 1694-97. There are three other brothers whom Pepys mentions, 5th February, 1666. "Mighty fine gentlemen they are all," he says, "and used me mighty respectfully." It was through Pepys that Evelyn made acquaintance with James Houblon (*The Houblon Family*, etc., by Lady Alice Archer Houblon, 1907, i. pp. 226-7 and 359). See also *post*, under 16th March, 1683, and 5th October, 1685.]

<sup>4</sup> In Winchester Street, City.

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Everard Digby—Sir Kenelm Digby's father—executed in 1606 in connection with the Gunpowder Plot.]

<sup>2</sup> [Edward Coleman was executed 3rd December, William Staley, 26th November. The former, upon his own letters, was found "guilty of treason in trying 'to subvert the Protestant religion as it is by law established,' 'by the aid and assistance of Foreign Powers'" (Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts*, 1904, p. 397).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, p. 320 n.]

<sup>4</sup> [Lords Stafford, Petre, Arundel, Belasyse, and the Earl of Powis.]

<sup>5</sup> [30 Car. II. Stat. 2, c. 1.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 195.]

25<sup>th</sup> January. The Long Parliament, which had sat ever since the Restoration, was dissolved by persuasion of the Lord Treasurer, though divers of them were believed to be his pensioner. At this, all the politicians were at a stand, they being very eager in pursuit of the late plot of the Papists.

30<sup>th</sup>. Dr. Cudworth<sup>1</sup> preached before the King at Whitehall, on 2 Timothy iii. 5, reckoning up the perils of the last times, in which, amongst other wickedness, treasons should be one of the greatest, applying it to the occasion, as committed under a form of reformation and godliness; concluding that the prophecy did intend more particularly the present age, as one of the last times; the sins there enumerated, more abundantly reigning than ever.

2<sup>nd</sup> February. Dr. Durel,<sup>2</sup> Dean of Windsor, preached to the household at Whitehall, on 1 Cor. xvi. 22; he read the whole sermon out of his notes, which I had never before seen a Frenchman do, he being of Jersey, and bred at Paris.

4<sup>th</sup>. Dr. Pierce, Dean of Salisbury,<sup>3</sup> preached on 1 John iv. 1, "Try the Spirits, there being so many delusory ones gone forth of late into the world"; he inveighed against the pernicious doctrines of Mr. Hobbes.

My brother Evelyn,<sup>4</sup> was now chosen Knight for the County of Surrey, carrying it against my Lord Longford<sup>5</sup> and Sir Adam Browne, of Betchworth Castle.<sup>6</sup> The country coming in to give him their suffrages were so many, that I believe they eat and drank him out near £2000, by a most abominable custom.

1<sup>st</sup> April. My friend, Mr. Godolphin, was now made one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and of the Privy Council.

4<sup>th</sup>. The Bishop of Gloucester<sup>7</sup> preached in a manner very like Bishop Andrews, full of divisions, and scholastical, and that with

much quickness. The holy Communion followed.

20<sup>th</sup>. Easter-day. Our vicar preached exceedingly well on 1 Cor. v. 7. The holy Communion followed, at which I and my daughter Mary (now about fourteen years old) received for the first time [*sic*]. The Lord Jesus continue His grace unto her, and improve this blessed beginning!

24<sup>th</sup>. The Duke of York, voted against by the Commons for his recusancy, went over to Flanders;<sup>1</sup> which made much discourse.

4<sup>th</sup> June. I dined with Mr. Pepys in the Tower, he having been committed by the House of Commons for misdemeanours in the Admiralty when he was Secretary; I believe he was unjustly charged.<sup>2</sup> Here I saluted my Lords Stafford and Petre, who were committed for the Popish plot.<sup>3</sup>

7<sup>th</sup>. I saw the magnificent calvalcade and entry of the Portugal ambassador.<sup>4</sup>

17<sup>th</sup>. I was godfather to a son of Sir Christopher Wren, surveyor of his Majesty's buildings, that most excellent and learned person, with Sir William Fermor,<sup>5</sup> and my Lady Viscountess Newport, wife of the Treasurer of the Household.<sup>6</sup>

Thence to Chelsea, to Sir Stephen Fox,<sup>7</sup> and my lady, in order to the purchase of the Countess of Bristol's house there, which she desired me to procure a chapman for.

<sup>1</sup> [He went abroad immediately before the opening of Parliament on 6<sup>th</sup> March, and returned after its dissolution in July (see *post*, under 13<sup>th</sup> September, 1679).]

<sup>2</sup> [Pepys had resigned his first secretaryship to the Admiralty on the 17<sup>th</sup> May. His favour with the Duke of York, and a previous, and groundless, charge of Popish proclivities, had rendered him suspect. He was preposterously accused, on the evidence of a Colonel Scott, of communicating Navy secrets to France for the purpose of overthrowing the English Government, and establishing Catholicism. As a result he was sent to the Tower, 22<sup>nd</sup> May, 1679. After several examinations he was released on bail; and ultimately acquitted, because Scott had refused at the last moment to stand by his lying stories (Pepys's *Diary*, by G. Gregory Smith, 1905, xx.). See *post*, p. 319.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 317 n.]

<sup>4</sup> [Don Emanuel de Lyra (see *ante*, p. 312).]

<sup>5</sup> [Sir William Fermor, d. 1711, afterwards Baron Leominster, 1692.]

<sup>6</sup> [E. Mountjoy Blount, 1597-1666, Earl of Newport.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 246.]

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Ralph Cudworth, 1617-88.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 154.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 192.]

<sup>4</sup> [I.e. George Evelyn of Wotton.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 312.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *post*, under February, 1703. It was his daughter, Mrs. Fenwick, who sold Betchworth Castle to Abraham Tucker (see *ante*, p. 184).]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 303.]

19th June. I dined at Sir Robert Clayton's<sup>1</sup> with Sir Robert Viner,<sup>2</sup> the great banker.

22nd. There were now divers Jesuits executed about the plot,<sup>3</sup> and a rebellion in Scotland of the fanatics, so that there was a sad prospect of public affairs.

25th. The new Commissioners of the Admiralty came to visit me, viz. Sir Henry Capel,<sup>4</sup> brother to the Earl of Essex, Mr. Finch, eldest son to the Lord Chancellor,<sup>5</sup> Sir Humphry Winch, Sir Thomas Meeres,<sup>6</sup> Mr. Hales, with some of the Commissioners of the Navy. I went with them to London.

1st July. I dined at Sir William Godolphin's, and with that learned gentleman went to take the air in Hyde Park, where was a glorious *cortège*.

3rd. Sending a piece of venison to Mr. Pepys, still a prisoner, I went and dined with him.<sup>7</sup>

6th. Now were there papers, speeches, and libels, publicly cried in the streets against the Dukes of York and Lauderdale, etc., obnoxious to the Parliament, with too much and indeed too shameful a liberty; but the people and Parliament had gotten head by reason of the vices of the great ones.

There was now brought up to London a child, son of one Mr. Wotton,<sup>8</sup> formerly

amanuensis to Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winton, who both read and perfectly understood Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, Syriac, and most of the modern languages; disputed in divinity, law, and all the sciences; was skilful in history, both ecclesiastical and profane; in politics; in a word, so universally and solidly learned at eleven years of age, that he was looked on as a miracle. Dr. Lloyd, one of the most deep learned divines of this nation in all sorts of literature, with Dr. Burnet, who had severely examined him, came away astonished, and they told me they did not believe there had the like appeared in the world. He had only been instructed by his father, who being himself a learned person, confessed that his son knew all that he himself knew. But, what was more admirable than his vast memory, was his judgment and invention, he being tried with divers hard questions, which required maturity of thought and experience. He was also dexterous in chronology, antiquities, mathematics. In sum, an *intellectus universalis*, beyond all that we read of Pico Mirandola, and other precocious wits, and yet withal a very humble child.

14th. I went to see how things stood at Parson's Green, my Lady Viscountess

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 307.]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert Viner, 1631-88, a very genial and wealthy banker, whom Pepys (7th September, 1665) describes as living in great state at Swakeley House, Ickenham, Middlesex, which he had bought from Sir James Harrington. [It belonged in 1876 to T. Truesdale Clarke, Esq.] When Lord Mayor, in 1674, Viner entertained Charles II. at Guildhall; and on his Majesty retiring, urged him to "return and take t'other bottle" (Steele, in *Spectator*, No. 462). He was created a Baronet in 1666. The crown was indebted to Sir Robert Viner, at the shutting of the Exchequer (see *ante*, p. 284), nearly half a million of money, for which he was awarded £25,000:9.4 per annum, out of the excise.

<sup>3</sup> ["Whitbread and Fenwick and three other Jesuits are condemned, June 13, and Langhorne, a lawyer, June 14. They suffer June 20, and eight priests are executed in different parts of the country" (*Annals of England*, 1876, p. 477).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 314.]

<sup>5</sup> [Heneage Finch, 1647-1719, afterwards Earl of Aylesford.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 305.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 318.]

<sup>8</sup> The Rev. Henry Wotton, minister of Wrentham, in Suffolk. This son was afterwards the celebrated William Wotton, 1666-1726, the friend and defender of Dr. Bentley, and the antagonist of Sir William Temple, in the controversy about

Ancient and Modern Learning. Sir Philip Skippon, who lived at Wrentham, in Suffolk, in a letter to Mr. John Ray, Sept. 18, 1671, writes: "I shall somewhat surprise you with what I have seen in a little boy, William Wotton, five years old last month, son of Mr. Wotton, minister of this parish, who hath instructed his child within the last three-quarters of a year in the reading the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, which he can read almost as well as English, and that tongue he could read at four years and three months old, as well as most lads of twice his age."—He was admitted of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, April, 1676, and took the degree of B.A. in 1679, when only twelve years and five months old. Dr. Burnet recommended him to Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, who took him as an assistant in making a catalogue of his books, and gave him in 1691 the sinecure of Llan-drill-y-n-Rhôs, in Denbighshire. He was subsequently Rector of Middleton Keynes, and Prebendary of Salisbury. Swift laughed at him, but this he drew upon himself by having attacked the *Tale of a Tub*. He published, as is well known, an answer to that satire. He also compiled *Memoirs of the Cathedral Churches of St. David and St. Asaph*, which Browne Willis published. When very young, he remembered almost the whole of any discourse he had heard, and on a certain occasion he repeated to Bishop Lloyd one of his own sermons.

Mordaunt<sup>1</sup> (now sick in Paris, whither she went for health) having made me a trustee for her children, an office I could not refuse to this most excellent, pious, and virtuous lady, my long acquaintance.

15<sup>th</sup> July. I dined with Mr. Sidney Godolphin, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.<sup>2</sup>

18<sup>th</sup>. I went early to the old Bailey Sessions-house to the famous trial of Sir George Wakeham,<sup>3</sup> one of the Queen's physicians, and three Benedictine monks;<sup>4</sup> the first (whom I was well acquainted with, and take to be a worthy gentleman abhorring such a fact) for intending to poison the King; the others as accomplices to carry on the plot, to subvert the Government, and introduce Popery. The Bench was crowded with the Judges, Lord Mayor, Justices, and innumerable spectators. The chief accusers, Dr. Oates (as he called himself), and one Bedloe,<sup>5</sup> a man of inferior note. Their testimonies were not so pregnant, and I fear much of it from hearsay, but swearing positively to some particulars, which drew suspicion upon their truth; nor did circumstances so agree, as to give either the Bench, or Jury, so entire satisfaction as was expected. After, therefore, a long and tedious trial of nine hours, the Jury brought them in not guilty, to the extraordinary triumph of the Papists, and without sufficient disadvantage and reflections on witnesses, especially Oates and Bedloe.

This was a happy day for the Lords in the Tower, who expecting their trial, had this gone against the prisoners at the bar, would all have been in the utmost hazard. For my part, I look on Oates as a vain, insolent man, puffed up with the favour of the Commons for having discovered something really true,<sup>6</sup> more especially as detecting the dangerous intrigue of Coleman, proved out of his own letters,<sup>7</sup> and of a

general design which the Jesuited party of the Papists ever had and still have, to ruin the Church of England; but that he was trusted with those great secrets he pretended, or had any solid ground for what he accused divers noblemen of, I have many reasons to induce my contrary belief. That among so many commissions as he affirmed to have delivered to them from P. Oliva<sup>1</sup> and the Pope,—he who made no scruple of opening all other papers, letters, and secrets, should not only not open any of those pretended commissions, but not so much as take any copy or witness of any one of them, is almost miraculous. But the Commons (some leading persons I mean of them) had so exalted him, that they took all he said for Gospel, and without more ado ruined all whom he named to be conspirators; nor did he spare who ever came in his way. But indeed the murder of Sir Edmund [Berry] Godfrey,<sup>2</sup> suspected to have been compassed by the Jesuits' party for his intimacy with Coleman (a busy person whom I also knew), and the fear they had that he was able to have discovered things to their prejudice, did so exasperate not only the Commons but all the nation, that much of these sharpnesses against the more honest Roman Catholics who lived peaceably, is to be imputed to that horrid fact.

The sessions ended, I dined or rather, supped (so late it was) with the Judges<sup>3</sup> in the large room annexed to the place, and so returned home. Though it was not my custom or delight to be often present at any capital trials, we having them commonly so exactly published by those who take them in short-hand, yet I was inclined to be at this signal one, that by the ocular view of the carriages and other circumstances of the managers and parties concerned, I might inform myself, and regulate my opinion of a cause that had so alarmed the whole nation.

22<sup>nd</sup> July. Dined at Clapham, at Sir D. Gauden's;<sup>4</sup> went thence with him to

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 307.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 318.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir George Wakeman, *f.* 1668-85, was a Roman Catholic. He was accused by Titus Oates of conspiring with Catherine of Braganza to poison Charles II. But even Charles refused to believe this monstrous accusation (see *ante*, p. 317).]

<sup>4</sup> William Marshal, William Rumley, and James Corker (see *State Trials*, fol. ii. p. 918).

<sup>5</sup> [William Bedloe, 1650-80, the accomplice of Oates.]

<sup>6</sup> [Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies.

DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, Pt. I.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 317.]

<sup>1</sup> Padrè Oliva, General of the Order of Jesuits.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 316.]

<sup>3</sup> The Judges were, Lord Chief Justice North, Mr. Justice Atkins, Mr. Justice Windham, Mr. Justice Pemberton, and Mr. Justice Dolben.

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Denis Gauden had built this house for his brother, Dr. John Gauden, Bishop of Exeter, who claimed to have written *Eikon Basilike*. Sir Denis

Windsor, to assist him in a business with his Majesty. I lay that night at Eton College, the Provost's lodgings (Dr. Cradock),<sup>1</sup> where I was courteously entertained.

23<sup>rd</sup> July. To Court: after dinner, I visited that excellent painter, Verrio,<sup>2</sup> whose works in *fresco* in the King's palace, at Windsor, will celebrate his name as long as those walls last. He showed us his pretty garden, choice flowers, and curiosities, he himself being a skilful gardener.

I went to Cliveden, that stupendous natural rock, wood, and prospect, of the Duke of Buckingham's,<sup>3</sup> and buildings of extraordinary expense. The grots in the chalky rocks are pretty: it is a romantic object, and the place altogether answers the most poetical description that can be made of solitude, precipice, prospect, or whatever can contribute to a thing so very like their imaginations. The stand, somewhat like Frascati as to its front, and on the platform is a circular view to the utmost verge of the horizon, which, with the serpentine of the Thames, is admirable. The staircase is for its materials singular; the cloisters, descents, gardens, and avenue through the wood, august and stately; but the land all about wretchedly barren, and producing nothing but fern. Indeed, as I told his Majesty that evening (asking me how I liked Cliveden) without flattery, that it did not please me so well as Windsor for the prospect and park, which is without compare; there being but one only opening, and that narrow, which led one to any variety, whereas that of Windsor is everywhere great and unconfined.

Returning, I called at my cousin Evelyn's,<sup>4</sup> who has a very pretty seat in the

afterwards occupied it himself, dying there in 1688. The house (now pulled down) was subsequently occupied by Pepys's friend and clerk, Will. Hewer (see *post*, under 25th July, 1692.)

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Zachary Cradock, 1633-95; Provost of Eton, 1681-95.]

<sup>2</sup> [Antonio Verrio, 1639-1707. His "sprawling Saints" also decorate Hampton Court, and many noblemen's seats.]

<sup>3</sup> Cliveden's proud alcove,

The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love.

POPE, *Moral Essays*, iii. 307.

[The present building, erected by the Duke of Sutherland, and long a seat of the Duke of Westminster, now belongs to William Waldorf Astor, Esq. It has been enriched by many relics from the famous Villa Borghese (see *ante*, pp. 72 and 107).]

<sup>4</sup> [William Evelyn, son of George Evelyn of Nuffield.]

forest, two miles by hither Cliveden, on a flat, with gardens exquisitely kept, though large, and the house a staunch good old building, and what was singular, some of the rooms floored dove-tail-wise without a nail, exactly close. One of the closets is parqueted with plain deal, set in diamond, exceeding staunch and pretty.

7<sup>th</sup> August. Dined at the Sheriffs', when, the Company of Drapers and their wives being invited, there was a sumptuous entertainment, according to the forms of the City, with music, etc., comparable to any Prince's service in Europe.

8<sup>th</sup>. I went this morning to show my Lord Chamberlain, his Lady, and the Duchess of Grafton, the incomparable work of Mr. Gibbons, the carver,<sup>1</sup> whom I first recommended to his Majesty, his house being furnished like a cabinet, not only with his own work, but divers excellent paintings of the best hands. Thence, to Sir Stephen Fox's,<sup>2</sup> where we spent the day.

31<sup>st</sup>. After evening service, to see a neighbour, one Mr. Bohun,<sup>3</sup> related to my son's late tutor of that name, a rich Spanish merchant, living in a neat place, which he has adorned with many curiosities, especially several carvings of Mr. Gibbons, and some pictures by Streater.

13<sup>th</sup> September. To Windsor, to congratulate his Majesty on his recovery;<sup>4</sup> I kissed the Duke's hand, now lately returned from Flanders<sup>5</sup> to visit his brother the King, on which there were various bold and foolish discourses, the Duke of Monmouth being sent away.

19<sup>th</sup>. My Lord Sunderland, one of the principal Secretaries of State, invited me to dinner, where was the King's natural son, the Earl of Plymouth, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Essex, Earl of Mulgrave, Mr. Hyde, and Mr. Godolphin. After dinner, I went to prayers at Eton,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 274.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 246.]

<sup>3</sup> [Of Lee in Kent (see *post*, under 30th July, 1682).]

<sup>4</sup> [Charles was dangerously ill, 22nd August, 1679, and James was summoned back from Brussels by Halifax, Essex, and Sunderland. He returned and travelled to Windsor in disguise, only to find his brother cheerful and convalescent (Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts*, 1904, p. 407).]

<sup>5</sup> He returned the day before, the 12th of September.

and visited Mr. Henry Godolphin,<sup>1</sup> fellow there, and Dr. Cradock.<sup>2</sup>

25th September. Mr. Slingsby and Signor Verrio came to dine with me, to whom I gave China oranges off my own trees, as good, I think, as were ever eaten.

6th October. A very wet and sickly season.

23rd. Dined at my Lord Chamberlain's, the King being now newly returned from his Newmarket recreations.

4th November. Dined at the Lord Mayor's;<sup>3</sup> and, in the evening, went to the funeral of my pious, dear, and ancient learned friend, Dr. Jasper Needham,<sup>4</sup> who was buried at St. Bride's church. He was a true and holy Christian, and one who loved me with great affection. Dr. Dove<sup>5</sup> preached with an eulogy due to his memory. I lost in this person one of my dearest remaining sincere friends.

5th. I was invited to dine at my Lord Teviotdale's,<sup>6</sup> a Scotch Earl, a learned and knowing nobleman. We afterwards went to see Mr. Montague's new palace near Bloomsbury, built by our curator, Mr. Hooke, somewhat after the French; it was most nobly furnished, and a fine, but too much exposed garden.<sup>7</sup>

6th. Dined at the Countess of Sunderland's, and was this evening at the remarriage of the Duchess of Grafton to the Duke (his Majesty's natural son), she being now twelve years old.<sup>8</sup> The ceremony was performed in my Lord Chamberlain's (her father's) lodgings at Whitehall by the Bishop of Rochester,<sup>9</sup> his Majesty being present. A sudden and unexpected thing, when everybody believed the first marriage would have come to nothing: but, the measure being determined, I was privately invited by my Lady, her mother, to be present. I confess I could give her little joy, and so I plainly told her, but she said the King would have it so, and there was no going back. This sweetest, hopefulest,

most beautiful child, and most virtuous too, was sacrificed to a boy that had been rudely bred, without anything to encourage them but his Majesty's pleasure. I pray God the sweet child find it to her advantage, who, if my augury deceive me not, will in few years be such a paragon as were fit to make the wife of the greatest Prince in Europe! I staid supper, where his Majesty sat between the Duchess of Cleveland (the mother of the Duke of Grafton) and the sweet Duchess the bride; there were several great persons and ladies, without pomp. My love to my Lord Arlington's family and the sweet child made me behold all this with regret, though as the Duke of Grafton affects the sea, to which I find his father intends to use him,<sup>1</sup> he may emerge a plain, useful and robust officer; and, were he polished, a tolerable person; for he is exceeding handsome, by far surpassing any of the King's other natural issue.

8th. At Sir Stephen Fox's, and was agreeing for the Countess of Bristol's house at Chelsea, within £500.<sup>2</sup>

18th. I dined at my Lord Mayor's,<sup>3</sup> being desired by the Countess of Sunderland to carry her thither on a solemn day, that she might see the pomp and ceremony of this Prince of Citizens, there never having been any, who for the stateliness of his palace, prodigious feasting, and magnificence, exceeded him. This Lord Mayor's acquaintance had been from the time of his being apprentice to one Mr. Abbot, his uncle, who being a scrivener, and an honest worthy man, one who was condemned to die at the beginning of the troubles forty years past, as concerned in the commission of array for King Charles I., had escaped with his life; I often used his assistance in money-matters. Robert Clayton, then a boy, his nephew, became, after his uncle Abbot's death, so prodigiously rich and opulent, that he was reckoned one of the wealthiest citizens. He married a free-hearted woman, who became his hospitable disposition; and, having no children, with the accession of his partner and fellow-apprentice,<sup>4</sup> who

<sup>1</sup> [Sidney Godolphin's brother, 1648-1733. He was afterwards Provost of Eton, and Dean of St. Paul's.] <sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 321.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir Robert Clayton's.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 192.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *post*, under 25th January, 1685.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 229.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 304; and *post*, under 10th October, 1683.] <sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 287.]

<sup>9</sup> [Dr. John Dolben.]

<sup>1</sup> [He was afterwards distinguished as a sailor and a soldier.] <sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 317.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir Robert Clayton (see *ante*, p. 192; and p. 310.) <sup>4</sup> Mr. Morris.



also left him his estate, he grew excessively rich. He was a discreet magistrate, and though envied, I think without much cause. Some believed him guilty of hard dealing, especially with the Duke of Buckingham, much of whose estate he had swallowed, but I never saw any ill by him, considering the trade he was of. The reputation and known integrity of his uncle, Abbot, brought all the royal party to him, by which he got not only great credit, but vast wealth, so as he passed this office with infinite magnificence and honour.

20<sup>th</sup> November. I dined with Mr Slingsby, Master of the Mint,<sup>1</sup> with my wife, invited to hear music, which was exquisitely performed by four of the most renowned masters: Du Prue, a Frenchman, on the lute; Signor Bartholomeo, an Italian, on the harpsichord; Nicholao on the violin;<sup>2</sup> but, above all, for its sweetness and novelty, the *viol d' amore* of five wire strings played on with a bow, being but an ordinary violin, played on lyreway, by a German. There was also a *flute douce*, now in much request for accompanying the voice. Mr. Slingsby, whose son and daughter played skilfully, had these meetings frequently in his house.

21<sup>st</sup>. I dined at my Lord Mayor's to accompany my worthiest and generous friend, the Earl of Ossory; it was on a Friday, a private day, but the feast and entertainment might have become a King. Such an hospitable costume and splendid magistrature does no city in the world show, as I believe.

23<sup>rd</sup>. Dr. Allestree<sup>3</sup> preached before the household on St. Luke xi. 2; Dr. Lloyd<sup>4</sup> on Matt. xxiii. 20, before the King, showing with how little reason the Papists applied those words of our blessed Saviour to maintain the pretended infallibility they boast of. I never heard a more Christian and excellent discourse; yet were some offended that he seemed to say the Church of Rome was a true church; but it was a captious mistake; for he never affirmed anything that could be more to their reproach, and that such was the present Church of Rome, showing

how much it had erred. There was not in this sermon so much as a shadow for censure, no person of all the clergy having testified greater zeal against the errors of the Papists than this pious and most learned person. I dined at the Bishop of Rochester's, and then went to St. Paul's, to hear that great wit, Dr. Sprat,<sup>1</sup> now newly succeeding Dr. Outram, in the cure of St. Margaret's. His talent was a great memory, never making use of notes, a readiness of expression in a most pure and plain style of words, full of matter, easily delivered.

26<sup>th</sup>. I met the Earl of Clarendon with the rest of my fellow-executors of the will of my late Lady Viscountess Mordaunt,<sup>2</sup> namely, Mr Laurence Hyde,<sup>3</sup> one of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and lately Plenipotentiary Ambassador at Nimeguen; Andrew Newport; and Sir Charles Wheeler; to examine and audit and dispose of this year's account of the estate of this excellent Lady, according to the direction of her Will.

27<sup>th</sup>. I went to see Sir John Stonehouse, with whom I was treating a marriage between my son and his daughter-in-law.<sup>4</sup>

28<sup>th</sup>. Came over the Duke of Monmouth from Holland unexpectedly to his Majesty; whilst the Duke of York was on his journey to Scotland, whither the King sent him to reside and govern.<sup>5</sup> The bells and bonfires of the City at this arrival of the Duke of Monmouth publishing their joy, to the no small regret of some at Court. This Duke, whom for distinction they called the Protestant Duke (though the son of an abandoned woman), the people made their idol.

4<sup>th</sup> December. I dined, together with Lord Ossory and the Earl of Chesterfield, at the Portugal Ambassador's, now newly come, at Cleveland House,<sup>6</sup> a noble palace, too good for that infamous . . . . The staircase is sumptuous, and the gallery and garden; but, above all, the costly furniture belonging to the Ambassador, especially the rich Japan cabinets, of which I think there were a dozen. There was a

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 267.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 307.]

<sup>3</sup> [Laurence Hyde, 1641-1711, afterwards first Earl of Rochester.]

<sup>4</sup> [Martha Spencer (see *infra*, p. 324).]

<sup>5</sup> [As Lord High Commissioner, He went in September.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 223.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 297.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 208.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 304.]

billiard-table, with as many more hazards as ours commonly have; the game being only to prosecute the ball till hazarded, without passing the port, or touching the pin; if one miss hitting the ball every time, the game is lost, or if hazarded. It is more difficult to hazard a ball, though so many, than in our table, by reason the bound is made so exactly even, and the edges not stuffed; the balls are also bigger, and they for the most part use the sharp and small end of the billiard-stick, which is shod with brass, or silver. The entertainment was exceeding civil; but, besides a good olio,<sup>1</sup> the dishes were trifling, hashed and conduted after their way, not at all fit for an English stomach, which is for solid meat. There was yet good fowls, but roasted to coal, nor were the sweetmeats good.

30th December. I went to meet Sir John Stonehouse, and give him a particular of the settlement on my son, who now made his addresses to the young lady his daughter-in-law, daughter of Lady Stonehouse.

1679-80: 25th January. Dr. Cave, author of *Primitive Christianity*, etc., a pious and learned man,<sup>2</sup> preached at Whitehall to the household, on James iii. 17, concerning the duty of grace and charity.

30th. I supped with Sir Stephen Fox, now made one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.

19th February. The writings for the settling jointure and other contracts of marriage of my son were finished and sealed. The lady was to bring £5000, in consideration of a settlement of £500 a-year present maintenance, which was likewise to be her jointure, and £500 a-year after mine and my wife's decease. But, with God's blessing, it will be at the least £1000 a-year more in a few years. I pray God make him worthy of it, and a comfort to his excellent mother, who deserves much from him!

21st. Shrove Tuesday. My son was married to Mrs. Martha Spencer, daughter to my Lady Stonehouse by a former gentleman, at St. Andrew's, Holborn, by

our Vicar, borrowing the church of Dr. Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul's, the present incumbent. We afterwards dined at a house in Holborn; and, after the solemnity and dancing was done, they were bedded at Sir John Stonehouse's lodgings in Bow Street, Covent Garden.

26th. To the Royal Society, where I met an Irish Bishop with his Lady,<sup>1</sup> who was daughter to my worthy and pious friend, Dr. Jeremy Taylor, late Bishop of Down and Connor; they came to see the Repository. She seemed to be a knowing woman, beyond the ordinary talent of her sex.

3rd March. I dined at my Lord Mayor's, in order to the meeting of my Lady Beckett, whose daughter (a rich heiress) I had recommended to my brother of Wotton for his only son,<sup>2</sup> she being the daughter of the lady by Mr. Eversfield, a Sussex gentleman.

16th. To London, to receive £3000 of my daughter-in-law's portion, which was paid in gold.

26th. The Dean of Sarum<sup>3</sup> preached on Jerem. xlv. 5, an hour and a half from his commonplace book, of kings and great men retiring to private situations. Scarce anything of Scripture in it.

18th April. On the earnest invitation of the Earl of Essex, I went with him to his house at Cashiobury, in Hertfordshire.<sup>4</sup> It was on Sunday, but going early from his house in the square of St. James,<sup>5</sup> we arrived by ten o'clock; this he thought too late to go to church, and we had prayers in his chapel. The house is new, a plain fabric, built by my friend, Mr. Hugh May. There are divers fair and good rooms, and excellent carving by Gibbons, especially

<sup>1</sup> [Francis Marsh, 1627-93, at this date Bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh, and eventually Archbishop of Dublin. His wife was Jeremy Taylor's second daughter, Mary. Taylor died in 1667.]

<sup>2</sup> [John Evelyn of Wotton, d. 1691, aged thirty-eight (see *post*, under 10th February, 1681).]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Thomas Pierce, see *ante*, p. 192.]

<sup>4</sup> [Cassiobury (or Cashiobury) Park, near Watford, Herts, still the seat of the Essex family. Hugh May's house, visited by Evelyn, was erected by Arthur Capel, first Earl of Sussex, 1631-83, after his return from Ireland in 1677. It was pulled down in 1800; and a new Gothic mansion, from the designs of James Wyatt, erected in its place. There is a sumptuous volume by John Britton on Cassiobury.]

<sup>5</sup> [On the north side of the Square.]

<sup>1</sup> [Olio, Spanish *olla podrida* or *olla*, a hotch-pot of meat and vegetables.]

<sup>2</sup> Dr. William Cave, 1637-1713, Vicar of Islington, author also of *Lives of the Apostles and Martyrs*, and *Historia Literaria*.

the chimney-piece of the library. There is in the porch, or entrance, a painting by Verrio, of Apollo and the Liberal Arts. One room parquetered with yew, which I liked well. Some of the chimney mantels are of Irish marble, brought by my Lord from Ireland, when he was Lord-Lieutenant,<sup>1</sup> and not much inferior to Italian. The tympanum, or gable, at the front is a *basso-relievo* of Diana hunting, cut in Portland stone, handsomely enough. I do not approve of the middle doors being round; but, when the hall is finished, as designed, it being an oval with a cupola, together with the other wing, it will be a very noble palace. The library is large, and very nobly furnished, and all the books are richly bound and gilded; but there are no MSS., except the Parliament Rolls and Journals, the transcribing and binding of which cost him, as he assured me, £500.

No man has been more industrious than this noble Lord in planting about his seat, adorned with walks, ponds, and other rural elegancies; but the soil is stony, churlish, and uneven, nor is the water near enough to the house, though a very swift and clear stream runs within a flight-shot from it in the valley, which may fitly be called Coldbrook, it being indeed excessive cold, yet producing fair trouts. It is pity the house was not situated to more advantage: but it seems it was built just where the old one was, which I believe he only meant to repair; this leads men into irremediable errors, and saves but a little.

The land about is exceedingly addicted to wood, but the coldness of the place hinders the growth. Black cherry trees prosper even to considerable timber, some being eighty feet long; they make also very handsome avenues. There is a pretty oval at the end of a fair walk, set about with treble rows of Spanish chestnut trees.

The gardens are very rare, and cannot be otherwise, having so skilful an artist to govern them as Mr. Cook,<sup>2</sup> who is, as to the mechanic part, not ignorant in mathematics, and pretends to astrology. There is an excellent collection of the choicest fruit.

<sup>1</sup> [1672-77.]

<sup>2</sup> [Moses Cook, author, like Evelyn, of a book on *Forest Trees*, 1675. He planted the park, and laid out the gardens.]

As for my Lord, he is a sober, wise, judicious, and pondering person, not illiterate beyond the rate of most noblemen in this age, very well versed in English History and affairs, industrious, frugal, methodical, and every way accomplished. His Lady<sup>1</sup> (being sister of the late Earl of Northumberland) is a wise, yet somewhat melancholy woman, setting her heart too much on the little lady, her daughter, of whom she is over fond. They have a hopeful son at the Academy.<sup>2</sup>

My Lord was not long since come from his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, where he showed his abilities in administration and government, as well as prudence in considerably augmenting his estate without reproach. He had been Ambassador Extraordinary in Denmark, and, in a word, such a person as became the son of that worthy hero his father to be, the late Lord Capel, who lost his life for King Charles I.<sup>3</sup>

We spent our time in the mornings in walking, or riding, and contriving [alterations], and the afternoons in the library, so as I passed my time for three or four days with much satisfaction. He was pleased in conversation to impart to me divers particulars of state, relating to the present times. He being no great friend to the D—<sup>4</sup> was now laid aside, his integrity and abilities being not so suitable in this conjuncture.—21<sup>st</sup>. I returned to London.

30<sup>th</sup> April. To a meeting of the executors of late Viscountess Mordaunt's estate, to consider of the sale of Parson's Green, being in treaty with Mr. Loftus, and to settle the half-year's account.<sup>5</sup>

1<sup>st</sup> May. Was a meeting of the feoffees of the poor of our parish. This year I would stand one of the collectors of their rents, to give example to others. My son was added to the feoffees.

This afternoon came to visit me Sir Edward Deering, of Surrendon, in Kent, one of the Lords of the Treasury, with his

<sup>1</sup> [Elizabeth, daughter of Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, and sister of Josceline, eleventh Earl, who died in 1670. Her daughter, Anne, eventually married Charles, third Earl of Carlisle.]

<sup>2</sup> [Algernon Capel, *d.* 1710, afterwards second Earl, and Constable of the Tower under Anne.]

<sup>3</sup> [Arthur Capel, first Baron Capel of Hadham (see *ante*, p. 147).]

<sup>4</sup> [Duke of York.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 307.]

daughter, married to my worthy friend, Sir Robert Southwell, Clerk of the Council, now Extraordinary Envoy to the Duke of Brandenburg, and other Princes in Germany, as before he had been in Portugal, being a sober, wise, and virtuous gentleman.

13th May. I was at the funeral of old Mr. Shish, master-shipwright of his Majesty's Yard here, an honest and remarkable man, and his death a public loss, for his excellent success in building ships<sup>1</sup> (though altogether illiterate), and for breeding up so many of his children to be able artists.<sup>2</sup> I held up the pall with three knights, who did him that honour, and he was worthy of it. It was the custom of this good man to rise in the night, and to pray, kneeling in his own coffin, which he had lying by him for many years. He was born that famous year, the Gunpowder-plot, 1605.

14th June. Came to dine with us the Countess of Clarendon.<sup>3</sup> Dr. Lloyd, Dean of Bangor (since Bishop of St. Asaph),<sup>4</sup> Dr. Burnet, author of the *History of the Reformation*, and my old friend, Mr. Henshaw. After dinner, we all went to see the Observatory, and Mr. Flamsteed,<sup>5</sup> who showed us divers rare instruments, especially the great quadrant.

24th July. Went with my wife and daughter to Windsor, to see that stately court, now near finished. There was erected in the court the King on horseback, lately cast in copper, and set on a rich pedestal of white marble, the work of Mr. Gibbons,<sup>6</sup> at the expense of Toby Rustat,<sup>7</sup> a page of the back stairs, who by his wonderful frugality had arrived to a great estate in money, and did many works of charity, as well as this of gratitude to his master, which cost him £1000. He is a very simple, ignorant, but honest and loyal creature.

<sup>1</sup> He built the *Charles* (see *ante*, p. 261.)

<sup>2</sup> [Two of his sons were master-shipwrights, and are buried at Deptford.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 208.]

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. William Lloyd, 1627-1717, at this date Bishop of St. Asaph (see *post*, p. 402).]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 306.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 274.]

<sup>7</sup> Tobias Rustat, 1606-94, Yeoman of the Robes to Charles II., 1650-85. He was a great benefactor to Jesus College, Cambridge; in particular by an endowment of scholarships there for the benefit of young students, orphan sons of clergymen.

We all dined at the Countess of Sunderland's, afterwards to see Signor Verrio's garden,<sup>1</sup> thence to Eton College, to salute the Provost,<sup>2</sup> and heard a Latin speech of one of the alumni (it being at the election) and were invited to supper; but took our leave, and got to London that night in good time.

26th. My most noble and illustrious friend, the Earl of Ossory,<sup>3</sup> espying me this morning after sermon in the privy gallery, calling to me, told me, he was now going his journey (meaning to Tangier, whither he was designed Governor, and General of the forces, to regain the losses we had lately sustained from the Moors, when Inchiquin was Governor).<sup>4</sup> I asked if he would not call at my house (as he always did whenever he went out of England on any exploit). He said he must embark at Portsmouth, "wherefore let you and I dine together to-day; I am quite alone, and have something to impart to you; I am not well, shall be private, and desire your company."

Being retired to his lodgings, and set down on a couch, he sent to his secretary for the copy of a letter which he had written to Lord Sunderland (Secretary of State), wishing me to read it; it was to take notice how ill he resented it, that he should tell the King before Lord Ossory's face, that Tangier was not to be kept,<sup>5</sup> but would certainly be lost, and yet added that it was fit Lord Ossory should be sent, that they might give some account of it to the world, meaning (as supposed) the next Parliament, when all such miscarriages would probably be examined; this Lord Ossory took very ill of Lord Sunderland, and not kindly of the King, who resolving to send him with an incompetent force, seemed, as his Lordship took it, to be willing to cast him away, not only on a hazardous adventure, but in most men's opinion, an impossibility, seeing there was not to be above 300 or 400 horse, and 4000 foot for the garrison and all, both to defend

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 322.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Cradock (see *ante*, p. 321.)]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 153.]

<sup>4</sup> [William O'Brien, second Earl of Inchiquin, 1638-92; Governor of Tangier, 1674-80.]

<sup>5</sup> [Tangier had been part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza. It was abandoned in 1683 and the works blown up.]

the town, form a camp, repulse the enemy, and fortify what ground they should get in. This touched my Lord deeply, that he should be so little considered as to put him on a business in which he should probably not only lose his reputation, but be charged with all the miscarriage and ill success; whereas, at first they promised 6000 foot and 600 horse effective.

My Lord, being an exceeding brave and valiant person, and who had so approved himself in divers signal battles, both at sea and land; so beloved and so esteemed by the people, as one they depended on, upon all occasions worthy of such a captain;—he looked on this as too great an indifference in his Majesty, after all his services, and the merits of his father, the Duke of Ormonde, and a design of some who envied his virtue. It certainly took so deep root in his mind, that he who was the most void of fear in the world (and assured me he would go to Tangier with ten men if his Majesty commanded him) could not bear up against this unkindness. Having disburdened himself of this to me after dinner, he went with his Majesty to the Sheriffs' at a great supper in Fishmongers' Hall; but, finding himself ill, took his leave immediately of his Majesty, and came back to his lodging. Not resting well this night, he was persuaded to remove to Arlington House, for better accommodation. His disorder turned to a malignant fever, which increasing, after all that six of the most able physicians could do, he became delirious, with intervals of sense, during which Dr. Lloyd (after Bishop of St. Asaph) administered the Holy Sacrament, of which I also participated. He died the Friday following, the 30th July, to the universal grief of all that knew or heard of his great worth, nor had any a greater loss than myself. Oft would he say I was the oldest acquaintance he had in England (when his father was in Ireland), it being now of about thirty years, contracted abroad, when he rode in the Academy in Paris, and when we were seldom asunder.<sup>1</sup>

His Majesty never lost a worthier subject, nor father a better or more dutiful son; a loving, generous, good-natured, and perfectly obliging friend; one who

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 153.]

had done innumerable kindnesses to several before they knew it; nor did he ever advance any that were not worthy; no one more brave, more modest; none more humble, sober, and every way virtuous. Unhappy England in this illustrious person's loss! Universal was the mourning for him, and the eulogies on him; I staid night and day by his bedside to his last gasp, to close his dear eyes! O sad father, mother, wife, and children! What shall I add? He deserved all that a sincere friend, a brave soldier, a virtuous courtier, a loyal subject, an honest man, a bountiful master, and good Christian, could deserve of his prince and country. One thing more let me note, that he often expressed to me the abhorrence he had of that base and unworthy action which he was put upon, of engaging the Smyrna fleet<sup>1</sup> in time of peace, in which though he behaved himself like a great captain, yet he told me it was the only blot in his life and troubled him exceedingly. Though he was commanded, and never examined further when he was so, yet he always spake of it with regret and detestation. The Countess was at the seat of her daughter, the Countess of Derby, about 200 miles off.<sup>2</sup>

30th August. I went to visit a French gentleman, one Monsieur Chardin,<sup>3</sup> who having been thrice in the East Indies, Persia, and other remote countries, came hither in our return-ships from those parts, and it being reported that he was a very curious and knowing man, I was desired by the Royal Society to salute him in their name, and to invite him to honour them with his company. Sir Joseph Hoskins<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 283.]

<sup>2</sup> [She was the eldest daughter of Henry de Nassau, Lord of Auverquerque; and her own eldest daughter had married William Richard, ninth Earl of Derby.]

<sup>3</sup> [Afterwards Sir John, 1643-1712. Though a foreigner, he was knighted by Charles II. in 1687. He was a jewel merchant, and an enterprising traveller in Persia and the East, his accounts of which, 1671-1711, are still valuable. He died and was buried at Chiswick; but he has a memorial in Westminster Abbey. Bolton House, Turnham Green, where he lived, was pulled down about 1880. His name is, however, perpetuated in Chardin Road (Phillimore and Whittears's *Chiswick*, 1897, pp. 157, 172, 274).]

<sup>4</sup> [John Hoskins, 1634-1705; President of the Royal Society, 1682-83. He was not knighted at this date.]

and Sir Christopher Wren accompanied me. We found him at his lodgings in his Eastern habit, a very handsome person, extremely affable, a modest, well-bred man, not inclined to talk wonders. He spoke Latin, and understood Greek, Arabic, and Persian, from eleven years' travels in those parts, whither he went in search of jewels, and was become very rich. He seemed about 36 years of age. After the usual civilities, we asked some account of the extraordinary things he must have seen in travelling over land to those places where few, if any, northern Europeans used to go, as the Black and Caspian Sea, Mingrelia, Bagdad, Nineveh, Persepolis, etc. He told us that the things most worthy of our sight would be, the draughts he had caused to be made of some noble ruins, etc.; for that, besides his own little talent that way, he had carried two good painters with him, to draw landscapes, measure and design the remains of the palace which Alexander burnt in his frolic at Persepolis, with divers temples, columns, *risceos*, and statues, yet extant, which he affirmed to be sculpture far exceeding anything he had observed either at Rome, in Greece, or in any other part of the world where magnificence was in estimation. He said there was an inscription in letters not intelligible, though entire. He was sorry he could not gratify the curiosity of the Society at present, his things not being yet out of the ship; but would wait on them with them on his return from Paris, whither he was going the next day, but with intention to return suddenly, and stay longer here, the persecution in France not suffering Protestants, and he was one, to be quiet.

He told us that Nineveh was a vast city, now all buried in her ruins, the inhabitants building on the subterranean vaults, which were, as appeared, the first stories of the old city;<sup>1</sup> that there were frequently found huge vases of fine earth, columns, and other antiquities; that the straw which the Egyptians required of the Israelites, was not to burn, or cover the rows of bricks as we use, but being chopped small to mingle with the clay, which being dried in the sun (for they bake not in the furnaces) would else clave asunder; that in

Persia are yet a race of Ignicolæ, who worship the sun and the fire as Gods; that the women of Georgia and Mingrelia were universally, and without any compare, the most beautiful creatures for shape, features, and figure, in the world, and therefore the Grand Seignor and Bashaws had had from thence most of their wives and concubines; that there had within these hundred years been Amazons amongst them, that is to say, a sort or race of valiant women, given to war; that Persia was extremely fertile; he spoke also of Japan and China, and of the many great errors of our late geographers, as we suggested matter for discourse. We then took our leaves, failing of seeing his papers; but it was told us by others that indeed he durst not open, or show them, till he had first showed them to the French King; but of this he himself said nothing.

*2nd September.* I had an opportunity, his Majesty being still at Windsor, of seeing his private library at Whitehall, at my full ease. I went with expectation of finding some curiosities, but though there were about 1000 volumes, there were few of importance which I had not perused before. They consisted chiefly of such books as had from time to time been dedicated, or presented to him; a few histories, some Travels and French books, abundance of maps and sea charts, entertainments and pomps, buildings and pieces relating to the Navy, some mathematical instruments; but what was most rare, were three or four Romish breviaries, with a great deal of miniature and monkish painting and gilding, one of which is most exquisitely done, both as to the figures, grotesques, and compartments, to the utmost of that curious art. There is another in which I find written by the hand of King Henry VII., his giving it to his dear daughter, Margaret, afterwards Queen of Scots, in which he desires her to pray for his soul, subscribing his name at length. There is also the process of the philosophers' great elixir, represented in divers pieces of excellent miniature, but the discourse is in high Dutch, a MS. There is another MS. in quarto, of above 300 years old, in French, being an institution of physic, and in the botanical part the plants are curiously painted in miniature; also a

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 294.

folio MS. of good thickness, being the several exercises, as Themes, Orations, Translations, etc., of King Edward VI., all written and subscribed by his own hand, and with his name very legible, and divers of the Greek interleaved and corrected after the manner of schoolboys' exercises, and that exceedingly well and proper; with some epistles to his preceptor, which show that young Prince to have been extraordinarily advanced in learning, and as Cardan, who had been in England, affirmed, stupendously knowing for his age. There is likewise his Journal,<sup>1</sup> no less testifying his early ripeness and care about the affairs of state.

There are besides many pompous volumes, some embossed with gold, and intaglios on agates, medals, etc. I spent three or four entire days, locked up, and alone, among these books and curiosities. In the rest of the private lodgings contiguous to this, are divers of the best pictures of the great masters, Raphael, Titian, etc., and, in my esteem, above all, the *Noli me tangere* of our Blessed Saviour to Mary Magdalen after his Resurrection, of Hans Holbein; than which I never saw so much reverence and kind of heavenly astonishment expressed in a picture.

There are also divers curious clocks, watches, and pendules of exquisite work, and other curiosities. An ancient woman who made these lodgings clean, and had all the keys, let me in at pleasure for a small reward, by means of a friend.

6th September. I dined with Sir Stephen Fox,<sup>2</sup> now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came first a poor boy from the choir of Salisbury, then he was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy (brother to Algernon Earl of Northumberland), who procured for him an inferior place amongst the Clerks of the Kitchen and Green-Cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his Majesty being in exile, and Mr. Fox waiting, both the King and Lords about him frequently employed him about their affairs, and trusted him both with receiving and

paying the little money they had. Returning with his Majesty to England, after great wants and great sufferings, his Majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that being advanced from Clerk of the Kitchen to that of the Green-Cloth, he procured to be Paymaster to the whole Army, and by his dexterity and punctual dealing he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers' moderate allowance to him for keeping touch with them, did so enrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000, honestly got and unenvied; which is next to a miracle. With all this he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was.

He is generous, and lives very honourably, of a sweet nature, well spoken, well bred, and is so highly in his Majesty's esteem, and so useful, that being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the Cofferer's place after Harry Brouncker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her £12,000, and restored that entangled family besides. He matched his son to Mrs. Trollop, who brings with her (besides a great sum) near, if not altogether, £2000 per annum. Sir Stephen's lady (an excellent woman) is sister to Mr. Whittle, one of the King's chirurgeons. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious.

23rd. Came to my house some German strangers and Signor Pietro, a famous musician, who had been long in Sweden in Queen Christina's Court;<sup>1</sup> he sung

<sup>1</sup> [Christina, Queen of Sweden, 1626-89, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus. She had abdicated in June, 1654, and at this date was leading an eccentric life at Rome. Edward Browne writes thus of her in January, 1665: "I was the other night at the Queene of Sweden's, shee is low and fat, a little crooked; goes commonly with a velvet coat, cravat, and man's perruke; shee is continually merry, hath a free carriage with her, talks and laughs with all strangers, whom she entertains, once in a weeke, with musick, and now this carnivall every other night with comedies" (Sir T. Browne's *Works*, 1836, i. 86).]

<sup>1</sup> Several extracts from this journal are made by Burnet in his *History of the Reformation*.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, 246.]

admirably to a guitar, and had a perfect good tenor and base, and had set to Italian composure many of Abraham Cowley's pieces which showed extremely well. He told me that in Sweden the heat in some part of summer was as excessive as the cold in winter; so cold, he affirmed, that the streets of all the towns are desolate, no creatures stirring in them for many months, all the inhabitants retiring to their stoves. He spake high things of that romantic Queen's learning and skill in languages, the majesty of her behaviour, her exceeding wit, and that the histories she had read of other countries, especially of Italy and Rome, had made her despise her own. That the real occasion of her resigning her crown was the noblemen's importuning her to marry, and the promise which the Pope had made her of procuring her to be Queen of Naples, which also caused her to change her religion; but she was cheated by his crafty Holiness,<sup>1</sup> working on her ambition; that the reason of her killing her secretary at Fontainebleau,<sup>2</sup> was, his revealing that intrigue with the Pope. But, after all this, I rather believe it was her mad prodigality and extreme vanity, which had consumed those vast treasures the great Adolphus, her father, had brought out of Germany during his [campaigns] there and wonderful successes; and that, if she had not voluntarily resigned, as foreseeing the event, the Estates of her kingdom would have compelled her to do so.

30th October. I went to London to be private, my birthday being the next day, and I now arrived at my sixtieth year; on which I began a more solemn survey of my whole life, in order to the making and confirming my peace with God, by an accurate scrutiny of all my actions past, as far as I was able to call them to mind. How difficult and uncertain, yet how necessary a work! The Lord be merciful to me, and accept me! Who can tell how oft he offendeth? Teach me, therefore, so to

number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom, and make my calling and election sure. Amen, Lord Jesus!

31st. I spent this whole day in exercises. A stranger preached at Whitehall<sup>1</sup> on Luke xvi. 30, 31. I then went to St. Martin's, where the Bishop of St. Asaph<sup>2</sup> preached on 1 Peter iii. 15; the holy Communion followed, at which I participated, humbly imploring God's assistance in the great work I was entering into. In the afternoon I heard Dr. Sprat, at St. Margaret's, on Acts xvii. 11.

I began and spent the whole week in examining my life, begging pardon for my faults, assistance and blessing for the future, that I might, in some sort, be prepared for the time that now drew near, and not have the great work to begin, when one can work no longer. The Lord Jesus help and assist me! I therefore stirred little abroad till the 5th November, when I heard Dr. Tenison,<sup>3</sup> the now vicar of St. Martin's; Dr. Lloyd, the former incumbent, being made Bishop of St. Asaph.

7th November. I participated of the Blessed Communion, finishing and confirming my resolutions of giving myself up more entirely to God, to whom I had now most solemnly devoted the rest of the poor remainder of life in this world; the Lord enabling me, who am an unprofitable servant, a miserable sinner, yet depending on his infinite goodness and mercy accepting my endeavours.

15th. Came to dine with us Sir Richard Anderson,<sup>4</sup> his lady, son, and wife, sister to my daughter-in-law.

30th. The anniversary election at the Royal Society brought me to London, where was chosen President that excellent person and great philosopher, Mr. Robert Boyle,<sup>5</sup> who indeed ought to have been the very first; but neither his infirmity nor his modesty could now any longer excuse him. I desired I might for this year be left out of the Council, by reason my dwelling

<sup>1</sup> Pope Alexander VII., of the family of Chigi, at Siena.

<sup>2</sup> [The Marquis Monaldeschi, her Chamberlain and quondam favourite. In 1657, she subjected him to a mock trial for high treason; and then had him assassinated by three men in the *Galerie des Cerfs*, under the eyes of a priest for whom she had previously sent to confess him.]

<sup>1</sup> Probably to the King's household, very early in the morning, as the custom was.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 326.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Thomas Tenison, 1636-1715, at this date Rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, eventually Archbishop of Canterbury.]

<sup>4</sup> [Of Pendley (see *post*, under 16th May, 1683).]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]



was in the country. The Society, accordingly to custom, dined together.

This signal day begun the trial (at which I was present) of my Lord Viscount Stafford,<sup>1</sup> for conspiring the death of the King; second [fifth?] son to my Lord Thomas Howard Earl of Arundel and Surrey,<sup>2</sup> Earl Marshal of England, and grandfather to the present Duke of Norfolk,<sup>3</sup> whom I so well knew, and from which excellent person I received so many favours.<sup>4</sup> It was likewise his birthday.<sup>5</sup> The trial was in Westminster Hall,<sup>6</sup> before the King, Lords, and Commons; just in the same manner as, forty years past,<sup>7</sup> the great and wise Earl of Stafford (there being but one letter differing their names) received his trial for pretended ill government in Ireland, in the very same place, this Lord Stafford's father being then High-Steward.<sup>8</sup> The place of sitting was now exalted some considerable height from the paved floor of the Hall, with a stage of boards. The throne, woolpacks for the Judges, long forms for the Peers, chair for the Lord Steward, exactly ranged, as in the House of Lords. The sides on both hands scaffolded to the very roof for the members of the House of Commons. At the upper end, and on the right side of the King's state, was a box for his Majesty, and on the left, others for the great ladies, and overhead a gallery for ambassadors and public ministers. At the lower end, or entrance, was a bar, and place for the prisoner, the Lieutenant of the Tower of London, the axe-bearer and guards, my Lord Stafford's two daughters, the Marchioness of Winchester<sup>9</sup> being one;

there was likewise a box for my Lord to retire into. At the right hand, in another box, somewhat higher, stood the witnesses; at the left, the managers, in the name of the Commons of England, namely, Serjeant Maynard (the great lawyer, the same who prosecuted the cause against the Earl of Strafford forty years before, being now near eighty years of age),<sup>1</sup> Sir William Jones, late Attorney-General, Sir Francis Winnington, a famous pleader, and Mr. Treby, now Recorder of London,<sup>2</sup> not appearing in their gowns as lawyers, but in their cloaks and swords, as representing the Commons of England: to these were joined Mr. Hampden,<sup>3</sup> Dr. Sacheverell,<sup>4</sup> Mr. Poule, Colonel Titus, Sir Thomas Lee, all gentlemen of quality, and noted parliamentary men. The two first days, in which were read the commission and impeachment, were but a tedious entrance into matter of fact, at which I was but little present. But, on Thursday, I was commodiously seated amongst the Commons, when the witnesses were sworn and examined. The principal witnesses were Mr. Oates (who called himself Dr.), Mr. Dugdale,<sup>5</sup> and Turberville.<sup>6</sup> Oates swore that he delivered a commission to Viscount Stafford from the Pope, to be Paymaster-General to an army intended to be raised;—Dugdale, that being at Lord Aston's, the prisoner dealt with him plainly to murder his Majesty; and Turberville, that at Paris he also proposed the same to him.<sup>7</sup>

*3rd December.* The depositions of my Lord's witnesses were taken, to invalidate the King's witnesses; they were very slight persons, but, being fifteen or sixteen, they

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 317. He was the oldest of the five prisoners in the Tower (see p. 270), being sixty-six; and, according to Reresby, was selected because he was deemed "weaker than the other lords, . . . and so less able to make his defence" (*Memoirs*, 1875, p. 194).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 9.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 128.]

<sup>4</sup> [Evelyn here means the aforesaid Lord Thomas Howard.]

<sup>5</sup> Lord Stafford was born 30th November, 1614.]

<sup>6</sup> ["To the shortening the promenade of the lawyers and the severe oppression of the shops, which ordinarily occupied its floor" (Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts*, 1904, p. 413).]

<sup>7</sup> [In 1641 (see *ante*, p. 9).]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 9.]

<sup>9</sup> [Widow and third wife of John, fifth Marquess of Winchester (d. 1675), who held Basing House for Charles I. against the Parliamentarians till it was burned down.]

<sup>1</sup> [Sir John Maynard, 1602-90.]

<sup>2</sup> George Treby, 1644-1700, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and knighted in 1681. He was also member of Parliament for Plympton, in Devonshire, where he was born.

<sup>3</sup> [John Hampden, 1656-96, grandson of John Hampden.]

<sup>4</sup> [William Sacheverell, 1638-91, the politician. He was not "Dr."]

<sup>5</sup> [Stephen Dugdale, 1640-83, the informer, Lord Aston's steward.]

<sup>6</sup> [Edward Turberville, the informer, 1648-81.]

<sup>7</sup> ["They seemed so positive in this and other dangerous evidence," says Reresby, "that myself that sat and heard most of the trial knew not what to believe, had the evidence been men of any credit; but such incoherences, and indeed contradictions in my judgment, appeared towards the latter end of the trial, that for my own part I was satisfied at last of its untruth" (*Memoirs*, 1875, p. 194).]

took up all that day, and in truth they rather did my Lord injury than service.

4th December. Came other witnesses of the Commons to corroborate the King's, some being Peers, some Commons, with others of good quality, who took off all the former day's objections, and set the King's witnesses *recti in Curia*.

6th. Sir William Jones summed up the evidence; to him succeeded all the rest of the managers, and then Mr. Henry Poule<sup>1</sup> made a vehement oration. After this my Lord, as on all occasions, and often during the trial, spoke in his own defence, denying the charge altogether, and that he had never seen Oates, or Turberville, at the time and manner affirmed: in truth, their testimony did little weigh with me; Dugdale's only seemed to press hardest, to which my Lord spake a great while, but confusedly, without any method.

One thing my Lord said as to Oates, which I confess did exceedingly affect me: That a person who during his depositions should so vauntingly brag that though he went over to the Church of Rome, yet he was never a Papist, nor of their religion, all the time that he seemed to apostatise from the Protestant, but only as a spy; though he confessed he took their sacrament, worshipped images, went through all their oaths, and discipline of their proselytes, swearing secrecy and to be faithful, but with intent to come over again and betray them;—that such an hypocrite, that had so deeply prevaricated as even to turn idolater (for so we of the Church of England termed it), attesting God so solemnly that he was entirely theirs and devoted to their interest, and consequently (as he pretended) trusted;—I say, that the witness of such a profligate wretch should be admitted against the life of a peer,—this my Lord looked upon as a monstrous thing, and such as must needs redound to the dishonour of our religion and nation. And verily I am of his Lordship's opinion: such a man's testimony should not be taken against the life of a dog. But the merit of something material which he discovered against Coleman,<sup>2</sup> put him in such esteem with the Parliament, that now, I fancy, he stuck at nothing, and thought everybody was to take what he said for gospel. The consideration of

this, and some other circumstances, began to stagger me; particularly how it was possible that one who went among the Papists on such a design, and pretended to be entrusted with so many letters and commissions from the Pope and the party, nay, and delivered them to so many great persons, should not reserve one of them to show, nor so much as one copy of any commission, which he who had such dexterity in opening letters might certainly have done, to the undeniable conviction of those whom he accused; but, as I said, he gained credit on Coleman. But, as to others whom he so madly flew upon, I am little inclined to believe his testimony, he being so slight a person, so passionate, ill-bred, and of such impudent behaviour; nor is it likely that such piercing politicians as the Jesuits should trust him with so high and so dangerous secrets.

7th. On Tuesday, I was again at the trial, when judgment was demanded; and, after my Lord had spoken what he could in denying the fact, the managers answering the objections, the Peers adjourned to their House, and within two hours returned again. There was, in the meantime, this question put to the judges, "whether there being but one witness to any single crime, or act, it could amount to convict a man of treason." They gave an unanimous opinion that in case of treason they all were overt acts, for though no man should be condemned by one witness for any one act, yet for several acts to the same intent, it was valid; which was my Lord's case. This being past, and the Peers in their seats again, the Lord Chancellor Finch<sup>1</sup> (this day the Lord High Steward) removing to the woolsack next his Majesty's state, after summoning the Lieutenant of the Tower to bring forth his prisoner, and proclamation made for silence, demanded of every peer (who were in all eighty-six) whether William, Lord Viscount Stafford, were guilty of the treason laid to his charge, or not guilty.

Then the Peer spoken to, standing up, and laying his right hand upon his breast, said Guilty, or Not guilty, upon my honour, and then sat down, the Lord Steward noting their suffrages as they answered upon a paper: when all had done, the number of Not guilty being but 31, the Guilty 55:

<sup>1</sup> [A manager.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 317.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 233.]

and then, after proclamation for silence again, the Lord Steward directing his speech to the prisoner, against whom the axe was turned edgeways and not before, in aggravation of his crime, he being ennobled by the King's father, and since received many favours from his present Majesty: after enlarging on his offence, deploring first his own unhappiness that he who had never condemned any man before should now be necessitated to begin with him, he then pronounced sentence of death by hanging, drawing, and quartering, according to form, with great solemnity and dreadful gravity; and, after a short pause, told the prisoner that he believed the Lords would intercede for the omission of some circumstances<sup>1</sup> of his sentence, beheading only excepted; and then breaking his white staff, the Court was dissolved. My Lord Stafford during all this latter part spake but little, and only gave their Lordships thanks after the sentence was pronounced; and indeed behaved himself modestly, and as became him.<sup>2</sup>

It was observed that all his own relations of his name and family condemned him, except his nephew, the Earl of Arundel,<sup>3</sup> son to the Duke of Norfolk. And it must be acknowledged that the whole trial was carried on with exceeding gravity: so stately and august an appearance I had never seen before; for, besides the innumerable spectators of gentlemen and foreign ministers, who saw and heard all the proceedings, the prisoner had the consciences of all the Commons of England for his accusers, and all the Peers to be his Judges and Jury. He had likewise the assistance of what counsel he would, to direct him in his plea, who stood by him. And yet I can hardly think that a person of his age and experience should engage men whom he never saw before (and one of them that came to visit him as a stranger

at Paris) *point blank* to murder the King: God only who searches hearts, can discover the truth. Lord Stafford was not a man beloved, especially of his own family.

12th December. This evening, looking out of my chamber-window towards the west, I saw a meteor of an obscure bright colour, very much in shape like the blade of a sword, the rest of the sky very serene and clear. What this may portend, God only knows; but such another phenomenon I remember to have seen in 1640, about the trial of the great Earl of Stafford, preceding our bloody Rebellion.<sup>4</sup> I pray God avert his judgments! We have had of late several comets, which though I believe appear from natural causes, and of themselves operate not, yet I cannot despise them. They may be warnings from God, as they commonly are forerunners of his admonitions. After many days and nights of snow, cloudy and dark weather, the comet was very much wasted.

17th. My daughter-in-law was brought to bed of a son, christened Richard.<sup>5</sup>

22nd. A solemn public Fast that God would prevent all Popish plots, avert his judgments, and give a blessing to the proceedings of Parliament now assembled, and which struck at the succession of the Duke of York.

29th. The Viscount Stafford was beheaded on Tower Hill.<sup>6</sup>

1680-1: 10th February. I was at the wedding of my nephew, John Evelyn of Wotton, married by the Bishop of Rochester at Westminster, in Henry VII.'s chapel, to the daughter and heir of Mr. Eversfield, of Sussex, her portion £8000. The solemnity was kept with a few friends only at Lady Beckford's, the lady's mother.<sup>7</sup>

8th March. Visited and dined at the Earl of Essex's, with whom I spent most of the afternoon alone. Thence to my (yet living) godmother and kinswoman, Mrs. Keightley,<sup>8</sup> sister to Sir Thomas Evelyn, and niece to my father, being now eighty-six years of age, sprightly, and in perfect health, her eyes serving her as well

<sup>1</sup> [Drawing and quartering, which the King remitted. What Burke's *Peerage* calls this "iniquitous attainder," was not reversed till 1824.]

<sup>2</sup> ["He heard his accusers, and defended himself with great resolution, and received his sentence with no less courage, which stayed by him till he laid his head upon the block [see *post*, under 29th December], protesting his innocence to the last" (Reresby's *Memoirs*, 1875, p. 194).]

<sup>3</sup> [Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel (Lord Mowbray), afterwards seventh Duke of Norfolk, 1655-1701 (see *ante*, p. 222).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 25.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *post*, 6th September, 1681.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, 7th December.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 324.]

<sup>8</sup> [Rose, daughter of Thomas Evelyn of Long Ditton, married Thomas Keightley of Staffordshire (see *ante*, p. 3).]

as ever, and of a comely countenance, that one would not suppose her above fifty.

27th March. The Parliament now convened at Oxford. Great expectation of his Royal Highness's case as to the succession,<sup>1</sup> against which the House was set.

An extraordinary sharp cold spring, not yet a leaf on the trees, frost and snow lying: whilst the whole nation was in the greatest ferment.

11th April. I took my leave of Dr. Lloyd (Bishop of St. Asaph)<sup>2</sup> at his house in Leicester Fields, now going to reside in his diocese.

12th. I dined at Mr. Brisbane's, Secretary to the Admiralty,<sup>3</sup> a learned and industrious person, whither came Dr. Burnet, to thank me for some papers I had contributed towards his excellent *History of the Reformation*.<sup>4</sup>

26th. I dined at Don Pietro Ronquillo's, the Spanish Ambassador, at Wild House,<sup>5</sup> who used me with extraordinary civility. The dinner was plentiful, half after the Spanish, half after the English way. After dinner, he led me into his bedchamber, where we fell into a long discourse concerning religion. Though he was a learned man in politics, and an advocate, he was very ignorant in religion, and able to defend any point of controversy; he was, however, far from being fierce. At parting, he earnestly wished me to apply humbly to the Blessed Virgin to direct me, assuring me that he had known divers who had been averse from the Roman Catholic religion, wonderfully enlightened and convinced by her intercession. He importuned me to come and visit him often.

29th. But one shower of rain all this month.

5th May. Came to dine with me Sir William Fermor,<sup>6</sup> of Northamptonshire, and Sir Christopher Wren, his Majesty's Architect and Surveyor, now building the

Cathedral of St. Paul, and the Column in memory of the City's conflagration,<sup>1</sup> and was in hand with the building of fifty parish churches. A wonderful genius had this incomparable person.

16th. Came my Lady Sunderland,<sup>2</sup> to desire that I would propose a match to Sir Stephen Fox<sup>3</sup> for her son, Lord Spencer,<sup>4</sup> to marry Mrs. Jane, Sir Stephen's daughter. I excused myself all I was able; for the truth is, I was afraid he would prove an extravagant man: for, though a youth of extraordinary parts, and had an excellent education to render him a worthy man, yet his early inclinations to extravagance made me apprehensive, that I should not serve Sir Stephen by proposing it, like a friend; this being now his only daughter, well bred, and likely to receive a large share of her father's opulence. Lord Sunderland was much sunk in his estate by gaming and other prodigalities, and was now no longer Secretary of State, having fallen into displeasure of the King for siding with the Commons about the succession; but which, I am assured, he did not do out of his own inclination, or for the preservation of the Protestant religion; but by mistaking the ability of the party to carry it. However, so earnest and importunate was the Countess, that I did mention it to Sir Stephen, who said that it was too great an honour, that his daughter was very young as well as my Lord, and he was resolved never to marry her without the parties' mutual liking; with other objections which I neither would nor could contradict. He desired me to express to the Countess the great sense he had of the honour done him, that his daughter and her son were too young; that he would do nothing without her liking, which he did not think her capable of expressing judiciously, till she was sixteen or seventeen years of age, of which she now wanted four years, and that I would put it off as civilly as I could.

20th. Our new curate preached, a pretty hopeful young man, yet somewhat raw, newly come from college, full of Latin

<sup>1</sup> [Charles proposed that James should be banished, and William or Mary be made Regent. The Commons rejected this, as the Court really wished they would.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 326.]

<sup>3</sup> [See post, under 26th October, 1683.]

<sup>4</sup> [Burnet's *History of the Reformation of the Church of England* was published 1679-1715.]

<sup>5</sup> [Weld, or Wild House, on the site of Little Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was pulled down circa 1695 (see post, 9th December, 1688).]

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 318.]

<sup>1</sup> [The Monument was erected 1671-77.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 280.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 246.]

<sup>4</sup> [Lord Spencer died before his father, who was succeeded by his second son, Charles (see post, under 18th August, 1688).]

sentences, which in time will wear off. He read prayers very well.

25<sup>th</sup> May. There came to visit me Sir William Walter and Sir John Elowes: and, the next day, the Earl of Kildare,<sup>1</sup> a young gentleman related to my wife, and other company. There had scarce fallen any rain since Christmas.

2<sup>nd</sup> June. I went to Hampton Court, when the Surrey gentlemen presented their addresses to his Majesty, whose hand I kissed, introduced by the Duke of Albemarle. Being at the Privy Council, I took another occasion of discoursing with Sir Stephen Fox about his daughter and to revive that business, and at last brought it to this: That, in case the young people liked one the other, after four years, he first desiring to see a particular of my Lord's present estate if I could transmit it to him privately, he would make her portion £14,000, though to all appearance he might likely make it £50,000 as easily, his eldest son having no child, and growing very corpulent.

12<sup>th</sup>. It still continued so great a drought as had never been known in England, and it was said to be universal.

14<sup>th</sup> August. No sermon this afternoon, which I think did not happen twice in this parish these thirty years; so gracious has God been to it, and indeed to the whole nation: God grant that we abuse not this great privilege, either by our wantonness, schism, or unfaithfulness, under such means as he has not favoured any other nation under Heaven besides!

23<sup>rd</sup>. I went to Wotton, and, on the following day, was invited to Mr. Denzil Onslow's at his seat at Pyrford,<sup>2</sup> where was much company, and such an extraordinary feast, as I had hardly seen at any country gentleman's table. What made it more remarkable was, that there was not anything save what his estate about it did afford; as venison, rabbits, hares, pheasants, partridges, pigeons, quails, poultry, all sorts of fowl in season from his own decoy near his house, and all sorts of fresh fish. After dinner, we went to see

sport at the decoy, where I never saw so many herons.

The seat stands on a flat, the ground pasture, rarely watered, and exceedingly improved since Mr. Onslow bought it of Sir Robert Parkhurst, who spent a fair estate. The house is timber, but commodious, and with one ample dining-room, the hall adorned with paintings of fowl and huntings, etc., the work of Mr. Barlow,<sup>1</sup> who is excellent in this kind from the life.

30<sup>th</sup>. From Wotton I went to see Mr. Hussey<sup>2</sup> (at Sutton in Shere), who has a very pretty seat well watered, near my brother's. He is the neatest husband for curious ordering his domestic and field accommodations, and what pertains to husbandry, that I have ever seen, as to his granaries, tacklings, tools, and utensils, ploughs, carts, stables, wood-piles, wood-house, even to hen-roosts and hog-troughs. Methought, I saw old Cato, or Varro, in him; all substantial, all in exact order. The sole inconvenience he lies under, is the great quantity of sand which the stream brings along with it, and fills his canals and receptacles for fish too soon. The rest of my time of stay at Wotton was spent in walking about the grounds and goodly woods, where I have in my youth so often entertained my solitude; and so, on the 2<sup>nd</sup> of September, I once more returned to my home.

6<sup>th</sup> September. Died my pretty grandchild, and was interred on the 8<sup>th</sup> [at Deptford].<sup>3</sup>

14<sup>th</sup>. Dined with Sir Stephen Fox, who proposed to me the purchasing of Chelsea College,<sup>4</sup> which his Majesty had sometime since given to our Society, and would now purchase it again to build an hospital, or infirmary for soldiers there, in which he desired my assistance as one of the Council of the Royal Society.

15<sup>th</sup>. I had another opportunity of visiting his Majesty's private library, at Whitehall.<sup>5</sup>

To Sir Samuel Morland's to see his house and mechanics.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> John FitzGerald, 18<sup>th</sup> Earl of Kildare, 1661-1707.

<sup>2</sup> [Pyrford, or Pirford Park (now converted into farm land), not far from Ripley. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's (1621-31), once lived here. Lord Onslow is Lord of the Manor,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 188.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 273.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 333.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 265.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 328.]

<sup>6</sup> In Lambeth, at what is now Vauxhall, where Sir Samuel Morland had fitted up a house. It

17th September. I went with Monsieur Foubert about taking the Countess of Bristol's house for an academy, he being lately come from Paris for his religion, and resolving to settle there.<sup>1</sup>

23rd. I went to see Sir Thomas Bond's fine house and garden, at Peckham.<sup>2</sup>

2nd October. I went to Camberwell, where that good man Dr. Parr<sup>3</sup> (late chaplain to Archbishop Ussher) preached on Acts xvi. 30.

11th. To Fulham, to visit the Bishop of London,<sup>4</sup> in whose garden I first saw the *Sedum arborescens* in flower, which was exceedingly beautiful.

5th November. Dr. Hooper<sup>5</sup> preached on Mark xii. 16, 17, before the King, of usurpation of the Church of Rome. This is one of the first rank of pulpit men in the nation.

15th. I dined with the Earl of Essex,<sup>6</sup> who, after dinner in his study, where we were alone, related to me how much he had been scandalised and injured in the report of his being privy to the marriage of his Lady's niece, the rich young widow of the late Lord Ogle, sole daughter of the

contained a large room, furnished magnificently, and elaborate fountains constructed in the garden. He was much in favour with Charles the Second for services he had rendered to him while abroad, and this is probably the place to which it is said the King and his Ladies used to cross the water to go to. See Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, iii. 489-91. Sir Samuel became blind at last, and seems to have suffered from a sort of religious melancholy. See *ante*, p. 257; and *post*, under 16th June, 1683, and 25th October, 1695.

<sup>1</sup> [In July, 1680, Major Foubert's Academy on the French model, "for riding, fencing, dancing, branding arms, and mathematics," was in Sherwood (or Sherrard) Street, Piccadilly, near the Haymarket. It was there in 1681 and 1682. Then apparently it was moved to the passage known by his name, connecting King Street with Swallow Street; and here it remained until, in 1813-20, part of Swallow Street was pulled down for the Regent Street improvements. There is a coloured drawing of Foubert's Academy by C. Tomkins, 1801, in the British Museum. It was in Foubert's Academy that the younger Königsmarck, Philip, was living with his Governor at the time of Thynne's murder (see *post*, under 15th November); and here also for a few days, at the same date, lodged the elder brother, Carl Johann von Königsmarck, the principal in that affair (*Memoirs of Sir John Resesby*, 1875, p. 237).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 305.] <sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 283.]

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. Compton (see *ante*, p. 267).]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. George Hooper, 1640-1727, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 324.]

Earl of Northumberland; showing me a letter of Mr. Thynne's, excusing himself for not communicating his marriage to his Lordship. He acquainted me also with the whole story of that unfortunate lady being betrayed by her grandmother, the Countess of Northumberland, and Colonel Bret, for money; and that though, upon the importunity of the Duke of Monmouth, he had delivered to the grandmother a particular of the jointure which Mr. Thynne pretended he would settle on the lady, yet he totally discouraged the proceeding, as by no means a competent match for one that both by birth and fortune might have pretended to the greatest prince in Christendom; that he also proposed the Earl of Kingston, or the Lord Cranburn, but was by no means for Mr. Thynne.<sup>1</sup>

19th. I dined with my worthy friend,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Thynne, of Longleat Hall, Wilts, 1648-82, commonly known as "Tom of Ten Thousand" (a year), and the "Issachar" of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*. In 1681 he had married Elizabeth Percy (1667-1722), only surviving daughter and heiress of Josceline, eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland, and widow of Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle; but she had fled from Thynne into Holland shortly after the ceremony. [He was shot in his coach at the lower end of St. Alban's Street, near the Haymarket, on February 12, 1682, by one Colonel Christopher Vratz, and two others, a Swedish lieutenant, John Stern, and a Polander, all three acting; it was believed, in the interests of Count Carl Johann von Königsmarck (elder brother of Philip, afterwards the lover of Sophia Dorothea of Celle), a former suitor of Lady Ogle. Königsmarck contrived to get off, but Vratz and his colleagues were hanged, March 10, on the spot where the murder was committed. Their victim was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a *bas-relief* depicting his death. Sir John Resesby, at this date (like Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey) a Justice of Peace for Middlesex and Westminster, was very active in the case, of which he gives an account at pp. 235-241 of his *Memoirs*, 1875.] It may be added, assuming the truth of what Lord Essex conveyed to Evelyn in the text, that the inclinations of the lady were not consulted in her second union; and this may have given rise to the suspicion that she encouraged Count Königsmarck's addresses, and was privy to his designs upon her husband. [She afterwards (1682) married Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset (1662-1784), and was attacked in Swift's *Windsor Prophecy* (1711):—

And, dear England, if ought I understand,  
Beware of Carrots, from Northumberland;  
Carrots sown Thynne a deep root may get,  
If so be they are in *Somer set*;  
Their *Conynge mark* thou; for I have been told  
They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old,  
etc.]

Mr. Erskine,<sup>1</sup> Master of the Charter-house, uncle to the Duchess of Monmouth; a wise and learned gentleman, fitter to have been a privy councillor and minister of state than to have been laid aside.

24th November. I was at the audience of the Russian Ambassador before both their Majesties in the Banqueting-house. The presents were carried before him, held up by his followers in two ranks before the King's State, and consisted of tapestry (one suite of which was doubtlessly brought from France as being of that fabric, the Ambassador having passed through that kingdom as he came out of Spain), a large Persian carpet, furs of sable and ermine, etc.; but nothing was so splendid and exotic as the Ambassador who came soon after the King's restoration.<sup>2</sup> This present Ambassador was exceedingly offended that his coach was not permitted to come into the Court, till, being told that no King's Ambassador did, he was pacified, yet requiring an attestation of it under the hand of Sir Charles Cotterell, the Master of the Ceremonies; being, it seems, afraid he should offend his Master, if he omitted the least punctilio. It was reported he condemned his son to lose his head for shaving off his beard, and putting himself in the French mode at Paris, and that he would have executed it, had not the French King interceded—but qy. of this.

30th. Sir Christopher Wren chosen President [of the Royal Society], Mr. Austine, Secretary, with Dr. Plot,<sup>3</sup> the ingenious author of the *History of Oxfordshire*. There was a most illustrious appearance.

1681-2: 11th January. I saw the audience of the Morocco Ambassador,<sup>4</sup> his retinue not numerous. He was received in the Banqueting-house, both their

<sup>1</sup> [William Erskine, d. 1685. He was Master of Charterhouse 1677-85, and Cup-bearer to Charles II. The Duchess of Monmouth was Ann Scott, Countess of Buccleuch.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 225.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 300.]

<sup>4</sup> Named Hamet. He made his public entry through London the fifth of this month. On the thirtieth of May following, he was entertained at Oxford; and, about the same time, dined with Elias Ashmole, who presented him with a magnifying glass. July 14, the Ambassador took his leave of the King, and on the 23rd of the same month embarked for his own country. There is a large print of him by Robert White.

Majesties being present. He came up to the throne without making any sort of reverence, not bowing his head, or body. He spake by a renegado Englishman, for whose safe return there was a promise. They were all clad in the Moorish habit, cassocks of coloured cloth, or silk, with buttons and loops, over this an *alhiaga*, or white woollen mantle, so large as to wrap both head and body, a sash, or small turban, naked-legged and armed, but with leather socks like the Turks, rich scymitar, and large calico sleeved shirts. The Ambassador had a string of pearls oddly woven in his turban. I fancy the old Roman habit was little different as to the mantle and naked limbs. He was a handsome person, well-featured, of a wise look, subtle, and extremely civil. Their presents were lions and ostriches;<sup>1</sup> their errand about a peace at Tangier. But the course and tumult of the people was intolerable, so as the officers could keep no order, which these strangers were astonished at at first, there being nothing so regular, exact, and performed with such silence, as is on all these public occasions of their country, and indeed over all the Turkish dominions.

14th. Dined at the Bishop of Rochester's,<sup>2</sup> at the Abbey, it being his marriage-day, after twenty-four years. He related to me how he had been treated by Sir William Temple, foreseeing that he might be a delegate in the concern of my Lady Ogle now likely to come in controversy upon her marriage with Mr. Thynne; also, how earnestly the late Earl of Danby, Lord Treasurer,<sup>3</sup> sought his friendship, and what plain and sincere advice he gave him from time to time about his miscarriages and partialities; particularly his outing Sir John Duncombe<sup>4</sup> from being Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Stephen Fox, above all, from Paymaster of the Army. The Treasurer's excuse and reason was, that Fox's credit was so over-great with the

<sup>1</sup> "That Ambassador's present to the King was two lions and thirty ostriches, which his Majesty laughed at, saying he knew nothing fitter to return than a flock of geese" (Reresby's *Memoirs*, 1875, p. 232).

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Dolben (see ante, p. 320 n.).]

<sup>3</sup> [The Earl of Danby did not die till 1712. At this moment he was a prisoner in the Tower. Evelyn possibly means he was no longer Lord Treasurer.]

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 245.]

bankers and monied men, that he could procure none but by his means; "for that reason," replied the Bishop, "I would have made him my friend, Sir Stephen being a person both honest and of credit." He told him likewise of his stateliness and difficulty of access, and several other mis-carriages, and which indeed made him hated.

*24th January.* To the Royal Society, where at the Council we passed a new law for the more accurate consideration of candidates, as whether they would really be useful; also, concerning the honorary members, that none should be admitted but by diploma.

This evening, I was at the entertainment of the Morocco Ambassador at the Duchess of Portsmouth's glorious apartments at Whitehall,<sup>1</sup> where was a great banquet of sweetmeats and music; but at which both the Ambassador and his retinue behaved themselves with extraordinary moderation and modesty, though placed about a long table, a lady between two Moors, and amongst these were the King's natural children, namely, Lady Lichfield and Sussex, the Duchess of Portsmouth, Nelly, etc., concubines, and cattle of that sort, as splendid as jewels and excess of bravery could make them; the Moors neither admiring nor seeming to regard anything, furniture or the like, with any earnestness, and but decently tasting of the banquet. They drank a little milk and water, but not a drop of wine; they also drank of a sorbet and jocolatt;<sup>2</sup> did not look about, or stare on the ladies, or express the least surprise, but with a courtly negligence in pace, countenance, and whole behaviour, answering only to such questions as were asked with a great deal of wit and gallantry, and so gravely took leave with this compliment, that God would bless the Duchess of Portsmouth and the Prince her son, meaning the little Duke of Richmond. The King came in at the latter end, just as the Ambassador was going away. In this manner was this slave (for he was no more at home) entertained by most of the nobility in town, and went often to Hyde Park on horseback, where he and his retinue showed their extraordinary activity in horse-

manship, and flinging and catching their lances at full speed; they rode very short, and could stand upright at full speed, managing their spears with incredible agility. He went sometimes to the theatres, where upon any foolish or fantastical action, he could not forbear laughing, but he endeavoured to hide it with extraordinary modesty and gravity. In a word, the Russian Ambassador, still at Court, behaved himself like a clown, compared to this civil heathen.

*27th.* This evening, Sir Stephen Fox acquainted me again with his Majesty's resolution of proceeding in the erection of a Royal Hospital for emerited soldiers on that spot of ground which the Royal Society had sold to his Majesty for £1300,<sup>1</sup> and that he would settle £5000 per annum on it, and build to the value of £20,000 for the relief and reception of four companies, namely, 400 men, to be as in a college or monastery. I was therefore desired by Sir Stephen (who had not only the whole managing of this, but was, as I perceived, himself to be a grand benefactor, as well it became him who had gotten so vast an estate by the soldiers) to assist him, and consult what method to cast it in, as to the government. So, in his study we arranged the governor, chaplain, steward, house-keeper, surgeon, cook, butler, gardener, porter, and other officers, with their several salaries and entertainments. I would needs have a library, and mentioned several books, since some soldiers might possibly be studious, when they were at leisure to recollect. Thus we made the first calculations, and set down our thoughts to be considered and digested better, to show his Majesty and the Archbishop. He also engaged me to consider of what laws and orders were fit for the government, which was to be in every respect as strict as in any religious convent.

After supper, came in the famous treble, Mr. Abell,<sup>2</sup> newly returned from Italy; I never heard a more excellent voice; one would have sworn it had been a woman's, it was so high, and so well and skilfully

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 335.]

<sup>2</sup> [John Abell, 1660-1716, "Gentleman of His Majesty's Chapel," 1679. He had been sent by Charles II. to cultivate his voice in Italy, 1681-82.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 302.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sherbet and chocolate (see *ante*, p. 176).]



managed, being accompanied by Signor Francesco on the harpsichord.<sup>1</sup>

28th January. Mr. Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, showed me a large folio containing the whole mechanic part and art of building royal ships and men of war, made by Sir Anthony Deane,<sup>2</sup> being so accurate a piece from the very keel to the lead block, rigging, guns, victualling, manning, and even to every individual pin and nail, in a method so astonishing and curious, with a draught, both geometrical and in perspective, and several sections, that I do not think the world can show the like. I esteem this book as an extraordinary jewel.

7th February. My daughter, Mary, began to learn music of Signor Bartholomeo,<sup>3</sup> and dancing of Monsieur Isaac,<sup>4</sup> reputed the best masters.

Having had several violent fits of an ague, recourse was had to bathing my legs in milk up to the knees, made as hot as I could endure it; and sitting so in it in a deep churn, or vessel, covered with blankets, and drinking *carduus* posset,<sup>5</sup> then going to bed and sweating, I not only missed that expected fit, but had no more, only continued weak, that I could not go to church till Ash-Wednesday, which I had not missed, I think, so long in twenty years, so gracious had God been to me.

After this warning and admonition, I now began to look over and methodise all my writings, accounts, letters, papers; inventoried the goods, and other articles of the house, and put things into the best order I could, and made my will; that now, growing in years, I might have none of these secular things and concerns to distract me, when it should please Almighty God to call me from this transitory life. With this, I prepared some special meditations and devotions for the time of sickness.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 297.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Anthony Deane, 1638-1721, shipbuilder and F.R.S.] <sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 323.]

<sup>4</sup> [Isaac was a famous French dancing-master:—  
And *Isaac's* Rigadon shall live as long,  
As *Raphael's* painting, or as *Virgil's* song.]

There is a print of him by G. White after L. Goupy. He is mentioned in Swift's *Polite Conversation*, 1738, v. xvii., and in *Tatler*, Nos. 34 and 109.]

<sup>5</sup> [*Carduus Benedictus*, or Blessed Thistle, used as a posset-drink for fevers (Miller's *Herbal*, 1722, p. 114).]

The Lord Jesus grant them to be salutary for my poor soul in that day, that I may obtain mercy and acceptance!

1st March. My second grandchild was born, and christened the next day by our vicar at Sayes Court, by the name of John.<sup>1</sup> I beseech God to bless him!

2nd. Ash - Wednesday. I went to church: our vicar preached on Proverbs, showing what care and vigilance was required for the keeping of the heart upright. The Holy Communion followed, on which I gave God thanks for his gracious dealing with me in my late sickness, and affording me this blessed opportunity of praising Him in the congregation, and receiving the cup of salvation with new and serious resolutions.

Came to see and congratulate my recovery, Sir John Lowther,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Herbert,<sup>3</sup> Mr. Pepys, Sir Anthony Deane,<sup>4</sup> and Mr. Hill.<sup>5</sup>

10th. This day was executed Colonel Vratz, and some of his accomplices, for the execrable murder of Mr. Thynne,<sup>6</sup> set on by the principal Königsmarck. He went to execution like an undaunted hero, as one that had done a friendly office for that base coward, Count Königsmarck, who had hopes to marry his widow, the rich Lady Ogle, and was acquitted by a corrupt jury, and so got away. Vratz told a friend of mine who accompanied him to the gallows, and gave him some advice, that he did not value dying of a rush, and hoped and believed God would deal with him like a gentleman. Never man went, so unconcerned for his sad fate.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [John Evelyn, *d.* 1763. He became his grandfather's successor, and was created a baronet in 1713. He married Ann, daughter of Edward Boscawen (see *ante*, p. 314).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 311.]

<sup>3</sup> [Lord Herbert's nephew.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, 28th January.]

<sup>5</sup> [Abraham Hill, 1639-1721, Treasurer to the Royal Society.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 336.]

<sup>7</sup> [Reresby confirms this account (*Memoirs*, 1875, p. 243). "The captain (Vratz) died without any expression of fear, or laying any guilt upon Königsmarck. Seeing me in my coach as he passed in the cart to execution, he bowed to me with a steady look, as he did to those he knew among the spectators, before he was turned off; in fine, his whole carriage, from his first being apprehended till the last, relished more of gallantry than religion." Reresby says that Vratz had led a forlorn hope at the siege of Mons, "where only

24<sup>th</sup> March. I went to see the corpse of that obstinate creature, Colonel Vratz, the King permitting that his body should be transported to his own country, he being of a good family, and one of the first embalmed by a particular art, invented by one William Russell, a coffin-maker, which preserved the body without disbowelling, or to appearance using any bituminous matter.<sup>1</sup> The flesh was florid, soft, and full, as if the person were only sleeping. He had now been dead near fifteen days, and lay exposed in a very rich coffin lined with lead, too magnificent for so daring and horrid a murderer.

At the meeting of the Royal Society were exhibited some pieces of amber sent by the Duke of Brandenburg, in one of which was a spider, in another a gnat, both very entire. There was a discourse of the tingeing of glass, especially with red, and the difficulty of finding any red colour effectual to penetrate glass, among the glass-painters; that the most diaphanous, as blue, yellow, etc., did not enter into the substance of what was ordinarily painted, more than very shallow, unless incorporated in the metal itself, other reds and whites not at all beyond the superficies.

5<sup>th</sup> April. To the Royal Society, where at a Council was regulated what collections should be published monthly, as formerly transactions, which had of late been discontinued, but were now much called for by the curious abroad and at home.

12<sup>th</sup>. I went this afternoon with several of the Royal Society to a supper which was all dressed, both fish and flesh, in Monsieur Papin's digesters, by which the hardest bones of beef itself, and mutton, were made as soft as cheese, without water or other liquor, and with less than eight ounces of coals, producing an incredible quantity of gravy; and for close of all, a jelly made of the bones of beef, the best for clearness and good relish, and the most delicious that I had ever seen, or tasted. We eat pike and

other fish bones, and all without impediment; but nothing exceeded the pigeons, which tasted just as if baked in a pie, all these being stewed in their own juice, without any addition of water save what swam about the digester, as *in balneo*; the natural juice of all these provisions acting on the grosser substances, reduced the hardest bones to tenderness; but it is best descanted with more particulars for extracting tinctures, preserving and stewing fruit, and saving fuel, in Dr. Papin's book, published and dedicated to our Society, of which he is a member. He is since gone to Venice with the late Resident here (and also a member of our Society), who carried this excellent mechanic, philosopher, and physician, to set up a philosophical meeting in that city. This philosophical supper caused much mirth amongst us, and exceedingly pleased all the company. I sent a glass of the jelly to my wife, to the reproach of all that the ladies ever made of the best hartshorn.<sup>1</sup>

The season was unusually wet, with rain and thunder.

25<sup>th</sup> May. I was desired by Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Christopher Wren to accompany them to Lambeth, with the plot and design of the College to be built at Chelsea, to have the Archbishop's approbation.<sup>2</sup> It was a quadrangle of 200 feet square, after the dimensions of the larger quadrangle at Christ-Church, Oxford, for the accommodation of 440 persons, with governor and officers. This was agreed on.

The Duke and Duchess of York were just now come to London, after his escape and shipwreck,<sup>3</sup> as he went by sea for Scotland.

<sup>1</sup> Denys Papin, or Papinus, 1647-1712, a French physician and mathematician, who possessed so remarkable a knowledge of mathematics, that he very nearly brought the invention of the steam-engine into working order. He assisted Mr. Boyle in his pneumatic experiments, and was afterwards mathematical professor at Marburg, 1688-95.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 335.]

<sup>3</sup> [He had been shipwrecked in returning to Scotland after his last visit to London. "May 12 [1682]. Came account that the ship called the *Gloucester*, a third-rate, in which the Duke went for Scotland, was cast away on Yarmouth sands, and that all the passengers, save the Duke and about 160 persons, were drowned. Among those that were lost were my Lord O'Brien and Lord Roxburghe, Mr. Hyde, my Lord Clarendon's brother; all which proved too true" (*Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, 1875, p. 250). See *post*, under

two besides himself, of fifty under his command, came off with life" (*ibid.* p. 623).]

<sup>1</sup> [Tar was used in these cases. "Have you brought the sawdust and Tar for embalming?"—says Sable, the undertaker, in Sc. i. of Steele's *Funeral*, 1701.]

28th May. At the Roll's chapel preached the famous Dr. Burnet on 2 Peter i. 10, describing excellently well what was meant by election; viz. not the effect of any irreversible decree, but so called because they embraced the Gospel readily, by which they became elect, or precious to God. It would be very needless to make our calling and election sure, were they irreversible and what the rigid Presbyterians pretend. In the afternoon, to St. Lawrence's church, a new and cheerful pile.<sup>1</sup>

29th. I gave notice to the Bishop of Rochester of what Maimburg had published about the motives of the late Duchess of York's perversion, in his *History of Calvinism*; and did myself write to the Bishop of Winchester<sup>2</sup> about it, who being concerned in it, I urged him to set forth his vindication.

31st. The Morocco Ambassador being admitted an honorary member of the Royal Society, and subscribing his name and titles in Arabic, I was deputed by the Council to go and compliment him.

19th June. The Bantam,<sup>3</sup> or East India Ambassadors (at this time we had in London the Russian, Moroccan, and Indian Ambassadors), being invited to dine at Lord George Berkeley's<sup>4</sup> (now Earl), I went to the entertainment to contemplate the exotic guests. They were both very hard-favoured, and much resembling in countenance some sort of monkeys. We eat at two tables, the Ambassadors and interpreter by themselves. Their garments were rich Indian silks, flowered with gold, viz. a close waistcoat to their knees, drawers, naked legs, and on their heads caps made like fruit-baskets. They wore poisoned daggers at their bosoms, the hafts carved with some ugly serpents' or devils' heads, exceeding keen, and of Damascus

metal. They wore no sword. The second Ambassador (sent it seems to succeed in case the first should die by the way in so tedious a journey), having been at Mecca, wore a Turkish or Arab sash, a little part of the linen hanging down behind his neck, with some other difference of habit, and was half a negro, bare legged and naked feet, and deemed a very holy man. They sate cross-legged like Turks, and sometimes in the posture of apes and monkeys; their nails and teeth as black as jet, and shining, which being the effect, as to their teeth, of perpetually chewing betel to preserve them from the tooth-ache, much raging in their country, is esteemed beautiful.

The first ambassador was of an olive hue, a flat face, narrow eyes, squat nose, and Moorish lips, no hair appeared; they wore several rings of silver, gold, and copper on their fingers, which was a token of knighthood, or nobility. They were of Java Major, whose princes have been turned Mahomedans not above fifty years since; the inhabitants are still pagans and idolaters. They seemed of a dull and heavy constitution, not wondering at anything they saw; but exceedingly astonished how our law gave us propriety in our estates, and so thinking we were all kings, for they could not be made to comprehend how subjects could possess anything but at the pleasure of their Prince, they being all slaves; they were pleased with the notion, and admired our happiness. They were very sober, and I believe subtle in their way. Their meat was cooked, carried up, and they attended by several fat slaves, who had no covering save drawers, which appeared very uncouth and loathsome. They eat their pilau, and other spoon-meat, without spoons, taking up their pottage in the hollow of their fingers, and very dexterously flung it into their mouths without spilling a drop.

17th July. Came to dine with me, the Duke of Grafton and the young Earl of Ossory,<sup>1</sup> son to my most dear deceased friend.

30th. Went to visit our good neighbour, Mr. Bohun,<sup>2</sup> whose whole house is a

26th March, 1685. Pepys might have been among the number; but he had preferred to go in his own yacht—the *Catharine*.]

<sup>1</sup> [St. Lawrence, Jewry, in the Ward of Cheap, built by Wren, 1671-80. It is perhaps the most carefully finished of Wren's churches.]

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Morley.

<sup>3</sup> The name of one was Pungearon Nia Para; of the other Kaia Nebbe, or Keay Nabee. There are prints existing of both, representing them exactly as here described. There were others in the embassy, but probably of inferior degree.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 199.]

<sup>1</sup> [James Butler, 1665-1745, afterwards second Duke of Ormonde.]

<sup>2</sup> This was at Lee in Kent (see *ante*, p. 321).

cabinet of all elegancies, especially Indian; in the hall are contrivances of Japan screens, instead of wainscot; and there is an excellent pendule clock enclosed in the curious flower-work of Mr. Gibbons, in the middle of the vestibule. The landscapes of the screens represent the manner of living, and country of the Chinese. But, above all, his lady's cabinet is adorned on the fret, ceiling, and chimney-piece, with Mr. Gibbons' best carving. There are also some of Streater's<sup>1</sup> best paintings, and many rich curiosities of gold and silver as growing in the mines. The gardens are exactly kept, and the whole place very agreeable and well watered. The owners are good neighbours, and Mr. Bohun has also built and endowed an hospital for eight poor people, with a pretty chapel, and every necessary accommodation.

1st August. To the Bishop of London at Fulham, to review the additions which Mr. Marshall<sup>2</sup> had made to his curious book of flowers in miniature, and collection of insects.

4th. With Sir Stephen Fox, to survey the foundations of the Royal Hospital begun at Chelsea.

9th. The Council of the Royal Society had it recommended to them to be trustees and visitors, or supervisors, of the Academy which Monsieur Foubert<sup>3</sup> did hope to procure to be built by subscription of worthy gentlemen and noblemen, for the education of youth, and to lessen the vast expense the nation is at yearly by sending children into France to be taught military exercises. We thought good to give him all the encouragement our recommendation could procure.

15th. Came to visit me Dr. Rogers,<sup>4</sup> an acquaintance of mine long since at Padua.<sup>5</sup> He was then Consul of the English nation, and student in that University,

where he proceeded Doctor in Physic; presenting me now with the Latin oration he lately made upon the famous Dr. Harvey's anniversary in the College of Physicians, at London.

20th. This night I saw another comet, near Cancer, very bright, but the stream not so long as the former.

29th. Supped at Lord Clarendon's, with Lord Hyde,<sup>1</sup> his brother, now the great favourite, who invited himself to dine at my house the Tuesday following.

30th [31st] October. Being my birthday, and I now entering my great climacterical of 63, after serious recollections of the years past, giving Almighty God thanks for all his merciful preservations and forbearance, begging pardon for my sins and unworthiness, and his blessing on me the year entering; I went with my Lady Fox to survey her building, and give some directions for the garden at Chiswick; the architect is Mr. May; somewhat heavy and thick, and not so well understood; the garden much too narrow, the place without water, near a highway, and near another great house of my Lord Burlington, little land about it, so that I wonder at the expense; but women will have their will.<sup>2</sup>

25th November. I was invited to dine with Monsieur Lionberg, the Swedish Resident, who made a magnificent entertainment, it being the birthday of his King. There dined the Duke of Albemarle, Duke of Hamilton, Earl of Bath, Earl of Ayles-

<sup>1</sup> [Lawrence Hyde, 1641-1711, second son of Lord Clarendon, created Viscount Hyde and first Earl of Rochester in 1681.]

<sup>2</sup> [This house—a corner of which is shown in Kip's print (1708) of Lord Burlington's house at Chiswick—was built by May for Sir Stephen Fox. He made it his principal residence—says Lysons (*Environs of London*, 2nd ed., 1811, ii. 133)—when he had retired from public business. "King William was so pleased with it, that he is said to have exclaimed to the Earl of Portland, upon his first visit, 'This place is perfectly fine; I could live here five days.' This, it seems, was his usual expression when he was much pleased with a situation." It passed to Sir Stephen's youngest son, Henry, and then to others. When Lysons wrote, it was inhabited by Lady Mary Coke. After her death, the property was acquired by the Duke of Devonshire; the house was pulled down in 1812, and the grounds were added to Chiswick House. Bowack speaks (1705-6) of the gardens as "extraordinarily fine" (Phillimore and Whitear's *Chiswick*, 1897, pp. 12, 40, 268.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 230.]

<sup>2</sup> [William Marshall (see *ante*, p. 149 n.).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 336.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 125. Rogers printed his Harveian oration in 1682, adding to it the Latin oration he had delivered when he "proceeded Doctor of Physic" at Padua in 1646. To this were appended by Tooke, the bookseller, some Latin verses by Evelyn, Abdy (see *ante*, p. 130), Croyden (see *ante*, p. 159) and others (W. P. Courtney in *Notes and Queries*, 29th June, 1907)]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 125.]

bury, Lord Arran,<sup>1</sup> Lord Castlehaven, the son of him who was executed fifty years before, and several great persons. I was exceedingly afraid of drinking (it being a Dutch feast), but the Duke of Albemarle being that night to wait on his Majesty, excess was prohibited; and, to prevent all, I stole away and left the company as soon as we rose from table.

28th November. I went to the Council of the Royal Society, for the auditing the last year's account, where I was surprised with a fainting fit that for a time took away my sight; but God being merciful to me, I recovered it after a short repose.

30th. I was exceedingly endangered and importuned to stand the election,<sup>2</sup> having so many voices, but by favour of my friends, and regard of my remote dwelling, and now frequent infirmities, I desired their suffrages might be transferred to Sir John Hoskins,<sup>3</sup> one of the Masters of Chancery; a most learned virtuoso as well as lawyer, who accordingly was elected.

7th December. Went to congratulate Lord Hyde (the great favourite), newly made Earl of Rochester,<sup>4</sup> and lately marrying his eldest daughter to the Earl of Ossory.

18th. I sold my East India adventure of £250 principal for £750 to the Royal Society, after I had been in that company twenty-five years, being extraordinary advantageous, by the blessing of God.

1682-3: 23rd January. Sir Francis North,<sup>5</sup> son to the Lord North, and Lord Chief Justice, being made Lord Keeper on the death of the Earl of Nottingham, the Lord Chancellor, I went to congratulate him. He is a most knowing, learned, and ingenious man, and, besides being an excellent person, of an ingenuous and sweet disposition, very skilful in music, painting, the new philosophy, and politer studies.

29th. Supped at Sir Joseph Williamson's,<sup>6</sup> where was a select company of our Society, Sir William Petty, Dr. Gale (that learned schoolmaster of St. Paul's),<sup>7</sup> Dr.

Whistler,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hill,<sup>2</sup> etc. The conversation was philosophical and cheerful, on divers considerable questions proposed; as of the hereditary succession of the Roman Emperors; the Pica mentioned in the preface to our Common Prayer, which signifies only the Greek Kalendarium. These were mixed with lighter subjects.

2nd February. I made my court at St. James's, when I saw the sea-charts of Captain Collins,<sup>3</sup> which that industrious man now brought to show the Duke, having taken all the coasting from the mouth of the Thames as far as Wales, and exactly measuring every creek, island, rock, soundings, harbours, sands, and tides, intending next spring to proceed till he had finished the whole island, and that measured by chains and other instruments: a most exact and useful undertaking. He affirmed, that of all the maps put out since, there are none extant so true as those of John Norden,<sup>4</sup> who gave us the first in Queen Elizabeth's time; all since him are erroneous.

12th. This morning, I received the news of the death of my father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne,<sup>5</sup> Knt. and Bart., who died at my house at Sayes Court this day at ten in the morning, after he had laboured under the gout and drowsy for near six months, in the 78th year of his age. The funeral was solemnised on the 19th at Deptford, with as much decency as the dignity of the person, and our relation to him, required; there being invited the Bishop of Rochester, several noblemen, knights, and all the fraternity of the Trinity Company, of which he had been Master, and others of the country. The vicar preached a short but proper discourse on Psalm xxxix. 10, on the frailty of our mortal condition, concluding with an ample

Professor at Cambridge, High Master of St. Paul's School, 1672-97, and subsequently Dean of York. He was the author of several scholastic works; and was counted among the most learned men of his time.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 302.]      <sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 339.]

<sup>3</sup> Probably John Collins, 1625-83, who had been in the naval service of Venice, and who was employed at this time as an accountant in some of the Government offices, was a contributor to the *Transactions* of the Royal Society, and wrote several mathematical works.

<sup>4</sup> [John Norden, 1548-1625, topographer and surveyor.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 28.]

<sup>1</sup> [James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, eldest son of the Duke of Hamilton.]

<sup>2</sup> For President of the Royal Society.

<sup>3</sup> [Sir John Hoskins, 1634-1705; P.R.S. 1682-83.]

<sup>4</sup> See *supra*, p. 342.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 285.]      <sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 234.]

<sup>7</sup> Dr. Thomas Gale, 1635-1702; he was Greek

and well-deserved eulogy on the defunct, relating to his honourable birth and ancestors, education, learning in Greek and Latin, modern languages, travels, public employments, signal loyalty, character abroad, and particularly the honour of supporting the Church of England in its public worship during its persecution by the late rebels' usurpation and regicide, by the suffrages of divers Bishops, Doctors of the church, and others, who found such an asylum in his house and family at Paris, that in their disputes with the Papists (then triumphing over it as utterly lost) they used to argue for its visibility and existence from Sir R. Browne's chapel and assembly there. Then he spoke of his great and loyal sufferings during thirteen years' exile with his present Majesty, his return with him in the signal year 1660; his honourable employment at home, his timely recess to recollect himself, his great age, infirmities, and death.

He gave to the Trinity Corporation that land in Deptford on which are built those alms-houses for twenty-four widows of emerited seamen.<sup>1</sup> He was born the famous year of the Gunpowder Treason, in 1605, and being the last [male] of his family, left my wife, his only daughter, heir. His grandfather, Sir Richard Browne, was the great instrument under the great Earl of Leicester (favourite to Queen Elizabeth) in his government of the Netherlands. He was Master of the Household to King James, and Cofferer; I think was the first who regulated the compositions through England for the King's Household, provisions, progresses,<sup>2</sup> etc., which was so high a service, and so grateful to the whole nation, that he had acknowledgments and public thanks sent him from all the counties; he died by the rupture of a vein in a vehement speech he made about the compositions in a Parliament of King James. By his mother's side he was a Gunson, Treasurer of the Navy in the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, and, as by his large

pedigree appears, related to divers of the English nobility. Thus ended this honourable person, after so many changes and tossings to and fro, in the same house where he was born. "Lord, teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!"

By a special clause in his will, he ordered that his body should be buried in the churchyard under the south-east window of the chancel, adjoining to the burying-places of his ancestors, since they came out of Essex to Sayes Court,<sup>1</sup> he being much offended at the novel custom of burying every one within the body of the church and chancel; that being a favour heretofore granted to martyrs and great persons; this excess of making churches charnel-houses being of ill and irreverent example, and prejudicial to the health of the living, besides the continual disturbance of the pavement and seats, and several other indecencies. Dr. Hall, the pious Bishop of Norwich,<sup>2</sup> would also be so interred,<sup>3</sup> as may be read in his testament.

*16th March.* I went to see Sir Josiah Child's prodigious cost in planting walnut trees about his seat,<sup>4</sup> and making fishponds, many miles in circuit, in Epping Forest, in a barren spot, as oftentimes these suddenly monied men for the most part seat themselves. He from a merchant's apprenticeship, and management of the East India Company's stock, being arrived to an estate ('tis said) of £200,000; and lately married his daughter to the eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort, late Marquis of Worcester, with £50,000 portional present, and various expectations.

I dined at Mr. Houblon's,<sup>5</sup> a rich and gentle French merchant, who was building a house in the Forest, near Sir J. Child's,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 145.]

<sup>2</sup> [Joseph Hall, 1574-1656; Bishop of Norwich, 1641-47.]

<sup>3</sup> As was afterwards, at Fulham, Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, who used to say, "The churchyard for the dead, the church for the living."

<sup>4</sup> [At Wanstead in Essex. Sir Josiah Child, 1630-99, bought the Manor in 1667 from Sir Robert Brookes, to whom it had been transferred by the Duke of York. Child was the autocrat of the East India Company, and the author of *A New Discourse of Trade*, 1668. His son Richard was created Viscount Castlemaine in 1718, and Earl Tynley in 1732. The first Wanstead House made way for a second, now also pulled down.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 317.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 276.]

<sup>2</sup> Notice was taken of this in a previous passage of the *Diary*. The different counties were to find provisions of different sorts, which were collected by officers called purveyors, whose extortions often excited the attention of Parliament (see *Archæologia*, vol. viii. pp. 329-62).

in a place where the late Earl of Norwich dwelt some time, and which came from his lady, the widow of Mr. Baker. It will be a pretty villa, about five miles from Whitechapel.

18th March. I went to hear Dr. Horneck<sup>1</sup> preach at the Savoy Church, on Phil. ii. 5. He was a German born, a most pathetic preacher, a person of a saint-like life, and hath written an excellent treatise on Consideration.<sup>2</sup>

20th. Dined at Dr. Whistler's,<sup>3</sup> at the Physicians' College, with Sir Thomas Millington,<sup>4</sup> both learned men; Dr. W. the most facetious man in nature, and now Censor of the College. I was here consulted where they should build their library; it is pity this College is built so near Newgate Prison, and in so obscure a hole,<sup>5</sup> a fault in placing most of our public buildings and churches in the City, through the avarice of some few men, and his Majesty not overruling it, when it was in his power after the dreadful conflagration.

21st. Dr. Tenison preached at Whitehall on 1 Cor. vi. 12; I esteem him to be one of the most profitable preachers in the Church of England, being also of a most holy conversation, very learned and ingenious. The pains he takes and care of his parish will, I fear, wear him out, which would be an inexpressible loss.<sup>6</sup>

24th. I went to hear Dr. Charleton's lecture on the heart in the Anatomy Theatre at the Physicians' College.<sup>7</sup>

30th. To London, in order to my passing the following week, for the celebra-

tion of the Easter now approaching, there being in the Holy Week so many eminent preachers officiating at the Court and other places.

6th April. Good Friday. There was in the afternoon, according to custom, a sermon before the King, at Whitehall; Dr. Sprat<sup>1</sup> preached for the Bishop of Rochester.

17th. I was at the launching of the last of the thirty ships ordered to be new built by Act of Parliament, named the *Neptune*, a second-rate, one of the goodliest vessels of the whole navy, built by my kind neighbour, young Mr. Shish,<sup>2</sup> his Majesty's master-shipwright of this dock.

1st May. I went to Blackheath, to see the new fair, being the first procured by the Lord Dartmouth.<sup>3</sup> This was the first day, pretended for the sale of cattle, but I think in truth to enrich the new tavern at the bowling-green, erected by Snape,<sup>4</sup> his Majesty's farrier, a man full of projects. There appeared nothing but an innumerable assembly of drinking people from London, pedlars, etc., and I suppose it too near London to be of any great use to the country.<sup>5</sup>

March was unusually hot and dry, and all April excessively wet.

I planted all the out-limits of the garden and long walks with holly.<sup>6</sup>

9th. Dined at Sir Gabriel Sylvius's,<sup>7</sup> and thence to visit the Duke of Norfolk, to ask whether he would part with any of his cartoons and other drawings of Raphael, and the great masters; he told me if he might sell them all together he would, but

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Anthony Horneck, 1641-97. He wrote, *inter alia*, *The Happy Ascetic*, 1681, for the sixth edition of which, 1724, Hogarth engraved a frontispiece; and he was the ancestor of Goldsmith's "Jessamy Bride".]

<sup>2</sup> The full title is *The great Law of Consideration, or a Discourse wherein the nature, usefulness, and absolute necessity of Consideration, in order to a truly serious and religious life, are laid open*. It went through several editions.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 343.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Thomas Millington, F.R.S., 1628-1704.]

<sup>5</sup> [It was in Warwick Lane, Newgate Street, and was pulled down in 1866.] The present College in Pall Mall East was opened by Sir Henry Hallford in 1825.

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 330. He lived until 1715.]

<sup>7</sup> Dr. Walter Charleton, 1619-1707, was with Charles II. during his exile, in the capacity of physician, and returned with him at the Restoration. He wrote on natural history, antiquities, theology, medicine, and natural philosophy.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 267.]

<sup>2</sup> [Perhaps John Shish, d. 1686, Jonas Shish's eldest son. See *ante*, p. 261, for account of Shish the elder.]

<sup>3</sup> [George Legge, first Baron Dartmouth, 1648-91; Master of the Trinity House, 1683; Admiral and Commander of the Fleet, 1688-89.]

<sup>4</sup> Granger mentions a print of this person by White, and says he was father of Dr. Snape, of Eton; members of the same family had been serjeant-farriers to the Sovereign for three hundred years.

<sup>5</sup> [It "lasted as a 'hog' and pleasure fair, being held on May 12 and October 11, till 1872, when it was suppressed by an Order signed by the Home Secretary" (Thorne's *Environ of London*, 1876, p. 48).]

<sup>6</sup> Evelyn adds a note: "400 feet in length, 9 feet high, 5 in diameter, in my now ruined garden, thanks to the Czar of Muscovy."—*Sylvia*, 1706, i. p. 265.

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 311.]

that the late Sir Peter Lely (our famous painter) had gotten some of his best. The person who desired me to treat for them was Vander Douse, grandson of that great scholar, contemporary and friend of Joseph Scaliger.

16<sup>th</sup> May. Came to dinner and visit [me] Sir Richard Anderson,<sup>1</sup> of Pendley, and his lady, with whom I went to London.

8<sup>th</sup> June. On my return home from the Royal Society, I found Mr. Wilbraham,<sup>2</sup> a young gentleman of Cheshire.

11<sup>th</sup>. The Lord Dartmouth was elected Master of the Trinity House; son to George Legge,<sup>3</sup> late Master of the Ordnance, and one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber; a great favourite of the Duke's, an active and understanding gentleman in sea-affairs.

13<sup>th</sup>. To our Society, where we received the Count de Zinzendorf, Ambassador from the Duke of Saxony: a fine young man: we showed him divers experiments on the magnet, on which subject the Society were upon.

16<sup>th</sup>. I went to Windsor, dining by the way at Chiswick,<sup>4</sup> at Sir Stephen Fox's, where I found Sir Robert Howard<sup>5</sup> (that universal pretender), and Signor Verrio, who brought his draught and designs for the painting of the staircase of Sir Stephen's new house.

That which was new at Windsor since I was last there, and was surprising to me, was the incomparable fresco painting in St. George's Hall, representing the legend of St. George, and triumph of the Black Prince, and his reception by Edward III.; the *volto*, or roof, not totally finished; then the Resurrection in the Chapel, where the figure of the Ascension is, in my opinion, comparable to any paintings of the most famous Roman masters; the

Last Supper, also over the altar. I liked the contrivance of the unseen organ behind the altar, nor less the stupendous and beyond all description the incomparable carving of our Gibbons, who is, without controversy, the greatest master both for invention and rareness of work, that the world ever had in any age; nor doubt I at all that he will prove as great a master in statuary art.

Verrio's invention is admirable, his *ordonnance*<sup>1</sup> full and flowing, antique and heroidal; his figures move; and, if the walls hold (which is the only doubt by reason of the salts which in time and in this moist climate prejudice), the work will preserve his name to ages.<sup>2</sup>

There was now the terrace brought almost round the old Castle; the grass made clean, even, and curiously turfed; the avenues to the new park, and other walks, planted with elms and limes, and a pretty canal, and receptacle for fowl; nor less observable and famous is the throwing so huge a quantity of excellent water to the enormous height of the Castle, for the use of the whole house, by an extraordinary invention of Sir Samuel Morland.<sup>3</sup>

17<sup>th</sup>. I dined at the Earl of Sunderland's with the Earls of Bath, Castlehaven, Lords Viscounts Fauconberg, Falkland,<sup>4</sup> Bishop of London,<sup>5</sup> the Grand Master of Malta, brother to the Duke de Vendôme (a young wild spark),<sup>6</sup> and Mr. Dryden, the poet.<sup>7</sup> After evening prayer, I walked in the park with my Lord Clarendon, where we fell into discourse of the Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Seth Ward),<sup>8</sup> his subtlety, etc. Dr Durel,<sup>9</sup> late Dean of

<sup>1</sup> [*Ordonnance* in painting=general disposition of parts.]

<sup>2</sup> [For these works, which occupied several years, Verrio received nearly £7000. He also acted as Master Gardener.]

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 335.

<sup>4</sup> [Anthony Cary, fifth Viscount Falkland, 1656-94 (see *post*, under 30th May, 1694).]

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Compton (see *ante*, p. 267).]

<sup>6</sup> [Philippe de Vendôme, 1655-1727, second son of the Duke de Vendôme and Laure Mancini, sister of the Duchess Mazarin. He was "grand prieur" de France. The Duchess of Portsmouth took a fancy to him; and Charles II. hurried him out of the country (Airy, *Charles II.*, 1901, p. 271.).]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 295. He was made Collector of Customs for the port of London in this year.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 175.] <sup>9</sup> [See *ante*, p. 318.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 330.]

<sup>2</sup> [This was one Randle Wilbraham, a young man of twenty, eldest son of Roger Wilbraham, of Townsend (Welsh Row), Nantwich. Having been crossed in love, he had left his home for London, whence he was afterwards induced to return. He subsequently married Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., of Norton, Cheshire. (Information kindly supplied by Mr. James Hall, the historian of Nantwich).]

<sup>3</sup> [William Legge, 1609-70; Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1660.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 342.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 225.]



Windsor, being dead, Dr. Turner,<sup>1</sup> one of the Duke's chaplains, was made dean

I visited my Lady Arlington, Groom of the Stole to her Majesty,<sup>2</sup> who being hardly set down to supper, word was brought her that the Queen was going into the park to walk, it being now near eleven at night; the alarm caused the Countess to rise in all haste, and leave her supper to us.

By this one may take an estimate of the extreme slavery and subjection that courtiers live in, who have not time to eat and drink at their pleasure. It put me in mind of Horace's *Muse*,<sup>3</sup> and to bless God for my own private condition.

Here was Monsieur de l'Angle, the famous minister of Charenton, lately fled from the persecution in France, concerning the deplorable condition of the Protestants there.

18th June. I was present, and saw and heard the humble submission and petition of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, on behalf of the City of London, on the *quo warranto* against their charter, which they delivered to his Majesty in the presence-chamber. It was delivered kneeling, and then the King and Council went into the council-chamber, the Mayor and his brethren attending still in the presence-chamber. After a short space, they were called in, and my Lord Keeper made a speech to them, exaggerating the disorderly and riotous behaviour in the late election, and polling for Papillon and Du Bois after the Common-hall had been formally dissolved; with other misdemeanours, libels on the government, etc., by which they had incurred his Majesty's high displeasure; and that but for this submission, and under such articles as the King should require their obedience to, he would certainly enter judgment against them, which hitherto he had suspended. The things required were as follows: that they should neither elect Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, Recorder, Common Serjeant, Town-Clerk, Coroner, nor Steward of Southwark, without his Majesty's approbation; and that if they

presented any his Majesty did not like, they should proceed in wonted manner to a second choice; if that was disapproved, his Majesty to nominate them; and if within five days they thought good to assent to this, all former miscarriages should be forgotten. And so they tamely parted with their so ancient privileges after they had dined and been treated by the King. This was a signal and most remarkable period. What the consequences will prove, time will show. Divers of the old and most learned lawyers and judges were of opinion that they could not forfeit their charter, but might be personally punished for their misdemeanours; but the plurality of the younger judges and rising men judged it otherwise.

The Popish Plot also, which had hitherto made such a noise, began now sensibly to dwindle, through the folly, knavery, impudence, and giddiness of Oates, so as the Papists began to hold up their heads higher than ever, and those who had fled, flocked to London from abroad. Such sudden changes and eager doings there had been, without anything steady or prudent, for these last seven years.

19th. I returned to town in a coach with the Earl of Clarendon,<sup>1</sup> when passing by the glorious palace of his father,<sup>2</sup> built but a few years before, which they were now demolishing, being sold to certain undertakers, I turned my head the contrary way till the coach had gone past it, lest I might minister occasion of speaking of it; which must needs have grieved him, that in so short a time their pomp was fallen.

28th. After the Popish Plot, there was now a new and (as they called it) a Protestant Plot discovered,<sup>3</sup> that certain Lords and others should design the assassination of the King and the Duke as they were to come from Newmarket, with a general rising of the nation, and especially of the

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 342.]

<sup>2</sup> [It had been sold by Clarendon's sons to Christopher Monck, the second and last Duke of Albemarle, for £26,000, having cost £40,000. At this date it was called Albemarle House. Albemarle sold it for £35,000 to Sir Thomas Bond, who pulled it down, and built Bond Street and Albemarle Buildings on its site (see *post*, under 18th September, 1683).]

<sup>3</sup> [The Rye House Plot, so called from the house on the Lea near Hoddesden in Herts (then occupied

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Francis Turner, 1638-1700, afterwards Bishop of Rochester (see *post*, under 30th March, 1684).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 290.]

<sup>3</sup> [The tale told by Cervius, *Satire*, Book ii. Sat. vi.]

City of London, disaffected to the present Government. Upon which were committed to the Tower, the Lord Russell, eldest son of the Earl of Bedford,<sup>1</sup> the Earl of Essex,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Algernon Sidney, son to the old Earl of Leicester,<sup>3</sup> Mr. Trenchard, Hampden, Lord Howard of Escrick,<sup>4</sup> and others. A proclamation was issued against my Lord Grey,<sup>5</sup> the Duke of Monmouth, Sir Thomas Armstrong,<sup>6</sup> and one Ferguson,<sup>7</sup> who had escaped beyond sea; of these some were said to be for killing the King, others for only seizing on him, and persuading him to new counsels, on the pretence of the danger of Popery, should the Duke live to succeed, who was now again admitted to the councils and cabinet secrets. The Lords Essex and Russell were much deplored, for believing they had any evil intention against the King, or

by the conspirator Richard Rumbold), which was to have been the scene of the assassination—"a place so convenient for such a villany as scarce to be found in England," writes Bramston; "besides the closeness of the way over the river by a bridge, gates to pass, a strong hedge on one side, brick walls on the other" (*Autobiography*, 1845, p. 182). Reresby adds some details to Evelyn's account. "June 26. Came the report of a dangerous conspiracy against the life of our sovereign lord the King, laid by the anti-Court party, composed of such as had been disappointed of preferments at Court, and of Protestant dissenters. It was also against the Duke of York, and intended to have shot the King and the Duke coming from Newmarket in their coach, the certain day of his return being known, by forty men well armed, who, after the blow given, were to fly to London, and to report that the papists had done it. In London there was a body of men ready to rise, to make themselves masters of the City and Tower, and consequently of the whole kingdom—the Prince of Orange being in Holland (the next right heir to the Crown), and the Duke of Monmouth being ready to head the rebels" (*Memoirs*, 1875, pp. 279-80). The Rye House is now a place of entertainment.]

<sup>1</sup> [William Lord Russell, 1639-83, afterwards executed at Lincoln's Inn Fields (July 21). He was not charged with compassing the King's death; and his attainder was reversed on the accession of William and Mary.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 324.]

<sup>3</sup> [Algernon Sidney, 1622-83, executed on Tower Hill (see *post*, under 5th December, 1683).]

<sup>4</sup> [William Howard, third Baron Howard of Escrick, 1626-94, who betrayed Russell and Sidney.]

<sup>5</sup> [Forde Grey, third Baron Grey of Werk, and afterwards Earl of Tankerville, 1620-89. He had fled to Holland.]

<sup>6</sup> [Sir Thomas Armstrong, 1624-84, executed at Tyburn (see *post*, under 22nd June, 1687).]

<sup>7</sup> [Robert Ferguson (the "Plotter"), d. 1714.]

the Church; some thought they were cunningly drawn in by their enemies for not approving some late counsels and management relating to France, to Popery, to the persecution of the Dissenters, etc. They were discovered by the Lord Howard of Escrick and some false brethren of the club, and the design happily broken; had it taken effect, it would, to all appearance, have exposed the Government to unknown and dangerous events; which God avert!

Was born my grand-daughter at Sayes Court, and christened by the name of Martha Maria,<sup>1</sup> our Vicar officiating. I pray God bless her, and may she choose the better part!

13th July. As I was visiting Sir Thomas Yarborough and his lady<sup>2</sup> in Covent Garden, the astonishing news was brought to us of the Earl of Essex having cut his throat, having been but three days a prisoner in the Tower, and this happening on the very day and instant that Lord Russell was on his trial, and had sentence of death. This accident exceedingly amazed me, my Lord Essex being so well known by me to be a person of such sober and religious deportment, so well at his ease, and so much obliged to the King. It is certain the King and Duke were at the Tower, and passed by his window about the same time this morning, when my Lord asking for a razor, shut himself into a closet, and perpetrated the horrid act. Yet it was wondered by some how it was possible he should do it in the manner he was found, for the wound was so deep and wide, that being cut through the gullet, windpipe, and both the jugulars, it reached to the very vertebræ of the neck, so that the head held to it by a very little skin as it were; the gapping too of the razor, and cutting his own fingers, was a little strange; but more, that having passed the jugulars he should have strength to proceed so far, that an executioner could hardly have done more with an axe. There were odd reflections upon it.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 28th August, 1683.]

<sup>2</sup> The lady was Mary Blagge, of whom Anthony Hamilton says so much in his seventh chapter; and sister of Margaret Blagge (see *ante*, p. 266.).

<sup>3</sup> Bishop Burnet, after making inquiry, by desire of the Countess, declares that he does not believe that Essex was murdered (*History of His Own Times*, 1724, vol. i. pp. 569-70).

The fatal news coming to Hicks's Hall<sup>1</sup> upon the article of my Lord Russell's trial, was said to have had no little influence on the Jury and all the Bench to his prejudice. Others said that he had himself on some occasions hinted that in case he should be in danger of having his life taken from him by any public misfortune, those who thirsted for his estate should miss of their aim; and that he should speak favourably of that Earl of Northumberland,<sup>2</sup> and some others, who made away with themselves; but these are discourses so unlike his sober and prudent conversation, that I have no inclination to credit them. What might instigate him to this devilish act, I am not able to conjecture. My Lord Clarendon, his brother-in-law, who was with him but the day before, assured me he was then very cheerful, and declared it to be the effect of his innocence and loyalty; and most believe that his Majesty had no severe intentions against him, though he was altogether inexorable as to Lord Russell and some of the rest. For my part, I believe the crafty and ambitious Earl of Shaftesbury<sup>3</sup> had brought them into some dislike of the present carriage of matters at Court, not with any design of destroying the monarchy (which Shaftesbury had in confidence and for unanswerable reasons told me he would support to his last breath, as having seen and felt the misery of being under mechanic tyranny), but perhaps of setting up some other whom he might govern, and frame to his own platonic fancy, without much regard to the religion established under the hierarchy, for which he had no esteem; but when he perceived those whom he had engaged to rise, fail of his expectations, and the day past, reproaching his accomplices that a second day for an exploit of this nature was never successful, he gave them the slip, and got into Holland, where the fox died,<sup>4</sup> three months before these unhappy Lords and

others were discovered or suspected. Every one deplored Essex and Russell, especially the last, as being thought to have been drawn in on pretence only of endeavouring to rescue the King from his present counsellors, and secure religion from Popery, and the nation from arbitrary government, now so much apprehended; whilst the rest of those who were fled, especially Ferguson and his gang, had doubtless some bloody design to get up a Commonwealth, and turn all things topsy-turvy. Of the same tragical principles is Sidney.

I had this day much discourse with Monsieur Pontac, son to the famous and wise prime President of Bordeaux.<sup>1</sup> This gentleman was owner of that excellent vignoble of Pontac and O'Brien, from whence come the choicest of our Bordeaux wines; and I think I may truly say of him, what was not so truly said of St. Paul, that much learning had made him mad. He had studied well in philosophy, but chiefly the Rabbins, and was exceedingly addicted to cabalistical fancies, an eternal *hablador* [romancer], and half distracted by reading abundance of the extravagant Eastern Jews. He spoke all languages, was very rich, had a handsome person, and was well-bred, about forty-five years of age.

14th July. I visited Mr. Frazer, a learned Scots gentleman, whom I had formerly recommended to Lord Berkeley for the instruction and government of his son, since dead at sea.<sup>2</sup> He had now been in Holland at the sale of the learned Heinsius's library,<sup>3</sup> and showed me some very rare and curious books, and some MSS., which he had purchased to good value. There were three or four Herbals in miniature, accurately done, divers Roman antiquities of Verona, and very many books of Aldus's impression.

15th. A stranger, and old man, preached on Jerem. vi. 8, the not hearkening to instruction, portentous of desolation to a people; much after Bishop Andrews's method, full of logical divisions, in short

<sup>1</sup> [The Sessions House of the County of Middlesex, in St. John Street, Clerkenwell. Here Russell was condemned to death; and Köningsmarck acquitted (see *ante*, p. 336).]

<sup>2</sup> Henry Percy, 1532-85, eighth Earl of Northumberland, the great-grandfather of Essex's wife, had shot himself in the Tower, to which he had been committed on a charge of high treason.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 264.]

<sup>4</sup> [22nd January, 1683.]

<sup>1</sup> Arnaud de Pontac. The son's eating-house was in Abchurch Lane, City. "We all dined at Pontac's as usual"—says Evelyn, 30th November, 1693, referring to the Royal Society. They continued to dine there till 1746. Swift mentions this popular resort.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 188.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 17.]

and broken periods, and Latin sentences, now quite out of fashion in the pulpit, which is grown into a far more profitable way, of plain and practical discourses, of which sort this nation, or any other, never had greater plenty or more profitable (I am confident); so much has it to answer for thriving no better on it.

The public was now in great consternation on the late plot and conspiracy; his Majesty very melancholy, and not stirring without double guards; all the avenues and private doors about Whitehall and the Park shut up, few admitted to walk in it. The Papists, in the meantime, very jocund; and indeed with reason, seeing their own plot brought to nothing, and turned to ridicule, and now a conspiracy of Protestants, as they called them.

The Turks were likewise in hostility against the German Emperor, almost masters of the Upper Hungary, and drawing towards Vienna. On the other side, the French King (who it is believed brought in the infidels) disturbing his Spanish and Dutch neighbours, having swallowed up almost all Flanders, pursuing his ambition of a fifth universal monarchy; and all this blood and disorder in Christendom had evidently its rise from our defections at home, in a wanton peace, minding nothing but luxury, ambition, and to procure money for our vices. To this add our irreligion and atheism, great ingratitude, and self-interest; the apostasy of some, and the suffering the French to grow so great, and the Hollanders so weak. In a word, we were wanton, mad, and surfeiting with prosperity; every moment unsettling the old foundations, and never constant to anything. The Lord in mercy avert the sad omen, and that we do not provoke Him till He bear it no longer!

This summer did we suffer twenty French men-of-war to pass our Channel towards the Sound, to help the Danes against the Swedes, who had abandoned the French interest; we not having ready sufficient to guard our coasts, or take cognizance of what they did; though the nation never had more, or a better navy, yet the sea had never so slender a fleet.

19<sup>th</sup> July. George, Prince of Denmark,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 224.]

who had landed this day, came to marry the Lady Anne,<sup>1</sup> daughter to the Duke; so I returned home, having seen the young gallant at dinner at Whitehall.

20<sup>th</sup>. Several of the conspirators of the lower form were executed at Tyburn; and the next day,

21<sup>st</sup>. Lord Russell was beheaded in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the executioner giving him three butcherly strokes. The speech he made, and the paper which he gave the Sheriff declaring his innocence, the nobleness of the family, the piety and worthiness of the unhappy gentlemen, wrought much pity, and occasioned various discourses on the plot.

25<sup>th</sup>. I again saw Prince George of Denmark;<sup>2</sup> he had the Danish countenance, blonde, of few words, spoke French but ill, seemed somewhat heavy, but reported to be valiant, and indeed he had bravely rescued and brought off his brother, the King of Denmark, in a battle against the Swedes, when both these Kings were engaged very smartly.

28<sup>th</sup>. He was married to the Lady Anne at Whitehall. Her court and household to be modelled as the Duke's, her father, had been; and they to continue in England.

1<sup>st</sup> August. Came to see me Mr. Flamsteed, the famous astronomer,<sup>3</sup> from his Observatory at Greenwich, to draw the meridian from my pendule, etc.

2<sup>nd</sup>. The Countesses of Bristol and Sunderland, aunt and cousin-german of the late Lord Russell, came to visit me, and condone his sad fate. The next day, came Colonel Russell, uncle to the late Lord Russell, and brother to the Earl of Bedford, and with him Mrs. Myddleton, that famous and indeed incomparable beauty,<sup>4</sup> daughter to my relation, Sir Robert Needham.

19<sup>th</sup>. I went to Bromley to visit our Bishop,<sup>5</sup> and excellent neighbour, and to congratulate his now being made Archbishop of York. On the 28<sup>th</sup>, he came

<sup>1</sup> [Afterwards Queen Anne.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, 19<sup>th</sup> July.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 306.]

<sup>4</sup> [Jane Needham, 1645-92, married to Charles Myddleton in 1660. The Duke of York, Grammont, and Waller were among her many admirers, and she bade fair at one time to rival the Duchess of Cleveland.]

<sup>5</sup> [Of Rochester. Dr. John Dolben was Archbishop of York, 1683-86.]

to take his leave of us, now preparing for his journey and residence in his province.

28th August. My sweet little grandchild, Martha Maria, died, and on the 29th was buried in the parish church.<sup>1</sup>

2nd September. This morning, was read in the church, after the Office was done, the Declaration setting forth the late conspiracy against the King's person.

3rd. I went to see what had been done by the Duke of Beaufort on his late purchased house at Chelsea,<sup>2</sup> which I once had the selling of for the Countess of Bristol; he had made great alterations, but might have built a better house with the materials and the cost he had been at.

Saw the Countess of Monte Feltre whose husband I had formerly known; he was a subject of the Pope's, but becoming a Protestant he resided in England, and married into the family of the Savilles, of Yorkshire. The Count, her late husband, was a very learned gentleman, a great politician, and a goodly man. She was accompanied by her sister, exceedingly skilled in painting, nor did they spare for colour on their own faces.<sup>3</sup> They had a great deal of wit.

9th. It being the day of public thanksgiving for his Majesty's late preservation, the former declaration was again read, and there was an Office used, composed for the occasion. A loyal sermon was preached on the divine right of Kings, from Psalm cxliv. 10. "Thou hast preserved David from the peril of the sword."

15th. Came to visit me the learned anatomist, Dr. Tyson,<sup>4</sup> with some other Fellows of our Society.

16th. At the elegant villa and garden of Mr. Bohun, at Lee.<sup>5</sup> He showed me the zinnar tree, or platanus, and told me that since they had planted this kind of tree about the city of Ispahan, in Persia, the plague, which formerly much infested the place, had exceedingly abated of its mortal effects, and rendered it very healthy.

18th. I went to London, to visit the Duchess of Grafton, now great with child, a most virtuous and beautiful lady.<sup>1</sup> Dining with her at my Lord Chamberlain's, met my Lord of St. Albans,<sup>2</sup> now grown so blind, that he could not see to take his meat. He has lived a most easy life, in plenty even abroad, whilst his Majesty was a sufferer; he has lost immense sums at play, which yet, at about eighty years old, he continues, having one that sits by him to name the spots on the cards. He eat and drank with extraordinary appetite. He is a prudent old courtier, and much enriched since his Majesty's return.

After dinner, I walked to survey the sad demolition of Clarendon House, that costly and only sumptuous palace of the late Lord Chancellor Hyde, where I have often been so cheerful with him, and sometimes so sad:<sup>3</sup> happening to make him a visit but the day before he fled from the angry Parliament,<sup>4</sup> accusing him of maladministration, and being envious at his grandeur, who from a private lawyer came to be father-in-law to the Duke of York, and as some would suggest, designing his Majesty's marriage with the Infanta of Portugal, not apt to breed. To this they imputed much of our unhappiness; and that he, being sole minister and favourite at his Majesty's restoration, neglected to gratify the King's suffering party, preferring those who were the cause of our trouble. But perhaps as many of these things were injuriously laid to his charge, so he kept the government far steadier than it has proved since. I could name some who I think contributed greatly to his ruin,—the buffoons and the *misses*, to whom he was an eye-sore. It is true he was of a jolly temper, after the old English fashion; but France had now the ascendant, and we were become quite another nation. The Chancellor gone, and dying in exile, the Earl his successor sold that which cost £50,000 building, to the young Duke of Almarale for £25,000, to pay debts which how contracted remains yet a mystery, his son being no way a prodigal. Some imagine the Duchess his daughter had been chargeable to him. However it were, this stately palace is decreed to ruin, to support the

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 348.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 317.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 173.]

<sup>4</sup> Doctor Edward Tyson, 1650-1708, anatomical lecturer in Surgeons' Hall, and physician to Bethlehem and Bridewell hospitals. He published *The Anatomy of a Porpoise dissected at Gresham College*, and *The Anatomy of a Pigmy compared with a Monkey, an Ape, and a Man*, 4to, 1698-99.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 341.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 322.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 347.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 205.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 260.]

prodigious waste the Duke of Albemarle had made of his estate, since the old man died. He sold it to the highest bidder, and it fell to certain rich bankers and mechanics, who gave for it and the ground<sup>1</sup> about it, £35,000; they design a new town, as it were, and a most magnificent piazza [square]. It is said they have already materials towards it with what they sold of the house alone, more worth than what they paid for it. See the vicissitudes of earthly things! I was astonished at this demolition, nor less at the little army of labourers and artificers levelling the ground, laying foundations, and contriving great buildings at an expense of £200,000, if they perfect their design.<sup>2</sup>

19th September. In my walks I stepped into a goldbeater's workhouse, where he showed me the wonderful ductility of that spreading and oily metal. He said it must be finer than the standard, such as was old angel-gold, and that of such he had once to the value of £100 stamped with the *agnus dei*, and coined at the time of the holy war; which had been found in a ruined wall somewhere in the north, near to Scotland, some of which he beat into leaves, and the rest sold to the *curiosi* in antiquities and medals.

23rd. We had now the welcome tidings

<sup>1</sup> [According to the Rate-Books of St. Martin's there were, in 1688, 24 acres of land attached to the house.]

<sup>2</sup> In a letter to Lord Cornbury, dated Sayes Court, 20th January, 1665-66, Evelyn, having then just returned from a visit to Clarendon House, says: "I went with prejudice and a critical spirit, incident to those who fancy they know anything in art; I acknowledge that I have never seen a nobler pile. My old friend [Pratt, the architect, see p. 186] and fellow-traveller (inhabitants and co-temporaries at Rome) has perfectly acquitted himself. It is, without hyperbole, the best contrived, the most usefull, gracefull, and magnificent house in England; I except not Audley End, which, though larger and full of gaudy barbarous ornaments, does not gratifie judicious spectators. Here is state and use, solidity and beauty, most symmetrically combined together. Nothing abroad pleases me better, nothing at home approaches it. I have no design to gratifie the architect beyond what I am obliged as a professed honorer of virtue wheresoever 'tis conspicuous; but when I had seriously contemplated every room (for I went into 'em all, from the cellar to the platforme on the rooffe), seene how well and judiciously the walls were erected, the arches cut and turn'd, the timber brac'd, their scantlings and contignations disposed, I was most highly satisfied, and do acknowledge myselfe to have much improv'd by what I observ'd."

of the King of Poland raising the siege of Vienna, which had given terror to all Europe, and utmost reproach to the French, who it is believed brought in the Turks for diversion, that the French King might the more easily swallow Flanders, and pursue his unjust conquest on the empire, whilst we sat unconcerned and under a deadly charm from somebody.<sup>1</sup>

There was this day a collection for rebuilding Newmarket, consumed by an accidental fire, which removing his Majesty thence sooner than was intended, put by the assassins, who were disappointed of their rendezvous and expectation by a wonderful providence.<sup>2</sup> This made the King more earnest to render Winchester the seat of his autumnal field diversions for the future, designing a palace there,<sup>3</sup> where the ancient castle stood; infinitely indeed preferable to Newmarket for prospects, air, pleasure, and provisions. The surveyor has already begun the foundation for a palace, estimated to cost £35,000, and his Majesty is purchasing ground about it to make a park, etc.

4th October. I went to London, on receiving a note from the Countess of Arlington, of some considerable charge or advantage I might obtain by applying myself to his Majesty on this signal conjuncture of his Majesty entering-up judgment against the City-charter; the proposal made me I wholly declined, not being well satisfied with these violent transactions, and not a little sorry that his Majesty was so often put upon things of this nature against so great a City, the consequence whereof may be so much to his prejudice; so I returned home. At this time, the Lord

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 350. The siege of Vienna was raised by John Sobieski, who defeated a Turkish army, 100,000 strong, 12th September, 1683.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 342. "He was saved only by the accident of the fire; . . . which destroyed his palace there [at Newmarket] and thus caused him to go back to London a few days earlier than was expected" (Airy's *Charles II.*, 1901, p. 255).]

<sup>3</sup> [On the site of Winchester Castle. It was planned by Wren after the model of Versailles, and begun in March of this year. Part only was finished at Charles's death; and this part was turned into a barracks in 1796, and burned down in 1894. The King talked of the building in his last days; and, according to Airy's *Charles II.*, 1901, p. 261, £90,000 found in the strong-box after his death, was supposed to be destined for it (see *post*, under 16th September, 1685).]

Chief-Justice Pemberton was displaced.<sup>1</sup> He was held to be the most learned of the judges, and an honest man. Sir George Jeffreys<sup>2</sup> was advanced, reputed to be most ignorant, but most daring. Sir George Treby,<sup>3</sup> Recorder of London, was also put by, and one Jenner,<sup>4</sup> an obscure lawyer, set in his place. Eight of the richest and chief aldermen were removed, and all the rest made only justices of the peace, and no more wearing of gowns, or chains of gold; the Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs holding their places by new grants as *custodes*, at the King's pleasure. The pomp and grandeur of the most august City in the world thus changed face in a moment; which gave great occasion of discourse and thoughts of hearts, what all this would end in. Prudent men were for the old foundations.

Following his Majesty this morning through the gallery, I went with the few who attended him, into the Duchess of Portsmouth's *dressing-room* within her bed-chamber, where she was in her morning loose garment, her maids combing her, newly out of her bed, his Majesty and the gallants standing about her; but that which engaged my curiosity was the rich and splendid furniture of this woman's apartment,<sup>5</sup> now twice or thrice pulled down and rebuilt to satisfy her prodigal and expensive pleasures,<sup>6</sup> whilst her Majesty's does not exceed some gentlemen's ladies in furniture and accommodation. Here I saw the new fabric of French tapestry, for design, tenderness of work, and incomparable imitation of the best paintings, beyond anything I had ever beheld. Some pieces had Ver-

sailles, St. Germain, and other palaces of the French King, with huntings, figures, and landscapes, exotic fowls, and all to the life rarely done. Then for Japan cabinets, screens, pendule clocks, great vases of wrought plate, tables, stands, chimney-furniture, sconces, branches braseras,<sup>7</sup> etc., all of massy silver and out of number, besides some of her Majesty's best paintings.

Surfeiting of this, I dined at Sir Stephen Fox's<sup>2</sup> and went contented home to my poor, but quiet villa. What contentment can there be in the riches and splendour of this world, purchased with vice and dishonour?

10th October. Visited the Duchess of Grafton,<sup>3</sup> not yet brought to bed, and dining with my Lord Chamberlain (her father), went with them to see Montagu House,<sup>4</sup> a palace lately built by Lord Montagu, who had married the most beautiful Countess of Northumberland.<sup>5</sup> It is a stately and ample palace. Signor Verrio's fresco paintings, especially the funeral pile of Dido, on the staircase, the labours of Hercules, fight with the Centaurs, his effeminacy with Dejanira, and Apotheosis or reception among the Gods, on the walls and roof of the great room above, — I think exceeds anything he has yet done, both for design, colouring, and exuberance of invention, comparable to the greatest of the old masters, or what they so celebrate at Rome. In the rest of the chamber are some excellent paintings of Holbein, and other masters. The garden is large, and in good air, but the fronts of the house not answerable to the inside. The court at entry, and wings for offices seem too near the street, and that so very narrow and meanly built, that the corridor is not in proportion to the rest, to hide the court from being overlooked by neighbours; all which might have been prevented, had they placed the house further into the ground, of

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Francis Pemberton, 1625-97. He was displaced for want of zeal against Lord Russell.]

<sup>2</sup> [George Jeffreys, first Baron Jeffreys of Wem, 1648-89, who had been active in prosecuting Lord Russell. Airy (*Charles II.*, 1901, p. 233) calls him "the wickedest man in English History"—Oates only excepted.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 331.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Thomas Jenner, 1637-1707.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 302.]

<sup>6</sup> [As to this Burnet writes to the Earl of Halifax in March 1680: "The Raillerie in Whitehall is, upon the Dutchess of Portsmouth's going to pull down her Lodgings and to build them anew." Elsewhere he says that the Dutchess of Portsmouth procured the King's going early to Windsor in May, "in order to the pulling down her lodgings that they may be rebuilt by Michelmas" (*Unpublished Letters, Camden Miscellany*, 3rd series, vol. xiii. (1907), pp. 15, 28).]

<sup>7</sup> *Brasiers*:—"a large vessel, or moving-hearth of silver, for coals, transportable into any room, much used in Spain" (*Evelyn's Fop-Dictionary*, 1660).

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 342.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 351.]

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, p. 322, and *post*, under 19th January, 1686.

<sup>5</sup> See *ante*, p. 304. He succeeded as Baron Montagu in 1684. His wife was Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, widow of Joceline Percy, the eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland (of that family).

which there was enough to spare. But on the whole it is a fine palace, built after the French pavilion-way, by Mr. Hooke, the Curator of the Royal Society. There were with us my Lady Scroope, the great wit, and Monsieur Chardin,<sup>1</sup> the celebrated traveller.

13th October. Came to visit me my old and worthy friend, Mr. Packer,<sup>2</sup> bringing with him his nephew Berkeley, grandson to the honest judge. A most ingenious, virtuous, and religious gentleman, seated near Worcester,<sup>3</sup> and very curious in gardening.

17th. I was at the court-leet of this manor,<sup>4</sup> my Lord Arlington his Majesty's High-Steward.

26th. Came to visit and dine with me, Mr. Brisbane,<sup>5</sup> Secretary to the Admiralty, a learned and agreeable man.

30th. I went to Kew to visit Sir Henry Capel, brother to the late Earl of Essex;<sup>6</sup> but he being gone to Cashibury, after I had seen his garden<sup>7</sup> and the alterations therein, I returned home. He had repaired his house, roofed his hall with a kind of cupola, and in a niche was an artificial fountain; but the room seems to me over-melancholy, yet might be much improved by having the walls well painted *à fresco*. The two green-houses for oranges and myrtles communicating with the rooms below, are very well contrived. There is a cupola made with pole-work between two elms at the end of a walk, which being covered by plashing<sup>8</sup> the trees to them, is very pretty; for the rest there are too many fir trees in the garden.

17th November. I took a house in Villiers Street, York Buildings, for the winter, having many important concerns to dispatch, and for the education of my daughters.

23rd. The Duke of Monmouth, till now proclaimed traitor on the pretended plot for which Lord Russell was lately beheaded, came this evening to Whitehall and rendered himself, on which were various discourses.

26th. I went to compliment the Duchess

of Grafton, now lying-in of her first child, a son,<sup>1</sup> which she called for, that I might see it. She was become more beautiful, if it were possible, than before, and full of virtue and sweetness. She discoursed with me of many particulars, with great prudence and gravity beyond her years.

29th. Mr. Forbes showed me the plot of the garden making at Burghley,<sup>2</sup> at my Lord Exeter's, which I looked on as one of the most noble that I had seen.

The whole court and town in solemn mourning for the death of the King of Portugal, her Majesty's brother.<sup>3</sup>

30th. At the anniversary dinner of the Royal Society the King sent us two does. Sir Cyril Wyche<sup>4</sup> was elected President.

5th December. I was this day invited to a wedding of one Mrs. Castle, to whom I had some obligation, and it was to her fifth husband, a Lieutenant-Colonel of the City. She was the daughter of one Burton, a broom-man, by his wife, who sold kitchen-stuff in Kent Street, whom God so blessed that the father became a very rich, and was a very honest man; he was sheriff of Surrey,<sup>5</sup> where I have sat on the bench with him. Another of his daughters was married to Sir John Bowles; and this daughter was a jolly friendly woman. There was at the wedding the Lord Mayor, the Sheriff, several Aldermen and persons of quality; above all, Sir George Jeffreys, newly made Lord Chief-Justice of England,<sup>6</sup> with Mr. Justice Wythens, danced with the bride, and were exceeding merry. These great men spent the rest of the afternoon, till eleven at night, in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of Judges, who had but a day or two before condemned Mr. Algernon Sidney,<sup>7</sup> who was executed the 7th on Tower-Hill, on the single witness of that

<sup>1</sup> Charles, who succeeded his father, mortally wounded in 1690 at the siege of Cork. This son was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, Privy Councillor, K.G., etc., in the reigns of Anne, George I., and George II. There is a fine whole-length mezzotinto of him by Faber.

<sup>2</sup> [Burghley House, on the Welland, near Stamford—the "Burleigh-house by Stamford-town" of Tennyson's *Lure of Burleigh*.]

<sup>3</sup> [Alphonso VI., d. 12th September, 1683.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Cyril Wyche, 1632-1707. He married Evelyn's niece (see under 15th May, 1692).]

<sup>5</sup> In 1673.

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 353.]

<sup>7</sup> [See ante, p. 348.]

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 327.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 169.]

<sup>3</sup> [At Groomsbridge.]

<sup>4</sup> [The manor of Deptford-le-Strond, *alias* West Greenwich.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 334.]

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 255.]

<sup>7</sup> *Archæologia*, vol. xii. p. 185.

<sup>8</sup> [Plaiting.]



monster of a man, Lord Howard of Escrick, and some sheets of paper taken in Mr. Sidney's study, pretended to be written by him, but not fully proved, nor the time when, but appearing to have been written before his Majesty's restoration, and then pardoned by the Act of Oblivion; so that though Mr. Sidney was known to be a person obstinately averse to government by a monarch (the subject of the paper was in answer to one by Sir E. Filmer), yet it was thought he had very hard measure. There is this yet observable, that he had been an inveterate enemy to the last king, and in actual rebellion against him; a man of great courage, great sense, great parts, which he showed both at his trial and death; for, when he came on the scaffold, instead of a speech, he told them only that he had made his peace with God, that he came not thither to talk, but to die; put a paper into the sheriff's hand, and another into a friend's; said one prayer as short as a grace, laid down his neck, and bid the executioner do his office.

The Duke of Monmouth, now having his pardon, refuses to acknowledge there was any treasonable plot; for which he is banished Whitehall. This was a great disappointment to some who had prosecuted Trenchard, Hampden, etc., that for want of a second witness were come out of the Tower upon their *habeas corpus*.

The King had now augmented his guards with a new sort of dragoons,<sup>1</sup> who carried also grenadoes, and were habited after the Polish manner, with long peaked caps, very fierce and fantastical.

7th December. I went to the Tower, and visited the Earl of Danby, the late Lord High Treasurer, who had been imprisoned four years;<sup>2</sup> he received me with great kindness. I dined with him, and stayed till night. We had discourse of many things, his Lady railing sufficiently at the keeping her husband so long in prison. Here I saluted the Lord Dunblane's wife,<sup>3</sup> who before had been married to Emerton, and about whom there was that scandalous business before the delegates.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 312.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 156.]

<sup>3</sup> Peregrine Osborne, Viscount Dunblane, 1658-1729, youngest son of the Earl of Danby, so created in his father's lifetime, and afterwards inheritor of his title and estate.

23rd. The small-pox very prevalent and mortal; the Thames frozen.

26th. I dined at Lord Clarendon's, where I was to meet that ingenious and learned gentleman, Sir George Wheler,<sup>1</sup> who has published the excellent description of Africa and Greece, and who, being a knight of a very fair estate and young, had now newly entered into Holy Orders.

27th. I went to visit Sir John Chardin,<sup>2</sup> a French gentleman, who had travelled three times by land into Persia, and had made many curious researches in his travels, of which he was now setting forth a relation. It being in England this year one of the severest frosts that has happened of many years, he told me the cold in Persia was much greater, the ice of an incredible thickness; that they had little use of iron in all that country, it being so moist (though the air admirably clear and healthy) that oil would not preserve it from rusting, so that they had neither clocks nor watches; some padlocks they had for doors and boxes.

30th. Dr. Sprat,<sup>3</sup> now made Dean of Westminster, preached to the King at Whitehall, on Matt. vi. 24. Recollecting the passages of the past year, I gave God thanks for his mercies, praying his blessing for the future.

1683-4: 1st January. The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set upon the Thames; the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like. The small-pox was very mortal.

2nd. I dined at Sir Stephen Fox's: after dinner came a fellow who eat live charcoal, glowingly ignited, quenching them in his mouth, and then champing and swallowing them down.<sup>4</sup> There was a dog also which seemed to do many rational actions.

6th. The river quite frozen.<sup>5</sup>

9th. I went across the Thames on

<sup>1</sup> [Sir George Wheler, 1650-1723. His travels took place 1673-76, and he was knighted in 1682, in which year he published his *Journey into Greece*. He became Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, in 1709 (see *post*, under 24th October, 1686).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 327.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 267.]

<sup>4</sup> [Cf. Richardson, *ante*, p. 288.]

<sup>5</sup> [There are several contemporary representations of this "prodigious Frost."]

the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster-stairs to Lambeth, and dined with the Archbishop:<sup>1</sup> where I met my Lord Bruce,<sup>2</sup> Sir George Wheler, Colonel Cooke, and several divines. After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir George Wheler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth-stairs to the Horse-ferry.

10th January. I visited Sir Robert Reading,<sup>3</sup> where after supper we had music, but not comparable to that which Mrs. Bridgeman made us on the guitar with such extraordinary skill and dexterity.

16th. The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City.

24th. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames:<sup>4</sup> this humour took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, etc. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple; and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cooks, tippling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perish-

ing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear, that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

4th February. I went to Sayes Court to see how the frost had dealt with my garden, where I found many of the greens and rare plants utterly destroyed. The oranges and myrtles very sick, the rosemary and laurels dead to all appearance, but the cypress likely to endure it.<sup>1</sup>

5th. It began to thaw, but froze again. My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horse-ferry at Millbank, Westminster. The booths were almost all taken down; but there was first a map or landscape cut in copper representing all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost.

7th. I dined with my Lord Keeper [North],<sup>2</sup> and walking alone with him some time in his gallery, we had discourse of music. He told me he had been brought up to it from a child, so as to sing his part at first sight. Then speaking of painting, of which he was also a great lover, and other ingenious matters, he desired me to come oftener to him.

8th. I went this evening to visit that great and knowing virtuoso, Monsieur Justel.<sup>3</sup> The weather was set in to an

<sup>1</sup> [He gives details of the devastation in his letter to the Royal Society (see *post*, p. 358). The severe weather even killed his tortoise.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 285.]

<sup>3</sup> Henry Justel, 1620-93, created D.C.L. by the University of Oxford in 1675, on presenting to the Bodleian the MSS. of his father, Christopher Justel, a learned writer on ecclesiastical antiquities. Both were born in France; but the son fled to England to avoid persecution as a Protestant, and

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Sancroft.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 313.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 122.]

<sup>4</sup> [Bray thus describes one of these cards of Frost Fair. "Within a treble border, 'Mons' et Madm' Justel. Printed on the River of Thames being frozen. In the 36th year of King Charles the II., February the 5th, 1683."]

absolute thaw and rain; but the Thames still frozen.

10th February. After eight weeks missing the foreign posts, there came abundance of intelligence from abroad.

12th. The Earl of Danby, late Lord Treasurer, together with the Roman Catholic Lords impeached of high treason in the Popish Plot, had now their *habeas corpus*, and came out upon bail, after five years' imprisonment in the Tower.<sup>1</sup> Then were also tried and deeply fined Mr. Hampden<sup>2</sup> and others, for being supposed of the late plot, for which Lord Russell and Colonel Sidney suffered; as also the person who went about to prove that the Earl of Essex had his throat cut in the Tower by others; likewise Mr. Johnson, the author of that famous piece called *Julian*.<sup>3</sup>

15th. News of the Prince of Orange having accused the Deputies of Amsterdam of *crimen læsæ Majestatis*, and being pensioners to France.

Dr. Tenison<sup>4</sup> communicated to me his intention of erecting a library<sup>5</sup> in St. Martin's parish, for the public use, and desired my assistance, with Sir Christopher Wren, about the placing and structure thereof, a worthy and laudable design. He told me there were thirty or forty young men in orders in his parish, either governors to young gentlemen or chaplains to noblemen, who being reproved by him on occasion for frequenting taverns or

was appointed Keeper of the King's Library at St. James's. He published his father's *Bibliotheca Juris Canonici Veteris* in 1661.

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 355.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 348.]

<sup>3</sup> Samuel Johnson, 1649-1703, a clergyman, and the "Ben Jochanan" of Dryden, who was distinguished by the rigour of his writings against the Court; particularly by his *Julian the Apostate* (1683), directed at the Duke of York, a recent convert to Popery. For these he was fined, imprisoned, put in the pillory, whipped at the cart's tail, and degraded from the priesthood: nevertheless, he was not silenced, and he lived to see the Revolution, which placed William of Orange on the throne; whereupon he received a present of £2000, and a pension of £300 per annum, for the joint lives of himself and his son.

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 330.]

<sup>5</sup> [It was in Castle Street, St. Martin's Lane. Wren designed it. It was the first public library in London. In June, 1861, the books (4000 volumes) were sold in aid of the endowment of the Tenison School, now located on the site of Hogarth's old house on the east side of the Fields. They brought nearly £2000.]

coffee-houses, told him they would study or employ their time better, if they had books. This put the pious Doctor on this design; and indeed a great reproach it is that so great a city as London should not have a public library becoming it. There ought to be one at St. Paul's; the west end of that church (if ever finished) would be a convenient place.

23rd. I went to Sir John Chardin,<sup>1</sup> who desired my assistance for the engraving the plates, the translation, and printing his History of that wonderful Persian Monument near Persepolis, and other rare antiquities, which he had caused to be drawn from the originals in his second journey into Persia, which we now concluded upon. Afterwards, I went with Sir Christopher Wren to Dr. Tenison, where we made the drawing and estimate of the expense of the library, to be begun this next spring near the Mews.<sup>2</sup>

Great expectation of the Prince of Orange's attempts in Holland to bring those of Amsterdam to consent to the new levies, to which we were no friends, by a pseudo-politic adherence to the French interest.

26th. Came to visit me Dr. Turner, our new Bishop of Rochester.<sup>3</sup>

28th. I dined at Lady Tuke's, where I heard Dr. Wallgrave<sup>4</sup> (physician to the Duke and Duchess) play excellently on the lute.

7th March. Dr. Meggot, Dean of Winchester,<sup>5</sup> preached an incomparable sermon (the King being now gone to Newmarket), on Heb. xii. 15, showing and pathetically pressing the care we ought to have lest we come short of the grace of God. Afterwards, I went to visit Dr. Tenison at Kensington, whither he was retired to refresh, after he had been sick of the small-pox.

15th. At Whitehall preached Mr. Henry Godolphin,<sup>6</sup> a prebend of St. Paul's, and brother to my dear friend Sidney, on Isaiah lv. 7. I dined at the Lord Keeper's, and brought him to Sir John Chardin, who showed him his accurate drafts of his travels in Persia.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 327.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 347.]

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 245.]

<sup>7</sup> [See ante, p. 327.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, 15th Feb.]

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 297.]

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 321.]

28th March. There was so great a concourse of people with their children to be touched for the evil,<sup>1</sup> that six or seven were crushed to death by pressing at the surgeon's door for tickets. The weather began to be more mild and tolerable; but there was not the least appearance of any spring.

30th. Easter-day. The Bishop of Rochester<sup>2</sup> preached before the King; after which his Majesty, accompanied with three of his natural sons, the Dukes of Northumberland, Richmond, and St. Albans (sons of Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Nelly), went up to the altar; the three boys entering before the King within the rails, at the right hand, and three Bishops on the left, viz. London (who officiated), Durham, and Rochester, with the Sub-dean, Dr. Holder. The King, kneeling before the altar, making his offering, the Bishops first received, and then his Majesty; after which he retired to a canopied seat on the right hand. Note, there was perfume burnt before the office began. I had received the sacrament at Whitehall early with the Lords and Household, the Bishop of London officiating. Then went to St. Martin's, where Dr. Tenison preached (recovered from the small-pox); then went again to Whitehall as above. In the afternoon, went to St. Martin's again.

4th April. I returned home with my family to my house at Sayes Court, after five months' residence in London; hardly the least appearance of any spring.

30th. A letter of mine to the Royal Society concerning the terrible effects of the past winter being read, they desired it might be printed in the next part of their *Transactions*.<sup>3</sup>

10th May. I went to visit my brother in Surrey. Called by the way at Ashted, where Sir Robert Howard (Auditor of the Exchequer) entertained me very civilly at his new-built house, which stands in a park on the Down,<sup>4</sup> the avenue south; though

down hill to the house, which is not great, but with the out-houses very convenient. The staircase is painted by Verrio with the story of Astræa; amongst other figures is the picture of the Painter himself, and not unlike him; the rest is well done, only the columns did not at all please me; there is also Sir Robert's own picture in an oval; the whole in *fresco*. The place has this great defect, that there is no water but what is drawn up by horses from a very deep well.

11th. Visited Mr. Higham,<sup>1</sup> who was ill, and died three days later. His grandfather and father (who christened me), with himself, had now been rectors of this parish [Wotton] 101 years, viz. from May, 1583.

12th. I returned to London, where I found the Commissioners of the Admiralty abolished, and the office of Admiral restored to the Duke, as to the disposing and ordering all sea business; but his Majesty signed all petitions, papers, warrants, and commissions, that the Duke, not acting as admiral by commission or office might not incur the penalty of the late Act against Papists and Dissenters holding offices, and refusing the oath and test. Every one was glad of this change, those in the late Commission being utterly ignorant in their duty, to the great damage of the Navy.

The utter ruin of the Low Country was threatened by the siege of Luxemburg, if not timely relieved, and by the obstinacy of the Hollanders, who refused to assist the Prince of Orange, being corrupted by the French.

16th. I received £600 of Sir Charles Bickerstaff for the fee-farm of Pilton, in Devon.

26th. Lord Dartmouth was chosen Master of the Trinity Company, newly returned with the fleet from blowing up and demolishing Tangier.<sup>2</sup> In the sermon preached on this occasion, Dr. Can observed that, in the 27th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the casting anchor

sixth son of Thomas, first Earl of Berkeley. He built a new house near the old mansion of the Howards, where he was visited by Charles II., James II., and William III. This was pulled down in the last quarter of the eighteenth century and another took its place.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 205.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Turner (see *ante*, p. 357).]

<sup>3</sup> This was done (*Philosophical Transactions*, No. 158, 1684, p. 559). There is an abstract of the letter in Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 692-96.

<sup>4</sup> [Ashted Estate was sold in 1680 by Henry Howard, Duke of Norfolk, to Sir Robert Howard,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 172.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 345.]

out of the foreship had been cavilled at as betraying total ignorance: that it is very true our seamen do not do so; but in the Mediterranean their ships were built differently from ours, and to this day it was the practice to do so there.

Luxemburg was surrendered to the French, which makes them masters of all the Netherlands, gives them entrance into Germany, and a fair game for universal monarchy; which that we should suffer, who only and easily might have hindered, astonished all the world. Thus is the poor Prince of Orange ruined, and this nation and all the Protestant interest in Europe following, unless God in His infinite mercy, as by a miracle, interpose, and our great ones alter their counsels. The French fleet were now besieging Genoa, but after burning much of that beautiful city with their bombs, went off with disgrace.

11th June. My cousin, Verney, to whom a very great fortune was fallen, came to take leave of us, going into the country; a very worthy and virtuous young gentleman.

12th. I went to advise and give directions about the building two streets in Berkeley Gardens, reserving the house and as much of the garden as the breadth of the house. In the meantime, I could not but deplore that sweet place<sup>1</sup> (by far the most noble gardens, courts, and accommodations, stately porticoes, etc., anywhere about the town) should be so much straitened and turned into tenements. But that magnificent pile and gardens contiguous to it, built by the late Lord Chancellor Clarendon, being all demolished, and designed for piazzas and buildings,<sup>2</sup> was some excuse for my Lady Berkeley's resolution of letting out her ground also for so excessive a price as was offered, advancing near £1000 per annum in mere ground-rents; to such a mad intemperance was the age come of building about a city, by far too disproportionate already to the nation; I having in my time seen it almost as large again as it was within my memory.

22nd. Last Friday, Sir Thomas Armstrong was executed at Tyburn for treason,

without trial, having been outlawed and apprehended in Holland, on the conspiracy of the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Russell, etc., which gave occasion of discourse to people and lawyers, in regard it was on an outlawry that judgment was given and execution.<sup>1</sup>

2nd July. I went to the Observatory at Greenwich, where Mr. Flamsteed<sup>2</sup> took his observations of the eclipse of the sun, now almost three parts obscured.

There had been an excessive hot and dry spring, and such a drought still continued as never was in my memory.

13th. Some small sprinkling of rain; the leaves dropping from the trees as in autumn.

25th. I dined at Lord Falkland's,<sup>3</sup> Treasurer of the Navy, where after dinner we had rare music, there being amongst others, Signor Pietro Reggio, and Signor John Baptist, both famous, one for his voice, the other for playing on the harpsichord, few if any in Europe exceeding him. There was also a Frenchman who sang an admirable bass.

26th. I returned home, where I found my Lord Chief-Justice [Jeffreys], the Countess of Clarendon, and Lady Catherine Fitzgerald, who dined with me.

10th August. We had now rain after such a drought as no man in England had known.

24th. Excessive hot. We had not had above one or two considerable showers, and those storms, these eight or nine months. Many trees died for the want of refreshment.

31st. Mr. Sidney Godolphin was made Baron Godolphin.

26th September. The King being returned from Winchester, there was a numerous Court at Whitehall.

At this time the Earl of Rochester was

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 347. When brought up for judgment, Armstrong insisted on his right to a trial, the Act giving that right to those who came in within a year, and the year not having expired. Jeffreys refused it; "and when Armstrong insisted, that he asked nothing but the law, *Jeffreys* in his brutal way said, he should have it to the full; and so ordered his execution within six days." When Jeffreys went to the King at Windsor soon after, the King took a ring from his finger and gave it to Jeffreys (Burnet's *History of His Own Time*, 1724, i. pp. 579-80).

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 350.] <sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 346.]

<sup>1</sup> [Berkeley House (see *ante*, p. 244).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 351.]

removed from the Treasury to the Presidency of the Council; Lord Godolphin was made first Commissioner of the Treasury in his place; Lord Middleton (a Scot)<sup>1</sup> made Secretary of State, in the room of Lord Godolphin. These alterations being very unexpected and mysterious, gave great occasion of discourse.

There was now an Ambassador from the King of Siam, in the East Indies, to his Majesty.

22<sup>nd</sup> October. I went with Sir William Godolphin to see the rhinoceros, or unicorn, being the first that I suppose was ever brought into England. She belonged to some East India merchants, and was sold (as I remember) for above £2000. At the same time, I went to see a crocodile, brought from some of the West India Islands, resembling the Egyptian crocodile.

24<sup>th</sup>. I dined at Sir Stephen Fox's with the Duke of Northumberland.<sup>2</sup> He seemed to be a young gentleman of good capacity, well-bred, civil, and modest: newly come from travel, and had made his campaign at the siege of Luxemburg. Of all his Majesty's children (of which he had now six Dukes) this seemed the most accomplished and worth the owning. He is extraordinary handsome and well-shaped. What the Dukes of Richmond and St. Albans will prove, their youth does not discover; they are very pretty boys.

26<sup>th</sup>. Dr. Goodman preached before the King on James ii. 12, concerning the law of liberty: an excellent discourse and in good method. He is author of *The Prodigal Son*, a treatise worth reading, and another of the old religion.

27<sup>th</sup>. I visited the Lord Chamberlain, where dined the *black Baron* and Monsieur Flamerin, who had so long been banished France for a duel.

28<sup>th</sup>. I carried Lord Clarendon through the City, amidst all the squibs and bacchanalia of the Lord Mayor's show, to the Royal Society, where he was proposed a member; and then treated him at dinner.

I went to St. Clement's, that pretty

built and contrived church, where a young divine gave us an eloquent sermon on 1 Cor. vi. 20, inciting to gratitude and glorifying God for the fabric of our bodies and the dignity of our nature.

2<sup>nd</sup> November. A sudden change from temperate warm weather to an excessive cold rain, frost, snow, and storm, such as had seldom been known. This winter weather began as early and fierce as the past did late; till about Christmas there then had been hardly any winter.

4<sup>th</sup>. Dr. Turner,<sup>1</sup> now translated from Rochester to Ely upon the death of Dr Peter Gunning, preached before the King at Whitehall on Romans iii. 8, a very excellent sermon, vindicating the Church of England against the pernicious doctrines of the Church of Rome. He challenged the producing but of five clergymen who forsook our Church and went over to that of Rome, during all the troubles and rebellion in England, which lasted near twenty years; and this was to my certain observation a great truth.

15<sup>th</sup>. Being the Queen's birthday, there were fireworks on the Thames before Whitehall, with pageants of castles, forts, and other devices of girandolas,<sup>2</sup> serpents, the King and Queen's arms and mottoes, all represented in fire, such as had not been seen here. But the most remarkable was the several fires and skirmishes in the very water, which actually moved a long way, burning under the water, now and then appearing above it, giving reports like muskets and cannon, with grenadoes and innumerable other devices. It is said it cost £1500. It was concluded with a ball, where all the young ladies and gallants danced, in the great hall. The court had not been seen so brave and rich in apparel since his Majesty's Restoration.

30<sup>th</sup>. In the morning, Dr. Fiennes, son of the Lord Say and Sele, preached before the King on Joshua xxi. 11.

3<sup>rd</sup> December. I carried Mr. Justel<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Slingsby (Master of the Mint) to see Mr. Sheldon's collection of medals.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 357.]

<sup>2</sup> [Revolving fireworks. Lassels, *Voyage of Italy*, 1670, vol. ii. p. 250, speaks of "the Girandola and fireworks on S. Peter's Eve, and divers such like sacred triumphs."]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 356.]

<sup>4</sup> [Mr. Ralph Sheldon, 1623-84, the antiquary.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 256.]

<sup>2</sup> [George FitzRoy, Duke of Northumberland, 1665-1716, youngest son of Charles II. by Lady Castlemaine.]

The series of Popes was rare, and so were several amongst the moderns, especially that of John Huss's martyrdom at Constance; of the Roman Emperors, Consulars, some Greek, etc., in copper, gold, and silver; not many truly antique; a medalion of Otho, Paulus Æmilii, etc., hardly ancient. They were held at a price of £1000; but not worth, I judge, above £200.

7th December. I went to see the new church at St James's,<sup>1</sup> elegantly built; the altar was especially adorned, the white marble enclosure curiously and richly carved, the flowers and garlands about the walls by Mr. Gibbons in wood; a pelican with her young at her breast, just over the altar in the carved compartment and border, environing the purple velvet fringed with I H.S. richly embroidered, and most noble plate, were given by Sir R. Geere, to the value (as was said) of £200. There was no altar anywhere in England, nor has there been any abroad more handsomely adorned.

17th. Early in the morning I went into St. James's Park to see three Turkish, or Asian horses, newly brought over, and now first showed to his Majesty. There were four, but one of them died at sea, being three weeks coming from Hamburg. They were taken from a Bashaw at the siege of Vienna, at the late famous raising that leaguer.<sup>2</sup> I never beheld so delicate a creature as one of them was, of somewhat a bright bay, two white feet, a blaze; such a head, eyes, ears, neck, breast, belly, haunches, legs, pasterns, and feet, in all regards, beautiful, and proportioned to admiration; spirited, proud, nimble, making halt, turning with that swiftness, and in so small a compass, as was admirable. With all this so gentle and tractable as called to mind what I remember Busbequius speaks of them, to the reproach of our grooms in Europe, who bring up their horses so churlishly, as makes most of them retain their ill habits. They trotted

like does, as if they did not feel the ground. Five hundred guineas was demanded for the first; 300 for the second; and 200 for the third, which was brown. All of them were choicely shaped, but the two last not altogether so perfect as the first.

It was judged by the spectators, among whom was the King, Prince of Denmark,<sup>1</sup> Duke of York, and several of the Court, noble persons skilled in horses, especially Monsieur Foubert<sup>2</sup> and his son (provost masters of the Academy, and esteemed of the best in Europe), that there were never seen any horses in these parts to be compared with them. Add to all this, the furniture, consisting of embroidery on the saddle, housings, quiver, bow, arrows, scymitar, sword, mace, or battle-axe, *à la Turcisq*; the Bashaw's velvet mantle furred with the most perfect ermine I ever beheld; all which, ironwork in common furniture, being here of silver, curiously wrought and double gilt, to an incredible value. Such and so extraordinary was the embroidery, that I never saw anything approaching it. The reins and headstall were of crimson silk, covered with chains of silver gilt. There was also a Turkish royal standard of a horse's tail, together with all sorts of other caparisons belonging to a general's horse, by which one may estimate how gallantly and magnificently those infidels appear in the field; for nothing could be seen more glorious. The gentleman (a German) who rid the horse, was in all this garb. They were shod with iron made round and closed at the heel, with a hole in the middle about as wide as a shilling. The hoofs most entire.

18th. I went with Lord Cornwallis<sup>3</sup> to see the young gallants do their exercise, Mr. Foubert having newly failed in a *ménage*, and fitted it for the academy. There were the Dukes of Norfolk<sup>4</sup> and Northumberland,<sup>5</sup> Lord Newburgh, and a nephew of (Duras) Earl of Feversham.<sup>6</sup> The exercises were, 1, running at the ring; 2, flinging a javelin at a Moor's head; 3, discharging a pistol at a mark; lastly, taking up a gauntlet with the point of a sword; all these performed

<sup>1</sup> [In Piccadilly, and built by Wren at the expense of the Duke of St. Albans (see p. 205). It was consecrated in July of this year. The carving over the altar and the font are by Grinling Gibbons. Wren was very much pleased with the internal accommodation afforded.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 11. Scott uses the word in this sense in ch. xxvi. of *Old Mortality*.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 350.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 210.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 360.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 336.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 128.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 302.]

in full speed. The Duke of Northumberland hardly missed of succeeding in every one, a dozen times, as I think. The Duke of Norfolk did exceeding bravely. Lords Newburgh and Duras seemed nothing so dexterous. Here I saw the difference of what the French call "*bel homme à cheval*," and "*bon homme à cheval*"; the Duke of Norfolk being the first, that is rather a fine person on a horse, the Duke of Northumberland being both in perfection, namely, a graceful person and an excellent rider. But the Duke of Norfolk told me he had not been at this exercise these twelve years before. There were in the field the Prince of Denmark,<sup>1</sup> and the Lord Lansdowne, son of the Earl of Bath,<sup>2</sup> who had been made a Count of the Empire last summer for his service before Vienna.

20th December. A villainous murder was perpetrated by Mr. St. John, eldest son to Sir Walter St. John, a worthy gentleman, on a knight of quality,<sup>3</sup> in a tavern. The offender was sentenced and reprieved. So many horrid murders and duels were committed about this time as were never before heard of in England; which gave much cause of complaint and murmurings.

1684-5: 1st January. It proved so sharp weather, and so long and cruel a frost, that the Thames was frozen across, but the frost was often dissolved, and then froze again.

11th. A young man preached upon St Luke xiii. 5, after the Presbyterian tedious method and repetition.

24th. I dined at Lord Newport's,<sup>4</sup> who has some excellent pictures, especially that of Sir Thomas Hanmer,<sup>5</sup> by Vandyck, one of the best he ever painted; another of our

English Dobson's painting;<sup>1</sup> but, above all, Christ in the Virgin's lap, by Poussin, an admirable piece; with something of most other famous hands.

25th. Dr. Dove<sup>2</sup> preached before the King. I saw this evening such a scene of profuse gaming, and the King in the midst of his three concubines,<sup>3</sup> as I have never before seen—luxurious dallying and profaneness.

27th. I dined at Lord Sunderland's, being invited to hear that celebrated voice of Mr. Pordage, newly come from Rome; his singing was after the Venetian recitative, as masterly as could be, and with an excellent voice both treble and bass; Dr. Wallgrave accompanied it with his theorbo lute,<sup>4</sup> on which he performed beyond imagination, and is doubtless one of the greatest masters in Europe on that charming instrument. Pordage is a priest, as Mr. Bernard Howard<sup>5</sup> told me in private.

There was in the room where we dined, and in his bedchamber, those incomparable pieces of Columbus, a Flagellation, the Grammar-school, the Venus and Adonis of Titian; and of Vandyck's that picture<sup>6</sup> of the late Earl of Digby (father of the Countess of Sunderland), and Earl of Bedford, Sir Kenelm Digby, and two ladies of incomparable performance; besides that of Moses and the burning bush of Bassano, and several other pieces of the best masters. A marble head of M. Brutus, etc.

28th. I was invited to my Lord Arundel of Wardour<sup>7</sup> (now newly released of his six years' confinement in the Tower on suspicion of the plot called Oates's Plot), where after dinner the same Mr. Pordage entertained us with his voice, that excellent and stupendous artist, Signor John Baptist, playing to it on the harpsichord. My daughter Mary being with us, she also sung to the great satisfaction of both the masters, and a world of people of quality present.

She did so also at my Lord Rochester's the evening following, where we had the

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 361.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 2nd September, 1701.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir William Estcourt. The catastrophe arose from a sudden quarrel, and great doubts arose whether the offence was more than manslaughter; but St. John was advised to plead guilty, and then had a pardon, for which he paid £1600. Exactly one hundred years before, one of his family had been tried for a similar offence and acquitted, but he was obliged to go abroad, though he was afterwards employed (Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, iii. 330, App. cxx.).

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 210.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 193. In 1838 the portrait here mentioned was in the possession of Sir Henry Bunbury, Bt. (*Hanmer Correspondence*, 1838, p. 2).]

<sup>1</sup> William Dobson, 1610-46, a portrait painter, who succeeded Vandyck in the employments he held under Charles I.

<sup>2</sup> [Henry Dove, 1640-95, Chaplain to Charles II.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Duchess of Portsmouth, the Duchess of Cleveland, and the Duchess Mazarin.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 297.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 222.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 317.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 202.]



French boy<sup>1</sup> so famed for his singing, and indeed he had a delicate voice, and had been well taught. I also heard Mrs. Packer (daughter to my old friend)<sup>2</sup> sing before his Majesty and the Duke, privately, that stupendous bass, Gostling,<sup>3</sup> accompanying her, but hers was so loud as took away much of the sweetness. Certainly never woman had a stronger or better ear [voice?], could she possibly have governed it. She would do rarely in a large church among the nuns.

*4th February.* I went to London, hearing his Majesty had been the Monday before (2nd February) surprised in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit, so that if, by God's providence, Dr. King (that excellent chiurgeon as well as physician) had not been accidentally present to let him blood (having his lancet in his pocket), his Majesty had certainly died that moment; which might have been of direful consequence, there being nobody else present with the King save this Doctor and one more, as I am assured. It was a mark of the extraordinary dexterity, resolution, and presence of mind in the Doctor, to let him blood in the very paroxysm, without staying the coming of other physicians, which regularly should have been done, and for want of which he must have a regular pardon, as they tell me.<sup>4</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> [François Duperrier. Macaulay, who does not give his name, says he was Duchess Mazarin's page.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 169.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Gostling, *d.* 1733, of the Chapel Royal, for whom Purcell wrote the anthem, "They that go down to the sea in ships."] <sup>4</sup> [To Evelyn's hearsay account may be appended that of an eminently truthful eye-witness, Thomas Bruce (afterwards second Earl of Ailesbury), a gentleman of the Bedchamber. On this particular morning the King had risen unwell, and gone to his private closet for a favourite remedy. The day was bitterly cold. Returning to his room, at the urgent solicitation of his scared attendants, he seemed "not to mind what was said" or to "have the liberty of his tongue." Bruce goes on—"It being shaving day, his barber told him all was ready. He always sat with his knees against the window, and the barber, having fixed the linen on one side, went behind the chair to do the same on the other, and I, standing close to the chair, he fell into my arms in the most violent fit of apoplexy. Doctor King, that had been a chirurgeon, happened to be in the room of his own accord, the rest having retired before. I asked him if he had any lancets, and he replying he had, I ordered him to bleed the king without delay, which he did; and, perceiving the blood, I went to

rescued his Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. He still complained, and was relapsing, often fainting, with sometimes epileptic symptoms, till Wednesday, for which he was cupped, let blood in both jugulars, had both vomit and purges, which so relieved him, that on Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazette, but that day about noon, the physicians thought him feverish. This they seemed glad of as being more easily allayed and methodically dealt with than his former fits; so as they prescribed the famous Jesuit's powder; but it made him worse, and some very able doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his frequent bleeding and other sharp operations used by them about his head, so that probably the powder might stop the circulation, and renew his former fits, which now made him very weak. Thus he passed Thursday night with great difficulty, when complaining of a pain in his side, they drew twelve ounces more of blood from him; this was by six in the morning on Friday, and it gave him relief, but it did not continue, for being now in much pain, and struggling for breath, he lay dozing, and, after some conflicts, the physicians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at half-an-hour after eleven in the morning, being the sixth of February, 1685, in the 36th year of his reign, and 54th of his age.

Prayers were solemnly made in all the churches, especially in both the Court Chapels, where the chaplains relieved one another every half quarter of an hour from

fetch the Duke of York, who came so on the instant that he had one shoe and one slipper. At my return with the Duke the king was in bed, and in a pretty good state, and going on the contrary side where the Duke was, he perceiving me, took me fast by the hand, saying, "I see you love me dying as well as living," and thanked me heartily for the orders I gave Doctor King (who was knighted for that service) to bleed him, as also for sending Mr. Chiffins [William Chiffinch] to persuade him to come out of his closet" (*Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury, written by Himself*, ed. W. F. Buckley, Roxburghe Club, 1890, pp. 88-89). Dr. Edmund King, 1629-1709, above referred to, seems to have got nothing but his knighthood.] Burnet tells us that the Privy Council approved of what he had done, and ordered him £1000, but it was never paid him (*History of His Own Time*, 1724, i. p. 606). [There is a portrait of King by Sir Peter Lely, in the Royal College of Physicians, bequeathed by himself.]

the time he began to be in danger till he expired, according to the form prescribed in the Church-offices. Those who assisted his Majesty's devotions were, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, and Ely, but more especially Dr. Ken, the Bishop of Bath and Wells. It is said they exceedingly urged the receiving Holy Sacrament, but his Majesty told them he would consider of it, which he did so long till it was too late. Others whispered that the Bishops and Lords, except the Earls of Bath and Feversham, being ordered to withdraw the night before, Huddleston, the priest, had presumed to administer the Popish offices.<sup>1</sup> He gave his breeches and keys to the Duke, who was almost continually kneeling by his bedside, and in tears. He also recommended to him the care of his natural children, all except the Duke of Monmouth, now in Holland, and in his displeasure. He entreated the Queen to pardon him (not without cause); who a little before had sent a bishop to excuse her not more frequently visiting him, in regard of her excessive grief, and withal that his Majesty would forgive it if at any time she had offended him. He spake to

<sup>1</sup> [Here again a passage may be borrowed from Bruce, in preference to other records. "On Thursday, that great and pious prelate, Sandcroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops in town came to offer him [the King] their spiritual service. The Archbishop was of a timid temper and had a low voice, and Bishop Ken the contrary, and like to a nightingale for the sweetness of it, so he was desired by the rest to persuade the king to hearken to them. The king thanked them very much, and told them that it was time enough or somewhat to that purpose, and modestly waived them, which was in my hearing. On Friday the 6th, having been much fatigued, I came not until about ten, knowing that there was no hopes. About eight that morning his Royal Highness by a back stair brought in Father Huddleston that had contributed to save the King at Boscobel after the fatal battle of Worcester in 1657. . . . As soon as the king saw the father come in, he cried out, 'You that saved my body is [*sic*] now come to save my soul.' This is literally true on a Christian [as I am a Christian?]. . . . The King made a general confession with a most true, hearty, and sincere repentance, weeping and bewailing his sins, and he received what is styled all the rites of the Church, and like a true and hearty penitent, and just at high water and full moon at noon he expired" (*Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury, ut supra*, pp. 89-90). See also Clarke's *Life of James the Second*, 1816, i. pp. 746-49, from which it is plain that the priest was sent for at the King's desire.]

the Duke to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and especially Portsmouth, and that Nelly might not starve.

Thus died King Charles II., of a vigorous and robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a prince of many virtues, and many great imperfections; debonair, easy of access, not bloody nor cruel; his countenance fierce, his voice great, proper of person, every motion became him; a lover of the sea, and skilful in shipping; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory, and knew of many empirical medicines, and the easier mechanical mathematics; he loved planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which passed to luxury and intolerable expense. He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable; this made some buffoons and vicious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favour they abused. He took delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bed-chamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole court nasty and stinking. He would doubtless have been an excellent prince, had he been less addicted to women, who made him uneasy, and always in want to supply their unmeasurable profusion, to the detriment of many indigent persons who had signally served both him and his father. He frequently and easily changed favourites to his great prejudice.

As to other public transactions, and unhappy miscarriages, 'tis not here I intend to number them; but certainly never had King more glorious opportunities to have made himself, his people, and all Europe happy, and prevented innumerable mischiefs, had not his too easy nature resigned him to be managed by crafty men, and some abandoned and profane wretches who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts, disciplined as he had been by many afflictions during his banishment, which gave him much experience and knowledge of men and things; but those wicked creatures took him from off all application becoming so great a King. The history of his reign will certainly be the most wonderful for the variety of matter and accidents, above

any extant in former ages : the sad tragical death of his father, his banishment and hardships, his miraculous restoration, conspiracies against him, parliaments, wars, plagues, fires, comets, revolutions abroad happening in his time, with a thousand other particulars. He was ever kind to me, and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot without ingratitude but deplore his loss, which for many respects, as well as duty, I do with all my soul.

His Majesty being dead, the Duke, now King James II., went immediately to Council, and before entering into any business, passionately declaring his sorrow, told their Lordships, that since the succession had fallen to him, he would endeavour to follow the example of his predecessor in his clemency and tenderness to his people ; that, however he had been misrepresented as affecting arbitrary power, they should find the contrary ; for that the laws of England had made the King as great a monarch as he could desire ; that he would endeavour to maintain the Government both in Church and State, as by law established, its principles being so firm for monarchy, and the members of it showing themselves so good and loyal subjects ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is the substance and very nearly in the words given by King James II. in his MS. printed in his Life ; but in that MS. are some words which Mr. Evelyn has omitted, viz. after speaking of the Members of the Church of England as good and loyal subjects, the King adds, *and therefore I shall always take care to defend and support it.* The King then goes on to say, that being desired by some present to allow copies to be taken, he said he had not committed it to writing ; on which Mr. Finch [then Solicitor-General, and afterwards Earl of Aylesford] replied, that what his Majesty had said had made so deep an impression on him, that he believed he could repeat the very words, and if his Majesty would permit him, he would write them down ; which the King agreeing to, he went to a table and wrote them down, and this being shown to the King, he approved of it, and it was immediately published.

The King then goes on to say : "No one can wonder that Mr. Finch should word the speech as strong as he could in favour of the Established Religion, nor that the King in such a hurry should pass it over without reflection ; for though his Majesty intended to promise both security to their religion and protection to their persons, he was afterwards convinced it had been better expressed by assuring them he never would endeavour to alter the Established Religion, than that he would endeavour to preserve it, and that he would rather support and defend the professors of it, rather than the religion itself ; they could not expect he should

and that, as he would never depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, so would he never invade any man's property ; but as he had often adventured his life in defence of the nation, so he would still proceed, and preserve it in all its lawful rights and liberties.

This being the substance of what he said, the Lords desired it might be published, as containing matter of great satisfaction to a jealous people upon this change, which his Majesty consented to. Then were the Council sworn, and a Proclamation ordered to be published that all officers should continue in their stations, that there might be no failure of public justice, till his further pleasure should be known. Then the King rose, the Lords accompanying him to his bedchamber, where, whilst he reposed himself, tired indeed as he was with grief and watching, they returned again into the Council-chamber to take order for the *proclaiming* his Majesty, which (after some debate) they consented should be in the very form his grandfather, King James I., was, after the death of Queen Elizabeth ; as likewise that the Lords, etc., should proceed in their coaches through the city for the more solemnity of it. Upon this was I, and several other gentlemen waiting in the Privy gallery, admitted into the Council-chamber to be witness of what was resolved on. Thence with the Lords, the Lord Marshal and Heralds, and other Crown-officers being ready, we first went to Whitehall-gate, where the Lords stood on

make a conscience of supporting what in his conscience he thought erroneous ; his engaging not to molest the professors of it, nor to deprive them or their successors of any spiritual dignity, revenue, or employment, but to suffer the ecclesiastical affairs to go on in the track they were in, was all they could wish or desire from a Prince of a different persuasion ; but having once approved that way of expressing it which Mr. Finch had made choice of, he thought it necessary not to vary from it in the declarations or speeches he made afterwards, not doubting but the world would understand it in the meaning he intended.—'Tis true afterwards *it was* pretended he kept not up to this engagement, but had they deviated no further from the duty and allegiance which both nature and repeated oaths obliged them to, *than he did from his word*, they had still remained as happy a people as they really were during his short reign in England."—[Clarke's *Life of James the Second*, 1816, vol. ii. 435. The words in italics were afterwards interlined by the son of King James the Second (*Bray's Note*).

foot bare-headed, whilst the Herald proclaimed his Majesty's title to the Imperial Crown and succession according to the form, the trumpets and kettle-drums having first sounded three times, which ended with the people's acclamations. Then a herald called the Lord's coaches according to rank, myself accompanying the solemnity in my Lord Cornwallis's coach, first to Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor and his brethren met us on horseback, in all their formalities, and proclaimed the King; hence to Exchange in Cornhill, and so we returned in the order we set forth. Being come to Whitehall, we all went and kissed the King and Queen's hands. He had been on the bed, but was now risen and in his undress. The Queen was in bed in her apartment, but put forth her hand, seeming to be much afflicted, as I believe she was, having deported herself so decently upon all occasions since she came into England, which made her universally beloved.

Thus concluded this sad and not joyful day.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, etc., a French boy singing love-songs,<sup>1</sup> in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after, was all in the dust.

It was enjoined that those who put on mourning should wear it as for a father, in the most solemn manner.

10th February. Being sent to by the Sheriff of the County to appear and assist in proclaiming the King, I went the next day to Bromley, where I met the Sheriff and the Commander of the Kentish Troop, with an appearance, I suppose, of above 500 horse, and innumerable people, two of his Majesty's trumpets, and a Serjeant with other officers, who having drawn up

the horse in a large field near the town, marched thence, with swords drawn, to the market-place, where, making a ring, after sound of trumpets and silence made, the High Sheriff read the proclaiming titles to his bailiff, who repeated them aloud, and then, after many shouts of the people, his Majesty's health being drunk in a flint glass of a yard long,<sup>1</sup> by the Sheriff, Commander, Officers, and chief Gentlemen, they all dispersed, and I returned.

13th. I passed a fine on selling of Honson Grange in Staffordshire, being about £20 per annum, which lying so great a distance, I thought fit to part with it to one Burton, a farmer there. It came to me as part of my daughter-in-law's portion, this being but a fourth part of what was divided between the mother and three sisters.

14th. The King was this night very obscurely buried<sup>2</sup> in a vault under Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster, without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten after all this vanity, and the face of the whole Court was exceedingly changed into a more solemn and moral behaviour; the new King affecting neither profaneness nor buffoonery. All the great

<sup>1</sup> [A yard of ale glass, 38 in. high, and capable of holding two pints, was figured in the *Tatler* for 8th January, 1702. It belonged to Dr. Ernest Fincham. Another, "somewhat like a post horn in shape," was exhibited at Shrewsbury in May, 1895. These drinking vessels were once comparatively common; and were generally hung to inn walls by coloured ribbons (*Notes and Queries*, 9th S. ix. (1902), pp. 84, 255).]

<sup>2</sup> "One of the first things which required his Majesty's attention was the funeral obsequies of the late King, which could not be perform'd with so great solemnity as some persons expected, because his late Majesty dying in, and his present Majesty professing a different religion from that of his people, it had been a difficult matter to reconcile the greater ceremonies, which must have been performed according to the rites of the Church of England, with the obligation of not communicating with it in spiritual things; to avoid therefore either disputes on one hand or scandal on the other, it was thought more prudent to do it in a more private manner, tho' at the Same time there was no circumstance of State and pomp omitted, which possibly could be allow'd of: for (besides, that while the body lay in state the illuminations and mourning was very solemn) all the privy Council, all the household, and all the Lords about Town attended at the Funeral."—Clarke's *Life of James the Second*, x826, vol. ii. p. 6.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 363.

officers broke their staves over the grave, according to form.

15th February. Dr. Tenison<sup>1</sup> preached to the Household. The second sermon should have been before the King; but he, to the great grief of his subjects, did now, for the first time, go to mass publicly in the little Oratory at the Duke's lodgings, the doors being set wide open.

16th. I dined at Sir Robert Howard's, Auditor of the Exchequer, a gentleman pretending to all manner of arts and sciences, for which he had been the subject of comedy, under the name of Sir Positive;<sup>2</sup> not ill-natured, but insufferably boasting. He was son to the late Earl of Berkshire.

17th. This morning his Majesty restored the staff and key to Lord Arlington, Chamberlain; to Mr. Saville, Vice-chamberlain;<sup>3</sup> to Lords Newport and Maynard, Treasurer and Comptroller of the Household; Lord Godolphin made Chamberlain to the Queen; Lord Peterborough<sup>4</sup> Groom of the Stole, in place of the Earl of Bath; the Treasurer's Staff to the Earl of Rochester; and his brother, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Privy Seal, in the place of the Marquis of Halifax,<sup>5</sup> who was made President of the Council; the Secretaries of State remaining as before.

19th. The Lord Treasurer and the other new Officers were sworn at the Chancery Bar and the Exchequer.

The late King having the revenue of excise, customs, and other late duties granted for his life only, they were now farmed and let to several persons, upon an opinion that the late King might let them for three years after his decease; some of the old Commissioners refused to act. The lease was made but the day before the King died;<sup>6</sup> the major part of the

Judges (but, as some think, not the best lawyers) pronounced it legal, but four dissented.

The Clerk of the Closet had shut up the late King's private oratory next the Privy-chamber above, but the King caused it to be opened again, and that prayers should be said as formerly.

22nd. Several most useful Tracts against Dissenters, Papists, and Fanatics, and Resolutions of Cases were now published by the London Divines.

4th March. Ash - Wednesday. After evening prayers, I went to London.

5th. To my grief, I saw the new pulpit set up in the Popish Oratory at Whitehall for the Lent preaching, mass being publicly said, and the Romanists swarming at Court with greater confidence than had ever been seen in England since the Reformation, so as everybody grew jealous as to what this would tend.

A Parliament was now summoned, and great industry used to obtain elections which might promote the Court-interest, most of the Corporations being now, by their new charters, empowered to make what returns of members they pleased.

There came over divers envoys and great persons to condole the death of the late King, who were received by the Queen-Dowager on a bed of mourning, the whole chamber, ceiling and floor, hung in black, and tapers were lighted, so as nothing could be more lugubrious and solemn. The Queen-Consort sate under a state on a black foot-cloth, to entertain the circle (as the Queen used to do), and that very decently.

6th. Lent Preachers continued as formerly in the Royal Chapel.

7th. My daughter, Mary, was taken with the small-pox, and there soon was found no hope of her recovery. A great affliction to me: but God's holy will be done!

10th. She received the blessed Sacrament; after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She died the 14th,<sup>1</sup> to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction, and

<sup>1</sup> [17th—says the tablet at Deptford.]

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 330.]

<sup>2</sup> See ante, p. 252. Evelyn here means Sir Positive At-All, in Shadwell's comedy of *The Sullen Lovers*, which Pepys also tells us was meant for Sir Robert Howard. [He was perhaps also the Bilboa of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 269.]

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 209.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 305.]

<sup>6</sup> James, in his *Life*, makes no mention of this lease, but only says *he* continued to collect them, which conduct was not blamed: but, on the contrary, he was thanked for it, in an address from the Middle Temple, penned by Sir Bartholomew Shore, and presented by Sir Humphrey Mackworth, carrying great authority with it; nor did the Parliament find fault.

not to ours only, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected, though more than ordinary beautiful, were the least of her ornaments compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of common-place, as out of Dr. Hammond<sup>1</sup> on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deal of history, and of places. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreet reflections upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough-bass on the harpsichord, in both which she arrived to that perfection, that of the scholars of those two famous masters, Signors Pietro and Bartholomeo, she was esteemed the best; for the sweetness of her voice and management of it added such an agreeableness to her countenance, without any constraint or concern, that when she sung, it was as charming to the eye as to the ear; this I rather note, because it was a universal remark, and for which so many noble and judicious persons in music desired to hear her, the last being at Lord Arundel's of Wardour.

What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour? condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of

everybody. Piety was so prevalent an ingredient in her constitution (as I may say), that even amongst equals and superiors she no sooner became intimately acquainted, but she would endeavour to improve them, by insinuating something religious, and that tended to bring them to a love of devotion; she had one or two confidants with whom she used to pass whole days in fasting, reading, and prayers, especially before the monthly communion, and other solemn occasions. She abhorred flattery, and, though she had abundance of wit, the raillery was so innocent and ingenuous that it was most agreeable; she sometimes would see a play, but since the stage grew licentious, expressed herself weary of them, and the time spent at the theatre was an unaccountable vanity. She never played at cards without extreme importunity and for the company; but this was so very seldom, that I cannot number it among anything she could name a fault.

No one could read prose or verse better or with more judgment; and as she read, so she wrote, not only most correct orthography, with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of expressions, and familiarity of style, that some letters of hers have astonished me and others, to whom she has occasionally written. She had a talent of rehearsing any comical part or poem, as to them she might be decently free with; was more pleasing than heard on the theatre; she danced with the greatest grace I had ever seen, and so would her master say, who was Monsieur Isaac;<sup>1</sup> but she seldom showed that perfection, save in the gracefulness of her carriage, which was with an air of sprightly modesty not easily to be described. Nothing affected, but natural and easy as well in her deportment as in her discourse, which was always material, not trifling, and to which the extraordinary sweetness of her tone, even in familiar speaking, was very charming. Nothing

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Henry Hammond's *Paraphrase and Annotations on the New Testament*, 1635.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 339. The Preface to *Mundus Maliebris* (see next page) speaks somewhat cavalierly of this esteemed preceptor:—"They danced the *Canarys*, *Spanish Pavan*, and *Selenger's Round*, upon sippets [sops] with as much grace and loveliness as any ISAAC, Monsieur, or Italian of them all, can teach with his fop-call and apish postures" (*Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, p. 702).]

was so pretty as her descending to play with little children, whom she would caress and humour with great delight. But she most affected to be with grave and sober men, of whom she might learn something, and improve herself. I have been assisted by her in reading and praying by me; comprehensive of uncommon notions, curious of knowing everything to some excess, had I not sometimes repressed it.

Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole days, for as I said she had read abundance of history, and all the best poets, even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems; she could compose happily, and put in pretty symbols, as in the *Mundus Muliebris*,<sup>1</sup> wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to the sex. But all these are vain trifles to the virtues which adorned her soul; she was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleased as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation; she was kind to her sisters, and was still improving them by her constant course of piety. O, dear, sweet, and desirable child, how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctance of a tender parent! Thy affection, duty, and love to me was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled, nor was thy return to her less conspicuous; Oh! how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! To the grave shall we both carry thy memory! God alone (in whose bosom thou art at rest and happy!) give us to resign thee and all our contentments (for thou indeed wert all in this world) to His blessed pleasure! Let Him be glorified by our submission, and give us grace to bless Him for the graces he implanted in thee, thy virtuous

life, pious and holy death, which is indeed the only comfort of our souls, hastening through the infinite love and mercy of the Lord Jesus to be shortly with thee, dear child, and with thee and those blessed saints like thee, glorify the Redeemer of the world to all eternity! Amen.

It was in the 19th year of her age that this sickness happened to her. An accident contributed to this disease; she had an apprehension of it in particular, which struck her but two days before she came home, by an imprudent gentlewoman whom she went with Lady Falkland to visit, who, after they had been a good while in the house, told them she had a servant sick of the small-pox (who indeed died the next day); this my poor child acknowledged made an impression on her spirits. There were four gentlemen of quality offering to treat with me about marriage, and I freely gave her her own choice, knowing her discretion. She showed great indifference to marrying at all, for truly, says she to her mother (the other day), were I assured of your life and my dear father's, never would I part from you; I love you and this home, where we serve God, above all things, nor ever shall I be so happy; I know and consider the vicissitudes of the world, I have some experience of its vanities, and but for decency more than inclination, and that you judge it expedient for me, I would not change my condition, but rather add the fortune you design me to my sisters, and keep up the reputation of our family. This was so discreetly and sincerely uttered that it could not but proceed from an extraordinary child, and one who loved her parents beyond example.

At London, she took this fatal disease, and the occasion of her being there was this; my Lord Viscount Falkland's Lady<sup>1</sup> having been our neighbour (as he was Treasurer of the Navy), she took so great an affection to my daughter, that when they went back in the autumn to the City, nothing would satisfy their incessant importunity but letting her accompany my

<sup>1</sup> *Mundus Muliebris*: or, the Ladies' Dressing-room Unlocked and her Toilet spread. In Burlesque [Verse]. Together with the *Pop-Dictionary*, compiled for the Use of the Fair Sex: London, 1690, 4°. It is reprinted in the *Miscellaneous Writings*, 1825, pp. 697-713.]

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 346. Lord Falkland's lady was Rebecca, daughter of Sir Rowland Lytton of Knebworth, Herts, and heiress to her mother, also Rebecca, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Chapman of Wormley, Herts. She was baptized 3rd July, 1662, and died in 1709.]

Lady, and staying sometime with her; it was with the greatest reluctance I complied. Whilst she was there, my Lord being musical, when I saw my Lady would not part with her till Christmas, I was not unwilling she should improve the opportunity of learning of Signor Pietro, who had an admirable way both of composure and teaching. It was the end of February before I could prevail with my Lady to part with her; but my Lord going into Oxfordshire to stand for Knight of the Shire there, she expressed her wish to come home, being tired of the vain and empty conversation of the town, the theatres, the court, and trifling visits which consumed so much precious time, and made her sometimes miss of that regular course of piety that gave her the greatest satisfaction. She was weary of this life, and I think went not thrice to Court all this time, except when her mother or I carried her. She did not affect showing herself, she knew the Court well, and passed one summer in it at Windsor with Lady Tuke,<sup>1</sup> one of the Queen's women of the bed-chamber (a most virtuous relation of hers); she was not fond of that glittering scene, now become abominably licentious, though there was a design of Lady Rochester and Lady Clarendon to have made her a maid of honour to the Queen as soon as there was a vacancy. But this she did not set her heart upon, nor indeed on anything so much as the service of God, a quiet and regular life, and how she might improve herself in the most necessary accomplishments, and to which she was arrived at so great a measure.

This is the little history and imperfect character of my dear child, whose piety, virtue, and incomparable endowments deserve a monument more durable than brass and marble. Precious is the memorial of the just. Much I could enlarge on every period of this hasty account, but that I ease and discharge my overcoming passion for the present, so many things worthy an excellent Christian and dutiful child crowding upon me. Never can I say enough, oh dear, my dear child, whose memory is so precious to me!

This dear child was born at Wotton,<sup>2</sup> in the same house and chamber in which I

first drew my breath, my wife having retired to my brother there in the great sickness that year, upon the first of that month, and the very hour that I was born, upon the last: viz. October.

*16th March.* She was interred in the south-east end of the church at Deptford,<sup>1</sup> near her grandmother and several of my younger children and relations. My desire was she should have been carried and laid among my own parents and relations at Wotton, where I desire to be interred myself, when God shall call me out of this uncertain transitory life, but some circumstances did not permit it. Our vicar, Dr. Holden,<sup>2</sup> preached her funeral sermon on Phil. i. 21: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," upon which he made an apposite discourse, as those who heard it assured me (for grief suffered me not to be present), concluding with a modest recital of her many virtues and signal piety, so as to draw both tears and admiration from the hearers. I was not altogether unwilling that something of this sort should be spoken, for the edification and encouragement of other young people.

Divers noble persons honoured her funeral, some in person, others sending their coaches, of which there were six or seven with six horses, viz. the Countess of Sunderland, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Godolphin, Sir Stephen Fox, Sir William Godolphin, Viscount Falkland, and others. There were distributed amongst her friends about sixty rings.

Thus lived, died, and was buried the joy of my life, and ornament of her sex and of my poor family. God Almighty of His infinite mercy grant me the grace thankfully to resign myself and all I have, or had, to His divine pleasure, and in His good time, restoring health and comfort to my family: "teach me so to number my days, that I may apply my heart to wisdom," be prepared for my dissolution, and that into the hands of my blessed Saviour I may recommend my spirit! Amen!

<sup>1</sup> [St. Nicholas Church, Deptford, where, on the E. wall, south of the altar, is a mural tablet to her memory, describing her as "a beautiful young woman, endowed with shining Qualities both of body and mind, infinitely pious, the delight of her Parents and Friends."]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 289.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 290.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 241.]



On looking into her closet, it is incredible what a number of collections she had made from historians, poets, travellers, etc., but, above all, devotions, contemplations, and resolutions on these contemplations, found under her hand in a book most methodically disposed; prayers, meditations, and devotions on particular occasions, with many pretty letters to her confidants; one to a divine (not named) to whom she writes that he would be her ghostly father, and would not despise her for her many errors and the imperfections of her youth, but beg of God to give her courage to acquaint him with all her faults, imploring his assistance and spiritual directions. I well remember she had often desired me to recommend her to such a person; but I did not think fit to do it as yet, seeing her apt to be scrupulous, and knowing the great innocence and integrity of her life.

It is astonishing how one who had acquired such substantial and practical knowledge in other ornamental parts of education, especially music, both vocal and instrumental, in dancing, paying and receiving visits, and necessary conversation, could accomplish half of what she has left; but, as she never affected play or cards, which consume a world of precious time, so she was in continual exercise, which yet abated nothing of her most agreeable conversation. But she was a little miracle while she lived, and so she died!

*26th March.* I was invited to the funeral of Captain Gunman,<sup>1</sup> that excellent pilot and seaman, who had behaved himself so valiantly in the Dutch war. He died of a gangrene, occasioned by his fall from the pier of Calais. This was the Captain of the yacht carrying the Duke (now King) to Scotland, and was accused for not giving timely warning when she split on the sands, where so many perished;<sup>2</sup> but I am most confident he was no ways guilty, either of negligence, or design, as he made appear not only at the examination of the matter of fact, but in the vindication he showed me, and which must needs give any man of reason satisfaction. He was a sober, frugal, cheerful, and temperate man; we have few such seamen left.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 303.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 340.]

*8th April.* Being now somewhat composed after my great affliction, I went to London to hear Dr. Tenison<sup>1</sup> (it being on a Wednesday in Lent) at Whitehall. I observed that though the King was not in his seat above in the chapel, the Doctor made his three congees, which they were not used to do when the late King was absent, making them one bowing only. I asked the reason; it was said he had a special order so to do. The Princess of Denmark<sup>2</sup> was in the King's closet, but sate on the left hand of the chair, the Clerk of the Closet standing by his Majesty's chair, as if he had been present.

I met the Queen-Dowager going now first from Whitehall to dwell at Somerset-house.<sup>3</sup>

This day my brother of Wotton and Mr. Onslow were candidates for Surrey against Sir Adam Browne and my cousin Sir Edward Evelyn, and were circumvented in their election by a trick of the Sheriff's,<sup>4</sup> taking advantage of my brother's party going out of the small village of Leatherhead to seek shelter and lodging, the afternoon being tempestuous, proceeding to the election when they were gone; they expecting the next morning; whereas before and then they exceeded the other party by many hundreds, as I am assured. The Duke of Norfolk led Sir Edward Evelyn's and Sir Adam Browne's party. For this parliament, very mean and slight persons (some of them gentlemen's servants, clerks, and persons neither of reputation nor interest) were set up; but the country would choose my brother whether he would or no, and he missed it by the trick above-mentioned. Sir Adam Browne was so deaf, that he could not hear one word. Sir Edward Evelyn,<sup>5</sup> was an

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 330.]

<sup>2</sup> [Afterwards Queen Anne.]

<sup>3</sup> [In May, 1685. Catherine resided here until she left England in May, 1692, never to return, when Somerset House became a series of lodgings (like Hampton Court). In 1775 it was pulled down.]

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Samuel Lewen. His name—says Bray—does not appear in the *History of Surrey* among the land-owners, but it is there stated (vol. i. p. 470) that in 1709 Sir William Lewen purchased the Rectory of Ewell, and that he was Lord Mayor of London in 1717.

<sup>5</sup> [Sir William Evelyn, *d.* 1692; made a Baronet in 1683.] His seat was at Long Ditton, near Kingston, which town had surrendered its charter

honest gentleman, much in favour with his Majesty.

10th April. I went early to Whitehall to hear Dr. Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, preaching on Eccles. ix. 18. I returned in the evening, and visited Lady Tuke,<sup>1</sup> and found with her Sir George Wakeman, the physician,<sup>2</sup> whom I had seen tried and acquitted, amongst the plotters for poisoning the late King, on the accusation of the famous Oates; and surely I believed him guiltless.

14th. According to my custom, I went to London to pass the holy week.

17th. Good Friday. Dr. Tenison preached at the new church at St. James's, on 1 Cor. xvi. 22, upon the infinite love of God to us, which he illustrated in many instances. The Holy Sacrament followed, at which I participated. The Lord make me thankful! In the afternoon, Dr. Sprat,<sup>3</sup> Bishop of Rochester, preached in Whitehall chapel, the auditory very full of Lords, the two Archbishops, and many others, now drawn to town upon occasion of the coronation and ensuing parliament. I supped with the Countess of Sunderland and Lord Godolphin, and returned home.

23rd. Was the coronation of the King and Queen. The solemnity was magnificent as is set forth in print.<sup>4</sup> The Bishop of Ely<sup>5</sup> preached; but, to the sorrow of the people, no Sacrament, as ought to have been. However, the King begins his reign with great expectations, and hopes of much reformation as to the late vices and profaneness of both Court and country. Having been present at the late King's coronation, I was not ambitious of seeing this ceremony.

3rd May. A young man preached, going chaplain with Sir J. Winburn, Governor of Bombay, in the East Indies.

7th. I was in Westminster Hall when Oates, who had made such a stir in the kingdom, on his revealing a plot of the Papists, and alarmed several parliaments,

to King Charles II. about a month before his death. King James appointed Sir Edward Evelyn one of the new corporation.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 370.]

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 320.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 267.]

<sup>4</sup> By Francis Sandford, Lancaster Herald, 1630-94, illustrated with engravings, folio.

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Francis Turner. See *ante*, p. 347. He had become Bishop of Ely in 1684.]

and had occasioned the execution of divers priests, noblemen,<sup>1</sup> etc., was tried for perjury at the King's Bench; but, being very tedious, I did not endeavour to see the issue, considering that it would be published. Abundance of Roman Catholics were in the Hall in expectation of the most grateful conviction and ruin of a person who had been so obnoxious to them, and, as I verily believe, had done much mischief and great injury to several by his violent and ill-grounded proceedings, whilst he was at first so unreasonably blown up and encouraged, that his insolence was no longer sufferable.

Mr. Roger L'Estrange (a gentleman whom I had long known, and a person of excellent parts, abating some affections) appearing first against the Dissenters in several Tracts, had now for some years turned his style against those whom (by way of hateful distinction) they called Whigs and Trimmers, under the title of *Observator*, which came out three or four days every week, in which sheets, under pretence to serve the Church of England, he gave suspicion of gratifying another party, by several passages which rather kept up animosities than appeased them, especially now that nobody gave the least occasion.<sup>2</sup>

10th. The Scots valuing themselves exceedingly to have been the first parliament called by his Majesty, gave the excise and customs to him and his successors for ever; the Duke of Queensberry making eloquent speeches, and especially minding them of a speedy suppression of those late desperate Field-Conventiclers who had done such unheard-of assassinations. In the meantime, elections for the ensuing parliament in England were thought to be very indirectly carried on in most places.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 316. He was convicted May 9, fined, degraded, pilloried, whipped, pilloried again, and imprisoned. He was, however, released at the Revolution, pensioned, and died in 1705. (See *post*, under 22nd May, 1685.)]

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 188. In the second Dutch war (1665-67), while Evelyn was one of the Commissioners for sick and wounded, L'Estrange in his Gazette mentioned the barbarous usage of the Dutch prisoners of war: whereupon Evelyn wrote him a very spirited letter, desiring that the Dutch Ambassador (who was then in England) and his friends would visit the prisoners, and examine their provisions; and he desired L'Estrange would publish that vindication in his next number.

God grant a better issue of it than some expect!

16th May. Oates was sentenced to be whipped and pilloried with the utmost severity.<sup>1</sup>

21st. I dined at my Lord Privy Seal's with Sir William Dugdale, Garter King-at-Arms, author of the *Monasticon* and other learned works; he told me he was 82 years of age, and had his sight and memory perfect.<sup>2</sup> There was shown a draft of the exact shape and dimensions of the crown the Queen had been crowned withal, together with the jewels and pearls, their weight and value, which amounted to £100,658 sterling, attested at the foot of the paper by the jeweller and goldsmith who set them.

22nd. In the morning, I went with a French gentleman, and my Lord Privy Seal, to the House of Lords, where we were placed by his Lordship next the Bar, just below the Bishops, very commodiously both for hearing and seeing. After a short space, came in the Queen and Princess of Denmark, and stood next above the Archbishops, at the side of the House on the right hand of the throne. In the interim, divers of the Lords, who had not finished before, took the test and usual oaths, so that her Majesty, the Spanish and other Ambassadors, who stood behind the throne, heard the Pope and the worship of the Virgin Mary, etc., renounced very decently, as likewise the prayers which followed, standing all the while. Then came in the King, the crown on his head, and being seated, the Commons were introduced, and the House being full, he drew forth a paper containing his speech, which he read distinctly enough, to this effect: "That he resolved to call a Parliament from the moment of his brother's decease, as the best means to settle all the concerns of the nation, so as to be most easy and happy to

himself and his subjects; that he would confirm whatever he had said in his declaration at the first Council<sup>1</sup> concerning his opinion of the principles of the Church of England, for their loyalty, and would defend and support it, and preserve its government as by law now established; that, as he would invade no man's property, so he would never depart from his own prerogative; and, as he had ventured his life in defence of the nation, so he would proceed to do still; that, having given this assurance of his care of our religion (his word was *your* religion) and property (which he had not said by chance, but solemnly), so he doubted not of suitable returns of his subjects' duty and kindness, especially as to settling his revenue for life, for the many weighty necessities of government, which he would not suffer to be precarious; that some might possibly suggest that it were better to feed and supply him from time to time only, out of their inclination to frequent parliaments; but that that would be a very improper method to take with him, since the best way to engage him to meet oftener would be always to use him well, and therefore he expected their compliance speedily, that this session being but short, they might meet again to satisfaction."

At every period of this, the House gave loud shouts. Then he acquainted them with that morning's news of Argyll's being landed in the West Highlands of Scotland from Holland,<sup>2</sup> and the treasonous Declaration he had published, which he would communicate to them, and that he should take the best care he could it should meet with the reward it deserved, not questioning the parliament's zeal and readiness to assist him as he desired; at which there followed another *Vive le Roi*, and so his Majesty retired.

So soon as the Commons were returned and had put themselves into a grand committee, they immediately put the question, and unanimously voted the revenue to his Majesty for life. Mr. Seymour made

<sup>1</sup> [See *supra*, p. 316; and *post*, p. 374. Under Jeffreys' sentence, he was twice whipped publicly by the common hangman (20th and 22nd May): on the first occasion from Aldgate to Newgate, on the second, from Newgate to Tyburn. The punishment was certainly severe. Edmund Calamy, who saw that of the 22nd, says that Oates's back, "miserably swelled with his first whipping, looked as if it had been flayed." In all he received not less than three thousand lashes (Seccombe's "Titus Oates," in *Twelve Bad Men*, 1894, pp. 139, 142).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 365.]  
<sup>2</sup> [Archibald Campbell, ninth Earl of Argyll, landed in the Orkneys, 6th May, and was opposed by the militia. His followers dispersed and he attempted flight, but was captured 17th June, and beheaded 30th June, 1685, upon a former sentence of 1681.]

a bold speech against many elections, and would have had those members who (he pretended) were obnoxious, to withdraw, till they had cleared the matter of their being legally returned; but no one seconded him. The truth is, there were many of the new members whose elections and returns were universally censured, many of them being persons of no condition, or interest, in the nation, or places for which they served, especially in Devon, Cornwall, Norfolk, etc., said to have been recommended by the Court, and from the effect of the new charters changing the electors. It was reported that Lord Bath carried down with him [into Cornwall] no fewer than fifteen charters, so that some called him the Prince Elector: whence Seymour told the House in his speech that if this was digested, they might introduce what religion and laws they pleased, and that though he never gave heed to the fears and jealousies of the people before, he was now really apprehensive of Popery. By the printed list of members of 505, there did not appear to be above 135 who had been in former Parliaments, especially that lately held at Oxford.

In the Lords' House, Lord Newport<sup>1</sup> made an exception against two or three young Peers, who wanted some months, and some only four or five days, of being of age.

The Popish Lords, who had been sometime before released from their confinement about the plot, were now discharged of their impeachment, of which I gave Lord Arundel of Wardour joy.

Oates, who had but two days before been pilloried at several places and whipped at the cart's tail from Newgate to Aldgate, was this day<sup>2</sup> placed on a sledge, being not able to go by reason of so late scourging, and dragged from prison to Tyburn, and whipped again all the way, which some thought to be severe and extraordinary; but, if he was guilty of the perjuries, and so of the death of many innocents (as I fear he was), his punishment was but what he deserved. I chanced to pass just as execution was doing on him. A strange revolution!

Note: there was no speech made by the Lord Keeper [Bridgman] after his Majesty, as usual.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 210.]

<sup>2</sup> [May 22, 1685.]

It was whispered he would not be long in that situation, and many believe the bold Chief-Justice Jeffreys,<sup>1</sup> who was made Baron of Wem, in Shropshire, and who went thorough stitch<sup>2</sup> in that tribunal, stands fair for that office. I gave him joy the morning before of his new honour, he having always been very civil to me.

24th May. We had hitherto not any rain for many months, so as the caterpillars had already devoured all the winter-fruit through the whole land, and even killed several greater old trees. Such two winters and summers I had never known.

4th June. Came to visit and take leave of me Sir Gabriel Sylvius,<sup>3</sup> now going Envoy Extraordinary into Denmark, with his Secretary and Chaplain, a Frenchman, who related the miserable persecution of the Protestants in France; not above ten churches left them, and those also threatened to be demolished; they were commanded to christen their children within twenty-four hours after birth, or else a Popish priest was to be called, and then the infant brought up in Popery. In some places, they were thirty leagues from any minister, or opportunity of worship. This persecution had displeased the most industrious part of the nation, and dispersed those into Switzerland, Burgundy, Holland, Germany, Denmark, England, and the Plantations. There were with Sir Gabriel, his lady,<sup>4</sup> Sir William Godolphin<sup>5</sup> and sisters, and my Lord Godolphin's little son,<sup>6</sup> my charge. I brought them to the water-side where Sir Gabriel embarked, and the rest returned to London.

14th. There was now certain intelligence of the Duke of Monmouth landing at Lyme, in Dorsetshire,<sup>7</sup> and of his having set up his standard as King of England. I pray God deliver us from the confusion which these beginnings threaten!

Such a dearth for want of rain was never in my memory.

17th. The Duke landed with but 150 men;<sup>8</sup> but the whole kingdom was alarmed,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 353.] <sup>2</sup> [*Vulgo*,—the whole hog.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 253.] <sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 310.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 314.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 316; and *post*, under 15th August, 1685.]

<sup>7</sup> [On 11th June.]

<sup>8</sup> ["On landing at Lyme he declared his opponents traitors, ordered the taxes to be levied in his

fearing that the disaffected would join them, many of the trained bands flocking to him. At his landing, he published a Declaration, charging his Majesty with usurpation and several horrid crimes, on pretence of his own title, and offering to call a free Parliament. This declaration was ordered to be burnt by the hangman, the Duke proclaimed a traitor, and a reward of £5000 to any who should kill him.

At this time, the words engraved on the Monument in London, intimating that the Papists fired the City, were erased and cut out.<sup>1</sup>

The exceeding drought still continues.

18th June. I received a warrant to send out a horse with twelve days' provisions, etc.

28th. We had now plentiful rain after two years' excessive drought and severe winters.

Argyll taken in Scotland, and executed, and his party dispersed.<sup>2</sup>

2nd July. No considerable account of the troops sent against the Duke, though great forces sent. There was a smart skirmish; but he would not be provoked to come to an encounter, but still kept in the fastnesses.

Dangerfield whipped,<sup>3</sup> like Oates for perjury.

8th. Came news of Monmouth's utter defeat,<sup>4</sup> and the next day of his being taken by Sir William Portman<sup>5</sup> and Lord Lumley<sup>6</sup> with the militia of their counties. It seems the Horse, commanded by Lord Grey,<sup>7</sup> being newly raised and undisciplined, as 'King James II.', and offered a reward for the apprehension of 'James, Duke of York,' against whom he made the monstrous charges of having caused the fire of London, procured the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, and poisoned King Charles" (*Annals of England*, 1876, p. 486.)

<sup>1</sup> [They were re-cut in the reign of William III., and eventually erased by an Act of Common Council, 26th January, 1831.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 373.]

<sup>3</sup> [Thomas Dangerfield, 1650-85. He had been a witness against Lord Castlemaine in the Menl Tub Plot of 1680, of which he had published a *Particular Narrative*, now declared to contain matter defamatory concerning the King, etc. On his return from the pillory, he was assaulted by a Romanist lawyer, and died in consequence. Robert Francis, the lawyer, was hanged for murder.]

<sup>4</sup> [At Sedgemoor near Bridgwater, 6th July.]

<sup>5</sup> [Sir William Portman, 1641-90.]

<sup>6</sup> [Richard Lumley, *d.* 1721, created Baron Lumley of Lumley Castle in 1681, afterwards first Earl of Scarborough.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 348.]

lined, were not to be brought in so short a time to endure the fire, which exposed the Foot to the King's, so as when Monmouth had led the Foot in great silence and order, thinking to surprise Lieutenant-General Lord Feversham<sup>1</sup> newly encamped, and given him a smart charge, interchanging both great and small shot, the Horse, breaking their own ranks, Monmouth gave it over, and fled with Grey, leaving their party to be cut in pieces to the number of 2000. The whole number reported to be above 8000; the King's but 2700. The slain were most of them *Mendip-miners*, who did great execution with their tools, and sold their lives very dearly, whilst their leaders flying were pursued and taken the next morning, not far from one another. Monmouth had gone sixteen miles on foot, changing his habit for a poor coat, and was found by Lord Lumley in a dry ditch covered with fern-brakes, but without sword, pistol, or any weapon, and so might have passed for some countryman, his beard being grown so long and so gray as hardly to be known, had not his George discovered him, which was found in his pocket. It is said he trembled exceedingly all over, not able to speak. Grey was taken not far from him. Most of his party were Anabaptists and poor cloth-workers of the country, no gentlemen of account being come in to him. The arch-*boutefeu* Ferguson,<sup>2</sup> Matthews, etc., were not yet found. The £5000 to be given to whoever should bring Monmouth in, was to be distributed among the militia by agreement between Sir William Portman and Lord Lumley. The battle ended, some words, first in jest, then in passion, passed between Sherrington Talbot (a worthy gentleman, son to Sir John Talbot, and who had behaved himself very handsomely) and one Captain Love, both commanders of the militia, as to whose soldiers fought best, both drawing their swords and passing at one another. Sherrington was wounded to death on the spot, to the great regret of those who knew him. He was Sir John's only son.

9th. Just as I was coming into the

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 302. But the King's forces were really under Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough), who had learned warfare from Turenne.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 348. *Boutefeu* = incendiary.]

lodgings at Whitehall, a little before dinner, my Lord of Devonshire<sup>1</sup> standing very near his Majesty's bedchamber-door in the lobby, came Colonel Culpeper, and in a rude manner looking at my Lord in the face, asked whether this was a time and place for excluders to appear; my Lord at first took little notice of what he said, knowing him to be a hot-headed fellow, but he reiterating it, my Lord asked Culpeper whether he meant him; he said yes, he meant his Lordship. My Lord told him he was no excluder (as indeed he was not); the other affirming it again, my Lord told him he lied; on which Culpeper struck him a box on the ear, which my Lord returned, and felled him. They were soon parted, Culpeper was seized, and his Majesty, who was all the while in his bedchamber, ordered him to be carried to the Green-Cloth Officer, who sent him to the Marshal-see, as he deserved. My Lord Devon had nothing said to him.

I supped this night at Lambeth at my old friend's Mr. Elias Ashmole's,<sup>2</sup> with my Lady Clarendon, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and Dr. Tenison, when we were treated at a great feast.

10th July. The Count of Castel Mellor,<sup>3</sup> that great favourite and prime minister of Alphonso, late King of Portugal, after several years' banishment, being now received to grace and called home by Don Pedro, the present King, as having been found a person of the greatest integrity after all his sufferings, desired me to spend part of this day with him, and assist him in a collection of books and other curiosities, which he would carry with him into Portugal.

Mr. Hussey,<sup>4</sup> a young gentleman who made love to my late dear child, but whom she could not bring herself to answer in affection, died now of the same cruel disease, for which I was extremely sorry, because he never enjoyed himself after my daughter's decease, nor was I averse to the match, could she have overcome her disinclination.

15th. I went to see Dr. Tenison's library [in St. Martin's].<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 167.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 187.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 314.]

<sup>4</sup> Son of Mr. Peter Hussey, of Sutton in Shere, Surrey. See *ante*, p. 273 and p. 335.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 357.]

Monmouth was this day brought to London and examined before the King, to whom he made great submission, acknowledged his seduction by Ferguson, the Scot, whom he named the bloody villain. He was sent to the Tower, had an interview with his late Duchess,<sup>1</sup> whom he received coldly, having lived dishonestly with the Lady Henrietta Wentworth<sup>2</sup> for two years. He obstinately asserted his conversation with that debauched woman to be no sin; whereupon, seeing he could not be persuaded to his last breath, the divines who were sent to assist him<sup>3</sup> thought not fit to administer the Holy Communion to him. For the rest of his faults he professed great sorrow, and so died without any apparent fear. He would not make use of a cap or other circumstance, but lying down, bid the fellow<sup>4</sup> to do his office better than to the late Lord Russell, and gave him gold; but the wretch made five chops before he had his head off; which so incensed the people, that had he not been guarded and got away, they would have torn him to pieces.

The Duke made no speech on the scaffold (which was on Tower-Hill), but gave a paper containing not above five or six lines, for the King, in which he disclaims all title to the Crown, acknowledges that the late King, his father, had indeed told him he was but his base son, and so desired his Majesty to be kind to his wife and children. This relation I had from Dr. Tenison (Rector of St. Martin's), who, with the Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, were sent to him by his Majesty, and were at the execution.

Thus ended this quondam Duke, darling of his father and the ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit; an excellent soldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature, debauched by lust; seduced by crafty knaves, who would have set him up only to make a property, and taken the opportunity of the King being of

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 290.]

<sup>2</sup> [Henrietta Maria Wentworth, 1657-86, Baroness Wentworth (see *ante*, p. 297 *n.*). She had followed Monmouth to Holland; and supplied funds for his descent upon England.]

<sup>3</sup> [See next paragraph.]

<sup>4</sup> [The executioner was John or Jack Ketch, *d.* 1686, who had flogged Oates (see *ante*, p. 374), and beheaded Lord Russell (see *ante*, p. 350).]

another religion, to gather a party of discontented men. He failed, and perished.

He was a lovely person,<sup>1</sup> had a virtuous and excellent lady that brought him great riches, and a second dukedom in Scotland. He was Master of the Horse, General of the King his father's army, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Knight of the Garter, Chancellor of Cambridge; in a word, had accumulations without end. See what ambition and want of principles brought him to! He was beheaded on Tuesday, 14th July.<sup>2</sup> His mother, whose name was Barlow, daughter of some very mean creatures, was a beautiful strumpet, whom I had, often seen at Paris;<sup>3</sup> she died miserably without anything to bury her; yet this Perkin had been made to believe that the King had married her, a monstrous and ridiculous forgery!<sup>4</sup> And to satisfy the world of the iniquity of the report, the King his father (if his father he really was, for he most resembled one Sidney<sup>5</sup> who was familiar with his mother) publicly and most solemnly renounced it, to be so entered in the Council Book some years since, with all the Privy Councillors' attestation.<sup>6</sup>

Had it not pleased God to dissipate this attempt in the beginning, there would in

<sup>1</sup> [Bruce says he was "the finest nobleman eyes ever saw as to his exterior, and that was all, save that he was of the most courteous and polite behaviour that can be expressed" (*Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Arlesbury*, Roxburghe Club, 1890, p. 120.)]

<sup>2</sup> [15th July, in the Tower.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>4</sup> [This was the Black Box legend, to which Burnet thus refers. "There was a strange Story published yesterday in Coffee houses, of which, though I believe not a little [tittle?], yet the setting such things abroad, may be done on design to see how the like might take another time, it was said, that Cosens Bishop of Durham had left a paper seal'd in Sir Gilbert Gerrard's hands, with a charge not to open it till the King was dead. But he had been of late wrought on to open it, and finds it a certificate of that Bishop's having married the king to the Duke of Monmouth's Mother, this I had from a Person of Honour, who heard it publish'd in the Coffee house" (*Unpublished Letters, Camden Miscellany*, 3rd series, vol. xi. (1907), p. 19.)]

<sup>5</sup> Colonel Robert Sidney, commonly called handsome Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney, and related to the Earl of Leicester of that name.

<sup>6</sup> [Charles issued three Declarations denying the marriage, January to June, 1678. There is a full account of Monmouth's mother in vol. i. of Clarke's *Life of James the Second*, 1816, pp. 491-92.]

all appearance have gathered an irresistible force which would have desperately proceeded to the ruin of the Church and Government; so general was the discontent and expectation of the opportunity. For my own part, I looked upon this deliverance as most signal. Such an inundation of fanatics and men of impious principles must needs have caused universal disorder, cruelty, injustice, rapine, sacrilege, and confusion, an unavoidable civil war, and misery without end. Blessed be God, the knot was happily broken, and a fair prospect of tranquillity for the future, if we reform, be thankful, and make a right use of this mercy!

18th July. I went to see the muster of the six Scotch and English regiments whom the Prince of Orange<sup>1</sup> had lately sent to his Majesty out of Holland upon this rebellion, but which were now returning, there having been no occasion for their use. They were all excellently clad and well disciplined, and were encamped on Blackheath with their tents: the King and Queen came to see them exercise, and the manner of their encampment, which was very neat and magnificent.

By a gross mistake of the Secretary of his Majesty's Forces, it had been ordered that they should be quartered in private houses, contrary to an Act of Parliament, but, on my informing his Majesty timely of it, it was prevented.

The two horsemen which my son and myself sent into the county-troops, were now come home, after a month's being out to our great charge.

20th. The Trinity-Company met this day, which should have been on the Monday after Trinity, but was put off by reason of the Royal Charter being so large, that it could not be ready before.<sup>2</sup> Some immunities were superadded. Mr. Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, was a second time chosen Master. There were present the Duke of Grafton, Lord Dartmouth, Master of the Ordnance, the Commissioners of the Navy, and Brethren of the Corporation. We went to church, according to custom, and then took barge to the

<sup>1</sup> [Afterwards William III.]

<sup>2</sup> [It had been mainly framed by the voluminous Pepys. The first Charter had already been a very lengthy document.]

Trinity-House in London,<sup>1</sup> where we had a great dinner, above eighty at one table.

7th August. I went to see Mr. Watts, keeper of the Apothecaries' garden of simples at Chelsea, where there is a collection of innumerable rarities of that sort particularly, besides many rare annuals, the tree bearing Jesuit's bark, which had done such wonders in quartan agues. What was very ingenious was the subterranean heat, conveyed by a stove under the conservatory, all vaulted with brick, so as he has the doors and windows open in the hardest frosts, secluding only the snow.

15th. Came to visit us Mr. Boscawen, with my Lord-Godolphin's little son,<sup>2</sup> with whose education hitherto his father had entrusted me.

27th. My daughter Elizabeth<sup>3</sup> died of the small-pox, soon after having married a young man, nephew of Sir John Tippet, Surveyor of the Navy, and one of the Commissioners. The 30th, she was buried in the church at Deptford. Thus, in less than six months were we deprived of two children for our unworthiness and causes best known to God, whom I beseech from the bottom of my heart that he will give us grace to make that right use of all these chastisements, that we may become better, and entirely submit in all things to his infinite wise disposal. Amen!

3rd September. Lord Clarendon (Lord Privy Seal) wrote to let me know that the King being pleased to send him Lord-Lieutenant into Ireland, was also pleased to nominate me one of the Commissioners to execute the office of Privy Seal during his Lieutenancy there, it behoving me to wait upon his Majesty to give him thanks for this great honour.

5th. I accompanied his Lordship to Windsor (dining by the way at Sir Henry Capel's at Kew),<sup>4</sup> where his Majesty receiving me with extraordinary kindness, I kissed his hand. I told him how sensible I was of his Majesty's gracious favour to me, that I would endeavour to serve him with all sincerity, diligence, and loyalty, not more out of my duty than inclination.

He said he doubted not of it, and was glad he had the opportunity to show me the kindness he had for me. After this, came abundance of great men to give me joy.

6th. Sunday. I went to prayer in the chapel, and heard Dr. Standish. The second sermon was preached by Dr. Creighton,<sup>1</sup> on 1 Thess. iv. 11, persuading to unity and peace, and to be mindful of our own business, according to the advice of the apostle. Then I went to hear a Frenchman who preached before the King and Queen in that splendid chapel next St. George's Hall. Their Majesties going to mass, I withdrew to consider the stupendous painting of the Hall, which, both for the art and invention, deserve the inscription in honour of the painter, Signor Verrio.<sup>2</sup> The history is Edward the Third receiving the Black Prince, coming towards him in a Roman triumph. The whole roof is the history of St. George. The throne, the carvings, etc., are incomparable, and I think equal to any, and in many circumstances exceeding any, I have seen abroad.

I dined at Lord Sunderland's, with (amongst others) Sir William Soames, designed Ambassador to Constantinople.

About 6 o'clock, came Sir Dudley and his brother Roger North, and brought the Great Seal from my Lord Keeper,<sup>3</sup> who died the day before at his house in Oxfordshire. The King went immediately to council; everybody guessing who was most likely to succeed this great officer; most believing it could be no other than my Lord Chief-Justice Jeffreys,<sup>4</sup> who had so vigorously prosecuted the late rebels, and was now gone the Western Circuit, to punish the rest that were secured in the several counties, and was now near upon his return. I took my leave of his Majesty, who spake very graciously to me, and supping that night at Sir Stephen Fox's,<sup>5</sup> I promised to dine there the next day.

15th. I accompanied Mr. Pepys to Portsmouth, whither his Majesty was going the first time since his coming to the Crown, to see in what state the

<sup>1</sup> [Then in Water Lane, Great Tower Street. It had been burned down in the Great Fire, and rebuilt, 1669-70 (Barrett's *Trinity House*, 1895, pp. 101, 104).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 259.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 314.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 151.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 346.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 343. He died 5th September, 1685.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *post*, under 31st October, 1685.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 246.]



fortifications were. We took coach and six horses, late after dinner, yet got to Bagshot<sup>1</sup> that night. Whilst supper was making ready I went and made a visit to Mrs. Graham,<sup>2</sup> sometime Maid of Honour to the Queen-Dowager, now wife to James Graham, Esq., of the privy purse to the King; her house<sup>3</sup> being a walk in the forest, within a little quarter of a mile from Bagshot town. Very importunate she was that I would sup, and abide there that night; but, being obliged by my companion, I returned to our inn, after she had showed me her house, which was very commodious, and well-furnished, as she was an excellent house-wife, a prudent and virtuous lady. There is a park full of red deer about it. Her eldest son was now sick of the small-pox, but in a likely way of recovery, and other of her children run about, and among the infected, which she said she let them do on purpose that they might whilst young pass that fatal disease she fancied they were to undergo one time or other, and that this would be the best: the severity of this cruel distemper so lately in my poor family confirming much of what she affirmed.

16th September. The next morning, setting out early, we arrived soon enough at Winchester to wait on the King, who was lodged at the Dean's (Dr. Meggot).<sup>4</sup> I found very few with him besides my Lords Feversham, Arran,<sup>5</sup> Newport, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells. His Majesty was discoursing with the Bishop concerning miracles, and what strange things the *Saludadors*<sup>6</sup> would do in Spain, as by

creeping into heated ovens without hurt, and that they had a black cross in the roof of their mouths, but yet were commonly notorious and profane wretches; upon which his Majesty further said, that he was so extremely difficult of miracles, for fear of being imposed upon, that if he should chance to see one himself, without some other witness, he should apprehend it a delusion of his senses. Then they spake of the boy who was pretended to have a wanting leg restored him, so confidently asserted by Fr. de Santa Clara and others. To all which the Bishop added a great miracle happening in Winchester to his certain knowledge, of a poor miserably sick and decrepit child (as I remember long kept unbaptized), who, immediately on his baptism, recovered; as also of a salutary effect of King Charles his Majesty's father's blood, in healing one that was blind.

There was something said of the second sight<sup>1</sup> happening to some persons especially Scotch; upon which his Majesty, and I think Lord Arran, told us that Monsieur . . . . . a French nobleman, lately here in England, seeing the late Duke of Monmouth come into the playhouse at London, suddenly cried out to somebody sitting in the same box, *Voilà Monsieur comme il entre sans tête!* Afterwards his Majesty spoke of some relics that had effected strange cures, particularly a piece of our blessed Saviour's cross, that healed a gentleman's rotten nose by only touching. And speaking of the golden cross and chain taken out of the coffin of St. Edward the Confessor at Westminster,<sup>2</sup> by one of the singing-men, who, as the scaffolds were taken down after his Majesty's coronation, espying a hole in the tomb, and something glisten, put his hand in, and brought it to the dean, and he to the King; his Majesty began to put the Bishop in mind how earnestly the late King (his brother) called upon him during his agony, to take out

<sup>1</sup> A distance of 26 miles.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 301.

<sup>3</sup> Bagshot Park [now the residence of the Duke of Connaught.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 245.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 343.]

<sup>6</sup> Evelyn subjoins this note with his initials:—"As to that of the *Saludador* (of which likewise I remember Sir Arthur Hopton, formerly Ambassador at Madrid, had told me many like wonders), Mr. Pepys passing through Spaine, and being extremely inquisitive of the truth of these pretended miracles of the *Saludadors*, found a very famous one at last, to whom he offered a considerable reward if he would make a trial of the oven, or any other thing of that kind, before him; the fellow ingeniously told him, that finding he was a more than ordinary curious person, he would not deceive him, and so acknowledged that he could do none of the feates really, but that what he pretended was all a cheat, yet he would easily discover, though the poore superstitious people were easily imposed upon;

yet have these impostors an allowance of the Bishops to practice their juggling. This Mr. Pepys affirmed to me; but, said he, I did not conceive it fit to interrupt his Ma<sup>y</sup>, who so solemnly told what they pretended to do. J. E."

<sup>1</sup> Several very curious letters on this subject are printed in Pepys's *Correspondence* between 24th October, 1699, and 27th May, 1701.

<sup>2</sup> [See Appendix VII.]

what he had in his pocket.<sup>1</sup> I had thought, said the King, it had been for some keys, which might lead to some cabinet that his Majesty would have me secure; but, says he, you will remember that I found nothing in any of his pockets but a cross of gold, and a few insignificant papers; and thereupon he showed us the cross, and was pleased to put it into my hand. It was of gold, about three inches long, having on one side a crucifix enamelled and embossed, the rest was graved and garnished with goldsmiths' work, and two pretty broad table amethysts (as I conceived), and at the bottom a pendant pearl; within was encased a little fragment, as was thought, of the true cross, and a Latin inscription in gold and Roman letters.<sup>2</sup> More company coming in, this discourse ended. I may not forget a resolution which his Majesty made, and had a little before entered upon it at the Council Board at Windsor or Whitehall, that the negroes in the Plantations should all be baptized, exceedingly declaiming against that impiety of their masters prohibiting it, out of a mistaken opinion that they would be *ipso facto* free; but his Majesty persists in his resolution to have them christened, which piety the Bishop blessed him for.

I went out to see the new palace the late King had begun, and brought almost to the covering. It is placed on the side of the hill, where formerly stood the old Castle. It is a stately fabric, of three sides and a corridor, all built of brick, and corniced, windows and columns at the break and entrance of free-stone.<sup>3</sup> It was intended for a hunting-house when his Majesty should come to these parts, and has an incomparable prospect. I believe there had already been £20,000 and more

expended; but his now Majesty did not seem to encourage the finishing it at least for a while.

Hence to see the Cathedral, a reverend pile, and in good repair. There are still the coffins of the six Saxon Kings, whose bones had been scattered by the sacrilegious rebels of 1641, in expectation, I suppose, of finding some valuable relics, and afterwards gathered up again and put into new chests, which stand above the stalls of the choir.<sup>1</sup>

*17th September.* Early next morning, we went to Portsmouth, something before his Majesty arrived. We found all the road full of people, the women in their best dress, in expectation of seeing the King pass by, which he did, riding on horseback a good part of the way. The Mayor and Aldermen with their mace, and in their formalities, were standing at the entrance of the fort, a mile on this side of the town, where the Mayor made a speech to the King, and then the guns of the fort were fired, as were those of the garrison, as soon as the King was come into Portsmouth. All the soldiers (near 3000) were drawn up, and lining the streets and platform to God's-house (the name of the Governor's residence), where, after he had viewed the new fortifications and shipyard, his Majesty was entertained at a magnificent dinner by Sir . . . . . Slingsby,<sup>2</sup> the Lieutenant-Governor, all the gentlemen in his train sitting down at table with him, which I also had done had I not been before engaged to Sir Robert Holmes, Governor of the Isle of Wight,<sup>3</sup> to dine with him at a private house, where likewise we had a very sumptuous and plentiful repast of excellent venison, fowl, fish, and fruit.

After dinner, I went to wait on his Majesty again, who was pulling on his boots in the Townhall adjoining the house where he dined, and then having saluted some ladies, who came to kiss his hand, he took horse for Winchester, whither he returned that night. This hall is

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 364.]

<sup>2</sup> There is a pamphlet giving an account of this finding and presenting to the King, under the name of "Charles Taylour"; but the writer was Henry Keepe, the author of *Monumenta Westmonasteriensia*.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, p. 353. Upon Charles's death, a stop was put to the building by James II. It was equally neglected by King William; but Queen Anne, after surveying it herself, intended to complete it in favour of her husband, George, Prince of Denmark, upon whom it was settled, had he lived until she could afford the sums necessary for this purpose.

<sup>1</sup> ["Elevated above the north screen of the choir"—says Black's *Guide to Hampshire*, 1904, p. 94. The troops of Cromwell stabled their steeds in the Cathedral, breaking the windows and opening the coffins.]

<sup>2</sup> [Query,—Sir Arthur Slingsby (see *ante*, p. 150).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 265.]

artificially hung round with arms of all sorts, like the hall and keep at Windsor. Hence, to see the ship-yard and dock, the fortifications, and other things.

Portsmouth, when finished, will be very strong, and a noble quay. There were now thirty-two men-of-war in the harbour. I was invited by Sir R. Beach, the Commissioner, where, after a great supper, Mr. Secretary<sup>1</sup> and myself lay that night, and the next morning set out for Guildford, where we arrived in good hour, and so the day after to London.

I had twice before been at Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, etc., many years since. I found this part of Hampshire bravely wooded, especially about the house and estate of Colonel Norton, who though now in being, having formerly made his peace by means of Colonel Legg, was formerly a very fierce commander in the first Rebellion. His house is large, and standing low, on the road from Winchester to Portsmouth.

But what I observed in this journey, is that infinite industry, sedulity, gravity, and great understanding and experience of affairs, in his Majesty, that I cannot but predict much happiness to the nation, as to its political government; and, if he so persist, there could be nothing more desired to accomplish our prosperity, but that he was of the national religion.

30th September. Lord Clarendon's commission for Lieutenant of Ireland was sealed this day.

2nd October. Having a letter sent me by Mr. Pepys with this expression at the foot of it, "I have something to show you that I may not have another time," and that I would not fail to dine with him, I accordingly went. After dinner, he had me and Mr. Houblon<sup>2</sup> (a rich and considerable merchant, whose father had fled out of Flanders on the persecution of the Duke of Alva) into a private room, and told us that being lately alone with his Majesty, and upon some occasion of speaking concerning my late Lord Arlington dying a Roman Catholic,<sup>3</sup> who had all along seemed to profess himself a Protestant, taken all the tests, etc., till the

day (I think) of his death, his Majesty said that as to his inclinations he had known them long wavering, but from fear of losing his places, he did not think it convenient to declare himself. There are, says the King, those who believe the Church of Rome gives dispensations for going to church, and many like things, but that is not so; for if that might have been had, he himself had most reason to make use of it. *Indeed*, he said, as to some matrimonial cases, there are now and then dispensations, but hardly in any cases else.

This familiar discourse encouraged Mr. Pepys to beg of his Majesty, if he might ask it without offence, and for that his Majesty could not but observe how it was whispered among many whether his late Majesty had been reconciled to the Church of Rome; he again humbly besought his Majesty to pardon his presumption, if he had touched upon a thing which did not befit him to look into. The King ingenuously told him that he both was and died a Roman Catholic, and that he had not long since declared it was upon some politic and state reasons, best known to himself (meaning the King his brother), but that he was of that persuasion:<sup>1</sup> he bid him follow him into his closet, where opening a cabinet, he showed him two papers, containing about a quarter of a sheet, on both sides written, in the late King's own hand, several arguments opposite to the doctrine of the Church of England, charging her with heresy, novelty, and the fanaticism of other Protestants, the chief whereof was, as I remember, our refusing to acknowledge the primacy and infallibility of the Church of Rome; how impossible it was that so many ages should never dispute it, till of late; how unlikely our Saviour would leave his Church without a visible Head and guide to resort to, during his absence; with the like usual topic; so well penned as to the discourse as did by no means seem to me to have been put together by the late King, yet written all with his own hand, blotted and interlined, so as, if indeed it was not given him by some priest, they might be such arguments and reasons as had been inculcated from time to time, and here recollected; and, in the

<sup>1</sup> [Pepys.] <sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 317.]

<sup>3</sup> [Lord Arlington, died 28th July, 1685 (see *ante*, p. 309).]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 364.]

conclusion, showing his looking on the Protestant religion (and by name the Church of England) to be without foundation, and consequently false and unsafe. When his Majesty had shown him these originals, he was pleased to lend him the copies of these two papers, attested at the bottom in four or five lines under his own hand.

These were the papers I saw and read. This nice and curious passage I thought fit to set down. Though all the arguments and objections were altogether weak, and have a thousand times been answered by our divines; they are such as their priests insinuate among their proselytes, as if nothing were Catholic but the Church of Rome, no salvation out of that, no reformation sufferable, bottoming all their errors on St. Peter's successors' unerrable dictatorship, but proving nothing with any reason, or taking notice of any objection which could be made against it. Here all was taken for granted, and upon it a resolution and preference implied.

I was heartily sorry to see all this, though it was no other than was to be suspected, by his late Majesty's too great indifference, neglect, and course of life, that he had been perverted, and for secular respects only professed to be of another belief, and thereby giving great advantage to our adversaries, both the Court and generally the youth and great persons of the nation becoming dissolute and highly profane. God was incensed to make his reign very troublesome and unprosperous, by wars, plagues, fires, loss of reputation by an universal neglect of the public for the love of a voluptuous and sensual life, which a vicious Court had brought into credit. I think of it with sorrow and pity, when I consider how good and debonaire a nature that unhappy Prince was; what opportunities he had to have made himself the most renowned King that ever swayed the British sceptre, had he been firm to that Church for which his martyred and blessed father suffered; and had he been grateful to Almighty God, who so miraculously restored him, with so excellent a religion; had he endeavoured to own and propagate it as he should have done, not only for the good of his Kingdom, but of all the Reformed Churches

in Christendom, now weakened and near ruined through our remissness and suffering them to be supplanted, persecuted, and destroyed, as in France, which we took no notice of. The consequence of this, time will show, and I wish it may proceed no further. The emissaries and instruments of the Church of Rome will never rest till they have crushed the Church of England, as knowing that alone to be able to cope with them, and that they can never answer her fairly, but lie abundantly open to the irresistible force of her arguments, antiquity and purity of her doctrine, so that albeit it may move God, for the punishment of a nation so unworthy, to eclipse again the profession of her here, and darkness and superstition prevail, I am most confident the doctrine of the Church of England will never be extinguished, but remain visible, if not eminent, to the consummation of the world. I have innumerable reasons that confirm me in this opinion, which I forbear to mention here.

In the meantime, as to the discourse of his Majesty with Mr. Pepys, and those papers, as I do exceedingly prefer his Majesty's free and ingenuous profession of what his own religion is, beyond concealment upon any politic account, so I think him of a most sincere and honest nature, one on whose word one may rely, and that he makes a conscience of what he promises, to perform it. In this confidence, I hope that the Church of England may yet subsist, and when it shall please God to open his eyes and turn his heart (for that is peculiarly in the Lord's hands) to flourish also. In all events, whatever do become of the Church of England, it is certainly, of all the Christian professions on the earth, the most primitive, apostolical, and excellent.

*8th October.* I had my picture drawn this week by the famous Kneller.<sup>1</sup>

*14th.* I went to London about finishing my lodgings at Whitehall.

*15th.* Being the King's birthday, there was a solemn ball at Court, and before it music of instruments and voices. I happened by accident to stand the very next to the Queen and the King, who talked with me about the music.

<sup>1</sup> This portrait is now at Wotton House. It was engraved by Thomas Bragg for the 4to of 1818.

18th October. The King was now building all that range from east to west by the court and garden to the street, and making a new chapel for the Queen, whose lodgings were to be in this new building, as also a new Council-chamber and offices next the south end of the Banqueting-house. I returned home, next morning, to London.

22nd. I accompanied my Lady Clarendon to her house at Swallowfield,<sup>1</sup> in Berks, dining by the way at Mr. Graham's lodge at Bagshot;<sup>2</sup> the house, new repaired and capacious enough for a good family, stands in a park.

Hence, we went to Swallowfield; this house is after the ancient building of honourable gentlemen's houses, when they kept up ancient hospitality, but the gardens and waters as elegant as it is possible to make a flat by art and industry, and no mean expense, my lady being so extraordinarily skilled in the flowery part, and my lord, in diligence of planting; so that I have hardly seen a seat which shows more tokens of it than what is to be found here, not only in the delicious and rarest fruits of a garden, but in those innumerable timber trees in the ground about the seat, to the greatest ornament and benefit of the place. There is one orchard of 1000 golden, and other cider pippins; walks and groves of elms, limes, oaks, and other trees. The garden is so beset with all manner of sweet shrubs, that it perfumes the air. The distribution also of the quarters, walks, and parterres, is excellent. The nurseries, kitchen-garden full of the most desirable plants; two very noble orangeries well furnished; but, above all, the canal and fish ponds, the one fed with a white, the other with a black running water, fed by a quick and swift river, so well and plentifully stored with fish, that for pike, carp, bream, and tench, I never saw anything approaching it. We had at

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Backhouse died seised of the manor of Swallowfield in 1669. His widow, Flower, daughter and heiress of Mr. William Backhouse, d. 1662, married Henry Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, afterwards second Earl of Clarendon (see *ante*, p. 232), who thus became possessed of this estate. [There is a charming and exhaustive account of *Swallowfield and its Owners*, by Lady Russell, 1907, which contains an interesting letter from Lady Clarendon to Evelyn.]

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 379. Mr. Graham was Keeper and Ranger of Bagshot.

every meal carp and pike, of a size fit for the table of a Prince, and what added to the delight was, to see the hundreds taken by the drag, out of which, the cook standing by, we pointed out what we had most mind to, and had carp that would have been worth at London twenty shillings a-piece. The waters are flagged about with *Calamus aromaticus*, with which my lady has hung a closet, that retains the smell very perfectly. There is also a certain sweet willow and other exotics; also a very fine bowling-green, meadow, pasture, and wood; in a word, all that can render a country-seat delightful. There is besides a well-furnished library in the house.

26th. We returned to London, having been treated with all sorts of cheer and noble freedom by that most religious and virtuous lady. She was now preparing to go for Ireland with her husband, made Lord-Deputy,<sup>1</sup> and went to this country-house and ancient seat of her father and family, to set things in order during her absence; but never were good people and neighbours more concerned than all the country (the poor especially) for the departure of this charitable woman; every one was in tears, and she as unwilling to part from them. There was amongst them a maiden of primitive life, the daughter of a poor labouring man, who had sustained her parents (some time since dead) by her labour, and has for many years refused marriage, or to receive any assistance from the parish, besides the little hermitage my lady gives her rent-free; she lives on fourpence a-day, which she gets by spinning; says she abounds and can give alms to others, living in great humility and content, without any apparent affectation, or singularity; she is continually working, praying, or reading, gives a good account of her knowledge in religion, visits the sick; is not in the least given to talk; very modest, of a simple, not unseemly behaviour; of a comely countenance, clad very plain, but clean and tight. In sum, she appears a saint of an extraordinary sort, in so religious a life, as is seldom met with in villages nowadays.

28th. At the Royal Society, an urn full of bones was presented, dug up in a

<sup>1</sup> [Lord Clarendon was Viceroy of Ireland, 1685-86.]

highway, whilst repairing it, in a field in Camberwell, in Surrey; it was found entire with its cover, amongst many others, believed to be truly Roman and ancient.

Sir Richard Bulkeley<sup>1</sup> described to us a model of a chariot he had invented, which it was not possible to overthrow in whatever uneven way it was drawn, giving us a wonderful relation of what it had performed in that kind, for ease, expedition, and safety; there were some inconveniences yet to be remedied—it would not contain more than one person; was ready to take fire every ten miles; and being placed and playing on no fewer than ten rollers, it made a most prodigious noise, almost intolerable. A remedy was to be sought for these inconveniences.

29th October. I was invited to dine at Sir Stephen Fox's with my Lord Lieutenant,<sup>2</sup> where was such a dinner for variety of all things as I had seldom seen, and it was so for the trial of a master-cook whom Sir Stephen had recommended to go with his Lordship into Ireland; there were all the dainties not only of the season, but of what art could add, venison, plain solid meat, fowl, baked and boiled meats, banquet [dessert], in exceeding plenty, and exquisitely dressed. There also dined my Lord Ossory and Lady (the Duke of Beaufort's daughter), my Lady Treasurer, Lord Cornbury,<sup>3</sup> and other visitors.

31st. I dined at our great Lord Chancellor Jeffreys', who used me with much respect. This was the late Chief-Justice who had newly been the Western Circuit to try the Monmouth conspirators, and had formerly done such severe justice amongst the obnoxious in Westminster Hall, for which his Majesty dignified him by creating him first a Baron, and now Lord Chancellor.<sup>4</sup> He had some years past been conversant at Deptford; is of an assured and undaunted spirit, and has served the Court interest on all the hardest occasions; is of nature cruel, and a slave of the Court.

3rd November. The French persecution of the Protestants raging with the utmost

barbarity, exceeded even what the very heathens used: innumerable persons of the greatest birth and riches leaving all their earthly substance, and hardly escaping with their lives, dispersed through all the countries of Europe. The French tyrant abrogated the Edict of Nantes which had been made in favour of them, and without any cause;<sup>1</sup> on a sudden demolishing all their churches, banishing, imprisoning, and sending to the galleys, all the ministers; plundering the common people, and exposing them to all sorts of barbarous usage by soldiers sent to ruin and prey on them; taking away their children; forcing people to the Mass, and then executing them as relapsers; they burnt their libraries, pillaged their goods, eat up their fields and substance, banished or sent the people to the galleys, and seized on their estates. There had now been numbered to pass through Geneva only (and that by stealth, for all the usual passages were strictly guarded by sea and land) 40,000 towards Switzerland. In Holland, Denmark, and all about Germany, were dispersed some hundred thousands; besides those in England, where, though multitudes of all degree sought for shelter and welcome as distressed Christians and confessors, they found least encouragement, by a fatality of the times we were fallen into, and the uncharitable indifference of such as should have embraced them; and I pray it be not laid to our charge.<sup>2</sup> The famous Claude<sup>3</sup> fled to Holland; Allix<sup>4</sup> and several more

<sup>1</sup> [The "perpetual and irrevocable" Edict of Nantes, 1598, was revoked 12th October, 1685.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cf. the exceedingly interesting *Memoirs* of Jean Marteilhe of Bergerac, "Condemned to the Gallies of France, for His Religion," 1757, translated in 1753 by Oliver Goldsmith; also the excellent *Forçats pour la Foi* of M. Athanase Coquerel, Fils, 1866.]

<sup>3</sup> ["The bulk of the Protestant population disappeared for ever out of France; in the course of time 400,000 effected their escape, settling in large numbers in England, Brandenburg, and Holland" (Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts*, 1904, p. 439).]

<sup>4</sup> John Claude, 1619-87, a celebrated French Protestant minister, and a distinguished controversial writer; who, at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was ordered to quit France in four-and-twenty hours. One of his books was burned, by the direction of James II., by the hangman, in the Old Exchange, on 5th May, 1686.

<sup>5</sup> Mr. Peter Allix, 1641-1717, a minister of the Reformed Church at Charenton, came over with

<sup>1</sup> [Sir Richard Bulkeley, 1644-1710.]

<sup>2</sup> [Lord Clarendon.]

<sup>3</sup> [Edward, Lord Cornbury, grandson of the Chancellor, and afterwards third Earl of Clarendon, d. 1723.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 378.]

came to London, and persons of great estates came over, who had forsaken all. France was almost dispeopled, the bankers so broken that the tyrant's revenue was exceedingly diminished, manufactures ceased, and everybody there, save the Jesuits, abhorred what was done, nor did the Papists themselves approve it. What the further intention is, time will show; but doubtless portending some revolution.

I was showed the harangue which the Bishop of Valentia on Rhone made in the name of the Clergy, celebrating the French King, as if he was a God, for persecuting the poor Protestants,<sup>1</sup> with this expression in it, "That as his victory over heresy was greater than all the conquests of Alexander and Cæsar, it was but what was wished in England; and that God seemed to raise the French King to this power and magnanimous action, that he might be in capacity to assist in doing the same here." This paragraph is very bold and remarkable; several reflecting on Archbishop Ussher's prophecy as now begun in France, and approaching the orthodox in all other reformed churches. One thing was much taken notice of, that the Gazettes which were still constantly printed twice a week, informing us what was done all over Europe, never spake of this wonderful proceeding in France; nor was any relation of it published by any, save what private letters and the persecuted fugitives brought. Whence this silence, I list not to conjecture; but it appeared very extraordinary in a Protestant country that we should know nothing of what Protestants suffered, whilst great collections were made for them in foreign places,

his whole family, and met with great encouragement here. He was the author of several learned discourses in defence of Protestantism. His eldest son, John Peter Allix, became a Doctor of Divinity, and, after passing through different preferments, was in 1730 made Dean of Ely, died in 1758, and was buried in his church of Castle Camps in Cambridgeshire.

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. Bossuet:—"Touched with so many marvels, let our hearts go out to the piety of Louis. Let us raise praises to Heaven and say . . . 'Heresy is no more. God alone could have done so marvellous a thing. King of Heaven, preserve the King of the earth, it is the prayer of the churches; it is the prayer of the Bishops'" (*Oraisons funèbres*, 1874, p. 219—as translated in Trevelyan's *England under the Stuarts*, 1904, p. 439).]

more hospitable and Christian to appearance.

*5th November.* It being an extraordinary wet morning, and myself indisposed by a very great rheum, I did not go to church, to my very great sorrow, it being the first Gunpowder Conspiracy anniversary that had been kept now these eighty years under a prince of the Roman religion. Bonfires were forbidden on this day; what does this portend!

*9th.* Began the Parliament. The King in his speech required continuance of a standing force instead of a militia, and indemnity and dispensation to Popish officers from the Test; demands very unexpected and displeasing to the Commons. He also required a supply of revenue, which they granted; but returned no thanks to the King for his speech, till further consideration.

*12th.* The Commons postponed finishing the bill for the Supply, to consider the Test, and Popish officers; this was carried but by one voice.

*14th.* I dined at Lambeth, my Lord Archbishop<sup>1</sup> carrying me with him in his barge; there were my Lord-Deputy of Ireland, the Bishops of Ely and St. Asaph, Dr. Sherlock,<sup>2</sup> and other divines; Sir William Hayward, Sir Paul Rycaut,<sup>3</sup> etc.

*20th.* The Parliament was adjourned to February, several both of Lords and Commons excepting against some passage of his Majesty's speech relating to the Test, and continuance of Popish officers in command. This was a great surprise in a parliament which people believed would have complied in all things.

Popish pamphlets and pictures sold publicly; no books nor answers to them appearing till long after.

*21st.* I resigned my trust for composing a difference between Mr. Thynne and his wife.

*22nd.* Hitherto was a very wet warm season.

*4th December.* Lord Sunderland was declared President of the Council, and yet

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Sancroft.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. William Sherlock, 1641-1707; Master of the Temple, 1685-1704.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir Paul Rycaut, 1628-1700, author of the *Present State of the Ottoman Empire*, 1668, etc. He was an F.R.S., and in this year Judge of Admiralty in Ireland.]

to hold his Secretary's place. The forces disposed into several quarters through the kingdom are very insolent, on which are great complaints.

Lord Brandon, tried for the late conspiracy, was condemned and pardoned;<sup>1</sup> so was Lord Grey, his accuser and witness.<sup>2</sup>

Persecution in France raging, the French insolently visit our vessels, and take away the fugitive Protestants; some escape in barrels.

10th December. To Greenwich, being put into the new Commission of Sewers.

13th. Dr. Patrick,<sup>3</sup> Dean of Peterborough, preached at Whitehall, before the Princess of Denmark; who, since his Majesty came to the Crown, always sat in the King's closet, and had the same bowings and ceremonies applied to the place where she was, as his Majesty had when there in person.

Dining at Mr. Pepys's, Dr. Slayer showed us an experiment of a wonderful nature, pouring first a very cold liquor into a glass, and super-fusing on it another, to appearance cold and clear liquor also; it first produced a white cloud, then boiling, divers coruscations and actual flames of fire mingled with the liquor, which being a little shaken together, fixed divers suns and stars of real fire, perfectly globular, on the sides of the glass, and which there stuck like so many constellations, burning most vehemently, and resembling stars and heavenly bodies, and that for a long space. It seemed to exhibit a theory of the education of light out of the chaos, and the fixing or gathering of the universal light into luminous bodies. This matter, or phosphorus, was made out of human blood and urine, elucidating the vital flame, or heat, in animal bodies. A very noble experiment!

16th. I accompanied my Lord-Lieutenant as far as St. Albans, there going out of town with him near 200 coaches of all the great officers and nobility. The next morning taking leave, I returned to London.

18th. I dined at the great entertainment his Majesty gave the Venetian Am-

bassadors, Signors Zenno and Justiniani, accompanied with ten more noble Venetians of their most illustrious families, Cornaro, Mocenigo, etc., who came to congratulate their Majesties coming to the Crown. The dinner was most magnificent and plentiful, at four tables, with music, kettle-drums, and trumpets, which sounded upon a whistle at every health. The banquet [dessert] was twelve vast chargers piled up so high that those who sat one against another could hardly see each other. Of these sweetmeats, which doubtless were some days piling up in that exquisite manner, the Ambassadors touched not, but leaving them to the spectators who came out of curiosity to see the dinner, were exceedingly pleased to see in what a moment of time all that curious work was demolished, the comfitures voided, and the tables cleared. Thus his Majesty entertained them three days, which (for the table only) cost him £600, as the Clerk of the Green Cloth (Sir William Boreman) assured me. Dinner ended, I saw their procession, or cavalcade, to Whitehall, innumerable coaches attending. The two Ambassadors had four coaches of their own, and fifty footmen (as I remember), besides other equipage as splendid as the occasion would permit, the Court being still in mourning. Thence, I went to the audience which they had in the Queen's presence-chamber, the Banqueting-house being full of goods and furniture till the galleries on the garden-side, council-chamber, and new chapel, now in building, were finished. They went to their audience in those plain black gowns and caps which they constantly wear in the city of Venice. I was invited to have accompanied the two Ambassadors in their coach to supper that night, returning now to their own lodgings, as no longer at the King's expense; but, being weary, I excused myself.

19th. My Lord Treasurer made me dine with him, where I became acquainted with Monsieur Barrillon,<sup>1</sup> the French Ambassador, a learned and crafty advocate.

<sup>1</sup> [Charles Gerard, Lord Brandon, 1659-1701, afterwards second Earl of Macclesfield.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 348.] <sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 264.]

<sup>1</sup> [Paul Barrillon d'Amoncourt, Marquis de Branges. He succeeded Honoré Courtin as Ambassador. It was the despatches of Barrillon which revealed the bribes received by Charles II. and his ministers from France.]



20th December. Dr. Turner,<sup>1</sup> brother to the Bishop of Ely,<sup>2</sup> and sometime tutor to my son, preached at Whitehall on Mark viii. 38, concerning the submission of Christians to their persecutors, in which were some passages indiscreet enough, considering the time, and the rage of the inhuman French tyrant against the poor Protestants.

22nd. Our patent for executing the office of Privy Seal during the absence of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, being this day sealed by the Lord Chancellor, we went afterwards to St. James's, where the Court then was on occasion of building at Whitehall; his Majesty delivered the seal to my Lord Treviot<sup>3</sup> and myself, the other Commissioner not being come, and then gave us his hand to kiss. There were the two Venetian Ambassadors and a world of company; amongst the rest the first Popish Nuncio<sup>4</sup> that had been in England since the Reformation; so wonderfully were things changed, to the universal jealousy.

24th. We were all three Commissioners sworn on our knees by the Clerk of the Crown, before my Lord Chancellor, three several oaths; allegiance, supremacy, and the oath belonging to the Lord Privy Seal, which last we took standing. After this, the Lord Chancellor invited us all to dinner, but it being Christmas-eve we desired to be excused, intending at three in the afternoon to seal divers things which lay ready at the office; so attended by three of the Clerks of the Signet, we met and sealed. Amongst other things was a pardon to West, who, being privy to the late conspiracy, had revealed the accomplices to save his own neck. There were also another pardon and two indenizations;<sup>5</sup> and so agreeing to a fortnight's vacation, I returned home.

31st. Recollecting the passages of the year past, and having made up accounts, humbly besought Almighty God to pardon

those my sins which had provoked him to discompose my sorrowful family; that he would accept of our humiliation, and in his good time restore comfort to it. I also blessed God for all his undeserved mercies and preservations, begging the continuance of his grace and preservation. —The winter had hitherto been extraordinary wet and mild.

1685-86: 1st January. Imploring the continuance of God's providential care for the year now entered, I went to the public devotions. The Dean of the Chapel and Clerk of the Closet put out, viz. Bishop of London<sup>1</sup> and . . ., and Rochester<sup>2</sup> and Durham<sup>3</sup> put in their places; the former had opposed the toleration intended, and shown a worthy zeal for the reformed religion as established.

6th. I dined with the Archbishop of York, where was Peter Walsh,<sup>4</sup> that Romish priest so well known for his moderation, professing the Church of England to be a true member of the Catholic Church. He is used to go to our public prayers without scruple, and did not acknowledge the Pope's infallibility, only primacy of order.

19th. Passed the Privy Seal, amongst others, the creation of Mrs. Sedley<sup>5</sup> (concubine to —) Countess of Dorchester, which the Queen took very grievously, so as for two dinners, standing near her, I observed she hardly eat one morsel, nor spake one word to the King, or to any about her, though at other times she used to be extremely pleasant, full of discourse and good humour. The Roman Catholics were also very angry; because they had so long valued the sanctity of their religion and proselytes.

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Compton (see *ante*, p. 267).]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Sprat (see *ante*, p. 267).]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Nathaniel Crew, 1633-1722.]

<sup>4</sup> [Peter Walsh, or Valesius, 1618-88, an Irish Franciscan, and controversialist.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 313. Catherine Sedley, 1657-1717, daughter of Sir Charles Sedley, Bart., one of the famous knot of wits and courtiers of King Charles's time. He was also a poet, and wrote some dramatic pieces. The Countess had a daughter by King James II., and was afterwards married to David, Earl of Portmore, by whom she had two sons. Lord Dorset's well-known verses, "Tell me, Dorinda, why so gay," etc., are addressed to this lady. Her father's sarcasm, when he voted for filling up the vacant throne with the Prince and Princess of Orange, is well known: "King James

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Thomas Turner, 1645-1714, afterwards President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; at this date Archdeacon of Essex, and Canon of St. Paul's.]

<sup>2</sup> [Francis Turner (see *ante*, p. 347).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 229; and *post*, under 30th May, 1694.]

<sup>4</sup> Count D'Adda, made afterwards a Cardinal for his services in this embassy. There is a mezzotinto print of him by Isaac Beckett.

<sup>5</sup> [Indenization = the process of making a denizen (N.E.D.).]

Dryden, the famous play-writer,<sup>1</sup> and his two sons, and Mrs. Nelly<sup>2</sup> (miss<sup>3</sup> to the late —) were said to go to mass; such proselytes were no great loss to the Church.

This night was burnt to the ground my Lord Montagu's palace in Bloomsbury,<sup>4</sup> than which for painting and furniture there was nothing more glorious in England. This happened by the negligence of a servant airing, as they call it, some of the goods by the fire in a moist season; indeed, so wet and mild a season had scarce been seen in man's memory.

At this Seal there also passed the creation of Sir Henry Waldegrave<sup>5</sup> to be a Peer. He had married one of the King's natural daughters by Mrs. Churchill. These two Seals my brother Commissioners passed in the morning before I came to town, at which I was not displeased. We likewise passed Privy Seals for £276,000 upon several accounts, pensions, guards, ward-ropes, privy purse, etc., besides divers pardons, and one more which I must not forget (and which by Providence I was not present at), one Mr. Lytcott to be Secretary to the Ambassador to Rome. We being three Commissioners, any two were a quorum.

*21st January.* I dined at my Lady Arlington's, Groom of the Stole to the Queen Dowager, at Somerset House, where dined the Countesses of Devonshire, Dover, etc.; in all eleven ladies of quality, no man but myself being there.

made my daughter a Countess, and I have been helping to make his daughter a Queen."

<sup>1</sup> [In Birkbeck Hill's admirable edition of Johnson's *Poets*, 1905, i. 376-77, a note suggests that Evelyn antedated Dryden's conversion, and cites the following anecdote: "The Bishop of Carlisle wrote on Jan. 27, 1686-87, that Mr. Finch, the new Warden of All Souls, an ingenious young gentleman, lately meeting with Mr. Dryden in a coffee-house in London, publicly before all the company wished him much joy of his new religion. 'Sir,' said Dryden, 'you are very much mistaken; my religion is the old religion.' 'Nay,' replied the other, 'whatever it be in itself I am sure 'tis new to you, for within these 3 days you had no religion at all'" (Le Fleming MSS., *Hist. MSS. Comm.* Report xii. App. 7, p. 202).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 364.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 322.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 218.]

<sup>5</sup> He was the fourth Baronet, and died at Paris in 1689. He was created Baron Waldegrave, 30th January, 1686, being at that time Comptroller of the King's Household. [His wife was Henrietta, James's natural daughter by Arabella Churchill.]

*24th.* Unheard-of cruelties to the persecuted Protestants of France, such as hardly any age has seen the like, even among the Pagans.

*6th February.* Being the day on which his Majesty began his reign, by order of Council it was to be solemnised with a particular office and sermon, which the Bishop of Ely<sup>1</sup> preached at Whitehall on Numb. xi. 12; a Court oration upon the Regal Office. It was much wondered at, that this day, which was that of his late Majesty's death, should be kept as a festival, and not [instead of] the day of the present King's coronation. It is said to have been formerly the custom, though not till now since the reign of King James I.

The Duchess of Monmouth,<sup>2</sup> being in the same seat with me at church, appeared with a very sad and afflicted countenance.

*8th.* I took the Test in Westminster Hall, before the Lord Chief-Justice.<sup>3</sup> I now came to lodge at Whitehall, in the Lord Privy Seal's lodgings.

*12th.* My great Cause was heard by my Lord Chancellor, who granted me a re-hearing. I had six eminent lawyers, my antagonist three, whereof one was the smooth-tongued Solicitor,<sup>4</sup> whom my Lord Chancellor reproved in great passion for a very small occasion. Blessed be God for his great goodness to me this day!

*19th.* Many bloody and notorious duels were fought about this time. The Duke of Grafton<sup>5</sup> killed Mr. Stanley, brother to the Earl of [Derby], indeed upon an almost insufferable provocation. It is to be hoped that his Majesty will at last severely remedy this unchristian custom.

Lord Sunderland was now Secretary of State, President of the Council, and Premier-Minister.

*1st March.* Came Sir Gilbert Gerrard to treat with me about his son's marrying my daughter, Susanna. The father being obnoxious, and in some suspicion and displeasure of the King, I would receive no proposal till his Majesty had given me

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Francis Turner (see *ante*, p. 347).

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 290.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir Edward Herbert. See *post*, p. 391.]

<sup>4</sup> Heneage Finch, 1647-1719, Solicitor-General, called *Silver Tongue*, from his manner of speaking.

[He was afterwards first Earl of Aylesford.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 287.]

leave, which he was pleased to do; but after several meetings we brake off, on his not being willing to secure any thing competent for my daughter's children; besides that I found most of his estate was in the coal-pits as far off as Newcastle, and on leases from the Bishop of Durham, who had power to make concurrent leases, with other difficulties.

7th March. Dr. Frampton, Bishop of Gloucester,<sup>1</sup> preached on Psalm xlv. 17, 18, 19, showing the several afflictions of the Church of Christ from the primitives to this day, applying exceedingly to the present conjuncture, when many were wavering in their minds, and great temptations appearing through the favour now found by the Papists, so as the people were full of jealousies and discouragement. The Bishop magnified the Church of England, exhorting to constancy and perseverance.

10th. A Council of the Royal Society about disposing of Dr. Ray's book of Fishes, which was printed at the expense of the Society.<sup>2</sup>

12th. A docket was to be sealed, importing a lease of twenty-one years to one Hall, who styled himself his Majesty's printer (he lately turned Papist) for the printing Missals, Offices, Lives of Saints, Portals, Primers, etc., books expressly forbidden to be printed or sold, by divers Acts of Parliament; I refused to put my seal to it, making my exceptions, so it was laid by.

14th. The Bishop of Bath and Wells<sup>3</sup> preached on John vi. 17, a most excellent and pathetic discourse: after he had recommended the duty of fasting and other penitential duties, he exhorted to constancy in the Protestant religion, detestation of the unheard-of cruelties of the French, and stirring up to a liberal contribution. This sermon was the more acceptable, as it was unexpected from a Bishop who had undergone the censure of being inclined to Popery, the contrary whereof no man could show more. This indeed did all

our Bishops, to the disabusing and reproach of all their delators; for none were more zealous against Popery than they were.

16th. I was at a review of the army about London, in Hyde Park, about 6000 horse and foot, in excellent order; his Majesty and infinity of people being present.

17th. I went to my house in the country, refusing to be present at what was to pass at the Privy Seal the next day. In the morning, Dr. Tenison<sup>1</sup> preached an incomparable discourse at Whitehall, on Timothy ii. 3, 4.

24th. Dr. Cradock<sup>2</sup> (Provost of Eton) preached at the same place on Psalm xlix. 13, showing the vanity of earthly enjoyments.

28th. Dr. White,<sup>3</sup> Bishop of Peterborough, preached in a very eloquent style, on Matthew xxvi. 29, submission to the will of God on all accidents, and at all times.

29th. The Duke of Northumberland (a natural son of the late King by the Duchess of Cleveland), marrying very meanly, with the help of his brother Grafton, attempted in vain to spirit away his wife.

A Brief was read in all churches for relieving the French Protestants, who came here for protection from the unheard-of cruelties of the King.

2nd April. Sir Edward Hales, a Papist, made Governor of Dover Castle.<sup>4</sup>

15th. The Archbishop of York<sup>5</sup> now died of the small-pox, aged 62, a corpulent man. He was my special loving friend, and whilst Bishop of Rochester (from whence he was translated) my excellent neighbour. He was an inexpressible loss to the whole church, and that Province especially, being a learned, wise, stout, and most worthy prelate; I look on this

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 330.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 321.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Thomas White, 1628-98. He was one of the Bishops who petitioned against the second Declaration of Indulgence.]

<sup>4</sup> "Not taking the Test," Burnet tells us, "his coachman was set up to inform against him, and to claim the 500*l.* that the law gave to the informer. When this was to be brought to trial, the Judges were secretly asked their opinions: And such as were not clear to judge as the Court did direct were turned out" (*History of His Own Time*, 1724, i. p. 669). Half of them were dismissed.

<sup>5</sup> Dr. John Dolben [see *ante*, p. 350].

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 283.]

<sup>2</sup> John Ray, 1627-1705, the celebrated botanist and zoologist. He was a liberal contributor to the *Transactions* of the Royal Society, of which he was elected a fellow in 1667. [The *Historia Piscium*, folio, 1686, was based upon the material left by his friend and pupil, Francis Willughby, 1635-72.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 364.]

as a great stroke to the poor Church of England, now in this defecting period.

18th April. In the afternoon I went to Camberwell to visit Dr. Parr.<sup>1</sup> After sermon, I accompanied him to his house, where he showed me the Life and Letters of the late learned Primate of Armagh (Ussher),<sup>2</sup> and among them that letter of Bishop Bramhall's to the Primate, giving notice of the Popish practices to pervert this nation, by sending a hundred priests into England, who were to conform themselves to all sectaries and conditions for the more easily dispersing their doctrine amongst us. This letter was the cause of the whole impression being seized, upon pretence that it was a political or historical account of things not relating to theology, though it had been licensed by the Bishop; which plainly showed what an interest the Papists now had,—that a Protestant book, containing the life and letters of so eminent a man, was not to be published. There were also many letters to and from most of the learned persons his correspondents in Europe. The book will, I doubt not, struggle through this unjust impediment.

Several Judges were put out, and new complying ones put in.

25th. This day was read in our church the Brief for a collection for relief of the Protestant French so cruelly, barbarously, and inhumanly oppressed without anything being laid to their charge. It had been long expected, and at last with difficulty procured to be published, the interest of the French Ambassador obstructing it.

5th May. There being a Seal, it was feared we should be required to pass a docket dispensing with Dr. Obadiah Walker<sup>3</sup> and four more, whereof one was an apostate curate of Putney,<sup>4</sup> the others officers of University College, Oxford, who hold their masterships, fellowships, and cures, and keep public schools, and enjoy all former emoluments, notwithstanding they no more frequented or used the public forms of prayers, or communion, with the

Church of England, or took the Test or oaths of allegiance and supremacy, contrary to twenty Acts of Parliament; which dispensation being also contrary to his Majesty's own gracious declaration at the beginning of his reign, gave umbrage (as well it might) to every good Protestant; nor could we safely have passed it under the Privy Seal, wherefore it was done by immediate warrant, signed by Mr. Solicitor.

This Walker was a learned person, of a monkish life, to whose tuition I had more than thirty years since recommended the sons of my worthy friend, Mr. Hildeyard, of Horsley in Surrey,<sup>1</sup> believing him to be far from what he proved—a hypocritical concealed Papist—by which he perverted the eldest son of Mr. Hildeyard, Sir Edward Hales's eldest son, and several more, to the great disturbance of the whole nation, as well as of the University, as by his now public defection appeared. All engines being now at work to bring in Popery, which God in mercy prevent!

This day was burnt in the old Exchange, by the common hangman, a translation of a book written by the famous Monsieur Claude, relating only matters of fact concerning the horrid massacres and barbarous proceedings of the French King against his Protestant subjects,<sup>2</sup> without any refutation of any facts therein; so mighty a power and ascendant here had the French Ambassador, who was doubtless in great indignation at the pious and truly generous charity of all the nation, for the relief of those miserable sufferers who came over for shelter.

About this time also, the Duke of Savoy, instigated by the French King to extirpate the Protestants of Piedmont, slew many thousands of those innocent people, so that there seemed to be an universal design to destroy all that would not go to mass, throughout Europe. *Quod Avertat D. O. M.!* No faith in princes!

12th. I refused to put the Privy Seal to Doctor Walker's license for printing and publishing divers Popish books, of which I complained both to my Lord of

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 283.]

<sup>2</sup> [Parr's *Life of James, Archbishop of Armagh*, was published in this year.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 148.]

<sup>4</sup> Edward Sclater, 1623-99, who first apostatised from Protestantism, on the King's accession, and then, in 1688, read his recantation from Popery, and again became a Protestant.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 163.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 384.] The book was that entitled *Complaints of the Cruel Treatment of the Protestants in France*, London, 1686, 8vo.]

Canterbury (with whom I went to advise in the Council-Chamber), and to my Lord Treasurer that evening at his lodgings. My Lord of Canterbury's advice<sup>1</sup> was, that I should follow my own conscience therein; Mr. Treasurer's, that if in conscience I could dispense with it, for any other hazard he believed there was none. Notwithstanding this, I persisted in my refusal.

29th May. There was no sermon on this anniversary, as there usually had been ever since the reign of the present King.

2nd June. Such storms, rain, and foul weather, seldom known at this time of the year. The camp at Hounslow Heath, from sickness and other inconveniences of weather, forced to retire to quarters; the storms being succeeded by excessive hot weather, many grew sick. Great feasting there, especially in Lord Dunbarton's quarters.<sup>2</sup> There were many jealousies and discourses of what was the meaning of this encampment.<sup>3</sup>

A seal this day; mostly pardons and discharges of Knight-Baronets' fees, which having been passed over for so many years, did greatly disoblige several families who had served his Majesty. Lord Tyrconnel<sup>4</sup> gone to Ireland, with great powers and commissions, giving as much cause of talk as the camp, especially nineteen new Privy-Councillors and Judges being now made, amongst which but three Protestants, and Tryconnel made General.

New Judges also here, among which was Milton,<sup>5</sup> a Papist (brother to that Milton<sup>6</sup> who wrote for the Regicides), who pre-

sumed to take his place without passing the Test. Scotland refused to grant liberty of mass to the Papists there.

The French persecution more inhuman than ever. The Protestants in Savoy successfully resist the French dragoons sent to murder them.

The King's chief physician in Scotland apostatising from the Protestant religion, does of his own accord publish his recantation at Edinburgh.<sup>1</sup>

11th. I went to see Myddelton's<sup>2</sup> receptacle of water at the New River, and the new Spa Wells near.<sup>3</sup>

20th. An extraordinary season of violent and sudden rain. The camp still in tents.

24th. My Lord-Treasurer settled my great business with Mr. Pretymen,<sup>4</sup> to which I hope God will at last give a prosperous issue.

25th. Now his Majesty, beginning with Dr. Sharp<sup>5</sup> and Tully,<sup>6</sup> proceeded to silence and suspend divers excellent divines for preaching against Popery.

27th. I had this day been married thirty-nine years—blessed be God for all his mercies!

The very young Lord Chief-Justice Herbert<sup>7</sup> declared on the bench, that the

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Sancroft. Burnet describes him as a timid man (*History of His Own Time*, 1734, ii. p. 135). See also *ante*, p. 364.

<sup>2</sup> (George Douglas, Earl of Dunbarton, 1638-92. He had suppressed Argyll's rising (see *ante*, p. 373).]

<sup>3</sup> [It consisted of 13,000 men. But the soldiers were by no means hostile to the populace, and the camp of Hounslow became, in Macaulay's words, "merely a gay suburb of the capital" (ch. vi.).]

<sup>4</sup> [Richard Talbot, 1630-91, Earl, and afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel. He succeeded Clarendon as Viceroy of Ireland in 1687.]

<sup>5</sup> Sir Christopher Milton, 1615-93, made a Baron of the Exchequer. He did not hold his office long. ["His constitution being too weak for business"—says Johnson—"he retired before any disreputable compliances became necessary" (*Lives of the Poets*, Birkbeck Hill's edition, 1905, i. 85).]

<sup>6</sup> ["That Milton" is the author of *Paradise Lost*.]

<sup>1</sup> Burnet informs us in his *History of His Own Times*, 1724, i. p. 679, that this Sir Robert Sibbald (1641-1722), "the most learned antiquary in Scotland, who had lived in a course of philosophical virtue, but in great doubt as to revealed religion, was prevailed upon by the Earl of Perth to turn Papist"; but he soon became ashamed of having done so, on so little inquiry. Upon this he proceeded to London for some months, retiring from all company, and underwent a deep course of study, by which he came to see into the errors of Popery. He then returned to Scotland, and published, as Evelyn tells us, his recantation openly in a church.

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Hugh Myddelton, 1560-1631. His artificial New River, for supplying the city of London with water, was opened 29th September, 1620.]

<sup>3</sup> [I.e. "Sadler's New Tunbridge Wells," Clerkenwell, afterwards known as "Sadler's Wells," opened c. 1684.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 245, and p. 285.]

<sup>5</sup> Dr. John Sharp, 1645-1714, Dean of Norwich, famous for having been one of the first victims to the intolerance of James II., who caused him to be suspended for preaching against Popery. After the Revolution he was made Dean of Canterbury, and subsequently Archbishop of York.

<sup>6</sup> [George Tully, d. 1697, another champion of Protestantism whom James endeavoured to silence by persecution.]

<sup>7</sup> [Sir Edward Herbert, 1648-98, Chief Justice of King's Bench.]

government of England was entirely in the King; that the Crown was absolute; that penal laws were powers lodged in the Crown to enable the King to force the execution of the law, but were not bars to bind the King's power; that he could pardon all offences against the law, and forgive the penalties, and why could he not dispense with them, by which the Test was abolished? Every one was astonished. Great jealousies as to what would be the end of these proceedings.

6th July. I supped with the Countess of Rochester, where was also the Duchess of Buckingham and Madame de Governè, whose daughter was married to the Marquis of Halifax's son. She made me a character of the French King and Dauphin, and of the persecution; that they kept much of the cruelties from the King's knowledge; that the Dauphin was so afraid of his father, that he durst not let anything appear of his sentiments; that he hated letters and priests, spent all his time in hunting, and seemed to take no notice of what was passing.

This lady was of a great family and fortune and had fled hither for refuge.

8th. I waited on the Archbishop at Lambeth, where I dined and met the famous preacher and writer, Dr. Allix,<sup>1</sup> doubtless a most excellent and learned person. The Archbishop and he spoke Latin together, and that very readily.

11th. Dr. Meggot, Dean of Winchester,<sup>2</sup> preacher before the Household in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, the late King's glorious chapel now seized on by the mass-priests. Dr. Cartwright, Dean of Ripon,<sup>3</sup> preached before the great men of the Court in the same place.

We had now the sad news of the Bishop of Oxford's<sup>4</sup> death, an extraordinary loss to the poor Church at this time. Many candidates for his Bishopric and Deanery, Dr. Parker,<sup>5</sup> South, Aldrich, etc. Dr. Walker<sup>6</sup> (now apostatising) came to Court, and was doubtless very busy.

13th. Note, that standing by the

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 384.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 379.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. Thomas Cartwright, 1635-89, afterwards Bishop of Chester.]

<sup>4</sup> Dr. John Fell (see *ante*, p. 213).

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Samuel Parker, 1640-88, obtained it (see *post*, under 23rd March, 1688).]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 390.]

Queen at basset (cards), I observed that she was exceedingly concerned for the loss of £80; her outward affability much changed to stateliness, since she has been exalted.

The season very rainy and inconvenient for the camps. His Majesty very cheerful.

14th. Was sealed at our office the Constitution of certain Commissioners to take upon them full power of all Ecclesiastical affairs, in as unlimited a manner, or rather greater, than the late High Commission-Court, abrogated by Parliament; for it had not only faculty to inspect and visit all Bishops' dioceses, but to change what laws and statutes they should think fit to alter among the Colleges, though founded by private men; to punish, suspend, fine, etc., give oaths and call witnesses. The main drift was to suppress zealous preachers. In sum, it was the whole power of a Vicar-General—note the consequence! Of the Clergy the Commissioners were the Archbishop of Canterbury [Sancroft], Bishop of Durham [Crew], and Rochester [Sprat]; of the Temporals, the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Chancellor [Jeffreys] (who alone was ever to be of the quorum), the Chief-Justice [Herbert], and Lord President [Earl of Sunderland].

18th. I went to see Sir John Chardin, at Greenwich.<sup>1</sup>

4th August. I dined at Signor Verrio's,<sup>2</sup> the famous Italian painter, now settled in his Majesty's garden at St. James's, which he had made a very delicious Paradise.

8th. Our vicar<sup>3</sup> gone to dispose of his country living in Rutlandshire, having St. Dunstan in the East given him by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I went to visit the Marquis Ruigny, now my neighbour at Greenwich, retired from the persecution in France. He was the Deputy of all the Protestants of that kingdom in the Parliament of Paris, and several times Ambassador in this and other Courts; a person of great learning and experience.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 390.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 327.]

<sup>3</sup> [Mr. Holden (see *ante*, p. 289).]

<sup>4</sup> Hisson, Henri de Massue de Ruigny, second Marquis de Ruigny, 1648-1720, was with King William in Ireland, and was made first Earl of Galway, but was dismissed through the violence of party, being a Frenchman, though his conduct had been in every respect unexceptionable.

8th September. Dr. Compton, Bishop of London,<sup>1</sup> was on Monday suspended, on pretence of not silencing Dr. Sharp of St. Giles's, for something of a sermon in which he zealously reprov'd the doctrine of the Roman Catholics. The Bishop having consulted the civilians, they told him he could not by any law proceed against Dr. Sharp without producing witnesses, and impleading according to form; but it was overruled by my Lord Chancellor, and the Bishop sentenced without so much as being heard to any purpose. This was thought a very extraordinary way of proceeding, and was universally resented, and so much the rather for that two Bishops, Durham<sup>2</sup> and Rochester,<sup>3</sup> sitting in the Commission and giving their suffrages, the Archbishop of Canterbury refused to sit amongst them. He was only suspended *ab officio*, and that was soon after taken off. He was brother to the Earl of Northampton, had once been a soldier, had travelled in Italy, but became a sober, grave, and excellent Prelate.

12th. Buda now taken from the Turks; a form of Thanksgiving was ordered to be used in the (as yet remaining) Protestant chapels and church of Whitehall and Windsor.

The King of Denmark was besieging Hamburg, no doubt by the French contrivance, to embroil the Protestant Princes in a new war, that Holland, etc., being engaged, matter for new quarrel might arise: the unheard-of persecution of the poor Protestants still raging more than ever.

22nd. The Danes retire from Hamburg, the Protestant Princes appearing for their succour, and the Emperor sending his Minatories to the King of Denmark, and also requiring the restoration of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha. Thus it pleased God to defeat the French designs, which were evidently to kindle a new war.

14th October. His Majesty's birthday; I was at his rising in his bedchamber, afterwards in the park, where four companies of guards were drawn up. The officers, etc., wonderfully rich and gallant; they did not head their troops, but their

next officers, the colonels being on horseback by the King whilst they marched. The ladies not less splendid at Court, where there was a ball at night; but small appearance of quality. All the shops both in the City and suburbs were shut up, and kept as solemnly as any holiday. Bonfires at night in Westminster, but forbidden in the City.

17th. Dr. Patrick, Dean of Peterborough,<sup>1</sup> preached at Covent Garden Church on Ephes. v. 18, 19, showing the custom of the primitive saints in serving God with hymns, and their frequent use of them upon all occasions: perstringing<sup>2</sup> the profane way of mirth and intemperance of this ungodly age. Afterwards I visited my Lord Chief-Justice of Ireland, with whom I had long and private discourse concerning the miserable condition that kingdom was like to be in, if Tyrconnel's counsel should prevail at Court.

23rd. Went with the Countess of Sunderland to Cranborne, a lodge and walk of my Lord Godolphin's in Windsor Park.<sup>3</sup> There was one room in the house spared in the pulling down the old one, because the late Duchess of York was born in it; the rest was built and added to it by Sir George Carteret, Treasurer of the Navy; and since, the whole was purchased by my Lord Godolphin, who spake to me to go see it, and advise what trees were fit to be cut down to improve the dwelling, being environed with old rotten pollards, which corrupt the air. It stands on a knoll, which though insensibly rising, gives it a prospect over the Keep of Windsor, about three miles N.E. of it. The ground is clayey and moist; the water stark naught; the park is pretty; the house tolerable, and gardens convenient. After dinner, we came back to London, having two coaches both going and coming, of six horses apiece, which we changed at Hounslow.

24th. Dr. Warren preached before the Princess at Whitehall, on 5th Matthew, of the blessedness of the pure in heart, most elegantly describing the bliss of

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 264.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 159.]

<sup>3</sup> [One of the lodges built by Charles II. on the west side of the Park. It was eventually occupied by Nash the architect, and is now pulled down. In 1800 its tenant was the Duke of Gloucester. (See *ante*, p. 295.)]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 267.]

<sup>2</sup> Crew.

<sup>3</sup> Sprat: he afterwards would not sit.

the beatifical vision. In the afternoon, Sir George Wheler, Knight and Baronet, preached on the 4th Matt. upon the necessity of repentance, at St. Margaret's, an honest and devout discourse, and pretty tolerably performed. This gentleman coming from his travels out of Greece, fell in love with the daughter of Sir Thomas Higgins, his Majesty's resident at Venice, niece to the Earl of Bath, and married her. When they returned into England, being honoured with knighthood, he would needs turn preacher, and took orders. He published a learned and ingenious book of his travels, and is a very worthy person, a little formal and particular, but exceedingly devout.<sup>1</sup>

27th October. There was a triumphant show of the Lord Mayor both by land and water, with much solemnity, when yet his power has been so much diminished, by the loss of the City's former charter.

5th November. I went to St. Martin's in the morning, where Dr. Birch preached very boldly against the Papists, from John xvi. 2. In the afternoon, I heard Dr. Tillotson<sup>2</sup> in Lincoln's Inn chapel, on the same text, but more cautiously.

16th. I went with part of my family to pass the melancholy winter in London at my son's house in Arundel Buildings.

5th December. I dined at my Lady Arlington's, Groom of the Stole to the Queen Dowager, at Somerset House, where dined divers French noblemen, driven out of their country by the persecution.

16th. I carried the Countess of Sunderland to see the rarities of one Mr. Charlton in the Middle Temple,<sup>3</sup> who showed us such a collection as I had never seen in all my travels abroad, either of private gentlemen, or princes. It consisted of miniatures, drawings, shells, insects, medals, natural things, animals (of which divers, I think 100, were kept in glasses of spirits of wine), minerals, precious stones, vessels, curiosities in amber, crystals, agate, etc. ;

all being very perfect and rare of their kind, especially his books of birds, fish, flowers, and shells, drawn and miniaturized to the life. He told us that one book stood him in £300 ; it was painted by that excellent workman, whom the late Gaston, Duke of Orleans, employed. This gentleman's whole collection, gathered by himself, travelling over most parts of Europe, is estimated at £8000. He appeared to be a modest and obliging person.<sup>1</sup>

29th. I went to hear the music of the Italians in the new chapel, now first opened publicly at Whitehall for the Popish Service.<sup>2</sup> Nothing can be finer than the magnificent marble work and architecture at the end, where are four statues, representing St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, and the Church, in white marble, the work of Mr. Gibbons, with all the carving and pillars of exquisite art and great cost. The altar-piece is the Salutation ; the volto in fresco, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, according to their tradition, with our Blessed Saviour, and a world of figures painted by Verrio. The throne where the King and Queen sit is very glorious, in a closet above, just opposite to the altar. Here we saw the Bishop in his mitre and rich copes, with six or seven Jesuits and others in rich copes, sumptuously habited, often taking off and putting on the Bishop's mitre, who sat in a chair with arms pontifically, was adored and censed by three Jesuits in their copes ; then he went to the altar and made divers cringes, then censing the images and glorious tabernacle placed on the altar, and now and then changing place : the crosier, which was of silver, was put into his hand with a world of mysterious ceremony, the music playing, with singing. I could not have believed I should ever have seen such things in the King of England's palace, after it had pleased God to enlighten this nation ; but our great sin has, for the present, eclipsed the blessing, which I hope He will in mercy and His good time restore to its purity.

Little appearance of any winter as yet.

<sup>1</sup> The Charlton collection was afterwards purchased by Sir Hans Sloane, and now forms part of the British Museum (see *post*, under 16th April, 1691).

<sup>2</sup> [It was burned down in January, 1698 (see *post*, under 5th January, 1698, and note).]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 355.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 263.]

<sup>3</sup> [Thoresby in 1695 also visited "the ingenious Mr. Charlton's museum, who showed us a noble collection of Roman coins ; he has very choice of the Emperors, but the vast number of the Family or Consular, was most surprising to me" (*Diary*, 1830, i. 298). He saw the collection again in October.]



1686-87: 1st January. Mr. Wake<sup>1</sup> preached at St. Martin's on 1 Tim. iii. 16, concerning the mystery of godliness. He wrote excellently, in answer to the Bishop of Meaux.

3rd. A Seal to confirm a gift of £4000 per annum for 99 years to the Lord Treasurer out of the Post-office, and £1700 per annum for ever out of Lord Gray's estate.

There was now another change of the great officers. The Treasury was put into commission, two professed Papists amongst them, viz. Lords Belaysse and Dover, joined with the old ones, Lord Godolphin, Sir Stephen Fox, and Sir John Ernley.

17th. Much expectation of several great men declaring themselves Papists. Lord Tyrconnel<sup>2</sup> gone to succeed the Lord-Lieutenant [Clarendon] in Ireland, to the astonishment of all sober men, and to the evident ruin of the Protestants in that kingdom, as well as of its great improvement going on. Much discourse that all the White Staff officers and others should be dismissed for adhering to their religion. Popish Justices of the Peace established in all counties, of the meanest of the people; Judges ignorant of the law, and perverting it—so furiously do the Jesuits drive, and even compel Princes to violent courses, and destruction of an excellent government both in Church and State. God of His infinite mercy open our eyes, and turn our hearts, and establish His truth with peace! The Lord Jesus defend His little flock, and preserve this threatened church and nation!

24th. I saw the Queen's new apartment at Whitehall, with her new bed, the embroidery of which cost £3000. The carving about the chimney-piece, by Gibbons, is incomparable.

30th. I heard the famous eunuch, Cifaccio, sing in the new Popish chapel this afternoon; it was indeed very rare,

<sup>1</sup> William III. recognised the services of William Wake, 1657-1737, in the cause of the Protestant Church of England, by presenting him with valuable preferments. He was King's Chaplain, Rector of St. James's, Westminster, Dean of Exeter, Bishop of Lincoln, and finally Archbishop of Canterbury.

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 391. Tyrconnel's appointment, says Reresby, "made a great many people leave or sell their estates, and come over for England" (*Memoirs*, 1875, p. 369).]

and with great skill. He came over from Rome, esteemed one of the best voices in Italy. Much crowding—little devotion.

27th February. Mr. Chetwynd<sup>1</sup> preached at Whitehall on Rom. i. 18, a very quaint neat discourse of moral righteousness.

2nd March. Came out a proclamation for universal liberty of conscience in Scotland, and dispensation from all tests and laws to the contrary, as also capacitating Papists to be chosen into all offices of trust. The mystery operates.

3rd. Dr. Meggot,<sup>2</sup> Dean of Winchester, preached before the Princess of Denmark, on Matt. xiv. 23. In the afternoon, I went out of town to meet my Lord Clarendon, returning from Ireland.

10th. His Majesty sent for the Commissioners of the Privy Seal this morning into his bedchamber, and told us that though he had thought fit to dispose of the Seal into a single hand, yet he would so provide for us, as it should appear how well he accepted our faithful and loyal service, with many gracious expressions to this effect; upon which we delivered the Seal into his hands. It was by all the world both hoped and expected that he would have restored it to my Lord Clarendon; but they were astonished to see it given to Lord Arundel of Wardour,<sup>3</sup> a zealous Roman Catholic. Indeed it was very hard, and looked very unkindly, his Majesty (as my Lord Clarendon protested to me, on my going to visit him and long discoursing with him about the affairs of Ireland) finding not the least failure of duty in him during his government of that kingdom, so that his recall plainly appeared to be from the stronger influence of the Papists, who now got all the preferments.

Most of the great officers, both in the court and country, Lords and others, were dismissed, as they would not promise his Majesty their consent to the repeal of the test and penal statutes against Popish recusants. To this end, most of the Parliament-men were spoken to in his Majesty's closet, and such as refused, if in any place of office or trust, civil or military, were put out of their employments. This

<sup>1</sup> [John Chetwynd, 1628-92, prebendary of Bistol Cathedral.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 245.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 202.]

was a time of great trial; but hardly one of them assented, which put the Popish interest much backward. The English clergy everywhere preached boldly against their superstition and errors, and were wonderfully followed by the people. Not one considerable proselyte was made in all this time. The party were exceedingly put to the worst by the preaching and writing of the Protestants in many excellent treatises, evincing the doctrine and discipline of the reformed religion, to the manifest disadvantage of their adversaries. To this did not a little contribute the sermon preached at Whitehall before the Princess of Denmark and a great crowd of people, and at least thirty of the greatest nobility, by Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells,<sup>1</sup> on John viii. 46 (the gospel of the day), describing through his whole discourse the blasphemies, perfidy, wresting of Scripture, preference of tradition before it, spirit of persecution, superstition, legends and fables of the Scribes and Pharisees, so that all the auditory understood his meaning of a parallel between them and the Romish priests, and their new Trent religion. He exhorted his audience to adhere to the written Word, and to persevere in the Faith taught in the Church of England, whose doctrine for Catholic and soundness he preferred to all the communities and churches of Christians in the world; concluding with a kind of prophecy, that whatever it suffered, it should after a short trial emerge to the confusion of her adversaries and the glory of God.

I went this evening to see the order of the boys and children at Christ's Hospital. There were near 800 boys and girls so decently clad, cleanly lodged, so wholesomely fed, so admirably taught, some the mathematics, especially the forty of the late King's foundation, that I was

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 364. Thomas Ken, 1637-1711, was a prelate remarkable for his benevolence and piety, and the only person in England known to have interceded for the sufferers from the cruelty of Colonel Kirke, on the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion; urging the King with tears to put a stop to the dreadful butchery. He was one of the seven bishops sent by James II. to the Tower; yet he refused to acknowledge James's successor, on the ground that it would be a breach of his Consecration Oath, and he suffered for his conscientious scruples the penalty of deprivation.

delighted to see the progress some little youths of thirteen or fourteen years of age had made. I saw them at supper, visited their dormitories, and much admired the order, economy, and excellent government of this most charitable seminary. Some are taught for the Universities, others designed for seamen, all for trades and callings. The girls are instructed in all such work as becomes their sex and may fit them for good wives, mistresses, and to be a blessing to their generation. They sung a psalm before they sat down to supper in the great Hall, to an organ which played all the time, with such cheerful harmony, that it seemed to me a vision of angels. I came from the place with infinite satisfaction, having never seen a more noble, pious, and admirable charity. All these consisted of orphans only. The foundation was of that pious Prince King Edward VI., whose picture (held to be an original of Holbein) is in the court where the Governors meet to consult on the affairs of the Hospital, and his statue in white marble stands in a niche of the wall below, as you go to the church, which is a modern, noble, and ample fabric. This foundation has had, and still has, many benefactors.

*16th March.* I saw a trial of those devilish, murdering, mischief-doing engines called bombs, shot out of the mortar-piece on Blackheath. The distance that they are cast, the destruction they make where they fall, is prodigious.

*20th.* The Bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr. Ken) preached at St. Martin's to a crowd of people not to be expressed, nor the wonderful eloquence of this admirable preacher; the text was Matt. xxvi. 36 to verse 40, describing the bitterness of our Blessed Saviour's agony, the ardour of his love, the infinite obligations we have to imitate his patience and resignation; the means by watching against temptations, and over ourselves with fervent prayer to attain it, and the exceeding reward in the end. Upon all which he made most pathetic discourses. The Communion followed, at which I was participant. I afterwards dined at Dr. Tenison's with the Bishop and that young, most learned, pious, and excellent preacher, Mr. Wake.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 395.]

In the afternoon, I went to hear Mr. Wake at the new-built church of St. Anne,<sup>1</sup> on Mark viii. 34, upon the subject of taking up the cross, and strenuously behaving ourselves in time of persecution, as this now threatened to be.

His Majesty again prorogued the Parliament, foreseeing that it would not remit the laws against Papists, by the extraordinary zeal and bravery of its members, and the free renunciation of the great officers both in court and state, who would not be prevailed with for any temporal concern.

*25th March.* Good Friday. Dr. Tenison preached at St. Martin's on 1 Peter ii. 24. During the service a man came into near the middle of the church, with his sword drawn, with several others in that posture; in this jealous time it put the congregation into great confusion; but it appeared to be one who fled for sanctuary, being pursued by bailiffs.

*8th April.* I had a re-hearing of my great cause<sup>2</sup> at the Chancery in Westminster Hall, having seven of the most learned Counsel, my adversary five, among which were the Attorney-General and late Solicitor Finch, son to the Lord Chancellor Nottingham. The account was at last brought to one article of the surcharge, and referred to a Master. The cause lasted two hours and more.

*10th.* In the last week, there was issued a Dispensation from all obligations and tests, by which Dissenters and Papists especially had public liberty of exercising their several ways of worship, without incurring the penalty of the many Laws and Acts of Parliament to the contrary.<sup>3</sup> This was purely obtained by the Papists, thinking thereby to ruin the Church of England, being now the only Church which so admirably and strenuously opposed their superstition. There was a wonderful concourse of people at the Dissenters' meeting-house in this parish, and the parish-church [Deptford] left exceeding thin. What this will end in, God Almighty only

knows; but it looks like confusion, which I pray God avert.

*11th.* To London about my suit, some terms of accommodation being proposed.

*19th.* I heard the famous singer, Cifaccio, esteemed the best in Europe. Indeed, his holding out and delicateness in extending and loosing a note with incomparable softness and sweetness, was admirable; for the rest I found him a mere wanton, effeminate child, very coy, and proudly conceited, to my apprehension. He touched the harpsichord to his voice rarely well. This was before a select number of particular persons whom Mr. Pepys invited to his house; and this was obtained by particular favour and much difficulty, the Signor much disdaining to show his talent to any but princes.

*24th.* At Greenwich, at the conclusion of the Church-service, there was a French sermon preached after the use of the English Liturgy translated into French, to a congregation of about 100 French refugees, of whom Monsieur Ruigny was the chief, and had obtained the use of the church, after the parish-service was ended. The preacher pathetically exhorted to patience, constancy, and reliance on God amidst all their sufferings, and the infinite rewards to come.

*2nd May.* I dined with Mynheer Diskvelts, the Holland Ambassador, a prudent and worthy person. There dined Lord Middleton, principal Secretary of State, Lord Pembroke, Lord Lumley, Lord Preston,<sup>1</sup> Colonel Fitzpatrick, and Sir John Chardin. After dinner, the Ambassador discoursed of and deplored the stupid folly of our politics, in suffering the French to take Luxembourg,<sup>2</sup> it being a place of the most concern to have been defended, for the interest not only of the Netherlands, but of England.

*12th.* To London. Lord Sunderland being Lord President and Secretary of State, was made Knight of the Garter and prime favourite.—This day there was such a storm of wind as had seldom happened, being a sort of hurricane. It kept the flood out of the Thames, so that people

<sup>1</sup> [St. Anne-in-the-Willows, Aldersgate, rebuilt after the fire by Wren.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 388; and *post*, p. 398.]

<sup>3</sup> [April 4. "The moderate nonconformists suspected the king's intentions, and sent no messages of thanks" (*Annals of England*, 1876, p. 488 n.).]

<sup>1</sup> [Richard Graham, Viscount Preston, 1648-95 (see *post*, under 30th October, 1688).]

<sup>2</sup> [Luxembourg was taken in 1684. It was restored to Spain at the Peace of Ryswyk.]

went on foot over several places above bridge. Also an earthquake in several places in England about the time of the storm.

26th May. To London, about my agreement with Mr. Pretymen,<sup>1</sup> after my tedious suit.

2nd June. I went to London, it having pleased his Majesty to grant me a Privy Seal for £6000, for discharge of the debt I had been so many years persecuted for, it being indeed for money drawn over by my father-in-law, Sir R. Browne, during his residence in the Court of France, and so with a much greater sum due to Sir Richard from his Majesty; and now this part of the arrear being paid, there remains yet due to me, as executor of Sir Richard, above £6500 more; but this determining an expensive Chancery suit has been so great a mercy and providence to me (through the kindness and friendship to me of Lord Godolphin, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury), that I do acknowledge it with all imaginable thanks to my gracious God.<sup>2</sup>

6th. I visited my Lady Pierrepont, daughter to Sir John Evelyn of Deane [in Wilts], now widow of Mr. Pierrepont, and mother of the Earl of Kingston. She was now engaged in the marriage of my cousin, Evelyn Pierrepont, her second son.<sup>3</sup>

There was about this time brought into the Downs a vast treasure, which was sunk in a Spanish galleon about forty-five years ago, somewhere near Hispaniola, or the Bahama Islands, and was now weighed up by some gentlemen, who were at the charge of divers, etc., to the enriching them beyond all expectation. The Duke of Albemarle's share [Governor of Jamaica] came to, I believe, £50,000.<sup>4</sup> Some private gentlemen who adventured £100 gained from £8000 to £10,000. His Majesty's tenth was £10,000.

The Camp was now again pitched at

Hounslow, the Commanders profusely vying in the expense and magnificence of tents.<sup>1</sup>

12th. Our Vicar preached on 2 Peter ii. 21, upon the danger of relapsing into sin. After this, I went and heard M. Lamot, an eloquent French preacher at Greenwich, on Prov. xxx. 8, 9, a consolatory discourse to the poor and religious refugees who escaped out of France in the cruel persecution.

16th. I went to Hampton Court to give his Majesty thanks for his late gracious favour, though it was but granting what was due. Whilst I was in the Council-Chamber, came in some persons, at the head of whom was a formal man with a large roll of parchment in his hand, being an *Address* (as he said, for he introduced it with a speech) of the people of Coventry, giving his Majesty their great acknowledgments for his granting a liberty of conscience; he added that this was not the application of one party only, but the unanimous address of Church of England men, Presbyterians, Independents, and Anabaptists, to show how extensive his Majesty's grace was, as taking in all parties to his indulgence and protection, which had removed all dissensions and animosities, which would not only unite them in bonds of Christian charity, but exceedingly encourage their future industry, to the improvement of trade, and spreading his Majesty's glory throughout the world; and that now he had given to God his empire, God would establish his; with expressions of great loyalty and submission; and so he gave the roll to the King, which being returned to him again, his Majesty caused him to read. The address was short, but much to the substance of the speech of their foreman, to whom the King, pulling off his hat, said that what he had done in giving liberty of conscience, was, what was ever his judgment ought to be done; and that, as he would preserve them in their enjoyment of it during his reign, so he would endeavour to settle it by law, that it should never be altered by his successors. After this, he gave them his

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 391.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 397.]

<sup>3</sup> This Evelyn Pierrepont was married in the same month to Lady Mary Fielding. The issue of the marriage was the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

<sup>4</sup> The Duke's share amounted to considerably more; not less, it was said, than £90,000. A medal was struck on this occasion, which is engraved in Evelyn's book on that subject, No. LXXXVII. p. 151.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 391. The result was disappointing to King James, for the Londoners mixed freely with the soldiery and made them as discontented as themselves.]

hand to kiss. It was reported the subscribers were above 1000.

But this is not so remarkable as an Address of the week before (as I was assured by one present), of some of the *Family of Love*.<sup>1</sup> His Majesty asked them what this worship consisted in, and how many their party might consist of; they told him their custom was to read the Scripture, and then to preach; but did not give any further account, only said that for the rest they were a sort of refined Quakers, but their number very small, not consisting, as they said, of above three score in all, and those chiefly belonging to the Isle of Ely.<sup>2</sup>

18th June. I dined at Mr. Blathwayt's<sup>3</sup> (two miles from Hampton). This gentleman is Secretary of War, Clerk of the Council, etc., having raised himself by his industry from very moderate circumstances. He is a very proper, handsome person, very dexterous in business, and, besides all this, has married a great fortune. His income by the Army, Council, and Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Plantations, brings him in above £2000 per annum.

23rd. The Privy Seal for £6000<sup>4</sup> was passed to me, so that this tedious affair was dispatched.—Hitherto, a very windy and tempestuous summer.—The French sermons to the refugees were continued at Greenwich Church.

19th July. I went to Wotton. In the way, I dined at Ashted, with my Lady Mordaunt.<sup>5</sup>

5th August. I went to see Albury,<sup>6</sup> now purchased by Mr. Finch (the King's Solicitor,<sup>7</sup> and son to the late Lord Chancellor); I found the garden which I first designed for the Duke of Norfolk, nothing improved.

15th. I went to visit Lord Clarendon at Swallowfield, where was my Lord Corn-

bury<sup>1</sup> just arrived from Denmark, whither he had accompanied the Prince of Denmark two months before, and now come back. The miserable tyranny under which that nation lives, he related to us; the King keeps them under an army of 40,000 men, all Germans, he not daring to trust his own subjects. Notwithstanding this, the Danes are exceeding proud, the country very poor and miserable.

22nd. Returned home to Sayes Court from Wotton, having been five weeks absent with my brother and friends, who entertained us very nobly. God be praised for His goodness, and this refreshment after my many troubles, and let His mercy and providence ever preserve me. Amen.

3rd September. The Lord Mayor sent me an Officer with a staff, to be one of the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital.

*Persecution raging in France*; divers churches there fired by lightning, priests struck, consecrated hosts, etc., burnt and destroyed, both at St. Malo and Paris, at the grand procession on Corpus Christi day.

13th. I went to Lambeth, and dined with the Archbishop. After dinner, I retired into the library, which I found exceedingly improved; there are also divers rare manuscripts in a room apart.

6th October. I was godfather to Sir John Chardin's<sup>2</sup> son, christened at Greenwich Church, named John. The Earl of Bath and Countess of Carlisle, the other sponsors.

29th. An Anabaptist, a very odd ignorant person, a mechanic, I think, was Lord Mayor.<sup>3</sup> The King and Queen, and D'Adda,<sup>4</sup> the Pope's Nuncio, invited to a feast at Guildhall. A strange turn of affairs, that those who scandalised the Church of England as favourers of Popery, should publicly invite an emissary from Rome, one who represented the very person of their Antichrist!

10th December. My son was returned out of Devon, where he had been on a commission from the Lords of the Treasury about a concealment of land.

20th. I went with my Lord Chief-Justice Herbert, to see his house at Walton-

<sup>1</sup> [The Family of Love, or *Familia Caritatis*, were an offshoot of the Dutch Anabaptists. Their founder was a Westphalian named Henrick Niclaes (A. 1502-80). They interpreted Scripture mystically, denying the Resurrection, Christ's person, etc., and preaching the love of humanity. By the beginning of the eighteenth century they had become extremely rare.]

<sup>2</sup> [Cambridgeshire Fens, now drained.]

<sup>3</sup> [William Blathwayt, 1649-1717; Secretary at War, 1683-1704.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 398.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 259.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 303.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 388.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 384.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 327.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Peake.

<sup>4</sup> Count D'Adda. See *ante*, p. 387.

on-Thames:<sup>1</sup> it is a barren place. To a very ordinary house he had built a very handsome library, designing more building to it than the place deserves, in my opinion. He desired my advice about laying out his gardens, etc. The next day we went to Weybridge, to see some pictures of the Duchess of Norfolk's,<sup>2</sup> particularly the statue, or child in gremio, said to be of Michael Angelo; but there are reasons to think it rather a copy, from some proportion in the figures ill taken. It was now exposed to sale.

1687-8: 12th January. Mr. Slingsby, Master of the Mint, being under very deplorable circumstances on account of his creditors, and especially the King, I did my endeavour with the Lords of the Treasury to be favourable to him.

My Lord Arran,<sup>3</sup> eldest son to the Duke of Hamilton, being now married to Lady Ann Spencer, eldest daughter of the Earl of Sunderland, Lord President of the Council, I and my family had most glorious favours sent us, the wedding being celebrated with extraordinary splendour.

15th. There was a solemn and particular office used at our, and all the churches of London and ten miles round, for a thanksgiving to God, for her Majesty being with child.

22nd. This afternoon I went not to church, being employed on a religious treatise I had undertaken.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake; the house was Oatlands in Weybridge, an old royal palace. Sir Edward Herbert (see *ante*, p. 391) followed the fortunes of King James, who gave him his Great Seal. He was attainted; and Oatlands given to his brother, Admiral Herbert (see *post*, under 26th April, 1689). Sir Edward published an apology for the judgment he had given in favour of the King's dispensing powers, which was answered by Mr. William Atwood and Sir Robert Atkins. (Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, ii. 786.) (Henrietta Maria had lived at Oatlands previous to Sir Edward Herbert. It was inhabited later by the seventh Earl of Lincoln, who rebuilt it early in the eighteenth century. This second structure was burnt in 1794, and a third took its place. The site is now occupied by the Oatlands Park Hotel. An interesting little monograph on Oatlands was issued in 1907 by Mr. S. W. Kershaw, F.S.A., the librarian of Lambeth Palace.)

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 313.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 343.]

<sup>4</sup> What this was does not appear; but there are several of Evelyn's compositions remaining in MS. [It may have been the posthumous *History of Religion: A Rational Account of the True Religion*, 2 vols., edited with notes, by the Rev. R. M. Evanson, in 1850.]

Post annum 1588—1660—1688, Annus Mirabilis Tertius.<sup>1</sup>

30th. Being the Martyrdom-day of King Charles the First, our curate made a florid oration against the murder of that excellent Prince, with an exhortation to obedience from the example of David, 1 Samuel xxvi. 6.

12th February. My daughter Evelyn<sup>2</sup> going in the coach to visit in the city, a jolt (the door being not fast shut) flung her quite out in such manner, as the hind wheels passed over her a little above her knees. Yet it pleased God, besides the bruises of the wheels she had no other harm. In two days, she was able to walk, and soon after perfectly well; through God Almighty's great mercy to an excellent wife and a most dutiful and discreet daughter-in-law.

17th. I received the sad news of my niece Montagu's death at Woodcote<sup>3</sup> on the 15th.

15th March. I gave in my account about the Sick and Wounded, in order to have my quietus.

23rd. Dr. Parker, Bishop of Oxford,<sup>4</sup> who so lately published his extravagant treatise about transubstantiation, and for abrogating the Test and Penal Laws, died. He was esteemed a violent, passionate, haughty man, but yet being pressed to declare for the Church of Rome, he utterly refused it. A remarkable end!

The French Tyrant now finding he could make no proselytes amongst those Protestants of quality, and others, whom he had caused to be shut up in dungeons, and confined in nunneries and monasteries, gave them, after so long trial, a general release, and leave to go out of the kingdom, but utterly taking their estates and their children; so that great numbers came daily into England and other places, where they were received and relieved with very considerate Christian charity. This Providence and goodness of God to those who thus

<sup>1</sup> This seems to have been added after the page was written.

<sup>2</sup> [Martha Evelyn, wife of Evelyn's son, John (see *ante*, p. 324).]

<sup>3</sup> [Mary Evelyn of Woodcote (see *ante*, p. 270).]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 392. Dr. Parker died of a convulsive fit caused by the King's Mandate to admit further Catholic fellows to Magdalen College, of which he was President, 1687-88.]

constantly held out, did so work upon those miserable poor souls who to avoid the persecution signed their renunciation, and to save their estates went to mass, that reflecting on what they had done, they grew so affected in their conscience, that not being able to support it, they in great numbers through all the French provinces, acquainted the magistrates and lieutenants that being sorry for their apostasy, they were resolved to return to their old religion; that they would go no more to mass, but peaceably assemble when they could, to beg pardon and worship God, but so without weapons as not to give the least umbrage of rebellion or sedition, imploring their pity and commiseration; and, accordingly, meeting so from time to time, the dragoon-missioners, Popish officers and priests, fell upon them, murdered and put them to death, whoever they could lay hold on; they without the least resistance embraced death, torture, or hanging, with singing psalms and praying for their persecutors to the last breath, yet still continuing the former assembling of themselves in desolate places, suffering with incredible constancy, that through God's mercy they might obtain pardon for this lapse. Such examples of Christian behaviour have not been seen since the primitive persecutions; and doubtless God will do some signal work in the end, if we can with patience and resignation hold out, and depend on His Providence.

*24th March.* I went with Sir Charles Littleton to Sheen,<sup>1</sup> a house and estate given him by Lord Brouncker; one who was ever noted for a hard, covetous, vicious man; but for his worldly craft and skill in gaming few exceeded him. Coming to die, he bequeathed all his land, house, furniture, etc., to Sir Charles, to whom he had no manner of relation, but an ancient friendship contracted at the famous siege of Colchester, forty years before. It is a pretty place, with fine gardens, and well-planted, and given to one worthy of them, Sir Charles being an honest gentleman and soldier. He is brother to Sir Henry Littleton of Worcestershire, whose great estate he is likely to inherit, his brother being without children. They are descendants of the great lawyer of that name, and give the same arms and motto. He

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 313.]

is married to one Mrs. Temple,<sup>1</sup> formerly Maid of Honour to the late Queen, a beautiful lady, and he has many fine children, so that none envy his good fortune.

After dinner, we went to see Sir William Temple's near to it;<sup>2</sup> the most remarkable things are his orangery and gardens, where the wall-fruit trees are most exquisitely nailed and trained, far better than I ever noted.

There are many good pictures, especially of Vandyck's, in both these houses, and some few statues and small busts in the latter.

From thence to Kew, to visit Sir Henry Capel's,<sup>3</sup> whose orangery and myrtetum are most beautiful and perfectly well kept. He was contriving very high palisadoes of reeds to shade his oranges during the summer, and painting those reeds in oil.

*1st April.* In the morning, the first sermon was by Dr. Stillingfleet,<sup>4</sup> Dean of St. Paul's (at Whitehall), on Luke x. 41, 42. The Holy Communion followed, but was so interrupted by the rude breaking in of multitudes zealous to hear the second sermon, to be preached by the Bishop of Bath and Wells,<sup>5</sup> that the latter part of that holy office could hardly be heard, or the sacred elements be distributed without great trouble. The Princess being come, he preached on Micah vii. 8, 9, 10, describing the calamity of the reformed church of Judah under the Babylonian persecution, for her sins, and God's delivery of her on her repentance; that as Judah emerged, so should the now Reformed Church, whenever insulted or persecuted. He preached with his accustomed action, zeal, and energy, so that people flocked from all quarters to hear him.

*15th.* A dry, cold, backward spring; easterly winds.

The persecution still raging in France, multitudes of Protestants, and many very considerable and great persons flying hither, produced a second general contribution, the Papists, by God's Providence, as yet making small progress amongst us.

<sup>1</sup> [This is the Miss Temple of Grammont's *Memoirs*.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 313.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 314.]

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, 1635-99; Dean of St. Paul's, 1678.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 364.]

29th April. The weather was, till now, so cold and sharp, by an almost perpetual east wind, which had continued many months, that there was little appearance of any spring, and yet the winter was very favourable as to frost and snow.

2nd May. To London, about my petition for allowances upon the account of Commissioner for Sick and Wounded in the former war with Holland.<sup>1</sup>

8th. His Majesty, alarmed by the great fleet of the Dutch (whilst we had a very inconsiderable one), went down to Chatham; their fleet was well prepared, and out, before we were in readiness, or had any considerable number to have encountered them, had there been occasion, to the great reproach of the nation; whilst, being in profound peace, there was a mighty land-army, which there was no need of, and no force at sea, where only was the apprehension; but the army was doubtless kept and increased, in order to bring in and countenance Popery, the King beginning to discover his intention, by many instances pursued by the Jesuits, against his first resolution to alter nothing in the Church-Establishment, so that it appeared there can be no reliance on Popish promises.

18th. The King enjoining the ministers to read his Declaration for giving liberty of conscience (as it was styled) in all the churches of England, this evening, six Bishops, Bath and Wells,<sup>2</sup> Peterborough,<sup>3</sup> Ely,<sup>4</sup> Chichester,<sup>5</sup> St. Asaph,<sup>6</sup> and Bristol,<sup>7</sup> in the name of all the rest of the Bishops, came to his Majesty to petition him, that he would not impose the reading of it to the several congregations within their dioceses; not that they were averse to the publishing it for want of due tenderness towards Dissenters, in relation to whom they should be willing to come to such a temper as should be thought fit, when that matter might be considered and settled in Parliament and Convocation; but that, the declaration being founded on such a dispensing power as might at pleasure set aside all laws ecclesiastical and civil, it appeared to them illegal, as it had done to

the Parliament in 1661 and 1672, and that it was a point of such consequence, that they could not so far make themselves parties to it, as the reading of it in church in time of Divine Service amounted to.

The King was so far incensed at this address, that he with threatening expressions commanded them to obey him in reading it at their perils, and so dismissed them.

20th. I went to Whitehall Chapel, where, after the morning Lessons, the Declaration was read by one of the Choir who used to read the Chapters. I hear it was in the Abbey Church, Westminster, but almost universally forbore throughout all London: the consequences of which a little time will show.

25th. All the discourse now was about the Bishops refusing to read the injunction for the abolition of the Test, etc. It seems the injunction came so crudely from the Secretary's office, that it was neither sealed nor signed in form, nor had any lawyer been consulted, so as the Bishops, who took all imaginable advice, put the Court to great difficulties how to proceed against them. Great were the consults, and a proclamation was expected all this day; but nothing was done. The action of the Bishops was universally applauded, and reconciled many adverse parties, Papists only excepted, who were now exceedingly perplexed, and violent courses were every moment expected. Report was, that the Protestant secular Lords and Nobility would abet the Clergy.

The Queen-Dowager, hitherto bent on her return into Portugal, now on the sudden, on allegation of a great debt owing her by his Majesty disabling her, declares her resolution to stay.

News arrived of the most prodigious earthquake that was almost ever heard of, subverting the city of Lima and country in Peru, with a dreadful inundation following it.

8th June. This day, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of Ely, Chichester, St. Asaph, Bristol, Peterborough, and Bath and Wells, were sent from the Privy Council prisoners to the Tower, for refusing to give bail for their appearance, on their not reading the Declaration for liberty of conscience; they

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 233.]

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Ken.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas White.

<sup>4</sup> Francis Turner.

<sup>5</sup> John Lake.

<sup>6</sup> William Lloyd.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bart.



refused to give bail, as it would have prejudiced their peerage. The concern of the people for them was wonderful, infinite crowds on their knees begging their blessing, and praying for them, as they passed out of the barge along the Tower-wharf.

10th June. A young Prince born,<sup>1</sup> which will cause disputes.

About two o'clock, we heard the Tower-ordnance discharged, and the bells rang for the birth of a Prince of Wales. This was very surprising, it having been universally given out that her Majesty did not look till the next month.

13th. I went to the Tower to see the Bishops, visited the Archbishop and Bishops of Ely, St. Asaph, and Bath and Wells.

14th. Dined with my Lord Chancellor.

15th. Being the first day of Term, the Bishops were brought to Westminster on Habeas Corpus, when the indictment was read, and they were called on to plead; their Counsel objected that the warrant was illegal; but, after long debate, it was overruled, and they pleaded. The Court then offered to take bail for their appearance; but this they refused, and at last were dismissed on their own recognisances to appear that day fortnight; the Archbishop in £200, the Bishops £100 each.

17th. Was a day of thanksgiving in London and ten miles about for the young Prince's birth; a form of prayer made for the purpose by the Bishop of Rochester.

29th. They appeared; the trial lasted from nine in the morning to past six in the evening, when the Jury retired to consider of their verdict, and the Court adjourned to nine the next morning. The Jury were locked up till that time, eleven of them being for an acquittal; but one (Arnold, a brewer) would not consent. At length he agreed with the others. The Chief-Justice, Wright, behaved with great moderation and civility to the Bishops. Allibone,<sup>2</sup> a Papist, was strongly against them; but Holloway<sup>3</sup> and Powell<sup>4</sup> being of opinion in their favour, they were acquitted. When this was heard, there

<sup>1</sup> [James Francis Edward Stuart, 1688-1766, afterwards known as the Chevalier de St. George, or the "Old Pretender."]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Richard Allibone, or Allibond, 1636-88.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir Richard Holloway, d. 1695.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir John Powell, 1633-96.]

was great rejoicing; and there was a lane of people from the King's Bench to the waterside, on their knees, as the Bishops passed and repassed, to beg their blessing. Bonfires were made that night, and bells rung, which was taken very ill at Court, and an appearance of nearly sixty Earls and Lords, etc., on the bench, did not a little comfort them; but indeed they were all along full of comfort and cheerful.

Note, they denied to pay the Lieutenant of the Tower (Hales, who used them very surlily) any fees, alleging that none were due.

The night was solemnised with bonfires, and other fireworks, etc.

2nd July. The two judges, Holloway and Powell, were displaced.

3rd. I went with Dr. Godolphin and his brother Sir William to St. Albans, to see a library he would have bought of the widow of Dr. Cartwright, late Archdeacon of St. Albans, a very good collection of books, especially of divinity; he was to give £300 for them. Having seen the great Church, now newly repaired by a public contribution, we returned home.

8th. One of the King's chaplains preached before the Princess on Exodus xiv. 13, "Stand still, and behold the salvation of the Lord," which he applied so boldly to the present conjuncture of the Church of England, that more could scarce be said to encourage desponders. The Popish priests were not able to carry their cause against their learned adversaries, who confounded them both by their disputes and writings.

12th. The camp now began at Hounslow; but the nation was in high discontent.

Colonel Titus, Sir Henry Vane (son of him who was executed for his treason),<sup>1</sup> and some other of the Presbyterians and Independent party, were sworn of the Privy Council, from hopes of thereby diverting that party from going over to the Bishops and Church of England, which now they began to do, foreseeing the design of the Papists to descend and take in their most hateful of heretics (as they at other times expressed them to be) to effect their own ends, now evident; the utter

<sup>1</sup> [i.e. Sir Harry Vane, 1613-62. See *ante*, p. 192.]

extirpation of the Church of England first, and then the rest would follow.

17th July. This night the fireworks were played off, that had been prepared for the Queen's upsitting. We saw them to great advantage; they were very fine, and cost some thousands of pounds, in the pyramids, statues, etc.; but were spent too soon for so long a preparation.

26th. I went to Lambeth to visit the Archbishop,<sup>1</sup> whom I found very cheerful.

10th August. Dr. Tenison now told me there would suddenly be some great thing discovered. This was the Prince of Orange intending to come over.

15th. I went to Althorp,<sup>2</sup> in Northamptonshire, seventy miles. A coach and four horses took up me and my son at Whitehall, and carried us to Dunstable, where we arrived and dined at noon, and from thence another coach and six horses carried us to Althorp, four miles beyond Northampton, where we arrived by seven o'clock that evening. Both these coaches were hired for me by that noble Countess of Sunderland, who invited me to her house at Althorp, where she entertained me and my son with very extraordinary kindness; I stayed till the Thursday.

18th. Dr. Jeffries, the minister of Althorp, who was my Lord's Chaplain when ambassador in France, preached the shortest discourse I ever heard; but what was defective in the amplitude of his sermon, he had supplied in the largeness and convenience of the parsonage-house, which the Doctor (who had at least £600 a year in spiritual advancement) had new built, and made fit for a person of quality to live in, with gardens and all accommodation according therewith.

My lady carried us to see Lord Northampton's<sup>3</sup> seat, a very strong large house, built with stone, not altogether modern. They were enlarging the garden, in which was nothing extraordinary, except the iron gate opening into the park, which indeed was very good work, wrought in flowers painted with blue and gilded. There is a noble walk of elms towards the front of the house by the bowling-green. I was not in any room of the house besides a

lobby looking into the garden, where my Lord and his new Countess (Sir Stephen Fox's daughter, whom I had known from a child) entertained the Countess and her daughter the Countess of Arran (newly married to the son of the Duke of Hamilton),<sup>1</sup> with so little good grace, and so dully, that our visit was very short, and so we returned to Althorp, twelve miles distant.

The house, or rather palace, at Althorp, is a noble uniform pile in form of a half H, built of brick and freestone, balustered and *à la moderne*; the hall is well, the staircase excellent; the rooms of state, galleries, offices and furniture, such as may become a great prince. It is situate in the midst of a garden, exquisitely planted and kept, and all this in a park walled in with hewn stone, planted with rows and walks of trees, canals and fishponds, and stored with game. And, what is above all this, governed by a lady, who without any show of solicitude, keeps everything in such admirable order, both within and without, from the garret to the cellar, that I do not believe there is any in this nation, or in any other, that exceeds her in such exact order, without ostentation, but substantially great and noble. The meanest servant is lodged so neat and cleanly; the service at the several tables, the good order and decency—in a word, the entire economy is perfectly becoming a wise and noble person. She is one who for her distinguished esteem of me from a long and worthy friendship, I must ever honour and celebrate. I wish from my soul the Lord her husband (whose parts and abilities are otherwise conspicuous) was as worthy of her, as by a fatal apostasy<sup>2</sup> and court-ambition he has made himself unworthy! This is what she deplores, and it renders her as much affliction as a lady of great soul and much prudence is capable of. The Countess of Bristol, her mother, a grave and honourable lady, has the comfort of seeing her daughter and grand-children under the same economy, especially Mr. Charles Spencer,<sup>3</sup> a youth of extraordinary hopes,

<sup>1</sup> [Sancroft.]

<sup>2</sup> See a former visit to this place, p. 301.

<sup>3</sup> [George, fourth Earl, *d.* 1727.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 400.]

<sup>2</sup> [He renounced Protestantism in 1688.]

<sup>3</sup> [The eldest son (see *ante*, p. 334) dying without issue, this Charles succeeded to the title and estate

very learned for his age, and ingenious, and under a governor of great worth. Happy were it, could as much be said of the elder brother, the Lord Spencer,<sup>1</sup> who, rambling about the world, dishonours both his name and his family, adding sorrow to sorrow to a mother, who has taken all imaginable care of his education. There is a daughter very young married to the Earl of Clancarty, who has a great and fair estate in Ireland, but who yet gives no great presage of worth,—so universally contaminated is the youth of this corrupt and abandoned age! But this is again recompensed by my Lord Arran, a sober and worthy gentleman, who has espoused the Lady Ann Spencer, a young lady of admirable accomplishments and virtue.

*23rd August.* I left this noble place and conversation, my lady having provided carriages to convey us back in the same manner as we went, and a dinner being prepared at Dunstable against our arrival. Northampton, having been lately burnt and re-edified, is now become a town that for the beauty of the buildings, especially the church and townhouse, may compare with the neatest in Italy itself.

Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, wrote a very honest and handsome letter to the Commissioners Ecclesiastical, excusing himself from sitting any longer among them, he by no means approving of their prosecuting the Clergy who refused to read the Declaration for liberty of conscience, in prejudice of the Church of England.

The Dutch make extraordinary preparations both at sea and land, which with the no small progress Popery makes among us, puts us to many difficulties. The Popish Irish soldiers commit many murders and insults; the whole nation disaffected, and in apprehensions.

After long trials of the doctors to bring up the little Prince of Wales by hand (so many of her Majesty's children having died infants) not succeeding, a country-nurse, the wife of a tile-maker, is taken to give it suck.

*18th September.* I went to London,

as third Earl of Sunderland, and marrying in 1700 as his second wife Anne Churchill, second daughter and at length co-heiress to John Duke of Marlborough, his son by her succeeded to that title.

<sup>1</sup>[See *ante*, p. 334.]

where I found the Court in the utmost consternation on report of the Prince of Orange's landing; which put Whitehall into so panic a fear, that I could hardly believe it possible to find such a change.

Writs were issued in order to a Parliament, and a declaration to back the good order of elections, with great professions of maintaining the Church of England, but without giving any sort of satisfaction to the people, who showed their high discontent at several things in the Government.

Earthquakes had utterly demolished the ancient Smyrna, and several other places in Greece, Italy, and even in the Spanish Indies, forerunners of greater calamities. God Almighty preserve His Church and all who put themselves under the shadow of His wings, till these things be overpast.

*30th.* The Court in so extraordinary a consternation, on assurance of the Prince of Orange's intention to land, that the writs sent forth for a Parliament were recalled.

*7th October.* Dr. Tenison preached at St. Martin's on 2 Tim. iii. 16, showing the Scriptures to be our only rule of faith, and its perfection above all traditions. After which, near 1000 devout persons partook of the Communion. The sermon was chiefly occasioned by a Jesuit, who in the Masshouse on the Sunday before had disparaged the Scripture and railed at our translation, which some present contradicting, they pulled him out of the pulpit, and treated him very coarsely, insomuch that it was like to create a great disturbance in the City.

Hourly expectation of the Prince of Orange's invasion heightened to that degree, that his Majesty thought fit to abrogate the Commission for the dispensing Power (but retaining his own right still to dispense with all laws) and restore the ejected Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford. In the meantime, he called over 5000 Irish, and 4000 Scots, and continued to remove Protestants and put in Papists at Portsmouth and other places of trust, and retained the Jesuits about him, increasing the universal discontent. It brought people to so desperate a pass, that they seemed passionately to long for and desire the landing of that Prince, whom they

looked on to be their deliverer from Popish tyranny, praying incessantly for an east wind, which was said to be the only hindrance of his expedition with a numerous army ready to make a descent. To such a strange temper, and unheard of in former times, was this poor nation reduced, and of which I was an eyewitness. The apprehension was (and with reason) that his Majesty's forces would neither at land nor sea oppose them with that vigour requisite to repel invaders.

The late imprisoned Bishops were now called to reconcile matters, and the Jesuits hard at work to foment confusion among the Protestants by their usual tricks. A letter was sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury,<sup>1</sup> informing him, from good hands, of

<sup>1</sup> By Evelyn himself. The letter was as follows:—

"My Lord, The honor and reputation which y<sup>r</sup> Grace's piety prudence, and signal courage, have justly merited and obtain'd, not only from the Sons of the Church of England, but even universally from those Protestants amongst us who are Dissenters from her discipline; God Almighty's providence and blessing upon y<sup>r</sup> Grace's vigilancy and extraordinary endeavours will not suffer to be diminished in this conjuncture. The conversation I now and then have with some in place, who have the opportunity of knowing what is doing in the most secret recesses and cabals of our Churches adversaries, obliges me to acquaint you, that the calling of y<sup>r</sup> Grace and the rest of the L<sup>ds</sup> Bishops to Court, and what has there of late ben requir'd of you, is onely to create a jealousie and suspicion amongst well-meaning people of such compliances as it is certaine they have no cause to apprehend. The plan of this and of all that wch is to follow of seeming favour thence, is wholly drawn by the Jesuites, who are at this time more than ever buisy to make divisions amongst us, all other arts and mechanisms having hitherto failed them. They have, with other things, contriv'd that y<sup>r</sup> Lordships the Bishops should give his Maj<sup>ty</sup> advice separately, without calling any of the rest of the Peeres, which, tho' maliciously suggested, spreads generally about the towne. I do not at all question but y<sup>r</sup> Grace will speedily prevent the operation of this venom, and that you will thinke it highly necessary so to do, that your Grace is also injoynd to compose a form of prayer, wherein the Pr. of O. is expressly to be named the Invader: of this I presume not to say any thing; but for as much as in all the Declarations, etc., which have hitherto been published in pretended favour of the Church of England, there is not once the least mention of the *Reformed or Protestant Religion*, but onely of the *Church of England as by Law established*, which Church the Papists tell us is the *Church of Rome*, which is (say they) the Catholic Church of England that onely is establish'd by Law; the Church of England in the Reformed sense so established, is but by an usurp'd authority. The

what was contriving by them. A paper of what the Bishops advised his Majesty was published. The Bishops were enjoined to prepare a form of prayer against the feared invasion. A pardon published. Soldiers and mariners daily pressed.

14<sup>th</sup> October. The King's birthday. No guns from the Tower as usual. The sun eclipsed at its rising. This day signal for the victory of William the Conqueror against Harold, near Battle, in Sussex. The wind, which had been hitherto west, was east all this day. Wonderful expectation of the Dutch fleet. Public prayers ordered to be read in the churches against invasion.

28<sup>th</sup>. A tumult in London on the rabble demolishing a Popish chapel that had been set up in the City.

29<sup>th</sup>. Lady Sunderland acquainted me with his Majesty's taking away the Seals from Lord Sunderland,<sup>1</sup> and of her being with the Queen to intercede for him.<sup>2</sup> It is conceived that he had of late grown remiss in pursuing the interest of the Jesuitical counsels; some reported one thing, some another; but there was doubtless some secret betrayed, which time may discover.

There was a Council called, to which were summoned the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Judges, the Lord Mayor, etc. The Queen-Dowager, and all the ladies and lords who were present at the Queen-Consort's labour, were to give their testimony upon oath of the Prince of Wales's

antiquity of *that* would by these words be explained, and utterly defeat this false and subdolos construction, and take off all exceptions whatsoever; if in all extraordinary offices, upon all these occasions, the words *Reformed and Protestant*, were added to that of the *Church of England by Law established*. And whosoever threatens to invade or come against us, to y<sup>e</sup> prejudice of that Church, in God's name, be they Dutch or Irish, let us heartily pray and fight against them. My Lord, this is, I confesse, a bold, but honest period: and, tho I am well assured that y<sup>r</sup> Grace is perfectly acquainted with all this before, and therefore may blame my impertinence, as that does ἀλλοτριότητα σκοπεῖν; yet I am confident you will not reprove the zeale of one who most humbly begs your Grace's pardon, with y<sup>r</sup> blessing Lond., 10 Oct. 1688." (From a copy in Evelyn's handwriting.) See *post*, under 15<sup>th</sup> January, 1689.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 385.]

<sup>2</sup> [He obtained his pardon from the King on the 28<sup>th</sup>. "I hope you wilbe more faithfull to your next master than you have been to me"—said James in granting it and dismissing him (Bramston's *Autobiography*, 1845, p. 327).]

birth, recorded both at the Council-Board and at the Chancery a day or two after. This procedure was censured by some as below his Majesty to condescend to, on the talk of the people.<sup>1</sup> It was remarkable that on this occasion the Archbishop, Marquis of Halifax, the Earls of Clarendon and Nottingham, refused to sit at the Council-table amongst Papists, and their bold telling his Majesty that whatever was done whilst such sat amongst them was unlawful and incurred *premunire*; — at least, if what I heard be true.

30th October. I dined with Lord Preston,<sup>2</sup> made Secretary of State, in the place of the Earl of Sunderland.<sup>3</sup>

Visited Mr. Boyle,<sup>4</sup> when came in the Duke of Hamilton<sup>5</sup> and Earl of Burlington. The Duke told us many particulars of Mary Queen of Scots, and her amours with the Italian favourite, etc.

31st. My birthday, being the 68th year of my age. O blessed Lord, grant that as I grow in years, so may I improve in grace! Be Thou my Protector this following year, and preserve me and mine from those dangers and great confusions that threaten a sad revolution to this sinful nation! Defend Thy Church, our holy religion, and just laws, disposing his Majesty to listen to sober and healing counsels, that if it be Thy blessed will, we may still enjoy that happy tranquillity which hitherto Thou has continued to us! Amen, Amen!

1st November. Dined with Lord Preston, with other company, at Sir Stephen Fox's. Continual alarms of the Prince of Orange, but no certainty. Reports of his great losses of horse in the storm, but without any assurance. A man was taken with divers papers and printed manifestoes, and carried to Newgate, after examination at the Cabinet-Council. There was likewise a Declaration of the States for satis-

faction of all Public Ministers at the Hague, except to the English and the French. There was in that of the Prince's an expression, as if the Lords both Spiritual and Temporal had invited him over, with a deduction of the causes of his enterprise. This made his Majesty convene my Lord of Canterbury and the other Bishops now in town, to give an account of what was in the manifesto, and to enjoin them to clear themselves by some public writing of this disloyal charge.

2nd. It was now certainly reported by some who saw the fleet, and the Prince embark, that they sailed from the Brill on Wednesday morning,<sup>1</sup> and that the Princess of Orange was there to take leave of her husband.

4th. Fresh reports of the Prince being landed somewhere about Portsmouth, or the Isle of Wight, whereas it was thought it would have been northward. The Court in great hurry.

5th. I went to London; heard the news of the Prince having landed at Torbay,<sup>2</sup> coming with a fleet of near 700 sail, passing through the Channel with so favourable a wind, that our navy could not intercept, or molest them. This put the King and Court into great consternation, they were now employed in forming an army to stop their further progress, for they were got into Exeter, and the season and ways very improper for his Majesty's forces to march so great a distance.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and some few of the other Bishops and Lords in London, were sent for to Whitehall, and required to set forth their abhorrence of this invasion. They assured his Majesty they had never invited any of the Prince's party, or were in the least privy to it, and would be ready to show all testimony of their loyalty; but, as to a public declaration, being so few, they desired that his Majesty would call the rest of their brethren and Peers, that they might consult what was fit to be done on this occasion, not thinking it right to publish anything without them, and till they had themselves seen the Prince's Manifesto, in which it

<sup>1</sup> [Burnet gives a long account of this council (*History of His Own Time*, 1724, i. pp. 785-86).]

<sup>2</sup> [“October 29. Came a report as if the Dutch fleet had been much shattered by the storm; that my Lord Sunderland was certainly out, and my Lord Preston Secretary of State. The King all this time was making great preparations and levies for his army, and had brought it by computation to 6000 horse and dragoons, and 38,000 foot” (Reresby's *Memoirs*, 1875, p. 409).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 406.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 205.]

<sup>1</sup> [“On the first of November O.S. we sailed out with the evening tide,” says Burnet (*History of His Own Time*, 1724, i. p. 787).]

<sup>2</sup> [On the 5th November.]

was pretended he was invited in by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. This did not please the King; so they departed.

A Declaration was published, prohibiting all persons to see or read the Prince's Manifesto, in which was set forth at large the cause of his expedition, as there had been one before from the States.

These are the beginnings of sorrow, unless God in His mercy prevent it by some happy reconciliation of all dissensions among us. This, in all likelihood, nothing can effect except a free Parliament; but this we cannot hope to see, whilst there are any forces on either side. I pray God to protect and direct the King for the best and truest interest of his people—I saw his Majesty touch for the evil, Piten the Jesuit, and Warner officiating.

14th November. The Prince increases every day in force. Several Lords go in to him. Lord Cornbury<sup>1</sup> carries some regiments, and marches to Honiton, the Prince's headquarters. The City of London in disorder; the rabble pulled down the nunnery newly bought by the Papists of Lord Berkeley, at St. John's. The Queen prepares to go to Portsmouth for safety, to attend the issue of this commotion, which has a dreadful aspect.

18th. It was now a very hard frost. The King goes to Salisbury to rendezvous the army, and return to London. Lord Delamere appears for the Prince in Cheshire. The nobility meet in Yorkshire. The Archbishop of Canterbury and some Bishops, and such Peers as were in London, address his Majesty to call a Parliament. The King invites all foreign nations to come over. The French take all the Palatinate, and alarm the Germans more than ever.

29th. I went to the Royal Society. We adjourned the election of a President to 23rd April, by reason of the public commotions, yet dined together as of custom this day.

2nd December. Dr. Tenison preached at St. Martin's on Psalm xxxvi. 5, 6, 7, concerning Providence. I received the blessed Sacrament. Afterwards, visited my Lord Godolphin, then going with the

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 384.]

Marquis of Halifax and Earl of Nottingham as Commissioners to the Prince of Orange; he told me they had little power. Plymouth declared for the Prince. Bath, York, Hull, Bristol, and all the eminent nobility and persons of quality through England, declare for the Protestant religion and laws, and go to meet the Prince, who every day sets forth new Declarations against the Papists. The great favourites at Court, Priests and Jesuits, fly or abscond. Everything, till now concealed, flies abroad in public print, and is cried about the streets. Expectation of the Prince coming to Oxford. The Prince of Wales and great treasure sent privily to Portsmouth,<sup>1</sup> the Earl of Dover being Governor. Address from the Fleet not grateful to his Majesty. The Papists in offices lay down their commissions, and fly. Universal consternation amongst them; it looks like a revolution.

7th. My son went towards Oxford. I returned home.

9th. Lord Sunderland meditates flight.<sup>2</sup> The rabble demolished all Popish chapels, and several Papist lords and gentlemen's houses, especially that of the Spanish Ambassador, which they pillaged, and burnt his library.<sup>3</sup>

13th. The King flies to sea, puts in at Faversham for ballast; is rudely treated by the people; comes back to Whitehall.<sup>4</sup>

The Prince of Orange is advanced to

<sup>1</sup> [He was brought back, December 8; "and on Sunday night, being the 9th, the Queen with the Prince went about twelve o'clock to a barge down the river secretly prepared, and, the wind being fair, wafted over to Dunkirk" (Reresby's *Memoirs*, 1875, p. 421).]

<sup>2</sup> [He had apparently already gone. "He fled to Rotterdam, disguised in a woman's dress," in November, says the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 334. According to Reresby, goods and plate were taken from him to the value of one hundred thousand pounds, much of which had been sent to him for security (*Memoirs*, 1875, p. 422).]

<sup>4</sup> [Evelyn's rapid summary requires expansion. On the morning of the 11th December, between two and three o'clock, the King left Whitehall privately in a hackney coach provided by Sir Edward Hales, Lieutenant of the Tower, whose servant he pretended to be. This carried them to Milbank, where they took boat for Vauxhall, throwing the Great Seal into the river. They then went on in a carriage to Sheerness, where a custom-house-hoy was to convey them to France. A gale was blowing, and they had to take in ballast at Sheppey. Putting out again, they were boarded by a number of Faversham fishermen. "They used the King . . . very incivily," says Reresby,—

Windsor, is invited by the King to St. James's, the messenger sent was the Earl of Faversham, the General of the Forces, who going without trumpet, or passport, is detained prisoner by the Prince, who accepts the invitation, but requires his Majesty to retire to some distant place, that his own guards may be quartered about the Palace and City. This is taken heinously, and the King goes privately to Rochester; is persuaded to come back; comes on the Sunday; goes to mass, and dines in public, a Jesuit saying grace (I was present).

17th December. That night was a Council; his Majesty refuses to assent to all the proposals; goes away again to Rochester.<sup>1</sup>

18th. I saw the King take barge to Gravesend at twelve o'clock—a sad sight! The Prince comes to St. James's, and fills Whitehall with Dutch guards. A Council of Peers meet about an expedient to call a Parliament; adjourn to the House of Lords. The Chancellor, Earl of Peterborough, and divers others taken. The Earl of Sunderland flies; Sir Edward Hales, Walker, and others, taken and secured.

All the world go to see the Prince at St. James's, where there is a great Court. There I saw him, and several of my acquaintance who came over with him. He is very stately, serious, and reserved. The English soldiers sent out of town to disband them; not well pleased.

24th. The King passes into France, whither the Queen and child were gone a few days before.<sup>2</sup>

"took from His Majesty 300 guineas, all he was sent back at that time, and his sword. When they knew it was the King, they offered to restore both; the King received the latter, but not the first" (*Memoirs*, 1875, p. 424). He was detained at Faversham for two days in the Mayor's house, and then allowed to go to Rochester; but on the evening of Sunday the 16th (see *infra*) he was again at Whitehall.]

<sup>1</sup> [Having been at Whitehall on the 16th, he was sent back to Rochester on the 17th (Monday). On the night of Saturday, the 22nd, he left Rochester, passed to the Medway, and, on the morning of the 23rd boarded a smack which took him out of the Thames. At 3 A.M. on Christmas Day, 1688, he landed at the little village of Ambletouse in Brittany. His abdication is usually dated from 11th December, when he first quitted Whitehall. "With this," says Burnet, "his reign ended" (*History of His Own Time*, 1724, i. p. 796).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 408. Louis XIV. gave the fugi-

26th. The Peers and such Commoners as were members of the Parliament at Oxford, being the last of Charles II. meeting, desire the Prince of Orange to take on him the disposal of the public revenue till a convention of Lords and Commons should meet in full body, appointed by his circular letters to the shires and boroughs, 22nd January. I had now quartered upon me a Lieutenant-Colonel and eight horses.

30th. This day prayers for the Prince of Wales were first left off in our church.

1688-9: 7th January. A long frost and deep snow; the Thames almost frozen over.

15th. I visited the Archbishop of Canterbury, where I found the Bishops of St. Asaph,<sup>1</sup> Ely,<sup>2</sup> Bath and Wells,<sup>3</sup> Peterborough,<sup>4</sup> and Chichester,<sup>5</sup> the Earls of Aylesbury and Clarendon, Sir George Mackenzie<sup>6</sup> Lord-Advocate of Scotland, and then came in a Scotch Archbishop, etc. After prayers and dinner, divers serious matters were discoursed, concerning the present state of the Public, and sorry I was to find there was as yet no accord in the judgments of those of the Lords and Commons who were to convene; some would have the Princess made Queen without any more dispute, others were for a Regency; there was a Tory party (then so called), who were for inviting his Majesty again upon conditions; and there were Republicans who would make the Prince of Orange like a Stadtholder. The Romanists were busy among these several parties to bring them into confusion: most for ambition or other interest, few for conscience and moderate resolutions. I found nothing of all this in this assembly of Bishops, who were pleased to admit me into their discourses; they were all for a Regency, thereby to salve their oaths, and so all public matters to proceed in his Majesty's name, by that to facilitate the calling of a Parliament, according to the laws in being. Such was the result of this meeting.

My Lord of Canterbury gave me great thanks for the advertisement I sent him in times asylum at St. Germain. There is an account of their reception in a letter of Mme. de Sévigné to her daughter early in 1689.]

<sup>1</sup> Lloyd.

<sup>2</sup> Turner.

<sup>3</sup> Ken.

<sup>4</sup> White.

<sup>5</sup> Lake.

<sup>6</sup> See *ante*, p. 254.

October,<sup>1</sup> and assured me they took my counsel in that particular, and that it came very seasonably.

I found by the Lord-Advocate<sup>2</sup> that the Bishops of Scotland (who were indeed little worthy of that character, and had done much mischief in that Church) were now coming about to the true interest, in this conjuncture which threatened to abolish the whole hierarchy in that kingdom; and therefore the Scottish Archbishop and Lord-Advocate requested the Archbishop of Canterbury to use his best endeavours with the Prince to maintain the Church there in the same state, as by law at present settled.

It now growing late, after some private discourse with his Grace, I took my leave, most of the Lords being gone.

The trial of the bishops was now printed.

The great convention being assembled the day before, falling upon the question about the Government, resolved that King James having by the advice of the Jesuits and other wicked persons endeavoured to subvert the laws of Church and State, and deserted the kingdom, carrying away the seals,<sup>3</sup> etc., without any care for the management of the government, had by demise abdicated himself and wholly vacated his right; they did therefore desire the Lords' concurrence to their vote, to place the crown on the next heir, the Prince of Orange, for his life, then to the Princess, his wife, and if she died without issue, to the Princess of Denmark, and she failing, to the heirs of the Prince, excluding for ever all possibility of admitting a Roman Catholic.

27th January. I dined at the Admiralty, where was brought in a child not twelve years old, the son of one Dr. Clench, of the most prodigious maturity of knowledge, for I cannot call it altogether memory, but something more extraordinary.<sup>4</sup> Mr. Pepys and myself ex-

amined him, not in any method, but with promiscuous questions, which required judgment and discernment to answer so readily and pertinently. There was not anything in chronology, history, geography, the several systems of astronomy, courses of the stars, longitude, latitude, doctrine of the spheres, courses and sources of rivers, creeks, harbours, eminent cities, boundaries and bearings of countries, not only in Europe, but in any other part of the earth, which he did not readily resolve and demonstrate his knowledge of, readily drawing out with a pen anything he would describe. He was able not only to repeat the most famous things which are left us in any of the Greek or Roman histories, monarchies, republics, wars, colonies, exploits by sea and land, but all the sacred stories of the Old and New Testament; the succession of all the monarchies, Babylonian, Persian, Greek, Roman, with all the lower Emperors, Popes, Heresiarchs, and Councils, what they were called about, what they determined, or in the controversy about Easter, the tenets of the Gnostics, Sabellians, Arians, Nestorians; the difference between St. Cyprian and Stephen about re-baptization; the schisms. We leaped from that to other things totally different, to Olympic years, and synchronisms; we asked him questions which could not be resolved without considerable meditation and judgment, nay of some particulars of the Civil Laws, of the Digest and Code. He gave a stupendous account of both natural and moral philosophy, and even in metaphysics.

Having thus exhausted ourselves rather than this wonderful child, or angel rather, for he was as beautiful and lovely in countenance as in knowledge, we concluded with asking him if, in all he had read or heard of, he had ever met with anything which was like this expedition of the Prince of Orange, with so small a force to obtain three great kingdoms without any contest. After a little thought, he told us that he knew of nothing which did more resemble it than the coming of Constantine the Great out of Britain, through France and Italy, so tedious a march, to meet Maxentius, whom he overthrew at Pons Milvius with very little conflict, and

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 406. <sup>2</sup> [Sir George Mackenzie.]

<sup>3</sup> [The Great Seal was thrown into the Thames upon the King's first attempt to escape (see *ante*, p. 408 *u.*).]

<sup>4</sup> See a similar account of the afterwards celebrated William Wotton, *ante*, p. 319. Dr. Andrew Clench was murdered in a hackney-coach in 1692, and a man named Henry Harrison was convicted and hanged for the murder although he denied his guilt (see *post*, under 6th January, 1692).



at the very gates of Rome, which he entered and was received with triumph, and obtained the empire, not of three kingdoms only, but of all the then known world. He was perfect in the Latin authors, spake French naturally, and gave us a description of France, Italy, Savoy, Spain, ancient and modernly divided; as also of ancient Greece, Scythia, and northern countries and tracts: we left questioning further. He did this without any set or formal repetitions, as one who had learned things without book, but as if he minded other things, going about the room, and toying with a parrot there, and as he was at dinner (*tanquam aliud agens*, as it were) seeming to be full of play, of a lively, sprightly temper, always smiling, and exceeding pleasant, without the least levity, rudeness, or childishness.

His father assured us he never imposed anything to charge his memory by causing him to get things by heart, not even the rules of grammar; but his tutor (who was a Frenchman) read to him, first in French, then in Latin; that he usually played amongst other boys four or five hours every day, and that he was as earnest at his play as at his study. He was perfect in arithmetic, and now newly entered into Greek. In sum (*horresco referens*), I had read of divers forward and precocious youths, and some I have known, but I never did either hear or read of anything like to this sweet child, if it be right to call him child who has more knowledge than most men in the world. I counselled his father not to set his heart too much on this jewel,

Immodicis brevis est ætas, et rara senectus,<sup>1</sup>

as I myself learned by sad experience in my most dear child Richard,<sup>2</sup> many years since, who, dying before he was six years old, was both in shape and countenance and pregnancy of learning, next to a prodigy.

29<sup>th</sup> January. The votes of the House of Commons being carried up by Mr. Hampden,<sup>3</sup> their chairman, to the Lords, I got a station by the Prince's lodgings at the door of the lobby to the House, and heard much of the debate, which lasted

very long. Lord Derby<sup>1</sup> was in the chair (for the House was resolved into a grand committee of the whole House); after all had spoken, it came to the question, which was carried by three voices against a Regency, which 51 were for, 54 against; the minority alleging the danger of de-throning Kings, and scrupling many passages and expressions in the vote of the Commons, too long to set down particularly. Some were for sending to his Majesty with conditions: others that the King could do no wrong, and that the mal-administration was chargeable on his ministers. There were not more than eight or nine bishops, and but two against the Regency; the Archbishop was absent, and the clergy now began to change their note, both in pulpit and discourse, on their old passive obedience, so as people began to talk of the bishops being cast out of the House. In short, things tended to dissatisfaction on both sides; add to this, the morose temper of the Prince of Orange, who showed little countenance to the noblemen and others, who expected a more gracious and cheerful reception when they made their court. The English army also was not so in order, and firm to his interest, nor so weakened but that it might give interruption. Ireland was in an ill posture as well as Scotland. Nothing was yet done towards a settlement. God of His infinite mercy compose these things, that we may be at last a Nation and a Church under some fixed and sober establishment!

30<sup>th</sup>. The anniversary of King Charles the First's martyrdom; but in all the public offices and pulpit prayers, the collects, and litany for the King and Queen were curtailed and mutilated. Dr. Sharp<sup>2</sup> preached before the Commons, but was disliked, and not thanked for his sermon.

31<sup>st</sup>. At our church (the next day being appointed a Thanksgiving for deliverance by the Prince of Orange, with prayers purposely composed), our lecturer preached in the afternoon a very honest sermon, showing our duty to God for the many signal deliverances of our Church, without touching on politics.

6<sup>th</sup> February. The King's coronation-

<sup>1</sup> [Martial, *Epp.* Bk. VI. xxix. ll. 7, 8.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 196.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 331.]

<sup>1</sup> [William George Richard Stanley, ninth Earl of Derby, 1656-1702.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 391.]

day was ordered not to be observed, as hitherto it had been.

The Convention of the Lords and Commons now declare the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen of England, France, and Ireland (Scotland being an independent kingdom), the Prince and Princess being to enjoy it jointly during their lives; but the executive authority to be vested in the Prince during life, though all proceedings to run in both names, and that it should descend to their issue, and for want of such, to the Princess Anne of Denmark and her issue, and in want of such, to the heirs of the body of the Prince, if he survive, and that failing, to devolve to the Parliament, as they should think fit. These produced a conference with the Lords, when also there were presented heads of such new laws as were to be enacted. It is thought on these conditions they will be proclaimed.

There was much contest about the King's abdication, and whether he had vacated the government. The Earl of Nottingham<sup>1</sup> and about twenty Lords, and many Bishops, entered their protests, but the concurrence was great against them.

The Princess hourly expected. Forces sending to Ireland, that kingdom being in great danger by the Earl of Tyrconnel's army, and expectations from France coming to assist them, but that King was busy in invading Flanders, and encountering the German Princes. It is likely that this will be the most remarkable summer for action, which has happened in many years.

21st February. Dr. Burnet preached at St. James's on the obligation to walk worthy of God's particular and signal deliverance of the Nation and Church.

I saw the *new Queen and King* proclaimed the very next day after her coming to Whitehall, Wednesday, 13th February, with great acclamation and general good reception. Bonfires, bells, guns, etc. It was believed that both, especially the Princess, would have showed some (seeming) reluctance at least, of assuming her father's Crown, and made some apology, testifying by her regret that he should by his mismanagement necessitate the Nation to so extraordinary a proceeding, which would have showed very handsomely to

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 407.]

the world, and according to the character given of her piety; consonant also to her husband's first declaration, that there was no intention of deposing the King, but of succouring the Nation; but nothing of all this appeared; she came into Whitehall laughing and jolly, as to a wedding, so as to seem quite transported. She rose early the next morning, and in her undress, as it was reported, before her women were up, went about from room to room to see the convenience of Whitehall; lay in the same bed and apartment where the late Queen lay, and within a night or two sat down to play at basset, as the Queen her predecessor used to do. She smiled upon and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at Court since her last going away, save that infinite crowds of people thronged to see her, and that she went to our prayers. This carriage was censured by many. She seems to be of a good nature, and that she takes nothing to heart: whilst the Prince her husband has a thoughtful countenance, is wonderful serious and silent and seems to treat all persons alike gravely, and to be very intent on affairs: Holland, Ireland, and France calling for his care.

Divers Bishops and Noblemen are not at all satisfied with this so sudden assumption of the Crown, without any previous sending, and offering some conditions to the absent King; or, on his not returning, or not assenting to those conditions, to have proclaimed him Regent; but the major part of both Houses prevailed to make them King and Queen immediately, and a crown was tempting. This was opposed and spoken against with such vehemence by Lord Clarendon (her own uncle),<sup>1</sup> that it put him by all preferment, which must doubtless have been as great as could have been given him. My Lord of Rochester his brother,<sup>2</sup> overshot himself, by the same carriage and stiffness, which their friends thought they might have well spared when they saw how it was like to be overruled, and that it had been sufficient to have declared their dissent with less passion, acquiescing in due time.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and some of the rest, on scruple of conscience and to salve the oaths they had taken, entered

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 231.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 323.]

their protests and hung off, especially the Archbishop, who had not all this while so much as appeared out of Lambeth. This occasioned the wonder of many who observed with what zeal they contributed to the Prince's expedition, and all the while also rejecting any proposals of sending again to the absent King; that they should now raise scruples, and such as created much division among the people, greatly rejoicing the old courtiers, and especially the Papists.

Another objection was, the invalidity of what was done by a Convention only, and the as yet unrevoked laws; this drew them to make themselves on the 22nd [February]<sup>1</sup> a Parliament, the new King passing the Act with the crown on his head. The lawyers disputed, but necessity prevailed, the Government requiring a speedy settlement.

Innumerable were the crowds, who solicited for, and expected offices; most of the old ones were turned out. Two or three white staves were disposed of some days before, as Lord Steward, to the Earl of Devonshire;<sup>2</sup> Treasurer of the Household, to Lord Newport;<sup>3</sup> Lord Chamberlain to the King, to my Lord of Dorset;<sup>4</sup> but there were as yet none in offices of the Civil Government save the Marquis of Halifax as Privy Seal. A council of thirty was chosen, Lord Derby president, but neither Chancellor nor Judges were yet declared, the new Great Seal not yet finished.

*8th March.* Dr. Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, made an excellent discourse on Matt. v. 44, exhorting to charity and forgiveness of enemies; I suppose purposely, the new Parliament being furious about impeaching those who were obnoxious, and as their custom has ever been, going on violently, without reserve, or moderation, whilst wise men were of opinion the most notorious offenders being named and excepted, an Act of Amnesty would be more seasonable, to pacify the minds of men in so general a discontent of the nation, especially of those who did not expect to see the government assumed without any regard to the absent King, or proving a spontaneous abdication, or that

the birth of the Prince of Wales was an imposture; five of the Bishops also still refusing to take the new oath.<sup>1</sup>

In the meantime, to gratify the people, the Hearth-Tax was remitted for ever;<sup>2</sup> but what was intended to supply it, besides present great taxes on land, is not named.

The King abroad was now furnished by the French King with money and officers for an expedition to Ireland. The great neglect in not more timely preventing that from hence, and the disturbances in Scotland, give apprehensions of great difficulties, before any settlement can be perfected here, whilst the Parliament dispose of the great offices amongst themselves. The Great Seal, Treasury and Admiralty put into commission of many unexpected persons, to gratify the more; so that by the present appearance of things (unless God Almighty graciously interpose and give success in Ireland and settle Scotland) more trouble seems to threaten the nation than could be expected. In the interim, the new King refers all to the Parliament in the most popular manner, but is very slow in providing against all these menaces, besides finding difficulties in raising men to send abroad; the former army, which had never seen any service hitherto, receiving their pay and passing their summer in an idle scene of a camp at Hounslow, unwilling to engage, and many disaffected, and scarce to be trusted.

*29th.* The new King much blamed for neglecting Ireland, now like to be ruined by the Lord Tyrconnel and his Popish party, too strong for the Protestants. Wonderful uncertainty where King James was, whether in France or Ireland. The Scots seem as yet to favour King William, rejecting King James's letter to them, yet declaring nothing positively. Soldiers in England discontented. Parliament preparing the coronation-oath. Presbyterians and Dissenters displeased at the vote for preserving the Protestant religion as established by law, without mentioning what they were to have as to indulgence.

The Archbishop of Canterbury<sup>3</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> [Seven bishops refused, *i.e.* Bath and Wells, Chichester, Ely, Gloucester, Norwich, Peterborough, and Worcester, in addition to the Archbishop of Canterbury.]

<sup>2</sup> [1 Gul. and Mar. c. 10.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sancroft.]

<sup>1</sup> [1 Gul. and Mar. c. 1.]    <sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 167.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 210.]    <sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 292.]

four<sup>1</sup> other Bishops refusing to come to Parliament, it was deliberated whether they should incur *Premunire*; but it was thought fit to let this fall, and be connived at, for fear of the people, to whom these Prelates were very dear, for the opposition they had given to Popery.

Court-offices distributed amongst Parliament-men. No considerable fleet as yet sent forth. Things far from settled as was expected, by reason of the slothful, sickly temper of the new King, and the Parliament's unmindfulness of Ireland, which is likely to prove a sad omission.

The Confederates beat the French out of the Palatinate, which they had most barbarously ruined.

11th April. I saw the procession to and from the Abbey-Church of Westminster, with the great feast in Westminster-Hall at the coronation of King William and Queen Mary. What was different from former coronations, was some alteration in the coronation-oath. Dr. Burnet, now made Bishop of Sarum, preached with great applause. The Parliament-men had scaffolds and places which took up one whole side of the Hall. When the King and Queen had dined, the ceremony of the Champion, and other services by tenure were performed. The Parliament-men were feasted in the Exchequer-chamber, and had each of them a gold medal given them, worth five-and-forty shillings. On one side were the effigies of the King and Queen inclining one to the other; on the reverse was Jupiter throwing a bolt at Phaeton, the words, "*Ne totus absumatur*": which was but dull, seeing they might have had out of the poet something as apposite. The sculpture was very mean.

Much of the splendour of the proceeding was abated by the absence of divers who should have contributed to it, there being but five Bishops, four Judges (no more

being yet sworn), and several noblemen and great ladies wanting; the feast, however, was magnificent. The next day the House of Commons went and kissed their new Majesties' hands in the Banqueting-house.

12th. I went with the Bishop of St. Asaph to visit my Lord of Canterbury at Lambeth, who had excused himself from officiating at the coronation, which was performed by the Bishop of London,<sup>1</sup> assisted by the Archbishop of York.<sup>2</sup> We had much private and free discourse with his Grace concerning several things relating to the Church, there being now a bill of comprehension to be brought from the Lords to the Commons. I urged that when they went about to reform some particulars, in the Liturgy, Church discipline, Canons, etc., the baptizing in private houses without necessity might be reformed, as likewise so frequent burials in churches;<sup>3</sup> the one proceeding much from the pride of women, bringing that into custom which was only indulged in case of imminent danger, and out of necessity during the rebellion, and persecution of the clergy in our late civil wars; the other from the avarice of ministers, who, in some opulent parishes, made almost as much of permission to bury in the chancel and the church, as of their livings, and were paid with considerable advantage and gifts for baptizing in chambers. To this they heartily assented, and promised their endeavour to get it reformed, utterly disliking both practices as novel and indecent.

We discoursed likewise of the great disturbance and prejudice it might cause, should the new oath, now on the anvil, be imposed on any, save such as were in new office, without any retrospect to such as either had no office, or had been long in office, who it was likely would have some scruples about taking a new oath, having already sworn fidelity to the government as established by law. This we all knew to be the case of my Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and some other persons who were not so fully satisfied with the Convention making it an abdication of King James, to whom they had sworn allegiance.

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Compton.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Lloyd.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 344 n.]

<sup>1</sup> Burnet names only three besides the Archbishop, namely, Thomas of Worcester, Lake of Chichester, Ken of Bath and Wells. He says (*History of His Own Time*, 1734, ii. pp. 6, 7) that at the first landing of the Prince, Ken "declared heartily for him," and advised all to go to him; but went with great heat into the notion of a Regent. After this, he changed his mind, came to town with intent to take the oaths, but again changed, and never did take them.

King James was now certainly in Ireland,<sup>1</sup> with the Marshal d'Estrades, whom he made a Privy Councillor; and who caused the King to remove the Protestant Councillors, some whereof, it seems, had continued to sit, telling him that the King of France his master would never assist him if he did not immediately do it; by which it is apparent how the poor Prince is managed by the French.

Scotland declares for King William and Queen Mary,<sup>2</sup> with the reasons for their setting aside King James, not as abdicating, but forfeiting his right by mal-administration; they proceeded with much more caution and prudence than we did, who precipitated all things to the great reproach of the nation, all which had been managed by some crafty, ill-principled men. The new Privy Council have a Republican spirit, manifestly undermining all future succession of the crown and prosperity of the Church of England, which yet I hope they will not be able to accomplish so soon as they expect, though they get into all places of trust and profit.

*21st April.* This was one of the most seasonable springs, free from the usual sharp east winds that I have observed since the year 1660 (the year of the Restoration), which was much such an one.

*26th.* I heard the lawyers plead before the Lords the writ of error in the judgment of Oates, as to the charge against him of perjury, which after debate they referred to the answer of Holloway, etc., who were his Judges.<sup>3</sup> I then went with the Bishop of St. Asaph to the Archbishop at Lambeth, where they entered into discourse concerning the final destruction of Antichrist, both concluding that the third trumpet and vial were now pouring out. My Lord St. Asaph considered the killing of the two witnesses, to be the utter destruction of the Cevennes Protestants

by the French and Duke of Savoy, and the other the Waldenses and Pyrenean Christians, who by all appearance from good history had kept the primitive faith from the very Apostles' time till now. The doubt his Grace suggested was, whether it could be made evident that the present persecution had made so great a havoc of those faithful people as of the other, and whether there were not yet some among them in being who met together, it being stated from the text, Apoc. xi., that they should both be slain together. They both much approved of Mr. Mede's<sup>1</sup> way of interpretation, and that he only failed in resolving too hastily on the King of Sweden's (Gustavus Adolphus) success in Germany. They agreed that it would be good to employ some intelligent French minister to travel as far as the Pyrenees to understand the present state of the Church there, it being a country where hardly any one travels.

There now came certain news that King James had not only landed in Ireland, but that he had surprised Londonderry, and was become master of that kingdom, to the great shame of our Government, who had been so often solicited to provide against it by timely succour, and which they might so easily have done. This is a terrible beginning of more troubles, especially should an army come thence into Scotland, people being generally disaffected here and every else, so that the sea and land men would scarce serve without compulsion.

A new oath was now fabricating for all the clergy to take, of obedience to the present Government, in abrogation of the former oaths of allegiance, which it is foreseen many of the Bishops and others of the clergy will not take. The penalty is to be the loss of their dignity and spiritual preferment. This is thought to have been driven on by the Presbyterians, our new governors. God in mercy send us help, and direct the counsels to His glory and good of His Church!

Public matters went very ill in Ireland: confusion and dissension amongst ourselves, stupidity, inconstancy, emulation, the governors employing unskilful men in

<sup>1</sup> [He had landed at Kinsale on the 12th March, entered Dublin March 24, and by the 20th April was besieging Londonderry (see *infra*, 26th April).]

<sup>2</sup> [They were proclaimed on the 11th April.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 373. His judges, with Jeffreys, had been Sir Richard Holloway and Sir Francis Wythens, who attended at the bar of the House of Lords to defend their sentence. Jeffreys had just died in prison, aged forty, 18th April, 1689.]

<sup>1</sup> [Joseph Mede, or Mede, 1586-1638, author of the *Clavis Apocalyptica*.]

greatest offices, no person of public spirit and ability appearing,—threaten us with a very sad prospect of what may be the conclusion, without God's infinite mercy.

A fight by Admiral Herbert with the French,<sup>1</sup> he imprudently setting on them in a creek as they were landing men in Ireland, by which we came off with great slaughter and little honour—so strangely negligent and remiss were we in preparing a timely and sufficient fleet. The Scots Commissioners offer the crown to the *new King and Queen* on conditions.—Act of Poll-money came forth, sparing none.—Now appeared the Act of Indulgence for the Dissenters, but not exempting them paying dues to the Church of England Clergy, or serving in office according to law, with several other clauses.<sup>2</sup>—A most splendid embassy from Holland to congratulate the King and Queen on their accession to the crown.

4th June. A solemn fast for success of the fleet, etc.

6th. I dined with the Bishop of St. Asaph; Monsieur Capellus, the learned son of the most learned Ludovicus, presented to him his father's works, not published till now.

7th. I visited the Archbishop of Canterbury, and staid with him till about seven o'clock. He read to me the Pope's excommunication of the French King.

9th. Visited Dr. Burnet, now Bishop of Sarum; got him to let Mr. Kneller draw his picture.<sup>3</sup>

16th. King James's declaration was now dispersed, offering pardon to all, if on his landing, or within twenty days after, they should return to their obedience.

Our fleet not yet at sea, through some prodigious sloth, and men minding only their present interest; the French riding masters at sea, taking many great prizes to our wonderful reproach. No certain news from Ireland; various reports of Scotland; discontents at home. The King of Den-

mark at last joins with the Confederates, and the two Northern Powers are reconciled. The East India Company likely to be dissolved by Parliament for many arbitrary actions. Oates acquitted of perjury, to all honest men's admiration.<sup>1</sup>

20th. News of a *Plot* discovered, on which divers were sent to the Tower and secured.<sup>2</sup>

23rd. An extraordinary drought, to the threatening of great wants as to the fruits of the earth.

8th July. I sat for my picture to Mr. Kneller, for Mr. Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, holding my *Sylvia* in my right hand.<sup>3</sup> It was on his long and earnest request, and is placed in his library. Kneller never painted in a more masterly manner.

11th. I dined at Lord Clarendon's, it being his lady's wedding-day, when about three in the afternoon there was an unusual and violent storm of thunder, rain, and wind; many boats on the Thames were overwhelmed, and such was the impetuosity of the wind as to carry up the waves in pillars and spouts most dreadful to behold, rooting up trees and ruining some houses. The Countess of Sunderland afterwards told me that it extended as far as Althorp at the very time, which is seventy miles from London. It did no harm at Deptford, but at Greenwich it did much mischief.

16th. I went to Hampton Court about business, the Council being there. A great apartment and spacious garden with fountains was beginning in the park at the head of the canal.<sup>4</sup>

19th. The Marshal de Schomberg<sup>5</sup> went now as General towards Ireland, to the relief of Londonderry. Our fleet lie

<sup>1</sup> ["Admiration" must here mean "astonishment." He was released from prison on the prorogation of Parliament (20th August), "and obtained from the King [William III.], at the earnest request of his faithful Commons, a pension of five pounds a week" (Seccombe's "Titus Oates," in *Twelve Bad Men*, 1894, 147).]

<sup>2</sup> Lords Peterborough, Salisbury, Castlemaine, Sir Edward Hales, and Obadiah Walker.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 382. This must have been a second picture.]

<sup>4</sup> [What is called Fountain Court and the eastern frontage, was now added by Sir Christopher Wren.]

<sup>5</sup> [Armand Frederick, Duke of Schomberg, 1619-90.]

<sup>1</sup> [May 1, in Bantry Bay. "As they [the French] came out of Bantry Bay, Herbert engaged them. The wind was against him: So that it was not possible for the greatest part of the Fleet to come up, and enter into action: And so those who engaged were forced to retire with some disadvantage" (Burnet's *History of His Own Time*, 1734, ii. 20).]

<sup>2</sup> [The Toleration Act (1 Gul. and Mar. c. 18), 24th May, 1689.]

<sup>3</sup> [Kneller's picture of Burnet is dated 1693.]

before Brest. The Confederates passing the Rhine, besiege Bonn and Mayence, to obtain a passage into France. A great victory got by the Muscovites, taking and burning Perecop. A new rebel against the Turks threatens the destruction of that tyranny. All Europe in arms against France, and hardly to be found in history so universal a face of war.

The Convention (or Parliament as some called it) sitting, exempt the Duke of Hanover from the succession to the crown, which they seem to confine to the present new King, his wife, and Princess Anne of Denmark, who is so monstrously swollen, that it's doubted whether her being thought with child may prove a *tympany* only, so that the unhappy family of the Stuarts seems to be extinguishing; and then what government is likely to be next set up is unknown, whether regal and by election, or otherwise, the Republicans and Dissenters from the Church of England evidently looking that way.

The Scots have now again voted down Episcopacy there. — Great discontents through this nation at the slow proceedings of the King, and the incompetent instruments and officers he advances to the greatest and most necessary charges.

23<sup>rd</sup> August. Came to visit me Mr. Firmin.<sup>1</sup>

25<sup>th</sup>. Hitherto it has been a most seasonable summer. — Londonderry relieved after a brave and wonderful holding out.<sup>2</sup>

21<sup>st</sup> September. I went to visit the Archbishop of Canterbury since his suspension, and was received with great kindness. — A dreadful fire happened in Southwark.

2<sup>nd</sup> October. Came to visit us the Marquis de Ruigny,<sup>3</sup> and one Monsieur le Coque, a French refugee, who left great riches for his religion; a very learned, civil person: he married the sister of

the Duchess de la Force. — Ottoboni, a Venetian Cardinal, eighty years old, made Pope.<sup>1</sup>

31<sup>st</sup>. My birthday, being now sixty-nine years old. Blessed Father, who has prolonged my years to this great age, and given me to see so great and wonderful revolutions, and preserved me amidst them to this moment, accept, I beseech thee, the continuance of my prayers and thankful acknowledgments, and grant me grace to be working out my salvation and redeeming the time, that Thou mayst be glorified by me here, and my immortal soul saved whenever Thou shalt call for it, to perpetuate Thy praises to all eternity, in that heavenly kingdom where there are no more changes or vicissitudes, but rest, and peace, and joy, and consummate felicity, for ever. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for the sake of Jesus thine only Son and our Saviour. Amen!

5<sup>th</sup> November. The Bishop of St. Asaph,<sup>2</sup> Lord-Almoner, preached before the King and Queen, the whole discourse being an historical narrative of the Church of England's several deliverances, especially that of this anniversary, signalised by being also the birthday of the Prince of Orange, his marriage (which was on the 4<sup>th</sup>), and his landing at Torbay this day. There was a splendid ball and other rejoicings.

10<sup>th</sup>. After a very wet season, the winter came on severely.

17<sup>th</sup>. Much wet, without frost, yet the wind north and easterly. — A Convocation of the Clergy meet about a reformation of our Liturgy, Canons, etc., obstructed by others of the clergy.

27<sup>th</sup>. I went to London with my family, to winter at Soho, in the great square.

1689-90: 11<sup>th</sup> January. This night there was a most extraordinary storm of wind, accompanied with snow and sharp weather; it did great harm in many places, blowing down houses, trees, etc., killing many people. It began about two in the morning, and lasted till five, being a kind of hurricane, which mariners observe have begun of late years to come northward.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Firmin, 1632-97. He was a man of the most amiable character, and unbounded charity: a great friend of Sir Robert Clayton, who, after his death, erected a monument for him in a walk which he had formed at Sir Robert's seat at Marden, in Surrey. He was very fond of gardens, and so far of a congenial spirit with Mr. Evelyn; and though Unitarian in creed, he lived in intimacy with many of the most eminent clergy. His life was printed in a small volume. There is more of him in Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, vol. ii. pp. 804, 805.

<sup>2</sup> [By Major-General Kirke on July 30 (see *ante*, p. 415).]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 392.]

<sup>1</sup> Peter Ottoboni succeeded Innocent XI. as Pope, October 6, 1689, by the title of Alexander VIII.

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Lloyd.]

This winter has been hitherto extremely wet, warm, and windy.

12th January. There was read at St. Ann's Church an exhortatory letter to the clergy of London from the Bishop, together with a Brief for relieving the distressed Protestants, the Vaudois, who fled from the persecution of the French and Duke of Savoy, to the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland.

The Parliament was unexpectedly prorogued to 2nd April, to the discontent and surprise of many members who, being exceedingly averse to the settling of anything, proceeding with animosities, multiplying exceptions against those whom they pronounced obnoxious, and producing as universal a discontent against King William and themselves, as there was before against King James.—The new King resolved on an expedition into Ireland in person. About 150 of the members who were of the more royal party, meeting at a feast at the Apollo Tavern near St. Dunstan's,<sup>1</sup> sent some of their company to the King, to assure him of their service; he returned his thanks, advising them to repair to their several counties and preserve the peace during his absence, and assuring them that he would be steady to his resolution of defending the Laws and Religion established.—The great Lord suspected to have counselled this prorogation, universally denied it. However, it was believed the chief adviser was the Marquis of Carmarthen,<sup>2</sup> who now seemed to be most in favour.

2nd February. The Parliament was dissolved by proclamation, and another called to meet the 20th of March. This was a second surprise to the former members; and now the Court-party, or, as they call themselves, Church of England, are making their interests in the country. The Marquis of Halifax<sup>3</sup> lays down his office of Privy Seal, and pretends to retire.

16th. The Duchess of Monmouth's

chaplain preached at St. Martin's an excellent discourse, exhorting to peace and sanctity, it being now the time of very great division and dissension in the nation; first, amongst the Churchmen, of whom the moderate and sober part were for a speedy reformation of divers things, which it was thought might be made in our Liturgy, for the inviting of Dissenters; others more stiff and rigid, were for no condescension at all. Books and pamphlets were published every day *pro* and *con.*; the Convocation were forced for the present to suspend any further progress.—There was fierce and great carousing about being elected in the new Parliament.—The King persists in his intention of going in person for Ireland, whither the French are sending supplies to King James, and we, the Danish horse to Schomberg.

19th. I dined with the Marquis of Carmarthen (late Lord Danby), where was Lieutenant-General Douglas, a ~~very~~ considerate and sober commander, going for Ireland. He related to us the exceeding neglect of the English soldiers, suffering severely for want of clothes and necessities this winter, exceedingly magnifying their courage and bravery during all their hardships. There dined also Lord Lucas, Lieutenant of the Tower, and the Bishop of St. Asaph.—The Privy Seal was again put in commission, Mr. Cheyne<sup>1</sup> (who married my kinswoman, Mrs. Pierrepont), Sir Thomas Knatchbull, and Sir P. W. Pulteney.—The imprudence of both sexes was now become so great and universal, persons of all ranks keeping their courtesans publicly, that the King had lately directed a letter to the Bishops to order their clergy to preach against that sin, swearing, etc., and to put the ecclesiastical laws in execution without any indulgence.

25th. I went to Kensington,<sup>2</sup> which King William had bought of Lord Nottingham, and altered, but was yet a patched building, but with the garden, however, it is a very sweet villa, having to

<sup>1</sup> [The Apollo, or Devil Tavern, which once stood between Temple Bar and the Middle Temple Gate. The Royal Society sometimes adjourned to it after meeting at Arundel House (cf. Pepys' *Diary*, 22nd October, 1668).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 157. Danby had been made Marquis of Carmarthen in 1689.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 224. The Marquis of Halifax was Lord Privy Seal, 1689-90.]

<sup>1</sup> [Son of Charles Lord Viscount Cheyne, *d.* 1698 (see *post*, under 13th May, 1692).]

<sup>2</sup> [King William fixed upon Kensington because, being obliged to select a residence near London, he could at any time ride readily to his country house at Hampton. He bought it of the second Earl of Nottingham for 18,000 guineas, and had it altered by Wren, who added the higher story.]



it the park and a straight new way through this park.

7th March. I dined with Mr. Pepys, late Secretary to the Admiralty, where was that excellent shipwright and seaman (for so he had been, and also a Commissioner of the Navy), Sir Anthony Deane.<sup>1</sup> Amongst other discourse, and deploring the sad condition of our navy, as now governed by inexperienced men since this Revolution, he mentioned what exceeding advantage we of this nation had by being the first who built frigates, the first of which ever built was that vessel which was afterwards called the *Constant Warwick*, and was the work of Pett<sup>2</sup> of Chatham, for a trial of making a vessel that would sail swiftly; it was built with low decks, the guns lying near the water, and was so light and swift of sailing, that in a short time he told us she had, ere the Dutch war was ended, taken as much money from privateers as would have laden her; and that more such being built, did in a year or two scour the Channel from those of Dunkirk and others which had exceedingly infested it. He added that it would be the best and only infallible expedient to be masters of the sea, and able to destroy the greatest navy of any enemy if, instead of building huge great ships and second and third rates, they would leave off building such high decks, which were for nothing but to gratify gentlemen-commanders, who must have all their effeminate accommodations, and for pomp; that it would be the ruin of our fleets, if such persons were continued in command, they neither having experience nor being capable of learning, because they would not submit to the fatigue and inconvenience which those who were bred seamen would undergo, in those so otherwise useful swift frigates. These being to encounter the greatest ships would be able to protect, set on, and bring off, those who should manage the fire-ships; and the Prince who should first

store himself with numbers of such fire-ships would, through the help and countenance of such frigates, be able to ruin the greatest force of such vast ships as could be sent to sea, by the dexterity of working those light, swift ships to guard the fire-ships. He concluded there would shortly be no other method of sea-fight; and that great ships and men-of-war, however stored with guns and men, must submit to those who should encounter them with far less number. He represented to us the dreadful effect of these fire-ships; that he continually observed in our late maritime war with the Dutch that, when an enemy's fire-ship approached, the most valiant commander and common sailors were in such consternation, that though then, of all times, there was most need of the guns, bombs, etc., to keep the mischief off, they grew pale and astonished, as if of a quite other mean soul, that they slunk about, forsook their guns and work as if in despair, every one looking about to see which way they might get out of their ship, though sure to be drowned if they did so. This he said was likely to prove hereafter the method of sea-fight, likely to be the misfortune of England if they continued to put gentlemen-commanders over experienced seamen, on account of their ignorance, effeminacy, and insolence.

9th March. Preached at Whitehall Dr. Burnet, late Bishop of Sarum,<sup>1</sup> on Heb. iv. 13, anatomically describing the texture of the eye; and that, as it received such innumerable sorts of spics through so very small a passage to the brain, and that without the least confusion or trouble, and accordingly judged and reflected on them; so God who made this sensory, did with the greatest ease and at once see all that was done through the vast universe, even to the very thought as well as action. This similitude he continued with much perspicuity and aptness; and applied it accordingly, for the admonishing us how uprightly we ought to live and behave ourselves before such an all-seeing Deity; and how we were to conceive of other His attributes, which we could have no idea of than by comparing them by what we were

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 339.]

<sup>2</sup> [Peter Pett (see ante, p. 11). "*The Constant Warwick*, says Pepys, was the first frigate built in England. She was built in 1649 by Mr. Peter Pett for a privateer for the Earl of Warwick, and was sold by him to the States. Mr. Pett took his model of a frigate from a French frigate, which he had seen in the Thames, as his son Sir Phineas Pett acknowledged to me" (Dew's *Deptford*, 1884, pp. 220-21).]

<sup>1</sup> [He was Bishop of Salisbury until his death; Evelyn must mean that he had lately been made Bishop (1689).]

able to conceive of the nature and power of things, which were the objects of our senses; and therefore it was that in Scripture we attribute those actions and affections of God by the same of man, not as adequately or in any proportion like them, but as the only expedient to make some resemblance of His divine perfections; as when the Scripture says, "God will remember the sins of the penitent no more": not as if God could forget anything, but as intimating he would pass by such penitents and receive them to mercy.

I dined at the Bishop of St. Asaph's, Almoner to the new Queen, with the famous lawyer Sir George Mackenzie (late Lord-Advocate of Scotland), against whom both the Bishop and myself had written and published books, but now most friendly reconciled.<sup>1</sup> He related to us many particulars of Scotland, the present sad condition of it, the inveterate hatred which the Presbyterians show to the family of the Stuarts, and the exceeding tyranny of those bigots who acknowledge no superior on earth, in civil or divine matters, maintaining that the people only have the right of government; their implacable hatred to the Episcopal Order and Church of England. He observed that the first Presbyter-dissents from our discipline were introduced by the Jesuits' order, about the 20 of Queen Eliz., a famous Jesuit amongst them feigning himself a Protestant, and who was the first who began to pray extempore, and brought in that which they since called, and are still so fond of, praying by the Spirit. This Jesuit remained many years before he was discovered, afterwards died in Scotland, where he was buried at . . . having yet on his monument, "*Rosa inter spinas*."

11th March. I went again to see Mr. Charlton's curiosities,<sup>2</sup> both of art and nature, and his full and rare collection of medals, which taken altogether, in all kinds, is doubtless one of the most perfect assemblages of rarities that can be anywhere seen. I much admired the contortions of the Thea root, which was so perplexed, large, and

intricate, and withal hard as box, that it was wonderful to consider.—The French have landed in Ireland.<sup>1</sup>

16th. A public fast.

24th May. City charter restored.<sup>2</sup> Divers exempted from pardon.

4th June. King William set forth on his Irish expedition, leaving the Queen regent.

10th. Mr. Pepys read to me his Remonstrance, showing with what malice and injustice he was suspected with Sir Anthony Deane about the timber, of which the thirty ships were built by a late Act of Parliament,<sup>3</sup> with the exceeding danger which the fleet would shortly be in, by reason of the tyranny and incompetency of those who now managed the Admiralty and affairs of the Navy, of which he gave an accurate state, and showed his great ability.

18th. Fast day. Visited the Bishop of St. Asaph; his conversation was on the Vaudois in Savoy, who had been thought so near destruction and final extirpation by the French, being totally given up to slaughter, so that there were no hopes for them; but now it pleased God that the Duke of Savoy, who had hitherto joined with the French in their persecution, being now pressed by them to deliver up Saluzzo and Turin as cautionary towns, on suspicion that he might at last come into the Confederacy of the German Princes, did secretly concert measures with, and afterwards declared for, them. He then invited these poor people from their dispersion amongst the mountains whither they had fled, and restored them to their country, their dwellings, and the exercise of their religion, and begged pardon for the ill-usage they had received, charging it on the cruelty of the French who forced him to it. These being the remainder of those persecuted Christians which the Bishop of St. Asaph had so long affirmed to be the two witnesses spoken of in the Revelation, who should be killed and brought to life

<sup>1</sup> [Under the Duke de Lauzun.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 347.]

<sup>3</sup> Sir George, as we have seen, had written in praise of a private Life, which Mr. Evelyn answered by a book in praise of Public Employment, and an Active Life (see ante, p. 254).

<sup>2</sup> See ante, p. 395.

<sup>3</sup> [There is much about these thirty ships in Pepys's *Memoires Relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England*, 1690, of which a reprint, with a Preface by Dr. Tanner, has recently been added to the "Tudor and Stuart Library" (Clarendon Press).]

again, it was looked on as an extraordinary thing that this prophesying Bishop should persuade two fugitive ministers of the Vaudois<sup>1</sup> to return to their country, and furnish them with £20 towards their journey, at that very time when nothing but universal destruction was to be expected, assuring them and showing them from the Apocalypse, that their countrymen should be returned safely to their country before they arrived. This happening contrary to all expectation and appearance, did exceedingly credit the Bishop's confidence how that prophecy of the witnesses should come to pass, just at the time, and the very month, he had spoken of some years before.

I afterwards went with him to Mr. Boyle and Lady Ranelagh his sister, to whom he explained the necessity of it so fully, and so learnedly made out, with what events were immediately to follow, viz. the French King's ruin, the calling of the Jews to be near at hand, but that the Kingdom of Antichrist would not yet be utterly destroyed till 30 years, when Christ should begin the Millennium, not as personally and visibly reigning on earth, but that the true religion and universal peace should obtain through all the world. He showed how Mr. Brightman,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Mede,<sup>3</sup> and other interpreters of these events failed, by mistaking and reckoning the year as the Latins and others did, to consist of the present calculation, so many days to the year, whereas the Apocalypse reckons after the Persian account, as Daniel did, whose visions St. John all along explains as meaning only the Christian Church.

24th June. Dined with Mr. Pepys, who the next day was sent to the Gate-house,<sup>4</sup> and several great persons to the Tower, on suspicion of being affected to King

James; amongst them was the Earl of Clarendon, the Queen's uncle. King William having vanquished King James in Ireland,<sup>1</sup> there was much public rejoicing. It seems the Irish in King James's army would not stand, but the English-Irish and French made great resistance. Schomberg was slain, and Dr. Walker, who so bravely defended Londonderry.<sup>2</sup> King William received a slight wound by the grazing of a cannon bullet on his shoulder, which he endured with very little interruption of his pursuit. Hamilton, who broke his word about Tyrconnel, was taken.<sup>3</sup> It is reported that King James is gone back to France.<sup>4</sup> Drogheda and Dublin surrendered, and if King William be returning, we may say of him as Cæsar said, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" But to alloy much of this, the French fleet rides in our channel, ours not daring to interpose, and the enemy threatening to land.

27th. I went to some friends in the Tower, when asking for Lord Clarendon,<sup>5</sup> they by mistake directed me to the Earl of Torrington,<sup>6</sup> who about three days before had been sent for from the fleet, and put into the Tower for cowardice and not fighting the French fleet, which having beaten a squadron of the Hollanders, whilst Torrington did nothing, did now ride masters of the sea, threatening a descent.

20th July. This afternoon a camp of

<sup>1</sup> [At the Battle of the Boyne, July 1.]

<sup>2</sup> George Walker, 1618-90, an Irish clergyman, who, after successfully defending Protestant Londonderry against the Popish army under James II., accompanied William III. during his decisive campaign. He published a narrative of the Siege of Derry.

<sup>3</sup> [General Richard Hamilton. He had been despatched by William III. with offers to the Irish Catholics, and deserted to Tyrconnel (Burnet, *History of His Own Time*, 1723, i. p. 808). He was captured at the Battle of the Boyne, sent to the Tower, and afterwards rejoined James in France.]

<sup>4</sup> [He embarked at Waterford for that country.]

<sup>5</sup> [See above 24th June.]

<sup>6</sup> Admiral Arthur Herbert, 1647-1716, grandson of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury. In 1689, William raised him to the Peerage for his eminent naval services, with the titles of Baron Torbay and Earl of Torrington; but not succeeding against the French fleet near Beachy Head, he was sent to the Tower, tried by a Court-martial, and, though acquitted, never again employed (see *ante*, pp. 400 and 416).

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 415.

<sup>2</sup> [Thomas Brightman, 1562-1607. He wrote a treatise on the Apocalypse, which was published after his death.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 415.]

<sup>4</sup> Pepys had already undergone an imprisonment, with perhaps just as much reason as the present, on the absurd accusation of having sent information to the French Court of the state of the English navy (see *ante*, p. 318). [On this occasion, he found bail, and was soon permitted to return home on account of ill-health (see *infra*, 30th July).]

about 4000 men was begun to be formed on Blackheath.

30<sup>th</sup> July. I dined with Mr. Pepys, now suffered to return to his house,<sup>1</sup> on account of indisposition.

1<sup>st</sup> August. The Duke of Grafton<sup>2</sup> came to visit me, going to his ship at the mouth of the river, in his way to Ireland (where he was slain).

3<sup>rd</sup>. The French landed some soldiers at Teignmouth,<sup>3</sup> in Devon, and burned some poor houses.—The French fleet still hovering about the western coast, and we having 300 sail of rich merchant-ships in the bay of Plymouth, our fleet begin to move towards them, under three admirals. The country in the west all on their guard.—A very extraordinary fine season; but on the 12<sup>th</sup> was a very great storm of thunder and lightning, and on the 15<sup>th</sup> the season much changed to wet and cold.—The militia and trained bands, horse and foot, which were up through England, were dismissed.—The French King having news that King William was slain, and his army defeated in Ireland, caused such a triumph at Paris, and all over France, as was never heard of; when, in the midst of it, the unhappy King James being vanquished, by a speedy flight and escape, himself brought the news of his own defeat.

15<sup>th</sup>. I was desired to be one of the bail of the Earl of Clarendon,<sup>4</sup> for his release from the Tower, with divers noblemen. The Bishop of St. Asaph expounds his prophecies to me and Mr. Pepys, etc. The troops from Blackheath march to Portsmouth.—That sweet and hopeful youth, Sir Charles Tuke,<sup>5</sup> died of the wounds he received in the fight of the Boyne, to the great sorrow of all his friends, being (I think) the last male of that family, to which my wife is related. A more virtuous young gentleman I never knew; he was learned for his age, having

had the advantage of the choicest breeding abroad, both as to arts and arms; he had travelled much, but was so unhappy as to fall in the side of the unfortunate King.

The unseasonable and most tempestuous weather happening, the naval expedition is hindered, and the extremity of wet causes the siege of Limerick to be raised,<sup>1</sup> King William returned to England.—Lord Sidney<sup>2</sup> left Governor of what is conquered in Ireland, which is near in three parts [in four].

17<sup>th</sup>. A public fast.—An extraordinary sharp, cold, east wind.

12<sup>th</sup> October. The French General, with Tyrconnel and their forces, gone back to France, beaten out by King William.—Cork delivered on discretion.<sup>3</sup> The Duke of Grafton was there mortally wounded and dies.<sup>4</sup>—Very great storms of wind. The 8<sup>th</sup> of this month Lord Spencer wrote me word from Althorp, that there happened an earthquake the day before in the morning, which, though short, sensibly, shook the house. The Gazette acquainted us that the like happened at the same time, half-past seven, at Barnstaple, Holyhead, and Dublin. We were not sensible of it here.

26<sup>th</sup>. Kinsale at last surrendered,<sup>5</sup> meantime King James's party burn all the houses they have in their power, and amongst them that stately palace of Lord Ossory's, which lately cost, as reported, £40,000. By a disastrous accident, a third-rate ship, the *Breda*, blew up and destroyed all on board; in it were twenty-five prisoners of war. She was to have sailed for England the next day.

3<sup>rd</sup> November. Went to the Countess of Clancarty,<sup>6</sup> to condole with her concerning her debauched and dissolute son, who had done so much mischief in Ireland, now taken and brought prisoner to the Tower.

<sup>1</sup> [In York Buildings—"to the care (says Professor Gregory Smith) of Mrs. Fane, his estimable but bitter-tongued housekeeper" (Globe *Pepys*, 1905, xxii.).]

<sup>2</sup> Henry Fitzroy, second natural son of Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland (see *ante*, p. 288). The Duke, who was a volunteer, was mortally wounded in the assault at the siege of Cork by Marlborough in September (see *post*, under 12<sup>th</sup> October).

<sup>3</sup> [July 23.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 421. He was released August 15.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 279.]

<sup>1</sup> [On August 30.]

<sup>2</sup> Henry Sidney, 1641-1704, youngest brother of Robert, second Earl of Leicester; created in 1689 Viscount Sidney, and in 1694 Earl of Romney.

<sup>3</sup> [September 28.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, under 1<sup>st</sup> August. He died October 9.]

<sup>5</sup> [On October 5.]

<sup>6</sup> Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare. Her son, the third Earl, for the services he had rendered James II., forfeited in the reign of his successor the whole of his vast estates (see *ante*, p. 405).

16th November. Exceeding great storms, yet a warm season.

23rd. Carried Mr. Pepys's memorials to Lord Godolphin, now resuming the commission of the Treasury to the wonder of all his friends.

1st December. Having been chosen President of the Royal Society, I desired to decline it, and with great difficulty devolved the election on Sir Robert Southwell, Secretary of State to King William in Ireland.<sup>1</sup>

20th. Dr. Hough,<sup>2</sup> President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who was displaced with several of the Fellows for not taking the oath imposed by King James, now made a Bishop.—Most of this month cold and frost.—One Johnson, a Knight, was executed at Tyburn for being an accomplice with Campbell, brother to Lord Argyll, in stealing a young heiress.

1690-1: 4th January. This week a plot was discovered for a general rising against the new Government, for which (Henry) Lord Clarendon and others were sent to the Tower. The next day, I went to see Lord Clarendon.<sup>3</sup> The Bishop of Ely<sup>4</sup> searched for.—Trial of Lord Preston, as not being an English Peer, hastened at the Old Bailey.

18th. Lord Preston condemned about a design to bring in King James by the French.<sup>5</sup> Ashton executed.<sup>6</sup> The Bishop of Ely, Mr. Graham,<sup>7</sup> etc., absconded.

13th March. I went to visit Monsieur Justel<sup>8</sup> and the library at St. James's, in which that learned man had put the MSS. (which were in good number) into excellent order, they having lain neglected for

many years. Divers medals had been stolen and embezzled.

21st. Dined at Sir William Fermor's,<sup>1</sup> who showed me many good pictures. After dinner, a French servant played rarely on the lute. Sir William had now bought all the remaining statues collected with so much expense by the famous Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and sent them to his seat at Easton, near Towcester.<sup>2</sup>

25th. Lord Sidney, principal Secretary of State, gave me a letter to Lord Lucas, Lieutenant of the Tower, to permit me to visit Lord Clarendon; which this day I did, and dined with him.<sup>3</sup>

10th April. This night a sudden and terrible fire burnt down all the buildings over the stone-gallery at Whitehall to the water-side, beginning at the apartment of the late Duchess of Portsmouth (which had been pulled down and rebuilt no less than three times to please her), and consuming other lodgings of such lewd creatures, who debauched both King Charles II. and others, and were his destruction.<sup>4</sup>

The King returned out of Holland just as this accident happened.—Proclamation against Papists, etc.

16th. I went to see Dr. Sloane's curiosities,<sup>5</sup> being a universal collection of the natural productions of Jamaica, consisting of plants, fruits, corals, minerals, stones, earth, shells, animals, and insects, collected with great judgment; several folios of dried plants, and one which had about

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 318.]

<sup>2</sup> They are now at Oxford, having been presented to the University in 1755 by Henrietta, Countess-Dowager of Pomfret, widow of Thomas, the first Earl.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, under 4th January.]

<sup>4</sup> [In Sir John Bramston's *Autobiography* (Camden Society), 1845, p. 365, this is confirmed. "On the 9th of April [1691] a fier hapned in White Hall which burnt downe the fine lodgeings built for the Dutches of Portsmouth at the end of the longe gallery, and severall lodgeings, and that gallerie" (see *ante*, p. 302).]

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Sloane, 1660-1753, better known as Sir Hans Sloane, having been created a Baronet by George I., was an eminent physician and naturalist, Physician-general to the Army, Physician in Ordinary to the King, and in 1727-41 President of the Royal Society. [He wrote a *Natural History of Jamaica*, 1707-1735.] His monument may be seen in the churchyard of St. Luke's, Chelsea, near the river. His extensive museum and library were purchased for £20,000, and transferred to the British Museum.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 209.]

<sup>2</sup> Dr. John Hough, 1651-1743. In 1699, he was translated to Lichfield and Coventry; in 1717, he became Bishop of Worcester, which he held until his death.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 422.]

<sup>4</sup> Dr. Turner, who, though one of the six Bishops sent to the Tower for the petition to the King, had declined taking the oaths to William and Mary.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 397. He had been formerly Secretary of State in succession to Sunderland, *ante*, p. 407. He was supposed to have saved himself by important disclosures.]

<sup>6</sup> [John Ashton, Clerk of the Closet to Mary of Modena, was hanged at Tyburn, January 28, for conspiring to restore James II.]

<sup>7</sup> [See *post*, under 6th April, 1696.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 356.]

80 several sorts of ferns, and another of grasses; the Jamaica pepper, in branch, leaves, flower, fruit, etc. This collection, with his Journal and other philosophical and natural discourses and observations, indeed very copious and extraordinary, sufficient to furnish a history of that island, to which I encouraged him.

19th April. The Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishops of Ely, Bath and Wells, Peterborough, Gloucester, and the rest who would not take the oaths to King William, were now displaced; and, in their rooms, Dr. Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's, was made Archbishop;<sup>1</sup> Patrick removed from Chichester to Ely;<sup>2</sup> Cumberland<sup>3</sup> to Gloucester.

22nd. I dined with Lord Clarendon in the Tower.

24th. I visited the Earl and Countess of Sunderland, now come to kiss the King's hand, after his return from Holland. This is a mystery. The King preparing to return to the army.

7th May. I went to visit the Archbishop of Canterbury [Sanicroft] yet at Lambeth. I found him alone, and discoursing of the times, especially of the new designed Bishops; he told me that by no canon or divine law they could justify the removing the present incumbents; that Dr. Beveridge, designed Bishop of Bath and Wells, came to ask his advice; that the Archbishop told him, though he should give it, he believed he would not take it; the Doctor said he would; why then, says the Archbishop, when they come to ask, say *Nolo*, and say it from the heart; there is nothing easier than to resolve yourself what is to be done in the case: the Doctor seemed to deliberate. What he will do I know not, but Bishop Ken, who is to be put out, is exceedingly beloved in his diocese; and, if he and the rest should insist on it, and plead their interests as freeholders, it is believed there would be difficulty in their case, and it may endanger a schism and much disturbance, so as wise men think it had been better to have let them alone, than to have proceeded with

this rigour to turn them out for refusing to swear against their consciences. I asked at parting, when his Grace removed; he said that he had not yet received any summons, but I found the house altogether disfurnished, and his books packing up.

1st June. I went with my son, and brother-in-law, Glanville,<sup>1</sup> and his son to Wotton, to solemnise the funeral of my nephew;<sup>2</sup> which was performed the next day very decently and orderly by the herald, in the afternoon, a very great appearance of the country being there. I was the chief mourner; the pall was held by Sir Francis Vincent, Sir Richard Onslow, Mr. Thomas Howard (son to Sir Robert, and Captain of the King's Guard), Mr. Hildeyard, Mr. James, Mr. Herbert, nephew to Lord Herbert of Chisbury, and cousin-german to my deceased nephew. He was laid in the vault at Wotton church, in the burying-place of the family. A great concourse of coaches and people accompanied the solemnity.

10th. I went to visit Lord Clarendon, still prisoner in the Tower, though Lord Preston being pardon'd was released.<sup>3</sup>

17th. A fast.

11th July. I dined with Mr. Pepys, where was Dr. Cumberland, the new Bishop of Norwich;<sup>4</sup> Dr. Lloyd having been put out for not acknowledging the Government. Cumberland is a very learned, excellent man.—Possession was now given to Dr. Tillotson, at Lambeth, by the Sheriff; Archbishop Sanicroft was gone, but had left his nephew to keep possession; and he refusing to deliver it up on the Queen's message, was dispossessed by the Sheriff, and imprisoned. This stout demeanour of the few Bishops who refused to take the oaths to King William, animated a great party to forsake the churches, so as to threaten a schism; though those who looked further into the ancient practice, found that when (as formerly) there were

<sup>1</sup> [William Glanville, husband of Evelyn's sister Jane (see *ante*, p. 145; and *post*, under 12th April, 1702).]

<sup>2</sup> [John Evelyn, the son of George Evelyn of Wotton.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 423.]

<sup>1</sup> [31st May.] <sup>2</sup> [2nd July.]  
<sup>3</sup> A mistake. Dr. Edward Fowler, prebendary of Gloucester, was made Bishop of Gloucester in the place of Dr. Robert Frampton, deprived in 1691 for not taking the oaths.

<sup>4</sup> A mistake. Dr. Richard Cumberland, rector of All Saints, Stamford, was made Bishop of Peterborough, 5th July, and Dr. John Moore, prebendary of Norwich, succeeded Dr. Lloyd in the see of Norwich.

Bishops displaced on secular accounts, the people never refused to acknowledge the new Bishops provided they were not heretics. The truth is, the whole clergy had till now stretched the duty of passive obedience, so that the proceedings against these Bishops gave no little occasion of exceptions; but this not amounting to heresy, there was a necessity of receiving the new Bishops, to prevent a failure of that order in the Church. —I went to visit Lord Clarendon in the Tower, but he was gone into the country for air by the Queen's permission, under the care of his warden.

18th July. To London to hear Mr. Stringfellow preach his first sermon in the new-erected church of Trinity, in Conduit Street; to which I did recommend him to Dr. Tenison for the constant preacher and lecturer. This church, formerly built of timber on Hounslow Heath by King James for the mass-priests, being begged by Dr. Tenison, rector of St. Martin's, was set up by that public-minded, charitable, and pious man near my son's dwelling in Dover Street, chiefly at the charge of the Doctor. I know him to be an excellent preacher and a fit person. This church, though erected in St. Martin's, which is the Doctor's parish, he was not only content, but was the sole industrious mover, that it should be made a separate parish, in regard of the neighbourhood having become so populous. Wherefore to countenance and introduce the new minister, and take possession of a gallery designed for my son's family, I went to London, where,

19th, in the morning Dr. Tenison preached the first sermon, taking his text from Psalm xxvi. 8: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth." In concluding, he gave that this should be made a parish-church so soon as the Parliament sate, and was to be dedicated to the Holy Trinity,<sup>1</sup> in honour of the three undivided Persons in the Deity; and he minded them to attend to that faith of the Church, now

<sup>1</sup> This was never made a parish church, but still remains a chapel, and is private property. But, under the Act for building fifty new churches, one was built in the street between Conduit Street and Hanover Square, the first stone being laid 20th June, 1712; it was dedicated to St. George, and part of St. Martin's was made a separate parish, now called St. George's, Hanover Square.

especially that Arianism, Socinianism, and Atheism began to spread amongst us. —In the afternoon, Mr. Stringfellow preached on Luke vii. 5, "The centurion who had built a synagogue." He proceeded to the due praise of persons of such public spirit, and thence to such a character of pious benefactors in the person of the generous centurion, as was comprehensive of all the virtues of an accomplished Christian, in a style so full, eloquent, and moving, that I never heard a sermon more apposite to the occasion. He modestly insinuated the obligation they had to that person who should be the author and promoter of such public works for the benefit of mankind, especially to the advantage of religion, such as building and endowing churches, hospitals, libraries, schools, procuring the best editions of useful books, by which he handsomely intimated who it was that had been so exemplary for his benefaction to that place. Indeed, that excellent person, Dr. Tenison, had also erected and furnished a public library<sup>1</sup> [in St. Martin's]; and set up two or three free-schools at his own charges. Besides this, he was of an exemplary holy life, took great pains in constantly preaching, and incessantly employing himself to promote the service of God both in public and private. I never knew a man of a more universal and generous spirit, with so much modesty, prudence, and piety.

The great victory of King William's army in Ireland was looked on as decisive of that war.<sup>2</sup> The French General, St. Ruth, who had been so cruel to the poor Protestants in France, was slain, with divers of the best commanders; nor was it cheap to us, having 1000 killed, but of the enemy 4 or 5000.

26th. An extraordinary hot season, yet refreshed by some thunder-showers.

28th. I went to Wotton.

2nd August. No sermon in the church in the afternoon, and the curacy ill-served.

16th. A sermon by the curate; an honest discourse, but read without any spirit, or seeming concern; a great fault in the education of young preachers. — Great thunder and lightning on Thursday.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 357.

<sup>2</sup> [The Battle of Aghrim, July 12, in which Godart van Ginkell defeated St. Ruth.]

but the rain and wind very violent.—Our fleet come in to lay up the great ships; nothing done at sea, pretending that we cannot meet the French.

13<sup>th</sup> September. A great storm at sea; we lost the *Coronation* and *Harwich*, above 600 men perishing.

14<sup>th</sup> October. A most pleasing autumn. Our navy come in without having performed anything, yet there has been great loss of ships by negligence, and unskilful men governing the fleet and Navy-board.

7<sup>th</sup> November. I visited the Earl of Dover,<sup>1</sup> who, having made his peace with the King, was now come home. The relation he gave of the strength of the French King, and the difficulty of our forcing him to fight, and any way making impression into France, was very wide from what we fancied.

8<sup>th</sup>—30<sup>th</sup>. An extraordinary dry and warm season, without frost, and like a new spring; such as had not been known for many years. Part of the King's house at Kensington was burnt.

6<sup>th</sup> December. Discourse of another *plot*, in which several great persons were named, but believed to be a sham.—A proposal in the House of Commons that every officer in the whole nation who received a salary above £500 or otherwise by virtue of his office, should contribute it wholly to support of the war with France, and this upon their oaths.<sup>2</sup>

25<sup>th</sup>. My daughter-in-law was brought to bed of a daughter.<sup>3</sup>

26<sup>th</sup>. An exceeding dry and calm winter, no rain for many past months.

28<sup>th</sup>. Dined at Lambeth with the new Archbishop.<sup>4</sup> Saw the effect of my greenhouse furnace, set up by the Archbishop's son-in-law.

30<sup>th</sup>. I again saw Mr. Charlton's collection<sup>5</sup> of spiders, birds, scorpions, and other serpents, etc.

1691-2: 1<sup>st</sup> January. This last week died that pious admirable Christian, excellent philosopher, and my worthy friend, Mr. Boyle, aged about 65<sup>6</sup>—a great loss to all that knew him, and to the public.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 408.]

<sup>2</sup> [A poll-tax was levied in the following year; but in 1694 began the plan of borrowing for extraordinary expenses, and the National Debt.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *post*, p. 427.]

<sup>5</sup> See *ante*, p. 394.

<sup>4</sup> [Dr. Tillotson.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 189.]

6<sup>th</sup>. At the funeral of Mr. Boyle, at St. Martin's. Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, preached on Eccles. ii. 26. He concluded with an eulogy due to the deceased, who made God and religion the scope of all his excellent talents in the knowledge of nature, and who had arrived to so high a degree in it, accompanied with such zeal and extraordinary piety, which he showed in the whole course of his life, particularly in his exemplary charity on all occasions—that he gave £1000 yearly to the distressed refugees of France and Ireland; was at the charge of translating the Scriptures into the Irish and Indian tongues, and was now promoting a Turkish translation, as he had formerly done of Grotius "on the Truth of the Christian Religion" into Arabic, which he caused to be dispersed in the Eastern countries; that he had settled a fund for preachers who should preach expressly against Atheists, Libertines, Socinians, and Jews; that he had in his will given £8000 to charitable uses; but that his private charities were extraordinary. He dilated on his learning in Hebrew and Greek, his reading of the Fathers, and solid knowledge in theology, once deliberating about taking Holy Orders, and that at the time of restoration of King Charles II., when he might have made a great figure in the nation as to secular honour and titles; his fear of not being able to discharge so weighty a duty as the first, made him decline that, and his humility the other. He spake of his civility to strangers, the great good which he did by his experience in medicine and chemistry, and to what noble ends he applied himself to his darling studies; the works both pious and useful which he published; the exact life he led, and the happy end he made. Something was touched of his sister, the Lady Ranelagh,<sup>1</sup> who died but a few days before him. And truly all this was but his due, without any grain of flattery.

This week, a most execrable murder was committed on Dr. Clench, father of that extraordinary learned child whom I have before noticed.<sup>2</sup> Under pretence of carrying him in a coach to see a patient, they strangled him in it; and, sending away the coachman under some pretence, they

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 421.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 410.]



left his dead body in the coach, and escaped in the dusk of the evening.

12th January. My grand-daughter was christened by Dr. Tenison, now bishop of Lincoln, in Trinity Church, being the first that was christened there. She was named Jane.

24th. A frosty and dry season continued; many persons die of apoplexies, more than usual.—Lord Marlborough, Lieutenant-General of the King's army in England, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, etc., dismissed from all his charges, military and other, for his excessive taking of bribes, covetousness, and extortion on all occasions from his inferior officers.<sup>1</sup>—Note, this was the Lord who was entirely advanced by King James, and was the first who betrayed and forsook his master. He was son of Sir Winston Churchill of the Green-cloth.

7th February. An extraordinary snow fell in most parts.

13th. Mr. Boyle having made me one of the trustees for his charitable bequests, I went to a meeting of the Bishop of Lincoln, Sir Rob. . . . wood, and Serjeant Rotheram,<sup>2</sup> to settle that clause in the will which related to charitable uses, and especially the appointing and electing a minister to preach one sermon the first Sunday in the month, during the four summer months, expressly against Atheists, Deists, Libertines, Jews, etc., without descending to any other controversy whatever, for which £50 per annum is to be paid quarterly to the preacher; and, at the end of three years, to proceed to a new

<sup>1</sup> [10th January (see *infra*, under 28th February).]

<sup>2</sup> [The Trustees were Dr. Tenison (Lord Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Primate), Sir Henry Ashurst, Kt. and Baronet, Sir John Rotheram, Serjeant-at-Law, and John Evelyn (cf. *post*, 2nd May, 1696). The terms of Boyle's bequest, as recited in Bentley's letter to the Trustees of March 17, differ somewhat from Evelyn's account in the *Diary*. An annual salary was to be settled for "some divine or preaching minister," who should "preach eight sermons in the year, for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels, viz. Atheists, Deists, Pagans, Jews and Mahometans, not descending to any controversies that are among Christians themselves: the lectures to be on the first Monday of the respective months of January, February, March, April, May, September, October, November; in such church as the Trustees shall from time to time appoint" (Bentley's *Works*, by Dyce, 1838, iii., x.v.).]

election of some other able divine, or to continue the same, as the trustees should judge convenient. We made choice of one Mr. Bentley,<sup>1</sup> chaplain to the Bishop of Worcester (Dr. Stillingfleet). The first sermon was appointed for the first Sunday in March, at St. Martin's; the second Sunday in April, at Bow-church, and so alternately.

28th. Lord Marlborough<sup>2</sup> having used words against the King, and been discharged from all his great places, his wife was forbid the Court, and the Princess of Denmark was desired by the Queen to dismiss her from her service; but she refusing to do so, goes away from Court to Syon-house.<sup>3</sup>—Divers new Lords made; Sir Henry Capel,<sup>4</sup> Sir William Fermor,<sup>5</sup> etc.—Change of Commissioners in the Treasury.—The Parliament adjourned, not well satisfied with affairs. The business of the East India Company, which they would have reformed, let fall.—The Duke of Norfolk does not succeed in his endeavour to be divorced.<sup>6</sup>

20th March. My son was made one of the Commissioners of the Revenue and Treasury of Ireland, to which employment he had a mind, far from my wishes.—I visited the Earl of Peterborough,<sup>7</sup> who showed me the picture of the Prince of Wales, newly brought out of France, seeming in my opinion very much to resemble the Queen his mother, and of a most vivacious countenance.

<sup>1</sup> Richard Bentley, 1662-1742, the celebrated scholar and critic, afterwards Librarian to the King, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. [He delivered the first course of Boyle Lectures in this year, beginning on March 7, and ending December 5. They were first published separately, and then collected in 1693 under the general title of *The Folly and Unreasonableness of Atheism demonstrated, etc.*]

<sup>2</sup> John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, 1650-1722. The real cause of his dismissal from his employments by William III. was not the one mentioned by Evelyn; [but the fact that he had been intriguing with the Jacobites to bring back James to the throne. They distrusted him, and betrayed him to the King, who, of course, could no longer retain him at the head of the army].

<sup>3</sup> [At Syon House (see *ante*, p. 239). Here, or at Berkeley House, Piccadilly, Anne lived during the remainder of her sister's life.]

<sup>4</sup> Lord Capel, of Tewkesbury (see *ante*, p. 255).

<sup>5</sup> Baron Leominster; afterwards Earl of Pomfret (see *ante*, p. 318).

<sup>6</sup> [Henry Howard, seventh Duke of Norfolk, 1655-1701 (see *post*, under April, 1700).]

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 367.]

*April.* No spring yet appearing. The Queen-dowager went out of England towards Portugal, as pretended, against the advice of all her friends.<sup>1</sup>

*4th.* Mr. Bentley preached Mr. Boyle's lecture at St. Mary-le-Bow.<sup>2</sup> So excellent a discourse against the Epicurean system is not to be recapitulated in a few words. He came to me to ask whether I thought it should be printed, or that there was anything in it which I desired to be altered. I took this as a civility, and earnestly desired it should be printed, as one of the most learned and convincing discourses I had ever heard.

*6th.* A fast.—King James sends a letter written and directed by his own hand to several of the Privy Council, and one to his daughter the Queen Regent, informing them of the Queen being ready to be brought to bed, and summoning them to be at the birth by the middle of May, promising as from the French King, permission to come and return in safety.

*24th.* Much apprehension of a French invasion,<sup>3</sup> and of an universal rising. Our fleet begins to join with the Dutch. Unkindness between the Queen and her sister.<sup>4</sup> Very cold and unseasonable weather, scarce a leaf on the trees.

*5th May.* Reports of an invasion were very hot, and alarmed the City, Court, and people; nothing but securing suspected persons, sending forces to the sea-side, and hastening out the fleet. Continued discourse of the French invasion, and of ours in France. The eastern wind so constantly blowing, gave our fleet time to unite, which had been so tardy in preparation, that, had not God thus wonderfully favoured, the enemy would in all probability have fallen upon us. Many daily secured, and proclamations out for more conspirators.

*8th.* My kinsman, Sir Edward Evelyn, of Long Ditton,<sup>5</sup> died suddenly.

*12th.* A fast.

<sup>1</sup> [Catherine of Braganza reached Lisbon in January, 1693, after travelling through France and Spain.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 427. This was the second Lecture.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *infra*, under 15th May.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 427; and *post*, under 13th January, 1695.]

<sup>5</sup> [He had been created a Baronet in 1683.]

*13th.* I dined at my Cousin Cheyne's, son to my Lord Cheyne, who married my cousin Pierrepoint.<sup>1</sup>

*15th.* My niece, M. Evelyn, was now married to Sir Cyril Wyche, Secretary of State for Ireland.<sup>2</sup>—After all our apprehensions of being invaded, and doubts of our success by sea, it pleased God to give us a great naval victory,<sup>3</sup> to the utter ruin of the French fleet, their admiral and all their best men-of-war, transport-ships, etc.

*29th.* Though this day was set apart expressly for celebrating the memorable birth, return, and restoration of the late King Charles II., there was no notice taken of it, nor any part of the office annexed to the Common Prayer-Book made use of, which I think was ill done, in regard his restoration not only redeemed us from anarchy and confusion, but restored the Church of England as it were miraculously.

*9th June.* I went to Windsor to carry my grandson to Eton School, where I met my Lady Stonehouse<sup>4</sup> and other of my daughter-in-law's relations, who came on purpose to see her before her journey into Ireland. We went to see the Castle, which we found furnished and very neatly kept, as formerly, only that the arms in the guard-chamber and keep were removed and carried away.—An exceeding great storm of wind and rain, in some places stripping the trees of their fruit and leaves as if it had been winter; and an extraordinary wet season, with great floods.

*16th July.* I went to visit the Bishop of Lincoln, when, amongst other things, he told me that one Dr. Chaplin, of University College in Oxford, was the person who wrote the *Whole Duty of Man*; <sup>5</sup> that he used to read it to his pupil, and communicated it to Dr. Sterne,<sup>6</sup> afterwards

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 428.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 4th October, 1699. Sir Cyril Wyche, 1632-1707, was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, 1693-95.]

<sup>3</sup> [The famous victory of La Hogue, May 19. On the 24th, sixteen large vessels of war, and many transports, were destroyed by five ships on the beach at Cape La Hogue in sight of James and his army.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 323.]

<sup>5</sup> [The *Whole Duty of Man* is now ascribed to Richard Allestree (see *ante*, p. 208).]

<sup>6</sup> Richard Sterne, 1596-1683, great-grandfather of the author of *Tristram Shandy*. He attended Archbishop Laud to the scaffold as his chaplain.

Archbishop of York, but could never suffer any of his pupils to have a copy of it.

23rd July. I went with my wife, son, and daughter, to Eton, to see my grandson, and thence to my Lord Godolphin's, at Cranborne,<sup>1</sup> where we lay, and were most honourably entertained. The next day to St. George's Chapel, and returned to London late in the evening.

25th. To Mr. Hewer's at Clapham,<sup>2</sup> where he has an excellent, useful, and capacious house on the Common, built by Sir Den. Gauden, and by him sold to Mr. Hewer, who got a very considerable estate in the Navy, in which, from being Mr. Pepys's clerk, he came to be one of the principal officers, but was put out of all employment on the Revolution, as were all the best officers, on suspicion of being no friends to the change; such were put in their places, as were most shamefully ignorant and unfit. Mr. Hewer lives very handsomely and friendly to everybody.—Our fleet was now sailing on their long pretence of a descent on the French coast; but, after having sailed one hundred leagues, returned, the admiral and officers disagreeing as to the place where they were to land, and the time of year being so far spent,—to the great dishonour of those at the helm, who concerted their matters so indiscreetly, or, as some thought, designedly.<sup>3</sup>

This whole summer was exceeding wet and rainy; the like had not been known since the year 1648; whilst in Ireland they had not known so great a drought.

10th August. A fast.—Came the sad news of the hurricane and earthquake, which has destroyed almost the whole Island of Jamaica, many thousands having perished.

On the Restoration he was created Bishop of Carlisle, and subsequently Archbishop of York, 1664-1683. He assisted in the Polyglot and in the revival of the Book of Common Prayer.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 295.]

<sup>2</sup> [William Hewer, *d.* 1715. He had been Commissioner of the Navy, and Treasurer for Tangier.] Much will be found concerning him in Pepys's *Diary*. [The house at "Paradise Clapham" (Evelyn to Pepys, 20th January, 1703), where Pepys lived with Hewer from 1700 to his death in 1703, was pulled down about 1760. See *post*, under 23rd September, 1700.]

<sup>3</sup> [The intention had been to reduce St. Malo, but it was found unassailable (see *post*, under January, 1693).]

11th. My son, his wife, and little daughter, went for Ireland, there to reside as one of the Commissioners of the Revenue.<sup>1</sup>

14th. Still an exceeding wet season.

15th September. There happened an earthquake, which, though not so great as to do any harm in England, was universal in all these parts of Europe. It shook the house at Wotton, but was not perceived by any save a servant or two, who were making my bed, and another in a garret. I and the rest being at dinner below in the parlour, were not sensible of it. The dreadful one in Jamaica this summer was profanely and ludicrously represented in a puppet-play, or some such lewd pastime, in the fair of Southwark,<sup>2</sup> which caused the Queen to put down that idle and vicious mock show.

1st October. This season was so exceedingly cold, by reason of a long and tempestuous north-east wind, that this usually pleasant month was very uncomfortable. No fruit ripened kindly.—Harbord dies at Belgrade;<sup>3</sup> Lord Paget sent<sup>4</sup> Ambassador in his room.

6th November. There was a vestry called about repairing or new building of the church [at Deptford],<sup>5</sup> which I thought unseasonable in regard of heavy taxes, and other improper circumstances, which I there declared.

10th. A solemn Thanksgiving for our victory at sea, safe return of the King, etc.

20th. Dr. Lancaster, the new Vicar of St. Martin's, preached.

A signal robbery in Hertfordshire of the tax-money bringing out of the north towards London. They were set upon by several desperate persons, who dismounted and stopped all travellers on the road, and guarding them in a field, when the exploit was done, and the treasure taken, they killed all the horses of those whom they stayed, to hinder pursuit, being sixteen

<sup>1</sup> [He was a Commissioner of Revenue in Ireland, 1692-96.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 206.]

<sup>3</sup> [William Harbord, 1635-92, Ambassador to Turkey to mediate between the Sultan and the Emperor Leopold.]

<sup>4</sup> [William Paget, 1637-1713, sixth Baron; Ambassador to Turkey, 1693-1702.]

<sup>5</sup> [It was subsequently rebuilt in 1697 by voluntary subscription and an assessment.]

horses. They then dismissed those that they had dismounted.

14th December. With much reluctance we gratified Sir J. Rotheram, one of Mr. Boyle's trustees, by admitting the Bishop of Bath and Wells<sup>1</sup> to be lecturer for the next year, instead of Mr. Bentley, who had so worthily acquitted himself. We intended to take him in again the next year.

1692-3: January. Contest in Parliament about a self-denying Act, that no Parliament-man should have any office: it wanted only two or three voices to have been carried.—The Duke of Norfolk's Bill for a divorce thrown out, he having managed it very indiscreetly.<sup>2</sup>—The quarrel between Admiral Russell and Lord Nottingham yet undetermined.<sup>3</sup>

4th February. After five days' trial and extraordinary contest, the Lord Mohun<sup>4</sup> was acquitted by the Lords of the murder of Mountford, the player, notwithstanding the Judges, from the pregnant witnesses of the fact, had declared him guilty; but whether in commiseration of his youth, being not eighteen years old, though exceeding dissolute, or upon whatever other reason, the King himself present some part of the trial, and satisfied, as they report, that he was culpable, 69 acquitted him, only 14 condemned him.

Unheard-of stories of the universal increase of witches in New England; men, women, and children, devoting themselves to the devil, so as to threaten the subversion of the government.<sup>5</sup>—At the same time there was a conspiracy amongst the negroes in Barbadoes to murder all their

masters, discovered by overhearing a discourse of two of the slaves, and so preventing the execution of the design.—Hitherto an exceeding mild winter.—France in the utmost misery and poverty for want of corn and subsistence, whilst the ambitious King is intent to pursue his conquests on the rest of his neighbours both by sea and land. Our Admiral, Russell, laid aside for not pursuing the advantage he had obtained over the French in the past summer;<sup>1</sup> three others chosen in his place. Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury's book burnt by the hangman for an expression of the King's title by conquest, on a complaint of Joseph How, a Member of Parliament, little better than a madman.

19th. The Bishop of Lincoln<sup>2</sup> preached in the afternoon at the Tabernacle, near Golden Square, set up by him.—Proposals of a marriage between Mr. Draper and my daughter Susannah.<sup>3</sup>—Hitherto an exceeding warm winter, such as has seldom been known, and portending an unprosperous spring as to the fruits of the earth; our climate requires more cold and winterly weather. The dreadful and astonishing earthquake swallowing up Catania and other famous and ancient cities, with more than 100,000 persons in Sicily, on 11th January last, came now to be reported amongst us.

26th. An extraordinary deep snow, after almost no winter, and a sudden gentle thaw.—A deplorable earthquake at Malta, since that of Sicily, nearly as great.

19th March. A new Secretary of State, Sir John Trenchard;<sup>4</sup> the Attorney-

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Richard Kidder, 1633-1703; Bishop of Bath and Wells, 1691-1703.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 307, and *post*, under April, 1700.]

<sup>3</sup> [In connection with the fruitless expedition to St. Malo referred to at p. 429. Daniel Finch, the Earl of Nottingham, was Secretary of State, and virtually at the head of the Admiralty (see *infra*).]

<sup>4</sup> [Charles Mohun, fifth Baron Mohun, 1675-1712, was tried and acquitted of the murder of William Mountford, the actor. He figures in Thackeray's *Esmond*.]

<sup>5</sup> An account of these poor people is given in Manning and Bray's *Surrey*, 1809, ii. 714, from the papers of the Rev. Mr. John Miller, Vicar of Effingham in that county, who was Chaplain to the King's forces in the Colony from 1692 to 1695. Some of the accused were convicted and executed; but Sir William Phipps, the Governor, had the good sense to relieve, and afterwards pardon, several; and the Queen approved his conduct.

<sup>1</sup> [Edward Russell, 1653-1727. He had been in secret correspondence with King James. He was again employed in 1694, and made Earl of Oxford in 1697.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Tenison. His chapel, which Strype in his *Stow*, 1720, speaks of as "the Chapel of Ease by some called the Tabernacle," is on the west side of King Street, Golden Square.]

<sup>3</sup> [Susanna Evelyn was the third daughter (see *post*, p. 431).]

<sup>4</sup> Sir John Trenchard of Bloxworth, in Dorsetshire, 1640-95. He had been implicated in the Rye-House Plot (see *ante*, p. 347), and engaged with the Duke of Monmouth, but escaped out of England, and lived some time abroad, where he acquired a large and correct knowledge of foreign affairs. He was the confidential friend of King William, by whom he had been commissioned to concert measures with his friends on this side of the water, and ensure his favourable reception. Previously to his appointment of Secretary of

General, Somers, made Lord-Keeper, a young lawyer of extraordinary merit.<sup>1</sup>—King William goes towards Flanders; but returns, the wind being contrary.

31st March. I met the King going to Gravesend to embark in his yacht for Holland.

23rd April. An extraordinary wet spring.

27th. My daughter Susanna was married to William Draper, Esq., in the chapel of Ely House, by Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln (since Archbishop). I gave her in portion £4000, her jointure is £500 per annum. I pray Almighty God to give His blessing to this marriage! She is a good child, religious, discreet, ingenious, and qualified with all the ornaments of her sex. She has a peculiar talent in design, as painting in oil and miniature, and an extraordinary genius for whatever hands can do with a needle. She has the French tongue, has read most of the Greek and Roman authors and poets, using her talents with great modesty: exquisitely shaped, and of an agreeable countenance. This character is due to her, though coming from her father. Much of this week spent in ceremonies, receiving visits and entertaining relations, and a great part of the next in returning visits.

11th May. We accompanied my daughter to her husband's house,<sup>2</sup> where with many of his and our relations we were magnificently treated. There we left her in an apartment very richly adorned and furnished, and I hope in as happy a condition as could be wished, and with the great satisfaction of all our friends: for which God be praised!

14th. Nothing yet of action from abroad. Muttering of a design to bring forces under colour of an expected descent, to be a standing army for other purposes. Talk of a declaration of the French King, offering mighty advantages to the Confederates, exclusive of King William; and another of King James, with an universal pardon, and referring the composing of all

State, the King had made him Serjeant-at-Law, and Chief Justice of Chester.

<sup>1</sup> [Sir John Somers, afterwards Baron Somers, 1651-1716. He had been knighted, and made Solicitor-General in 1689.]

<sup>2</sup> At Addiscombe, near Croydon.

differences to a Parliament. These were yet but discourses; but something is certainly under it. A Declaration or Manifesto from King James, so written, that many thought it reasonable, and much more to the purpose than any of his former.

June. Whit-Sunday. I went to my Lord Griffith's chapel; the common church-office was used for the King without naming the person, with some other, apposite to the necessity and circumstances of the time.

11th. I dined at Sir William Godolphin's; and, after evening prayer, visited the Duchess of Grafton.<sup>1</sup>

21st. I saw a great auction of pictures in the Banqueting-house, Whitehall. They had been my Lord Melfort's,<sup>2</sup> now Ambassador from King James at Rome, and engaged to his creditors here. Lord Mulgrave<sup>3</sup> and Sir Edward Seymour<sup>4</sup> came to my house, and desired me to go with them to the sale. Divers more of the great lords, etc., were there, and bought pictures dear enough. There were some very excellent of Vandyck, Rubens, and Bassano. Lord Godolphin bought the picture of the Boys, by Murillo, the Spaniard, for 80 guineas, dear enough; my nephew Glanville, the old Earl of Arundel's head by Rubens, for £20. Growing late, I did not stay till all were sold.

24th. A very wet hay-harvest, and little summer as yet.

9th July. Mr. Tippin, successor to Dr. Parr at Camberwell, preached an excellent sermon.

13th. I saw the Queen's rare cabinets and collection of china; which was wonderfully rich and plentiful, but especially a large cabinet, looking-glass frame and stands, all of amber, much of it white, with historical bas-reliefs and statues, with medals carved in them, esteemed worth £4000, sent by the Duke of Brandenburg, whose country, Prussia, abounds with amber, cast up by the sea; divers other

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 422. She was now a widow.]

<sup>2</sup> [John Drummond, first Earl, and titular Duke of Melfort, 1649-1714. He was a Jacobite Envoy to Rome.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 288.]

<sup>4</sup> Sir Edward Seymour, 4th Bt., 1633-1708, at this time a Lord of Treasury and member of Cabinet.

China and Indian cabinets, screens, and hangings. In her library were many books in English, French, and Dutch, of all sorts; a cupboard of gold plate; a cabinet of silver filagree, which I think was our Queen Mary's,<sup>1</sup> and which, in my opinion, should have been generously sent to her.

18th July. I dined with Lord Mulgrave, with the Earl of Devonshire,<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hampden<sup>3</sup> (a scholar and fine gentleman), Dr. Davenant,<sup>4</sup> Sir Henry Vane, and others, and saw and admired the Venus of Correggio, which Lord Mulgrave had newly bought of Mr. Daun, for £250; one of the best paintings I ever saw.

1st August. Lord Capel, Sir Cyril Wyche, and Mr. Duncomb, made Lord-Justices in Ireland; Lord Sidney recalled, and made Master of the Ordnance.

6th. Very lovely harvest-weather, and a wholesome season, but no garden-fruit.

31st October. A very wet and uncomfortable season.

12th November. Lord Nottingham resigned as Secretary of State;<sup>5</sup> the Commissioners of the Admiralty outed, and Russell<sup>6</sup> restored to his office.—The season continued very wet, as it had nearly all the summer, if one might call it summer, in which there was no fruit, but corn was very plentiful.

14th. In the lottery set up after the Venetian manner by Mr. Neale, Sir R. Haddock, one of the Commissioners of the Navy, had the greatest lot, £3000; my coachman £40.

17th. Was the funeral of Captain Young, who died of the stone and great age. I think he was the first who in the first war with Cromwell against Spain,<sup>7</sup> took the Governor of Havannah, and another rich prize, and struck the first stroke against the Dutch fleet in the first war with Holland in the time of the Rebellion; a sober man and an excellent seaman.

<sup>1</sup> [King James's Queen, now at St. Germain.]  
<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 167.]      <sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 348.]

<sup>4</sup> Charles Davenant, 1656-1714, eldest son of Sir William Davenant, joint inspector of plays, Commissioner of Excise, and Inspector-General of Exports and Imports 1705-14. His chief work was called *Essays on Trade*, in five volumes.

<sup>5</sup> See ante, p. 407. He was succeeded by Charles Earl of Shrewsbury.

<sup>6</sup> [See ante, p. 430.]

<sup>7</sup> See p. 192.

30th. Much importuned to take the office of President of the Royal Society, but I again declined it. Sir Robert Southwell was continued.<sup>1</sup> We all dined at Pontac's,<sup>2</sup> as usual.

3rd December. Mr. Bentley preached at the Tabernacle, near Golden Square.<sup>3</sup> I gave my voice for him to proceed on his former subject the following year in Mr. Boyle's lecture, in which he had been interrupted by the importunity of Sir J. Rotheram that the Bishop of Chichester<sup>4</sup> might be chosen the year before, to the great dissatisfaction of the Bishop of Lincoln and myself. We chose Mr. Bentley again.<sup>5</sup>—The Duchess of Grafton's Appeal to the House of Lords for the Prothonotary's place given to the late Duke and to her son by King Charles II., now challenged by the Lord Chief-Justice. The Judges were severely reproved on something they said.

10th. A very great storm of thunder and lightning.

1693-4: 1st January. Prince Lewis of Baden came to London, and was much feasted. Danish ships arrested carrying corn and naval stores to France.

11th. Supped at Mr. Edward Sheldon's, where was Mr. Dryden, the poet, who now intended to write no more plays, being intent on his translation of Virgil. He read to us his prologue and epilogue to his valedictory play now shortly to be acted.<sup>6</sup>

21st. Lord Macclesfield, Lord Warrington, and Lord Westmoreland, all died within about one week. Several persons shot, hanged, and made away with themselves.

11th February. Now was the great trial of the appeal of Lord Bath and Lord Montagu before the Lords, for the estate of the late Duke of Albemarle.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 423.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 349.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 427.]

<sup>4</sup> A mistake for Bath and Wells. Bishop Kidder is referred to (see ante, p. 430).

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 427. "In 1694 Bentley again delivered a course of Boyle Lectures—'A Defence of Christianity'—but they were never printed. Manuscript copies of them are mentioned by Kippis, the editor of the *Biographia Britannica*: but Dean Vincent, who died in 1815, is reported by Kidd as believing they were lost" (Jebb's *Bentley*, 1882, p. 52).]

<sup>6</sup> [Love Triumphant, 1694.]

<sup>7</sup> John Grenville, Earl of Bath, 1628-1701, claimed the Albemarle estate, under the will of

10th March. Mr. Stringfellow<sup>1</sup> preached at Trinity parish, being restored to that place, after the contest between the Queen and the Bishop of London, who had displaced him.

22nd. Came the dismal news of the disaster befallen our Turkey fleet by tempest, to the almost utter ruin of that trade, the convoy of three or four men-of-war, and divers merchant-ships, with all their men and lading, having perished.

25th. Dr. Goode, minister of St. Martin's, preached; he was likewise put in by the Queen, on the issue of her process with the Bishop of London.

30th. I went to the Duke of Norfolk, to desire him to make cousin Evelyn of Nutfield one of the Deputy-Lieutenants of Surrey, and entreat him to dismiss my brother, now unable to serve by reason of age and infirmity. The Duke granted the one, but would not suffer my brother to resign his commission, desiring he should keep the honour of it during his life, though he could not act. He professed great kindness to our family.

1st April. Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York,<sup>2</sup> preached in the afternoon at the Tabernacle, by Soho.

13th. Mr. Bentley, our Boyle Lecturer,<sup>3</sup> Chaplain to the Bishop of Worcester, came to see me.

15th. One Mr. Stanhope<sup>4</sup> preached a most excellent sermon.

22nd. A fiery exhalation rising out of the sea, spread itself in Montgomeryshire a furlong broad, and many miles in length, burning all straw, hay, thatch, and grass, but doing no harm to trees, timber, or any solid things, only firing barns, or thatched houses. It left such a taint on the grass as to kill all the cattle that eat of it. I saw the attestations in the hands of the sufferers. It lasted many months.—The *Berkeley Castle* sunk by the French coming from the East Indies, worth £200,000.

The French took our castle of Gambo in Guinea, so that the Africa Actions fell to £30, and the India to £80.—Some regiments of Highland dragoons were on their march through England; they were of large stature, well appointed and disciplined. One of them having reproached a Dutchman for cowardice in our late fight, was attacked by two Dutchmen, when with his sword he struck off the head of one, and cleft the skull of the other down to his chin.

A very young gentleman named Wilson, the younger son of one who had not above £200 a-year estate, lived in the garb and equipage of the richest nobleman, for house, furniture, coaches, saddle-horses, and kept a table, and all things accordingly, redeemed his father's estate, and gave portions to his sisters, being challenged by one Law, a Scotchman, was killed in a duel, not fairly. The quarrel arose from his taking away his own sister from lodging in a house where this Law had a mistress, which the mistress of the house thinking a disparagement to it, and losing by it, instigated Law to this duel. He was taken and condemned for murder. The mystery is how this so young a gentleman, very sober and of good fame, could live in such an expensive manner; it could not be discovered by all possible industry, or entreaty of his friends to make him reveal it. It did not appear that he was kept by women, play, coining, padding,<sup>1</sup> or dealing in chemistry; but he would sometimes say that if he should live ever so long, he had wherewith to maintain himself in the same manner. He was very civil and well-natured, but of no great force of understanding. This was a subject of much discourse.<sup>2</sup>

24th. I went to visit Mr. Waller, an extraordinary young gentleman of great accomplishments, skilled in mathematics, anatomy, music, painting both in oil and miniature to great perfection, an ex-

Christopher Monck, second Duke of Albemarle, who died in 1688. Actions were brought against him by the Earl of Montagu and Elizabeth Cavendish, Duchess of Albemarle (see *post*, pp. 441 and 454.)

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 391.] <sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 425.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 432.] <sup>4</sup> Dr. George Stanhope, 1660-1728, afterward Dean of Canterbury, a divine who made no scruple to publish what he found truly pious in the works of a Roman Catholic Priest (see *post*, p. 439).

<sup>1</sup> [Highway robbery.]

<sup>2</sup> [It is still a mystery. Edward, or "Beau," Wilson was the fifth son of Thomas Wilson, Esq., of Keythorpe, Leicestershire. He was killed on the 9th April, 1694, by John Law, the financier (1671-1729). Law, who escaped to France, was pardoned in 1719. According to one "solution," Wilson was supplied with his money by William III.'s mistress, the Countess of Orkney who was also responsible for his death.]

cellent botanist, a rare engraver on brass, writer in Latin, and a poet; and with all this exceeding modest. His house is an academy of itself. I carried him to see Brompton Park [by Knightsbridge],<sup>1</sup> where he was in admiration at the store of rare plants, and the method he found in that noble nursery, and how well it was cultivated.—A public Bank of £140,000, set up by Act of Parliament among other Acts, and Lotteries for money to carry on the war.—The whole month of April without rain.—A great rising of people in Buckinghamshire, on the declaration of a famous preacher,<sup>2</sup> till now reputed a sober and religious man, that our Lord Christ appearing to him on the 16th of this month, told him he was now come down, and would appear publicly at Pentecost, and gather all the saints, Jews and Gentiles, and lead them to Jerusalem, and begin the Millennium, and destroying and judging the wicked, deliver the government of the world to the saints. Great multitudes followed this preacher, divers of the most zealous brought their goods and considerable sums of money, and began to live in imitation of the primitive saints, minding no private concerns, continually dancing and singing Hallelujah night and day. This brings to mind what I lately happened to find in Alstedius,<sup>3</sup> that the thousand years should begin this very year 1694: it is in his *Encyclopædia Biblica*. My copy of the book printed near sixty years ago.

4th May. I went this day with my wife and four servants from Sayes Court, removing much furniture of all sorts, books, pictures, hangings, bedding, etc., to furnish

<sup>1</sup> [Between Knightsbridge and Kensington, but now built over. It belonged to Henry Wise, 1653-78, afterwards gardener to Queen Anne and George I., and one of the firm of London and Wise, the nursery gardeners mentioned in No. 5 of the *Spectator*; Evelyn refers to them in his "Advertisement" to La Quintinie's *Compleat Gardener*, 1693.]

<sup>2</sup> John Mason, 1646-94, who was presented to the Rectory of Water Stratford, in 1674. Great numbers of his deluded followers left their homes, and filled all the houses and barns in the neighbourhood of Water Stratford; and, when prevented from assembling in their chosen field (the "Holy Ground"), they congregated in the town. Three pamphlets on the subject were published in 1694, after Mason's death, one of which was privately reprinted by the Rev. Edward Cooke, Rector of Haversham, in the same county (Bucks).

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 159.]

the apartment my brother assigned me, and now, after more than forty years, to spend the rest of my days with him at Wotton, where I was born; leaving my house at Deptford full furnished, and three servants, to my son-in-law Draper,<sup>1</sup> to pass the summer in, and such longer time as he should think fit to make use of it.

6th. This being the first Sunday in the month, the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ought to have been celebrated at Wotton Church, but in this parish it is exceedingly neglected, so that, unless at the four great Feasts, there is no communion hereabouts; which is a great fault both in ministers and people. I have spoken to my brother, who is the patron, to discourse the minister about it.—Scarcely one shower has fallen since the beginning of April.

30th. This week we had news of my Lord Teviot having cut his own throat, through what discontent not yet said. He had been, not many years past, my colleague in the commission of the Privy Seal, an old acquaintance, very soberly and religiously inclined.<sup>2</sup> Lord, what are we without Thy continual grace!

Lord Falkland,<sup>3</sup> grandson to the learned Lord Falkland, Secretary of State to King Charles I., and slain in his service, died now of the small-pox. He was a pretty, brisk, understanding, industrious young gentleman; had formerly been faulty, but now much reclaimed; had also the good luck to marry a very great fortune, besides being entitled to a vast sum, his share of the Spanish wreck, taken up at the expense of divers adventurers. From a Scotch Viscount he was made an English Baron, designed Ambassador for Holland; had been Treasurer of the Navy, and advancing extremely in the New Court. All now gone in a moment, and I think the title is extinct. I know not whether the estate devolves to my cousin Carew. It was at my Lord Falkland's, whose lady importuned us to let our daughter be with her some time, so that that dear child took the same infection, which cost her valuable life.<sup>4</sup>

3rd June. Mr. Edwards, minister of Denton, in Sussex, a living in my brother's

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 430.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 346.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 387.]

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, p. 369.



gift, came to see him. He had suffered much by a fire.—Seasonable showers.

14th June. The public Fast. Mr. Wotton,<sup>1</sup> that extraordinary learned young man, preached excellently.

1st July. Mr. Duncomb, minister of Albury, preached at Wotton, a very religious and exact discourse.

The first great Bank<sup>2</sup> for a fund of money being now established by Act of Parliament, was filled and completed to the sum of £120,000, and put under the government of the most able and wealthy citizens of London. All who adventured any sum had four per cent, so long as it lay in the Bank, and had power either to take it out at pleasure, or transfer it.—Glorious steady weather; corn and all fruits in extraordinary plenty generally.

13th. Lord Berkeley burnt Dieppe and Havre-de-Grace with bombs, in revenge for the defeat at Brest.<sup>3</sup> This manner of destructive war<sup>4</sup> was begun by the French, is exceedingly ruinous, especially falling on the poorer people, and does not seem to tend to make a more speedy end of the war; but rather to exasperate and incite to revenge.—Many executed at London for clipping money, now done to that intolerable extent, that there was hardly any money that was worth above half the nominal value.<sup>5</sup>

4th August. I went to visit my cousin, George Evelyn of Nutfield, where I found a family of ten children, five sons and five daughters—all beautiful women grown, and extremely well-fashioned. All painted in one piece, very well, by Mr. Lutterel,<sup>6</sup> in crayon on copper, and seeming to be as finely painted as the best miniature. They are the children of two extraordinary beautiful wives. The boys were at school.

5th. Stormy and unseasonable wet weather this week.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 319.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Bank of England, which received a Royal Charter, July 27, 1694.]

<sup>3</sup> [July 12, 16, 18. Vauban had strengthened the Brest fortifications in anticipation of attack, and a landing was found impracticable when attempted in June.]

<sup>4</sup> [Bombarding (see *post*, under 25th September, 1695).]

<sup>5</sup> [See *post*, under 12th January, 1696.]

<sup>6</sup> [Henry Lutterel, 1650-1710. He had discovered a means of drawing crayon portraits on copper, and he executed a few mezzotints.]

5th October. I went to St. Paul's to see the choir, now finished as to the stone work, and the scaffold struck both without and within, in that part. Some exceptions might perhaps be taken as to the placing columns on pilasters at the East tribunal. As to the rest it is a piece of architecture without reproach. The pulling out the forms, like drawers, from under the stalls, is ingenious. I went also to see the building beginning near St. Giles's, where seven streets make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area;<sup>1</sup> said to be built by Mr. Neale, introducer of the late lotteries, in imitation of those at Venice, now set up here, for himself twice, and now one for the State.

28th. Mr. Stringfellow preached at Trinity church.<sup>2</sup>

22nd November. Visited the Bishop of Lincoln [Tenison]<sup>3</sup> newly come on the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who a few days before had a paralytic stroke—the same day and month that Archbishop Sancroft was put out.—A very sickly time, especially the small-pox, of which divers considerable persons died. The State Lottery<sup>4</sup> drawing, Mr. Cock, a French refugee, and a President in the Parliament of Paris for the Reformed, drew a lot of £1000 per annum.

29th. I visited the Marquis of Normanby, and had much discourse concerning King Charles II. being poisoned.—Also concerning the *Quinquina* which the physicians would not give to the King, at a time when, in a dangerous ague, it was the only thing that could cure him (out of envy because it had been brought into vogue by Mr. Tudor, an apothecary), till Dr. Short, to whom the King sent to know his opinion of it privately, he being reputed a Papist (but who was in truth a very honest good Christian), sent word to the King that it was the only thing which could save his life, and then the King enjoined his physicians to give it to him, which they did, and he recovered. Being asked by this Lord why they would not prescribe it, Dr. Lower said it would spoil

<sup>1</sup> [Seven Dials, St. Giles's. The "Doric pillar" has long been removed elsewhere.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 433.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 339.]

<sup>4</sup> State Lotteries finally closed October 18, 1826.

their practice, or some such expression, and at last confessed it was a remedy fit only for kings.—Exception was taken that the late Archbishop did not cause any of his Chaplains to use any office for the sick during his illness.

9th December. I had news that my dear and worthy friend, Dr. Tenison, Bishop of Lincoln, was made Archbishop of Canterbury,<sup>1</sup> for which I thank God and rejoice, he being most worthy of it, for his learning, piety, and prudence.

13th. I went to London to congratulate him. He being my proxy, gave my vote for Dr. Williams,<sup>2</sup> to succeed Mr. Bentley in Mr. Boyle's lectures.

29th. The small-pox increased exceedingly, and was very mortal. The Queen died of it on the 28th.<sup>3</sup>

1694-5: 13th January. The Thames was frozen over. The deaths by small-pox increased to five hundred more than in the preceding week.—The King and Princess Anne reconciled, and she was invited to keep her Court at Whitehall, having hitherto lived privately at Berkeley-house;<sup>4</sup> she was desired to take into her family divers servants of the late Queen; to maintain them the King has assigned her £5000 a-quarter.

20th. The frost and continual snow have now lasted five weeks.

February. Lord Spencer married the Duke of Newcastle's daughter, and our neighbour, Mr. Hussey,<sup>5</sup> married a daughter of my cousin George Evelyn, of Nutfield.

3rd. The long frost intermitted, but not gone.

17th. Called to London by Lord Godolphin, one of the Lords of the Treasury, offering me the treasurership of the hospital designed to be built at Greenwich for worn-out seamen.

24th. I saw the Queen lie in state.

27th. The Marquis of Normandy told me King Charles had a design to buy all

King Street,<sup>1</sup> and build it nobly, it being the street leading to Westminster. This might have been done for the expense of the Queen's funeral, which was £50,000, against her desire.<sup>2</sup>

5th March. I went to see the ceremony. Never was so universal a mourning; all the Parliament-men had cloaks given them, and four hundred poor women; all the streets hung, and the middle of the street boarded and covered with black cloth. There were all the Nobility, Mayor, Aldermen, Judges, etc.

8th. I supped at the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry's, who related to me the pious behaviour of the Queen in all her sickness, which was admirable. She never inquired of what opinion persons were, who were objects of charity; that, on opening a cabinet, a paper was found wherein she had desired that her body might not be opened, or any extraordinary expense at her funeral, whenever she should die. This paper was not found in time to be observed. There were other excellent things under her own hand, to the very least of her debts, which were very small, and everything in that exact method, as seldom is found in any private person. In sum, she was such an admirable woman, abating for taking the Crown without a more due apology,<sup>3</sup> and does, if possible, outdo the renowned Queen Elizabeth.

10th. I dined at the Earl of Sunderland's with Lord Spencer. My Lord showed me his library, now again improved by many books bought at the sale of Sir Charles Scarborough, an eminent physician,<sup>4</sup> which was the very best collection, especially of mathematical books, that was I believe in Europe, once designed for the King's Library at St. James's; but the Queen's dying, who was the great patroness of that design, it was let fall, and the books were miserably dissipated.

The new edition of Camden's *Britannia* was now published (by Bishop Gibson), with great additions; those to Surrey were mine, so that I had one presented to me.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [King Street extended from Richmond Terrace to Bridge Street. It is now absorbed in Parliament Street, which carries out the King's scheme.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *infra*, 8th March.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 412.]

<sup>4</sup> See p. 170.

<sup>5</sup> [Camden's *Britannia* was translated from the original Latin in this year by Edmund Gibson,

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 435.]

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. John Williams, 1636-1709, Bishop of Chichester.]

<sup>3</sup> [She was buried at Westminster, March 5, 1695.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 427. She had quitted the Cockpit at Whitehall in consequence of a quarrel with the Queen.]

<sup>5</sup> [Probably a son of Peter Hussey, of Sutton (see *ante*, p. 273).]

Dr. Gale<sup>1</sup> showed a MS. of some parts of the New Testament in vulgar Latin, that had belonged to a monastery in the North of Scotland, which he esteemed to be about eight hundred years old; there were some considerable various readings observable, as in John i., and genealogy of St. Luke.

*24th March.* Easter-day. Mr. Duncomb, parson of this parish, preached, which he hardly comes to above once a year though but seven or eight miles off;<sup>2</sup> a florid discourse, read out of his notes. The Holy Sacrament followed, which he administered with very little reverence, leaving out many prayers and exhortations; nor was there any oblation. This ought to be reformed, but my good brother did not well consider when he gave away this living and the next [Abinger].

*March.* The latter end of the month sharp and severe cold, with much snow and hard frost; no appearance of spring.

*31st.* Mr. Lucas preached in the afternoon at Wotton.

*7th April.* Lord Halifax<sup>3</sup> died suddenly at London, the day his daughter was married to the Earl of Nottingham's son at Burleigh. Lord H. was a very rich man, very witty, and in his younger days somewhat positive.

*14th.* After a most severe, cold, and snowy winter, without almost any shower for many months, the wind continuing N. and E. and not a leaf appearing; the weather and wind now changed, some showers fell, and there was a remission of cold.

*21st.* The spring begins to appear, yet the trees hardly leafed.—Sir T. Cooke discovers what prodigious bribes have been given by some of the East India Company out of the stock, which makes a great clamour.—Never were so many private bills passed for unsettling estates, showing the wonderful prodigality and decay of families.

*5th May.* I came to Deptford from Wotton, in order to the first meeting of the Commissioners for endowing an Hospital for Seamen at Greenwich; it was at the Guildhall, London. Present, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord-Keeper, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Godolphin, Duke of Shrewsbury, Duke of Leeds, Earls of Dorset and Monmouth, Commissioners of the Admiralty and Navy, Sir Robert Clayton, Sir Christopher Wren, and several more. The Commission was read by Mr. Lowndes, Secretary to the Lords of the Treasury, Surveyor General.<sup>1</sup>

*17th.* Second meeting of the Commissioners, and a Committee appointed to go to Greenwich to survey the place, I being one of them.

*21st.* We went to survey Greenwich, Sir Robert Clayton,<sup>2</sup> Sir Christopher Wren, Mr. Travers, the King's Surveyor, Captain Sanders, and myself.

*24th.* We made report of the state of Greenwich House, and how the standing part might be made serviceable at present for £6000, and what ground would be requisite for the whole design. My Lord-Keeper ordered me to prepare a book for subscriptions, and a preamble to it.

*31st.* Met again. Mr. Vanbrugh<sup>3</sup> was made Secretary to the Commission, by my nomination of him to the Lords, which was all done that day.

*7th June.* The Commissioners met at Guildhall, when there were scruples and contests of the Lord Mayor,<sup>4</sup> who would not meet, not being named as one of the quorum, so that a new Commission was required, though the Lord-Keeper and the rest thought it too nice a punctilio.

*14th.* Met at Guildhall, but could do nothing for want of a quorum.

*5th July.* At Guildhall; account of subscriptions, about 7 or £8000.

*6th.* I dined at Lambeth, making my first visit to the Archbishop,<sup>5</sup> where there was much company, and great cheer.

1660-1748, afterwards Archdeacon of Surrey and Bishop of London. It was reprinted in 1753 and 1772. Evelyn's contributions to it are not noticed in the list of his works.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 343.]

<sup>2</sup> This was William Duncomb, Rector of Ashstead, in Surrey, not Mr. Duncomb, of Albury, mentioned in pp. 435 and 438.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 223.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *post*, under 4th July, 1696, n.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 320.]

<sup>3</sup> John Vanbrugh, 1664-1726, the dramatist, architect of Blenheim and Castle Howard; also Clarencieux King at Arms, Comptroller of the Board of Works, and Surveyor of Greenwich Hospital. [He became Sir John in 1714.]

<sup>4</sup> Sir William Ashurst, Knt.

<sup>5</sup> [Dr. Tenison.]

After prayers in the evening, my Lord made me stay to show me his house, furniture, and garden, which were all very fine, and far beyond the usual Archbishops, not as affected by this, but being bought ready furnished by his predecessor. We discoursed of several public matters, particularly of the Princess of Denmark, who made so little figure.

11th July. Met at Guildhall: not a full Committee, so nothing done.

14th. No sermon at Church; but, after prayers, the names of all the parishioners were read, in order to gathering the tax of 4s. for marriages, burials, etc. A very imprudent tax, especially this reading the names, so that most went out of the church.

19th. I dined at Sir Purbeck Temple's, near Croydon;<sup>1</sup> his lady is aunt to my son-in-law, Draper; the house exactly furnished. Went thence with my son and daughter to Wotton.—At Wotton, Mr. Duncomb, parson of Albury, preached excellently.

28th. A very wet season.

11th August. The weather now so cold, that greater frosts were not always seen in the midst of winter; this succeeded much wet, and set harvest extremely back.

25th September. Mr. Offley<sup>2</sup> preached at Abinger; too much of controversy on a point of no consequence, for the country people here. This was the first time I had heard him preach. Bombarding of Cadiz; a cruel and brutish way of making war, first begun by the French.—The season wet, great storms, unseasonable harvest weather.—My good and worthy friend, Captain Gifford, who that he might get some competence to live decently, adventured all he had in a voyage of two years to the East Indies, was, with another great ship, taken by some French men-of-war, almost within sight of England, to the loss of near £70,000, to my great sorrow, and pity of

his wife, he being also a valiant and industrious man. The losses of this sort to the nation have been immense, and all through negligence, and little care to secure the same near our own coasts; of infinitely more concern to the public than spending their time in bombarding and ruining two or three paltry towns, without any benefit, or weakening our enemies, who, though they began, ought not to be imitated in an action totally averse to humanity, or Christianity.

29th. Very cold weather.—Sir Purbeck Temple, uncle to my son Draper, died suddenly.<sup>1</sup> A great funeral at Addiscombe. His lady being own aunt to my son Draper, he hopes for a good fortune, there being no heir. There had been a new meeting of the Commissioners about Greenwich Hospital, on the new Commission, where the Lord Mayor, etc., appeared, but I was prevented by indisposition from attending. The weather very sharp, winter approaching apace.—The King went a progress into the north, to show himself to the people against the elections, and was everywhere complimented, except at Oxford, where it was not as he expected, so that he hardly stopped an hour there, and, having seen the Theatre, did not receive the banquet proposed.—I dined with Dr. Gale at St. Paul's School,<sup>2</sup> who showed me many curious passages out of some ancient Platonists' MSS. concerning the Trinity, which this great and learned person would publish, with many other rare things, if he was encouraged, and eased of the burden of teaching.

25th October. The Archbishop and myself went to Hammersmith, to visit Sir Samuel Morland,<sup>3</sup> who was entirely blind; a very mortifying sight. He showed us his invention of writing, which was very ingenious; also his wooden kalendar, which instructed him all by feeling; and other pretty and useful inventions of mills, pumps, etc., and the pump he had erected that serves water to his garden, and to passengers, with an inscription, and brings from a filthy part of the Thames near it a most perfect and pure water. He had newly buried £200 worth of music-books

<sup>1</sup> [See under 29th September.]

<sup>2</sup> Rector of Abinger. This gentleman—says Bray—gave good farms in Sussex for the better endowment of Oakwood Chapel, a chapel of ease for the lower parts of Abinger and Wotton, both of which livings are in the gift of the owner of Wotton; many of the inhabitants thereabouts being distant five miles from their parish churches, and the roads also in winter being extremely bad.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, under 19th July.]

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 437.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 257].

six feet under ground, being, as he said, love-songs and vanity. He plays himself psalms and religious hymns on the theorbo. Very mild weather the whole of October.

10th November. Mr. Stanhope,<sup>1</sup> Vicar of Lewisham, preached at Whitehall. He is one of the most accomplished preachers I ever heard, for matter, eloquence, action, voice, and I am told, of excellent conversation.

13th. Famous fireworks and very chargeable, the King being returned from his progress. He stayed seven or eight days at Lord Sunderland's at Althorp, where he was mightily entertained. These fireworks were showed before Lord Romney, master of the ordnance,<sup>2</sup> in St. James's great square, where the King stood.

17th. I spoke to the Archbishop of Canterbury to interest himself for restoring a room belonging to St. James's library, where the books want place.

21st. I went to see Mr. Churchill's collection of rarities.

23rd. To Lambeth, to get Mr. Williams<sup>3</sup> continued in Boyle's lectures another year. Amongst others who dined there was Dr. Covel,<sup>4</sup> the great Oriental traveller.

1st December. I dined at Lord Sunderland's, now the great favourite and underhand politician, but not adventuring on any character, being obnoxious to the people for having twice changed his religion.

23rd. The Parliament wondrous intent on ways to reform the coin; setting out a Proclamation prohibiting the currency of half-crowns, etc.; which made much confusion among the people.

25th. Hitherto mild, dark, misty weather. Now snow and frost.

1695-6: 12th January. Great confusion and distraction by reason of the clipped money, and the difficulty found in reforming it.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 433.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney, 1641-1704, was Master of the Ordnance in 1693.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 436.]

<sup>4</sup> Dr. John Covel, 1638-1722, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Chancellor of York. He wrote an account of the Greek Church, which he published just before his death in 1722, in his 85th year. [His manuscript travels are preserved in the British Museum.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 435. An Act for improving the coinage (7 and 8 Gul. III. c. 1) was now passed.]

2nd February. An extraordinary wet season, though temperate as to cold.—The *Royal Sovereign*<sup>1</sup> man-of-war burnt at Chatham. It was built in 1637, and having given occasion to the levy of Ship-money was perhaps the cause of all the after-troubles to this day.—An earthquake in Dorsetshire by Portland, or rather a sinking of the ground suddenly for a large space, near the quarries of stone, hindering the conveyance of that material for the finishing of St. Paul's.

23rd. They now began to coin new money.

26th. There was now a conspiracy<sup>2</sup> of about thirty knights, gentlemen, captains, many of them Irish and English Papists, and Nonjurors or Jacobites (so called), to murder King William on the first opportunity of his going either from Kensington, or to hunting, or to the chapel; and, upon signal of fire to be given from Dover Cliff to Calais, an invasion was designed. In order to it there was a great army in readiness, men-of-war and transports, to join a general insurrection here, the Duke of Berwick having secretly come to London to head them, King James attending at Calais with the French army.<sup>3</sup> It was discovered by some of their own party. £1000 reward was offered to whoever could apprehend any of the thirty named. Most of those who were engaged in it, were taken and secured. The Parliament, City, and all the nation congratulate the discovery; and votes and resolutions were passed that, if King William should ever be assassinated, it should be revenged on the Papists and party through the nation; an Act of Association<sup>4</sup> drawing up to empower the Parliament to sit on any such accident, till the Crown should be disposed of according to the late settlement at the Revolution. All Papists, in the meantime, to be banished ten miles from London. This put the nation into

To defray the expense of withdrawing the clipped coin, a sum of £1,200,000 was raised by a house-duty.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 11. She had been laid up to be rebuilt a second time when she was accidentally burnt, January 27, 1696.]

<sup>2</sup> [That known as the "Assassination Plot."]

<sup>3</sup> [The fleet under Russell threatened France, and prevented the embarkation of the French troops.]

<sup>4</sup> [7 and 8 Gul. III. c. 27.]

an incredible disturbance and general animosity against the French King and King James. The militia of the nation was raised, several regiments were sent for out of Flanders, and all things put in a posture to encounter a descent. This was so timed by the enemy, that whilst we were already much discontented by the greatness of the taxes, and corruption of the money, etc., we had like to have had very few men-of-war near our coasts; but so it pleased God that Admiral Rooke wanting a wind to pursue his voyage to the Straits, that squadron, with others at Portsmouth and other places, were still in the Channel, and were soon brought up to join with the rest of the ships which could be got together, so that there is hope that this plot may be broken. I look on it as a very great deliverance and prevention by the providence of God. Though many did formerly pity King James's condition, this design of assassination and bringing over a French army, alienated many of his friends, and was likely to produce a more perfect establishment of King William.

1st March. The wind continuing N. and E. all this week, brought so many of our men-of-war together that, though most of the French finding their design detected and prevented, made a shift to get into Calais and Dunkirk roads, we wanting fireships and bombs to disturb them; yet they were so engaged among the sands and flats, that 'tis said they cut their masts and flung their great guns overboard to lighten their vessels. We are yet upon them. This deliverance is due solely to God. French were to have invaded at once England, Scotland, and Ireland.

8th. Divers of the conspirators tried and condemned.

Vesuvius breaking out, terrified Naples. —Three of the unhappy wretches, whereof one was a priest, were executed<sup>1</sup> for intending to assassinate the King; they acknowledged their intention, but acquitted King James of inciting them to it, and died very penitent. Divers more in danger, and some very considerable persons.

Great frost and cold.

6th April. I visited Mr. Graham in the Fleet.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Robert Charnock, Edward King, and Thomas Keys.

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 423.]

10th. The quarters of Sir William Perkins and Sir John Friend, lately executed on the plot, with Perkins's head, were set up at Temple Bar, a dismal sight, which many pitied. I think there never was such at Temple Bar till now, except once in the time of King Charles II., namely, of Sir Thomas Armstrong.<sup>1</sup>

12th. A very fine spring season.

19th. Great offence taken at the three ministers<sup>2</sup> who absolved Sir William Perkins and Friend at Tyburn. One of them (Snatt) was a son of my old schoolmaster.<sup>3</sup> This produced much altercation as to the canonicalness of the action.

21st. We had a meeting at Guildhall of the Grand Committee about settling the draught of Greenwich Hospital.

23rd. I went to Eton, and dined with Dr. Godolphin, the provost. The schoolmaster assured me there had not been for twenty years a more pregnant youth in that place than my grandson.—I went to see the King's House at Kensington.<sup>4</sup> It is very noble, though not great. The gallery furnished with the best pictures [from] all the houses of Titian, Raphael, Correggio, Holbein, Julio Romano, Bassano, Vandyck, Tintoretto, and others; a great collection of porcelain; and a pretty private library. The gardens about it very delicious.

26th. Dr. Sharp<sup>5</sup> preached at the Temple. His prayer before the sermon was one of the most excellent compositions I ever heard.

28th. The Venetian Ambassador made a stately entry with fifty footmen, many on horseback, four rich coaches, and a numerous train of gallants.—More executions this week of the assassins.—Oates dedicated a most villainous reviling book against King James,<sup>6</sup> which he presumed to present to King William, who could not but abhor it, speaking so infamously and untruly of his late beloved Queen's own father.

2nd May. I dined at Lambeth, being

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 359.]

<sup>2</sup> Jeremy Collier, William Snatt, and Mr. Cook, all nonjuring clergymen. [Collier concealed himself and was outlawed; Snatt and Cook were for a time imprisoned.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 4.]

<sup>4</sup> [See ante, p. 418.]

<sup>5</sup> [See ante, p. 433.]

<sup>6</sup> [Probably one of the pamphlets entitled *Pictures of King James . . . drawn to Life.*]

summoned to meet my co-trustees, the Archbishop, Sir Henry Ashurst, and Mr. Serjeant Rotheram,<sup>1</sup> to consult about settling Mr. Boyle's lecture for a perpetuity; which we concluded upon, by buying a rent-charge of £50 per annum, with the stock in our hands.

6th May. I went to Lambeth, to meet at dinner the Countess of Sunderland and divers ladies. We dined in the Archbishop's wife's apartment with his Grace, and stayed late; yet I returned to Deptford at night.

13th. I went to London to meet my son, newly come from Ireland, indisposed.<sup>2</sup> —Money still continuing exceeding scarce, so that none was paid or received, but all was on trust, the Mint not supplying for common necessities. The Association with an oath required of all lawyers and officers, on pain of *præmunire*, whereby men were obliged to renounce King James as no rightful king, and to revenge King William's death, if happening by assassination.<sup>3</sup> This to be taken by all the Counsel by a day limited, so that the Courts of Chancery and King's Bench hardly heard any cause in Easter Term, so many crowded to take the oath. This was censured as a very entangling contrivance of the Parliament, in expectation that many in high office would lay down, and others surrender. Many gentlemen taken up on suspicion of the late plot, were now discharged out of prison.

29th. We settled divers officers, and other matters relating to workmen, for the beginning of Greenwich Hospital.

1st June. I went to Deptford to dispose of our goods, in order to letting the house for three years to Vice-Admiral Benbow,<sup>4</sup> with condition to keep up the garden. This was done soon after.

4th. A Committee met at Whitehall about Greenwich Hospital, at Sir Christopher Wren's, his Majesty's Surveyor-General.

We made the first agreement with divers workmen and for materials; and gave the first order for proceeding on the foundation, and for weekly payments to the workmen, and a general account to be monthly.

11th. Dined at Lord Pembroke's, Lord Privy Seal, a very worthy gentleman.<sup>1</sup> He showed me divers rare pictures of very many of the old and best masters, especially one of M. Angelo of a man gathering fruit to give to a woman, and a large book of the best drawings of the old masters.—Sir John Fenwick, one of the conspirators, was taken.<sup>2</sup> Great subscriptions in Scotland to their East India Company.—Want of current money to carry on the smallest concerns, even for daily provisions in the markets. Guineas lowered to twenty-two shillings, and great sums daily transported to Holland, where it yields more, with other treasure sent to pay the armies, and nothing considerable coined of the new and now only current stamp, cause such a scarcity that tumults are every day feared, nobody paying or receiving money; so imprudent was the late Parliament to condemn the old though clipped and corrupted, till they had provided supplies. To this add the fraud of the bankers and goldsmiths, who having gotten immense riches by extortion, keep up their treasure in expectation of enhancing its value. Duncombe, not long since a mean goldsmith, having made a purchase of the late Duke of Buckingham's estate<sup>3</sup> at near £90,000, and reputed to have near as much in cash. Banks and Lotteries every day set up.

18th. The famous trial between my Lord Bath and Lord Montagu for an estate of £11,000 a year, left by the Duke of Albemarle, wherein on several trials had been spent £20,000 between them. The Earl of Bath was cast on evident forgery.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 174.]

<sup>2</sup> He was taken at a house by the side of the road from Great Bookham to Stoke d'Abernon, in Surrey, near Slyfield-mill. So Bray was told by Evelyn's great-grandson.

<sup>3</sup> At Helmsley, in Yorkshire.

And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight, Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city-Knight.  
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, Sat. II. Bk. ii. l. 177.  
[Sir Charles Duncombe changed the name to Duncombe Park.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 432; and *post*, under 2nd September, 1701.]

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 427.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 427.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 439.]

<sup>4</sup> [Captain John Benbow, 1653-1702 (afterwards (1701) Vice-Admiral). He had been wounded at the bombardment of Calais in March of this year. During his intervals of sea service he resided at Deptford, having a house of his own in Hughes' Fields (Dew's *Deptford*, 1884, p. 189). He was not a "polite tenant" of Sayes Court; but scarcely as bad as Peter the Great.]

20<sup>th</sup> June. I made my Lord Cheyne<sup>1</sup> a visit at Chelsea, and saw those ingenious water-works invented by Mr. Winstanley,<sup>2</sup> wherein were some things very surprising and extraordinary.

21<sup>st</sup>. An exceeding rainy, cold, unseasonable summer, yet the city was very healthy.

25<sup>th</sup>. A trial in the Common Pleas between the Lady Purbeck Temple<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Temple, a nephew of Sir Purbeck, concerning a deed set up to take place of several wills. This deed was proved to be forged. The cause went on my lady's side. This concerning my son-in-law, Draper, I staid almost all day at Court. A great supper was given to the jury, being persons of the best condition in Buckinghamshire.

30<sup>th</sup>. I went with a select Committee of the Commissioners for Greenwich Hospital,<sup>4</sup> and with Sir Christopher Wren, where with him I laid the first stone of the intended foundation, precisely at five o'clock in the evening, after we had dined together. Mr. Flamsteed,<sup>5</sup> the King's Astronomical Professor, observing the punctual time by instruments.

4<sup>th</sup> July. Note that my Lord Godolphin was the first of the subscribers who paid any money to this noble fabric.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 418.]

<sup>2</sup> Henry Winstanley, 1644-1703, the architect who built the Eddystone Lighthouse, and perished in it when it was blown down by the great storm in 1793.

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 438.]

<sup>4</sup> The Committee were Sir William Ashurst, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Thomas Lane, Sir Stephen Evance, John Evelyn, William Draper, Dr. Cade, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Thomas, Captain Gatteridge, Mr. Firmin, Mr. Lake, and Captain Heath.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 306.]

<sup>6</sup> SUBSCRIPTIONS TO GREENWICH HOSPITAL; FROM MR. EVELYN'S PAPERS

The King . . . . .	£2000	0	0
Archbishop of Canterbury . . . . .	500	0	0
Lord-Keeper Somers . . . . .	500	0	0
Duke of Leeds, President of the Council . . . . .	500	0	0
Earl of Pembroke, Lord Privy Seal . . . . .	500	0	0
Duke of Devonshire . . . . .	500	0	0
Duke of Shrewsbury, Secretary of State . . . . .	500	0	0
Earl of Romney . . . . .	200	0	0
Earl of Dorset . . . . .	500	0	0
Lord Montagu . . . . .	300	0	0
Lord Godolphin, First Commissioner of the Treasury . . . . .	200	0	0

Carry forward . . . . . £6200 0 0

7<sup>th</sup>. A northern wind altering the weather with a continual and impetuous rain of three days and nights, changed it into perfect winter.

12<sup>th</sup>. Very unseasonable and uncertain weather.

26<sup>th</sup>. So little money in the nation that Exchequer Tallies, of which I had for £2000 on the best fund in England, the Post-Office, nobody would take at 30 per cent discount.

3<sup>rd</sup> August. The Bank lending the £200,000 to pay the army in Flanders,

Brought forward . . . . .	£6200	0	0
Mr. Montagu, Chancellor of the Exchequer . . . . .	100	0	0
Mr. Smith, Commissioner of the Treasury . . . . .	100	0	0
Lord Chief-Justice Holt . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir Ste. Fox, Commissioner of the Treasury . . . . .	200	0	0
Earl of Ranelagh . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir John Lowther . . . . .	100	0	0
Mr. Priestman . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir Geo. Rooke . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir John Houlton (see <i>ante</i> , p. 317) . . . . .	100	0	0
Lord Chief-Justice Treby . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir Wm. Trumball, Principal Secretary of State . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir Robt. Rich . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir Hen. Goodrick . . . . .	50	0	0
Col. Austen . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir Tho. Lane . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir Patience Ward . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir William Ashurst . . . . .	100	0	0
Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls . . . . .	100	0	0
Mr. Justice Rokeby . . . . .	50	0	0
Mr. Justice Powell . . . . .	50	0	0
Mr. Justice Eyre . . . . .	50	0	0
Lord Chief Baron Ward . . . . .	66	13	4
Mr. Justice Gregory . . . . .	50	0	0
Mr. Baron Powell . . . . .	50	0	0
Earl of Portland . . . . .	500	0	0
Mr. Baron Powis . . . . .	40	0	0
Sir Richard Onslow . . . . .	100	0	0
Mr. Baron Lechmore . . . . .	40	0	0

£9046 13 4

"By the Committee for the fabric of Greenwich Hospital, Nov. 4, 1696. — Expense of the work already done, £5000 and upwards, towards which the Treasurer had not received above £800, so that they must be obliged to stop the work unless there can be a supply of money both from the tallies that have been assigned for payment of his Majesty's £2000, and the money subscribed by several noblemen and gentlemen; the Secretary was ordered to attend Mr. Lowndes, Secretary to the Lords of the Treasury, to move for an order that the tallies may be fixed on such fund as may be ready money, or that the Treasurer of the Hospital may be directed to dispose of them on the best terms he can; and that the Solicitor, with the Treasurer's clerk, do attend the noblemen and gentlemen that have subscribed, to acquaint them herewith."



that had done nothing against the enemy, had so exhausted the treasure of the nation, that one could not have borrowed money under 14 or 15 per cent on bills, or on Exchequer Tallies under 30 per cent.—Reasonable good harvest-weather.—I went to Lambeth and dined with the Archbishop, who had been at Court on the complaint against Dr. Thomas Watson, Bishop of St. David's, who was suspended for simony.<sup>1</sup> The Archbishop told me how unsatisfied he was with the Canon-law, and how exceedingly unreasonable all their pleadings appeared to him.

*September.* Fine seasonable weather, and a great harvest after a cold wet summer. Scarcity in Scotland.

*6th.* I went to congratulate the marriage of a daughter of Mr. Boscawen to the son of Sir Philip Meadows; she is niece to my Lord Godolphin, married at Lambeth by the Archbishop 30th August.—After above six months' stay in London about Greenwich Hospital, I returned to Wotton.

*24th October.* Unseasonable stormy weather, and an ill seed-time.

*November.* Lord Godolphin retired from the Treasury, who was the first Commissioner and most skilful manager of all.

*8th.* The first frost began fiercely, but lasted not long.—More plots talked of. Search for Jacobites so called.

*15th—23rd.* Very stormy weather, rain, and inundations.

*13th December.* Continuance of extreme frost and snow.

*1696-7: 17th January.* The severe frost and weather relented, but again froze with snow.—Conspiracies continue against King William. Sir John Fenwick was beheaded.<sup>2</sup>

*7th February.* Severe frost continued with snow. Soldiers in the armies and garrison-towns frozen to death on their posts.

[Here a leaf of the MS. is lost.]

*17th August.* I came to Wotton after three months' absence.

*September.* Very bright weather, but with sharp east wind. My son came from London in his melancholy indisposition.

<sup>1</sup> [Dr. Thomas Watson, 1637-1717. He was found guilty and deprived of his see (see *post*, under August, 1699).]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 441.]

*12th.* Mr. Duncomb,<sup>1</sup> the rector, came and preached after an absence of two years, though only living seven or eight miles off [at Ashtead].—Welcome tidings of the Peace.<sup>2</sup>

*3rd October.* So great were the storms all this week, that near a thousand people were lost going into the Texel.

*16th November.* The King's entry very pompous; but is nothing approaching that of King Charles II.

*2nd December.* Thanksgiving-day for the Peace. The King and a great Court at Whitehall. The Bishop of Salisbury<sup>3</sup> preached, or rather made a florid panegyric, on 2 Chron. ix. 7, 8.—The evening concluded with fireworks and illuminations of great expense.

*5th.* Was the first Sunday that St. Paul's had had service performed in it since it was burnt in 1666.

*6th.* I went to Kensington with the Sheriff, Knights, and chief gentlemen of Surrey, to present their address to the King. The Duke of Norfolk promised to introduce it,<sup>4</sup> but came so late, that it was presented before he came. This insignificant ceremony was brought in in Cromwell's time, and has ever since continued with offers of life and fortune to whoever happened to have the power. I dined at Sir Richard Onslow's,<sup>5</sup> who treated almost all the gentlemen of Surrey. When we had half dined, the Duke of Norfolk came in to make his excuse.

*12th.* At the Temple Church; it was very long before the service began, staying for the Comptroller of the Inner Temple, where was to be kept a riotous and reveling Christmas, according to custom.<sup>6</sup>

*18th.* At Lambeth, to Dr. Bentley, about the Library at St. James's.<sup>7</sup>

*23rd.* I returned to Wotton.

*1697-8.* A great Christmas kept at Wotton, open house, much company. I presented my book of Medals, etc., to divers Noblemen, before I exposed it to sale.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 437.]

<sup>2</sup> [The Peace of Kyswyk.]

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Burnet.

<sup>4</sup> [He was Lord-Lieutenant of Norfolk, Berkshire, and Surrey.]

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 424.]

<sup>6</sup> [See *ante*, p. 218.]

<sup>7</sup> [Of which Bentley was keeper.]

<sup>8</sup> [Numismata. A Discourse of Medals, Antient and Modern. Together with some Account of

2nd January. Dr. Fulham, who lately married my niece,<sup>1</sup> preached against Atheism, a very eloquent discourse, somewhat improper for most of the audience at [Wotton], but fitted for some other place, and very apposite to the profane temper of the age.

5th. Whitehall burnt, nothing but walls and ruins left.<sup>2</sup>

30th. The imprisonment of the great banker, Duncombe: censured by Parliament; acquitted by the Lords; sent again to the Tower by the Commons.<sup>3</sup>

The Czar of Muscovy being come to England, and having a mind to see the

*Heads and Effigies of illustrious, and famous Persons, in Sculpt, and Taille-douce, of whom we have no Medals extant; and of the Use to be derived from them. To which is added a Digression concerning Physiognomy.* By J. Evelyn, Esq., S.R.S. London, 1697, folio. *Numismata* does not seem to have been reprinted (see "Introduction," and *post*, p. 476.)

<sup>1</sup> [George Evelyn's daughter, Elizabeth.]

<sup>2</sup> [In the Fourteenth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, Appendix, Part iii., 1894, pp. 129-130 and 141, are several references to this fire. Sir James Ogilvie writes to the Earl of Marchmont, 5th January, 1698: "All the palace of Whitehall, at least what was built by King Charles the Second and King James, is burned down." And Andrew Kineir also writes on the same day: "All the royal apartments with the King's chappell and guard hall, the Duke of Shrewsbury's office, the Treasury Office, Council Chamber, the late King's new chappell, the long galleries with Devonshire's, Essex's, and Villar's, and severall other lodgings are all consumed. . . . The best account we yet have of the occasion of it was the neglect of a lawndress in Colonel Stanley's lodgings near the river. There are five or six at least destroyed by it, but no persons of any note." From another account it would seem that the Banqueting Hall and Lord Portland's lodgings were almost all that was saved.]

<sup>3</sup> 25th Jan. 1697-98. Charles Duncombe, Esq., M.P., afterwards Sir Charles (*d.* 1711), was charged with making false endorsements on Exchequer-bills, and was committed close prisoner to the Tower. 29th. Being ill, his apothecary and his brother Anthony Duncombe were permitted to see him. He confessed his guilt, and was expelled the House. A Bill was brought in for seizure of his estate, which was passed 26th Feb. after great opposition, 138 against 103. It was entitled "An Act for punishing C. Duncombe, Esq., for contriving and advising the making false endorsements of several Bills made forth at Receipt of the Exchequer commonly called Exchequer-Bills." This being sent to the Lords, they desired a conference with the Commons, and not being satisfied, though he had acknowledged the fact, they discharged him from the Tower. 31st March. The Commons re-committed him. We do not find, however, in the Journals of the House of Commons, that anything further was done.

building of ships, hired my house at Sayes Court,<sup>1</sup> and made it his court and palace, new furnished for him by the King.

21st April. The Czar went from my house to return home.<sup>2</sup> An exceeding sharp and cold season.

8th May. An extraordinary great snow and frost, nipping the corn and other fruits. Corn at nine shillings a bushel [£18 a load].

30th. I dined at Mr. Pepys', where I heard the rare voice of Mr. Pule, who was lately come from Italy, reputed the most excellent singer we had ever had. He sung several compositions of the late Dr. Purcell.<sup>3</sup>

5th June. Dr. White, late Bishop of Norwich, who had been ejected for not complying with Government, was buried in St. Gregory's churchyard, or vault, at St. Paul's. His hearse was accompanied by two non-juror Bishops, Dr. Turner of Ely, and Dr. Lloyd, with forty other non-juror clergymen, who would not stay the Office of the burial, because the Dean of St. Paul's had appointed a conforming minister to read the Office; at which all much wondered, there being nothing in that Office which mentioned the present King.

8th. I went to congratulate the marriage of Mr. Godolphin<sup>4</sup> with the Earl of Marlborough's daughter.

<sup>1</sup> [That is, Benbow sublet it.] While the Czar Peter was in his house, Evelyn's servant writes to him: "There is a house full of people, and right nasty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night, is very seldom at home a whole day, very often in the King's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected here this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has."

<sup>2</sup> [According to Dews' *Deptford*, 2nd ed., 1884, p. 183, there is (or was) "in one of the old ship-building sheds in the Dockyard, now used for housing foreign cattle," "a plain wooden tablet, on which is painted the following inscription:—'Here worked as a ship carpenter, Peter, Czar of all the Russias, afterwards Peter the Great, 1698.'" "A small thoroughfare" (adds Dews) "near the old Dockyard gates is called Czar Street." While at Deptford Peter occasionally attended the Quakers' meeting in Gracechurch Street (White Hart Court), and he was visited by Penn, Whitehead, and other Friends.]

<sup>3</sup> [*D.* 1695.]

<sup>4</sup> [Francis Godolphin, whose education Evelyn had superintended (see *ante*, p. 316).]

9th June. To Deptford, to see how miserably the Czar had left my house, after three months making it his Court. I got Sir Christopher Wren, the King's Surveyor, and Mr. London<sup>1</sup> his gardener, to go and estimate the repairs, for which they allowed £150 in their report to the Lords of the Treasury. I then went to see the foundation of the Hall and Chapel at Greenwich Hospital.<sup>2</sup>

6th August. I dined with Mr. Pepys, where was Captain Dampier,<sup>3</sup> who had been a famous buccaneer, had brought hither the painted Prince Job,<sup>4</sup> and printed a relation of his very strange adventure, and his observations. He was now going abroad again by the King's encouragement, who furnished a ship of 290 tons.<sup>5</sup> He seemed a more modest man than one would imagine by the relation of the crew he had assorted with. He brought a map of his observations of the course of the winds in the South Sea, and assured us that the maps hitherto extant were all false as to the Pacific Sea, which he makes on the south of the line, that on the north end running by the coast of Peru being extremely tempestuous.

25th September. Dr. Foy came to me to use my interest with Lord Sunderland for his being made Professor of Physic at Oxford, in the King's gift. I went also to the Archbishop in his behalf.

7th December. Being one of the Council of the Royal Society, I was named to be of the Committee to wait on our new

president, the Lord Chancellor,<sup>1</sup> our Secretary, Dr. Sloane, and Sir R. Southwell, last Vice-president, carrying our books of statutes; the Office of the President being read, his Lordship subscribed his name, and took the oaths according to our statutes as a Corporation for the improvement of natural knowledge. Then his Lordship made a short compliment concerning the honour the Society had done him, and how ready he would be to promote so noble a design, and come himself among us, as often as the attendance on the public would permit; and so we took our leave.

18th. Very warm, but exceeding stormy.

1698-9: January. My cousin Pierrepont died.<sup>2</sup> She was daughter to Sir John Evelyn, of Wilts, my father's nephew; she was widow to William Pierrepont, brother to the Marquis of Dorchester, and mother to Evelyn Pierrepont, Earl of Kingston; a most excellent and prudent lady.

The House of Commons persist in refusing more than 7000 men to be a standing army, and no strangers to be in the number. This displeased the Court party. Our county member, Sir R. Onslow,<sup>3</sup> opposed it also; which might reconcile him to the people, who began to suspect him.

17th February. My grandson<sup>4</sup> went to Oxford with Dr. Mander, the Master of Balliol College,<sup>5</sup> where he was entered a fellow-commoner.

19th. A most furious wind, such as has not happened for many years, doing great damage to houses and trees, by the fall of which several persons were killed.

5th March. The old East India Com-

<sup>1</sup> [Lord Somers.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 398.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 443.]

<sup>1</sup> [George London (see ante, p. 434 n.). Benbow had neglected the house and grounds; but he was nothing to his "Zarish Majesty," who amused himself *inter alia* by driving furiously on a wheelbarrow through Evelyn's magnificent holly hedge, four hundred feet long, nine feet high, and five in diameter (*Sylva*, bk. ii. chap. vi.). In Wren's survey Evelyn's losses were estimated at £162:7s. Benbow's, at £158:2:6. But much of the damage done was probably irreparable. Full particulars are given in Dews' *Deptford*, 1884, pp. 33-38.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 441.]

<sup>3</sup> William Dampier, 1652-1715. His *Voyage round the World* (1697) has gone through many editions, and the substance of it has been transferred to many collections of voyages.

<sup>4</sup> Giolo, of whom there is a very curious portrait, engraved by Savage, to which is subjoined a singular narrative of his wonderful adventures; there is also a smaller one, copied from the above, prefixed to a fictitious account of his life, printed in a 4to pamphlet. Evelyn mentions him in his *Nemismata*.

<sup>5</sup> Noticed in Parliament.

<sup>4</sup> [John Evelyn had returned in 1696 from Ireland (see ante, p. 441). Besides translating Rapius (*ante*, p. 289), he wrote a poem in Greek hexameters, which is prefixed to the second edition of his father's *Sylva*, 1670. He also translated Plutarch's life of *Alexander the Great*, and (out of the French of F. de Chassepol) the lives of the Grand Viziers Mahomet and Achmet Coprogli. He was a contributor of verse to Dryden's *Miscellanies* and Nichols's *Collection*. His marriage is recorded at p. 324 of this volume; his burial, *infra*, 30th March. John Evelyn, referred to above (17th February) as being at Oxford, was his second son. He succeeded his grandfather at Wotton, was made a baronet in 1713, and died in 1763.]

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Roger Mander was elected Master of his College, in the place of Dr. John Venn, 1647-87.

pany lost their business against the new Company, by ten votes in Parliament, so many of their friends being absent, going to see a tiger baited by dogs.

The persecuted Vaudois, who were banished out of Savoy, were received by the German Protestant Princes.

*24th March.* My only remaining son died after a tedious languishing sickness, contracted in Ireland, and increased here, to my exceeding grief and affliction; leaving me one grandson, now at Oxford, whom I pray God to prosper and be the support of the Wotton family. He was aged forty-four years and about three months. He had been six years one of the Commissioners of the Revenue in Ireland, with great ability and reputation.<sup>1</sup>

*26th.* After an extraordinary storm, there came up the Thames a whale which was fifty-six feet long. Such, and a larger of the spout kind, was killed there forty years ago (June, 1658).<sup>2</sup> That year died Cromwell.

*30th.* My deceased son was buried in the vault at Wotton, according to his desire.

The Duke of Devon lost £1900 at a horse-race at Newmarket.

The King preferring his young favourite Earl of Albemarle<sup>3</sup> to be first Commander of his Guard, the Duke of Ormonde laid down his commission. This of the Dutch Lord passing over his head, was exceedingly resented by everybody.

*April.* Lord Spencer purchased an incomparable library<sup>4</sup> of . . . . wherein, among other rare books, were several that were printed at the first invention of that wonderful art, as particularly *Tully's Offices, etc.* There was a Homer and a Suidas in a very good Greek character and good paper, almost as ancient. This gentleman is a very fine scholar, whom from a child I have known. His tutor was one Florival of Geneva.

*29th.* I dined with the Archbishop; but my business was to get him to persuade the King to purchase the late Bishop of Worcester's library at St. James's, in the Park, the present one being too small.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 429.]

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, p. 198.

<sup>3</sup> Arnold Joost Van Keppel, 1669-1718, first Earl of Albemarle.

<sup>4</sup> The foundation of the noble library now at Blenheim.

*3rd May.* At a meeting of the Royal Society I was nominated to be of the Committee to wait on the Lord Chancellor to move the King to purchase the Bishop of Worcester's library (Dr. Edward Stillingfleet).

*4th.* The Court party have little influence in this Session.

*7th.* The Duke of Ormonde restored to his commission.—All Lotteries, till now cheating the people, to be no longer permitted than to Christmas, except that for the benefit of Greenwich Hospital. Mr. Bridgman, chairman of the committee for that charitable work, died; a great loss to it. He was Clerk of the Council, a very industrious useful man. I saw the library of Dr. John Moore,<sup>1</sup> Bishop of Norwich, one of the best and most ample collections of all sorts of good books in England, and he, one of the most learned men.

*11th June.* After a long drought, we had a refreshing shower. The day before, there was a dreadful fire at Rotherhithe, near the Thames side, which burnt divers ships, and consumed near three hundred houses.—Now died the famous Duchess Mazarin;<sup>2</sup> she had been the richest lady in Europe. She was niece of Cardinal Mazarin, and was married to the richest

<sup>1</sup> Dr. John Moore, 1646-1714, afterwards Bishop of Ely. King George the First purchased this library after the Bishop's death, for £6000, and presented it to the University of Cambridge, where it now is. [The gift occasioned the following epigrams:—

The King, observing with judicious eyes,  
The state of both his universities,  
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?  
That learned body wanted loyalty;  
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning  
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

To this, attributed to Dr. Joseph Trapp, afterwards first Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Sir William Browne wrote the following extempore and excellent reply:—

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,  
For Tories own no argument but force;  
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,  
For Whigs admit no force but argument.]

<sup>2</sup> [and July, 1699, at Chelsea, in a small house which she rented of Lord Cheyne. James II. had continued her pension, as she was related to his wife; and William III. gave her £2000. But her prodigality was unbounded. According to Lysons, it was at last usual for the nobility and others, who dined at her house, to leave money under their plates to pay for their entertainment. (See *ante*, p. 305.)]

subject in Europe, as is said. She was born at Rome, educated in France, and was an extraordinary beauty and wit, but dissolute and impatient of matrimonial restraint, so as to be abandoned by her husband, and banished, when she came into England for shelter, lived on a pension given her here, and is reported to have hastened her death by intemperate drinking strong spirits. She has written her own story and adventures, and so has her other extravagant sister, wife to the noble family of Colonna.<sup>1</sup>

15th June. This week died Conyers Seymour, son of Sir Edward Seymour, killed in a duel caused by a slight affront in St. James's Park, given him by one who was envious of his gallantries; for he was a vain foppish young man, who made a great éclat about town by his splendid equipage and boundless expense. He was about twenty-three years old; his brother, now at Oxford, inherited an estate of £7000 a year, which had fallen to him not two years before.

19th. My cousin, George Evelyn of Nutfield,<sup>2</sup> died suddenly.

25th. The heat has been so great, almost all this month, that I do not remember to have felt much greater in Italy, and this after a winter the wettest, though not the coldest, that I remember for fifty years last past.

28th. Finding my occasions called me so often to London, I took the remainder of the lease my son had in a house in Dover Street,<sup>3</sup> to which I now removed, not taking my goods from Wotton.

23rd July. Seasonable showers, after a continuance of excessive drought and heat.

August. I drank the Shooters' Hill waters.<sup>4</sup> At Deptford, they had been building a pretty new church.—The Bishop of St. David's [Watson] deprived for simony.<sup>5</sup>—The city of Moscow burnt by the throwing of squibs.

<sup>1</sup> [Marie Mancini, 1640-1715. She had married in 1661 the Prince of Colonna, Grand Constable of Naples, and had separated from him.]

<sup>2</sup> [B. 1641,—the fourth son of Sir John Evelyn of Godstone, d. 1643, and heir to his brother, also Sir John Evelyn, d. 1671.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 425.]

<sup>4</sup> [Once famous. William Godbid wrote an account of them in 1673.]

<sup>5</sup> See ante, p. 443.

3rd September. There was in this week an eclipse of the sun, at which many were frightened by the predictions of the astrologers. I remember fifty years ago that many were so terrified by Lilly, that they durst not go out of their houses.—A strange earthquake at New Batavia, in the East Indies.

4th October. My worthy brother<sup>1</sup> died at Wotton, in the 83rd year of his age, of perfect memory and understanding. He was religious, sober, and temperate, and of so hospitable a nature, that no family in the county maintained that ancient custom of keeping, as it were, open house the whole year in the same manner, or gave more noble or free entertainment to the county on all occasions, so that his house was never free. There were sometimes twenty persons more than his family, and some that stayed there all the summer, to his no small expense; by this he gained the universal love of the county. He was born at Wotton, went from the free-school at Guildford to Trinity College, Oxford, thence to the Middle Temple, as gentlemen of the best quality did, but without intention to study the law as a profession. He married the daughter of Caldwell,<sup>2</sup> of a worthy and ancient family in Leicestershire, by whom he had one son; she dying in 1643, left George her son an infant, who being educated liberally, after travelling abroad,<sup>3</sup> returned and married one Mrs. Gore, by whom he had several children, but only three daughters survived. He was a young man of good understanding, but, over-indulging his ease and pleasure, grew so very corpulent, contrary to the constitution of the rest of his father's relations, that he died.<sup>4</sup> My brother afterwards married a noble and honourable

<sup>1</sup> [George Evelyn of Wotton, d. 5th October, 1699, aged 82.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 8.]

<sup>3</sup> In a letter to his nephew, George Evelyn, then on his travels in Italy, dated 30th March, 1664, Evelyn tells him that his father complained of his expenses, as much exceeding those of his own, which were known to the young gentleman's father, as all the money passed through his hands. He says that when he travelled he kept a servant, sometimes two, entertained several masters, and made no inconsiderable collection of curiosities, all within £300 per ann.—In the same letter, he desires seeds of the ilex, phyllirea, myrtle, jessamine, which he says are rare in England.

<sup>4</sup> [In 1676.]

lady, relict of Sir John Cotton, she being an Offley, a worthy and ancient Staffordshire family, by whom he had several children of both sexes. This lady died, leaving only two daughters and a son. The younger daughter died before marriage; the other afterwards married Sir Cyril Wyche,<sup>1</sup> a noble and learned gentleman, son of Sir— Wyche<sup>2</sup> (who had been Ambassador of Constantinople), and was afterwards made one of the Lords Justices of Ireland. Before this marriage, her only brother married the daughter of— Eversfield, of Sussex,<sup>3</sup> of an honourable family, but left a widow without any child living; he died about 1691, and his wife not many years after, and my brother resettled the whole estate on me. His sister, Wyche, had a portion of £6000, to which was added about £300 more; the three other daughters, with what I added, had about £5000 each. My brother died on the 5th October, in a good old age and great reputation, making his beloved daughter, Lady Wyche, sole executrix, leaving me only his library and some pictures of my father, mother, etc. She buried him with extraordinary solemnity, rather as a nobleman than as a private gentleman. There were, as I computed, above 2000 persons at the funeral, all the gentlemen of the county doing him the last honours. I returned to London, till my lady should dispose of herself and family.

21st October. After an unusual warm and pleasant season, we were surprised with a very sharp frost. I presented my *Acetaria*,<sup>4</sup> dedicated to my Lord Chancellor,<sup>5</sup> who returned me thanks in an extraordinary civil letter.

15th November. There happened this week so thick a mist and fog, that people lost their way in the streets, it being so intense that no light of candles, or torches, yielded any (or but very little) direction. I was in it, and in danger. Robberies were committed between the very lights

which were fixed between London and Kensington on both sides, and whilst coaches and travellers were passing. It began about four in the afternoon, and was quite gone by eight, without any wind to disperse it. At the Thames, they beat drums to direct the watermen to make the shore.

19th. At our chapel in the evening there was a sermon preached by young Mr. Horneck,<sup>1</sup> chaplain to Lord Guildford, whose lady's funeral had been celebrated magnificently the Thursday before. A panegyric was now pronounced, describing the extraordinary piety and excellently employed life of this amiable young lady. She died in childbed a few days before, to the excessive sorrow of her husband, who ordered the preacher to declare that it was on her exemplary life, exhortations and persuasion, that he totally changed the course of his life, which was before in great danger of being perverted; following the mode of this dissolute age. Her devotion, early piety, charity, fastings, economy, disposition of her time in reading, praying, recollections in her own hand-writing of what she heard and read, and her conversation were most exemplary.

24th. I signed Dr. Blackwall's election to be the next year's Boyle Lecturer.

Such horrible robberies and murders were committed, as had not been known in this nation; atheism, profaneness, blasphemy, amongst all sorts, portended some judgment if not amended; on which a society was set on foot, who obliged themselves to endeavour the reforming of it, in London and other places, and began to punish offenders and put the laws in more strict execution: which God Almighty prosper!<sup>2</sup>—A gentle, calm, dry, temperate weather all this season of the year, but now came sharp, hard frost, and mist, but calm.

3rd December. Calm, bright, and warm as in the middle of April. So continued on 21st Jan.—A great earthquake in Portugal.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 428.]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Peter Wyche, d. 1643. He was English Ambassador at Constantinople, 1627-39.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 324.]

<sup>4</sup> [*Acetaria: a Discourse of Sallets*. By J. E., S.R.S. It is reprinted in the *Miscellaneous Writings*, pp. 722-811.]

<sup>5</sup> [Lord John Somers of Evesham.]

<sup>1</sup> Of the character of this gentleman's father see *ante*, p. 345.

<sup>2</sup> [See *post*, under 24th March, 1700. There is a history of these attempts in Josiah Woodward's *Account of the Societies for Reformation of Manners, in London and Westminster and other parts, etc.*, 1699, 6th ed., 1744.]

The Parliament reverses the prodigious donations of the Irish forfeitures, which were intended to be set apart for discharging the vast national debt. They called some great persons in the highest offices in question for setting the Great Seal to the pardon of an arch-pirate,<sup>1</sup> who had turned pirate again, and brought prizes into the West Indies, suspected to be connived at on sharing the prey; but the prevailing part in the House called Courtiers, outvoted the complaints, not by being more in number, but by the country-party being negligent in attendance.

1699-1700: 14th January. Dr. Lancaster, Vicar of St. Martin's, dismissed Mr. Stringfellow,<sup>2</sup> who had been made the first preacher at our chapel by the Bishop of Lincoln [Dr. Tenison, now Archbishop], whilst he held St. Martin's by dispensation, and put in one Mr. Sandys, much against the inclination of those who frequented the chapel.—The Scotch book about Darien was burnt by the hangman by vote of Parliament.<sup>3</sup>

21st. Died the Duke of Beaufort,<sup>4</sup> a person of great honour, prudence, and estate.

25th. I went to Wotton, the first time after my brother's funeral, to furnish the house with necessaries, Lady Wyche and my nephew Glanville, the executors, having sold and disposed of what goods were there of my brother's.—The weather was now altering into sharp and hard frost.

One Stephens,<sup>5</sup> who preached before the

House of Commons on King Charles's Martyrdom, told them that the observation of that day was not intended out of any detestation of his murder, but to be a lesson to other Kings and Rulers, how they ought to behave themselves towards their subjects, lest they should come to the same end. This was so resented that, though it was usual to desire these anniversary-sermons to be printed, they refused thanks to him, and ordered that in future no one should preach before them, who was not either a Dean or a Doctor of Divinity.

4th February. The Parliament voted against the Scots settling in Darien as being prejudicial to our trade with Spain. They also voted that the exorbitant number of attorneys be lessened (now indeed swarming, and evidently causing law-suits and disturbance, eating out the estates of people, provoking them to go to law).

18th. Mild and calm season, with gentle frost, and little mizzling rain. The Vicar of St. Martin's frequently preached at Trinity chapel in the afternoon.

8th March. The season was like April for warmth and mildness.—11th. On Wednesday, was a sermon at our chapel, to be continued during Lent.

13th. I was at the funeral of my Lady Temple,<sup>1</sup> who was buried at Islington, brought from Addiscombe, near Croydon. She left my son-in-law Draper (her nephew)<sup>2</sup> the mansion-house of Addiscombe, very nobly and completely furnished, with the estate about it, with plate and jewels, to the value in all of about £20,000. She was a very prudent lady, gave many great legacies, with £500 to the poor of Islington, where her husband, Sir Furbeck Temple, was buried, both dying without issue.

24th. The season warm, gentle, and exceeding pleasant.—Divers persons of quality entered into the Society for Reformation of Manners;<sup>3</sup> and some

<sup>1</sup> [Widow of Sir Furbeck Temple (see ante, p. 442).]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 438.]

<sup>3</sup> [See ante, p. 448. "By this Society some thousands of offenders were brought to justice, and subjected to various penalties, such as whipping, imprisonment, and the payment of fines. Considerable sums of money, obtained from these delinquents, were from time to time given to the poor. After being for several years a terror to evildoers, this Society was paralysed, and at length

<sup>1</sup> The notorious Captain William Kidd. He was hanged in 1701 with some of his accomplices. This was one of the charges brought by the Commons against Lord Somers.

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 425.]

<sup>3</sup> The volume alluded to was *An Enquiry into the causes of the Mischriage of the Scots Colony at Darien: Or an Answer to a Libel, entitled, A Defence of the Scots abdicating Darien*. See Votes of the House of Commons, 15th January, 1699-1700.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Somerset, 1629-1700, the first Duke, who exerted himself against the Monmouth Rebellion in 1685, and in 1688 endeavoured to secure Bristol against the adherents of the Prince of Orange; upon whose elevation to the throne, the Duke, refusing to take the oaths, lived in retirement till his death.

<sup>5</sup> William Stephens, 1647-1718, Rector of Sutton, in Surrey. After the censure of his sermon by the House of Commons, he published it as in defiance. [He had written in 1696 an *Account of the Growth of Deism in England*.]

lectures were set up, particularly in the City of London. The most eminent of the Clergy preached at Bow Church, after reading a declaration set forth by the King to suppress the growing wickedness; this began already to take some effect as to common swearing, and oaths in the mouths of people of all ranks.

*25th March.* Dr. Burnet preached to-day before the Lord Mayor and a very great congregation, on Proverbs xxvii. 5, 6: "Open rebuke is better than secret love; the wounds of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy." He made a very pathetic discourse concerning the necessity and advantage of friendly correction.

*April.* The Duke of Norfolk now succeeded in obtaining a divorce from his wife<sup>1</sup> by the Parliament for adultery with Sir John Germaine, a Dutch gamester, of mean extraction, who had got much by gaming; the Duke had leave to marry again, so that if he should have children, the Dukedom will go from the late Lord Thomas's children, Papists indeed, but very hopeful and virtuous gentlemen, as was their father. The now Duke their uncle is a Protestant.

The Parliament nominated fourteen persons to go into Ireland as Commissioners to dispose of the forfeited estates there, towards payment of the debts incurred by the late war, but which the King had in great measure given to some of his favourites of both sexes, Dutch and others of little merit, and very unseasonably. That this might be done without suspicion of interest in the Parliament, it was ordered that no member of either House should be in the Commission.—The great contest between the Lords and Commons concerning the Lords' power of amendments and rejecting bills tacked to the money-bill, carried for the Commons. However, this tacking of bills is a novel practice, suffered by King Charles II., who, being continually in want of money, let anything pass rather than not have wherewith to feed his extravagance. This was carried but by one voice in the Lords, all the Bishops following the Court, save one: so that near sixty bills

passed, to the great triumph of the Commons and Country-party, but high regret of the Court, and those to whom the King had given large estates in Ireland. Pity it is, that things should be brought to this extremity, the government of this nation being so equally poised between King and subject; but we are satisfied with nothing: and, whilst there is no perfection on this side Heaven, methinks both might be contented without straining things too far. Amongst the rest, there passed a law as to Papists' estates, that if one turned not Protestant before eighteen years of age, it should pass to his next Protestant heir. This indeed seemed a hard law, but not only the usage of the French King to his Protestant subjects, but the indiscreet insolence of the Papists here, going in triumphant and public processions with their Bishops, with banners and trumpets in divers places (as is said) in the northern counties, has brought it on their party.

*24th.* This week there was a great change of State-officers.—The Duke of Shrewsbury resigned his Lord Chamberlainship to the Earl of Jersey, the Duke's indisposition requiring his retreat. Mr. Vernon, Secretary of State, was put out.—The Seal was taken from the Lord Chancellor Somers,<sup>1</sup> though he had been acquitted by a great majority of votes for what was charged against him in the House of Commons.<sup>2</sup> This being in term-time, put some stop to business, many eminent lawyers refusing to accept the office, considering the uncertainty of things in this fluctuating conjuncture. It is certain that this Chancellor was a most excellent lawyer, very learned in all polite literature, a superior pen, master of a handsome style, and of easy conversation; but he is said to make too much haste to be rich, as his predecessor, and most in place in this age did, to a more prodigious excess than was ever known. But the Commons had now so mortified the Court-party, and property and liberty were so much invaded in all the neighbouring kingdoms, that their

broken up, by an adverse decision in one of the civil courts" (Wesley's *Journal*, 1701, i. p. xiv., Introductory Essay.)

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 307.]

<sup>1</sup> ["His opponents retaliated on him his partisan conduct to the magistrates who did not sign the Association (see *ante*, p. 439), and struck his name out of the commission of the peace, even for his native county (Worcester), where he had large estates" (*Annals of England*, 1876, p. 521).]

<sup>2</sup> *Post*, p. 453.



jealousy made them cautious, and every day strengthened the law which protected the people from tyranny.

A most glorious spring, with hope of abundance of fruit of all kinds, and a propitious year.

10th May. The great trial between Sir Walter Clarges and Mr. Sherwin concerning the legitimacy of the late Duke of Albemarle, on which depended an estate of £1500 a year; the verdict was given for Sir Walter.<sup>1</sup>—19th. Serjeant Wright<sup>2</sup> at last accepted the Great Seal.

24th. I went from Dover Street to Wotton, for the rest of the summer, and removed thither the rest of my goods from Sayes Court.

2nd June. A sweet season, with a mixture of refreshing showers.

9th—16th. In the afternoon, our clergyman had a Catechism, which was continued for some time.

July. I was visited with illness, but it pleased God that I recovered, for which praise be ascribed to Him by me, and that He has again so graciously advertised me of my duty to prepare for my latter end, which at my great age cannot be far off.

The Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess Anne of Denmark, died of the small-pox.<sup>3</sup>

13th. I went to Marden, which was originally a barren warren bought by Sir Robert Clayton,<sup>4</sup> who built there a pretty house, and made such alteration by planting not only an infinite store of the best fruit; but so changed the natural situation of the hill, valleys, and solitary mountains about it, that it rather represented some foreign country, which would produce

spontaneously pines, firs, cypress, yew, holly, and juniper; they were come to their perfect growth, with walks, mazes, etc., amongst them, and were preserved with the utmost care, so that I who had seen it some years before in its naked and barren condition, was in admiration of it. The land was bought of Sir John Evelyn, of Godstone, and was thus improved for pleasure and retirement by the vast charge and industry of this opulent citizen.—He and his lady received us with great civility. The tombs in the church at Croydon of Archbishops Grindal, Whitgift, and other Archbishops, are fine and venerable; but none comparable to that of the late Archbishop Sheldon, which, being all of white marble, and of a stately ordinance and carvings, far surpassed the rest, and I judge could not cost less than £700 or £800.<sup>1</sup>

20th September. I went to Beddington,<sup>2</sup> the ancient seat of the Carews, in my remembrance a noble old structure, capacious, and in form of the buildings of the age of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, and proper for the old English hospitality, but now decaying with the house itself, heretofore adorned with ample gardens, and the first orange trees that had been seen in England, planted in the open ground, and secured in winter only by a tabernacle of boards and stoves removable in summer, that, standing 120 years, large and goodly trees, and laden with fruit, were now in decay, as well as the grotto, fountains, cabinets, and other curiosities in the house and abroad, it being now fallen to a child under age, and only kept by a servant or two from utter dilapidation. The estate and park about it also in decay.

23rd. I went to visit Mr. Pepys at Clapham, where he has a very noble and wonderfully well-furnished house,<sup>3</sup> especially with Indian and Chinese curiosities. The offices and gardens well accommodated for pleasure and retirement.

<sup>1</sup> [Monck's "laundress-Duchess," Ann Clarges, had previously been married to one Thomas Ratford, "of whose death no notice was given at the time of the marriage [to Monck], so that the legitimacy of Christopher, afterwards second Duke of Albemarle, was seriously questioned" (Wheatley's *Samuel Pepys and the World he lived in*, 1880, p. 184).]

<sup>2</sup> Sir Nathan Wright, 1654-1721, appointed Lord-Keeper, who purchased the manor of, and resided at, Gotherst, near Newport Pagnell, Bucks. He lies buried in that church, in which are whole-length figures in white marble of the Lord-Keeper in his robes, and his son, George Wright, Esquire, Clerk of the Crown, in his official dress.

<sup>3</sup> [He died July 30. As he was the heir-presumptive, new measures became necessary to secure the Protestant succession.] <sup>4</sup> See *ante*, p. 310.

<sup>1</sup> There is a print of this very beautiful monument in Lysons' *Environs of London*, article Croydon, 2nd ed., 1811, vol. i. p. 131. In the same volume, p. 34, etc., will be found also an ample account of the family of Carew, named in the succeeding entry, and of the house as it then was, together with a portrait of Sir Nicholas Carew, views of the church, monuments, etc.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 4.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 429.]

✓ *31st October.* My birthday, now completed the 80th year of my age. I with my soul render thanks to God, who, of His infinite mercy, not only brought me out of many troubles, but this year restored me to health, after an ague and other infirmities of so great an age, my sight, hearing, and other senses and faculties tolerable, which I implore Him to continue, with the pardon of my sins past, and grace to acknowledge by my improvement of His goodness the ensuing year, if it be His pleasure to protract my life, that I may be the better prepared for my last day, through the infinite merits of my blessed Saviour, the Lord Jesus, Amen!

*5th November.* Came the news of my dear grandson (the only male of my family now remaining) being fallen ill of the small-pox at Oxford,<sup>1</sup> which after the dire effects of it in my family exceedingly afflicted me; but so it pleased my most merciful God that being let blood at his first complaint, and by the extraordinary care of Dr. Mander (Head of the college and now Vice-Chancellor),<sup>2</sup> who caused him to be brought and lodged in his own bed and bedchamber, with the advice of his physician and care of his tutor, there were all fair hopes of his recovery, to our infinite comfort. We had a letter every day either from the Vice-Chancellor himself, or his tutor.

*17th.* Assurance of his recovery by a letter from himself.

There was a change of great officers at Court. Lord Godolphin returned to his former station of first Commissioner of the Treasury; Sir Charles Hedges Secretary of State.

*30th.* At the Royal Society, Lord Somers, the late Chancellor, was continued President.

*8th December.* Great alterations of officers at Court, and elsewhere—Lord Chief Justice Treby died;<sup>3</sup> he was a learned man in his profession, of which we have now few, never fewer; the Chancery requiring so little skill in deep law-learning, if the practiser can talk eloquently in that Court; so that probably few care to study the law to any purpose.—Lord Marlborough Master of the Ordnance, in place

of Lord Romney made Groom of the Stole. The Earl of Rochester goes Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland.

*1700-1: January.* I finished the sale of North Stoke in Sussex to Robert Michell, Esq., appointed by my brother to be sold for payment of portions to my nieces, and other incumbrances on the estate.

*4th.* An exceeding deep snow, and melted away as suddenly.

*19th.* Severe frost, and such a tempest as threw down many chimneys, and did great spoil at sea, and blew down above twenty trees of mine at Wotton.

*9th February.* The old Speaker laid aside,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Harley,<sup>2</sup> an able gentleman, chosen. Our countryman, Sir Richard Onslow, had a party for him.

*27th.* By an order of the House of Commons, I laid before the Speaker the state of what had been received and paid towards the building of Greenwich Hospital.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Harley, 1661-1724, Speaker in three Parliaments in the reign of Queen Anne, Secretary of State, Lord High Treasurer; attempted to be stabbed by Guiscard, a Frenchman, under examination before the Lords of the Privy Council. Afterwards created Earl of Oxford and Mortimer; impeached upon the succession of the House of Hanover.

<sup>3</sup> JOHN EVELYN, Esq., Dr. to GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Received in the year—

1696 . . . . .	£3,416	0	0
1697 . . . . .	6,836	16	3
1698 . . . . .	14,967	8	4
1699 . . . . .	14,024	13	4
1700 . . . . .	19,241	1	3
1701, June 16 . . . . .	10,834	2	3
	£69,320	1	5

Per Contra, Creditor.

By the Account in

1696 . . . . .	£5,915	18	7
1697 . . . . .	8,971	10	4
1698 . . . . .	11,585	15	1
1699 . . . . .	19,614	9	8
1700 . . . . .	18,013	8	5
1701 . . . . .	3,000	0	0
Remain in Cash . . . . .	219	1	4

£69,320 3 5  
69,320 3 5

Remain in Lottery)

Tickets to be paid } £11,434  
in ten years  
More in Malt Tickets } 1,000  
£69,320  
12,434

In all £81,754  
Besides His Majesty £6,000, and Subscriptions.

<sup>1</sup> [See ante, p. 445.]

<sup>2</sup> [See ante, p. 445.]

<sup>3</sup> [Sir George Treby, 1644-1700.]

Mr. Wye, Rector of Wotton, died, a very worthy good man. I gave it to Dr. Bohun,<sup>1</sup> a learned person and excellent preacher, who had been my son's tutor, and lived long in my family.

18th March. I let Sayes Court to Lord Carmarthen,<sup>2</sup> son to the Duke of Leeds.—28th. I went to the funeral of my sister Draper,<sup>3</sup> who was buried at Edmonton in great state. Dr. Davenant displeased the clergy now met in Convocation by a passage in his book, p. 40.<sup>4</sup>

April. A Dutch boy of about eight or nine years old was carried about by his parents to show, who had about the iris of one eye, the letters of *Deus meus*, and of the other *Elohim*, in the Hebrew character. How this was done by artifice none could imagine; his parents affirming that he was so born. It did not prejudice his sight, and he seemed to be a lively playing boy. Everybody went to see him; physicians and philosophers examined it with great accuracy, some considered it as artificial, others as almost supernatural.

4th. The Duke of Norfolk<sup>5</sup> died of an apoplexy, and Mr. Thomas Howard<sup>6</sup> of complicated disease since his being cut for the stone; he was one of the Tellers of the Exchequer. Mr. How made a Baron.

May. Some Kentish men delivering a petition to the House of Commons, were imprisoned.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 239.]

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 418.]

<sup>3</sup> Mother of Evelyn's son-in-law (see *ante*, p. 431).

<sup>4</sup> Charles Davenant, LL.D., 1656-1714 (son of Sir William). The book was, *Essays upon the Balance of Power*, and the objectionable passage was that in which he says that many of those lately in power have used their utmost endeavours to discountenance all revealed religion. "Are not many of us able to point to several persons, whom nothing has recommended to places of the highest trust, and often to rich benefices and dignities, but the open enmity which they have, almost from their cradles, professed to the Divinity of Christ?" The Convocation on reading the book, ordered papers to be fixed on several doors in Westminster Abbey, inviting the author, whoever he be, or any one of the many, to point out such persons, that they may be proceeded against.

<sup>5</sup> [See *ante*, p. 450.]

<sup>6</sup> [Son of Sir Robert Howard (see *ante*, p. 424).]

<sup>7</sup> Justinian Champneys, Thomas Culpepper, William Culpepper, William Hamilton, and David Polhill, gentlemen of considerable property and family in the county. There is a very good print of them in five ovals on one plate, engraved by R. White, in 1701. The petitioners desired the Parliament to mind the public more, and their

A great dearth, no considerable rain having fallen for some months.

17th. Very plentiful showers, the wind coming west and south.—The Bishops and Convocation at difference concerning the right of calling the assembly and dissolving. Atterbury<sup>1</sup> and Dr. Wake<sup>2</sup> writing one against the other.

20th June. The Commons demanded a conference with the Lords on the trial of Lord Somers, which the Lords refused, and proceeding on the trial, the Commons would not attend, and he was acquitted.<sup>3</sup>

22nd. I went to congratulate the arrival of that worthy and excellent person my Lord Galway, newly come out of Ireland, where he had behaved himself so honestly, and to the exceeding satisfaction of the people; but he was removed thence for being a Frenchman,<sup>4</sup> though they had not a more worthy, valiant, discreet, and trusty person in the two kingdoms, on whom they could have relied for his conduct and fitness. He was one who had deeply suffered, as well as the Marquis his father, for being Protestants.<sup>5</sup>

July. My Lord Treasurer made my grandson<sup>6</sup> one of the Commissioners of the prizes, salary £500 per annum.

8th. My grandson went to Sir Simon Harcourt, the Solicitor-General, to Windsor, to wait on my Lord Treasurer. There had been for some time a proposal of marrying my grandson to a daughter of Mrs. Boscawen,<sup>7</sup> sister of my Lord Treasurer, which was now far advanced.

14th July. I subscribed towards rebuilding Oakwood Chapel,<sup>8</sup> now, after 200 years, almost fallen down.

August. The weather changed from heat not much less than in Italy or Spain for some few days, to wet, dripping, and cold, with intermissions of fair.

private heats less. The presenters were confined till the prorogation, and were much visited. Burnet gives an account of them (*History of His Own Time*, 1734, ii. 275).

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

<sup>3</sup> *Ante*, p. 450.

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 392. He was killed at the battle of Almanza.]

<sup>5</sup> *Ante*, p. 392.

<sup>6</sup> [John Evelyn.]

<sup>7</sup> [John Evelyn married, 18th September, 1705, Anne, daughter of Edward Boscawen, *d.* 1751.]

<sup>8</sup> [See *ante*, p. 438.]

2nd September. I went to Kensington, and saw the house, plantations, and gardens, the work of Mr. Wise,<sup>1</sup> who was there to receive me.

The death of King James happening on the 15th of this month, N.S.,<sup>2</sup> after two or three days' indisposition, put an end to that unhappy Prince's troubles, after a short and unprosperous reign, indiscreetly attempting to bring in Popery, and make himself absolute, in imitation of the French, hurried on by the impatience of the Jesuits; which the nation would not endure.

Died the Earl of Bath,<sup>3</sup> whose contest with Lord Montagu about the Duke of Albemarle's estate, claiming under a will supposed to have been forged, is said to have been worth £10,000 to the lawyers. His eldest son shot himself a few days after his father's death; for what cause is not clear. He was a most hopeful young man, and had behaved so bravely against the Turks at the siege of Vienna, that the Emperor made him a Count of the Empire.—It was falsely reported that Sir Edward Seymour<sup>4</sup> was dead, a great man; he had often been Speaker, Treasurer of the Navy, and in many other lucrative offices. He was of a hasty spirit, not at all sincere, but head of the party at any time prevailing in Parliament.

29th. I kept my first courts in Surrey, which took up the whole week. My steward was Mr. Hervey,<sup>5</sup> a Councillor, Justice of Peace, and Member of Parliament, and my neighbour. I gave him six guineas, which was a guinea a-day, and to Mr. Martin, his clerk, three guineas.

31st October. I was this day 81 complete, in tolerable health, considering my great age.

December. Great contentions about elections. I gave my vote and interest to Sir R. Onslow and Mr. Weston.<sup>6</sup>

27th. My grandson<sup>7</sup> quitted Oxford.<sup>8</sup>  
1701-2: 21st January. At the Royal

Society there was read and approved the delineation and description of my Tables of Veins and Arteries,<sup>1</sup> by Mr. Cowper, the chirurgeon, in order to their being engraved.

8th March. The King had a fall from his horse, and broke his collar-bone, and having been much indisposed before, and agueish, with a long cough and other weakness, died this Sunday morning, about four o'clock.

I carried my accounts of Greenwich Hospital to the Committee.

12th April. My brother-in-law, Glanville,<sup>2</sup> departed this life this morning after a long languishing illness, leaving a son by my sister, and two grand-daughters.<sup>3</sup> Our relation and friendship had been long and great. He was a man of excellent parts. He died in the 84th year of his age, and willed his body to be wrapped in lead and carried down to Greenwich, put on board a ship, and buried in the sea, between Dover and Calais, about the Goodwin Sands; which was done on the Tuesday, or Wednesday after. This occasioned much discourse, he having no relation at all to the sea. He was a gentle-

The famous Mr. Evelyn, who has published a number of very rare books, was above measure civil and courteous, in showing me many drawings and paintings of his own and his lady's doing; one especially of enamel was surprisingly fine, and this ingenious lady told me the manner how she wrought it, but I was uneasy at his too great civility in leaving an untold heap of gold medals before me, etc. He afterwards carried me in his coach to his son Draper's at the Temple, and showed me many curious pieces of his ingenious daughter's performance, both very small in miniature, and as large as the life in oil colours, equal it is thought to the greatest masters of the age. He gave me a specimen of some prospects he took in Italy, and etched upon the copper by his own hand" (Thoresby's *Diary*, 1830, i. 340-41.)

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 129; and pp. 170 and 260.

<sup>2</sup> William Glanville (see *ante*, p. 145.)

<sup>3</sup> One of these daughters became heiress of the family, and married William Evelyn of St. Clere, in Kent, son of George Evelyn of Nutfield. He assumed the name of Glanville; but there being only daughters by this marriage, he had two sons by a second wife, and they resumed the name of Evelyn. The first of those sons left a son who died unmarried before he came of age, and a daughter who married Colonel Hume, who had taken the name of Evelyn, but had no child; the second son of Mr. Glanville Evelyn married Lady Jane Leslie, who became Countess of Rothes in her own right, and left a son, George William, who became Earl of Rothes in right of his mother, and died in 1817, leaving no issue male.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 434.] <sup>2</sup> [6th September, O.S.]

<sup>3</sup> [John Granville, Earl of Bath, 1628-1701.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 431.]

<sup>5</sup> Of Betchworth.

<sup>6</sup> Of Ockham; but Mr. Wessell, of Bansted (a merchant) carried it against Mr. Weston.

<sup>7</sup> [See *ante*, p. 452.]

<sup>8</sup> [Under this year Thoresby has an interesting reference to "the famous Mr. Evelyn":—"1701.

man of an ancient family in Devonshire, and married my sister Jane. By his prudent parsimony he much improved his fortune. He had a place in the Alienation-Office,<sup>1</sup> and might have been an extraordinary man, had he cultivated his parts.

My steward at Wotton gave a very honest account of what he had laid out on repairs, amounting to £1900.

*3rd May.* The Report of the Committee sent to examine the state of Greenwich Hospital was delivered to the House of Commons, much to their satisfaction.—Lord Godolphin made Lord High Treasurer.

Being elected a member of the Society lately incorporated for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,<sup>2</sup> I subscribed £10 per annum towards the carrying it on. We agreed that every missionary, besides the £20 to set him forth, should have £50 per annum out of the stock of the Corporation, till his settlement was worth to him £100 per annum. We sent a young divine to New York.

*22nd June.* I dined at the Archbishop's with the new-made Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Nicolson, my worthy and learned correspondent.<sup>3</sup>

*27th.* I went to Wotton with my family for the rest of the summer, and my son-in-law, Draper, with his family,<sup>4</sup> came to stay with us, his house at Addiscombe being new-building, so that my family was above thirty.—Most of the new Parliament were chosen of Church of England principles, against the peevish party. The Queen was magnificently entertained at Oxford and all the towns she passed through on her way to Bath.

*31st October.* Arrived now to the 82nd year of my age, having read over all that passed since this day twelvemonth in these notes, I render solemn thanks to the Lord, imploring the pardon of my past sins, and the assistance of His grace; making new

resolutions, and imploring that He will continue His assistance, and prepare me for my blessed Saviour's coming that I may obtain a comfortable departure after so long a term as has been hitherto indulged me. I find by many infirmities this year (especially nephritic pains) that I must decline; and yet of His infinite mercy retain my intellects and senses in great measure above most of my age. I have this year repaired much of the mansion-house and several tenants' houses, and paid some of my debts and engagements. My wife, children, and family in health: for all which I most sincerely beseech Almighty God to accept of these my acknowledgments, and that if it be His holy will to continue me yet longer, it may be to the praise of His infinite grace, and salvation of my soul. Amen!

*8th November.* My kinsman, John Evelyn, of Nutfield, a young and very hopeful gentleman, and Member of Parliament,<sup>1</sup> after having come to Wotton to see me, about fifteen days past, went to London and there died of the small-pox. He left a brother, a commander in the army in Holland, to inherit a fair estate.

Our affairs in so prosperous a condition both by sea and land, that there has not been so great an union in Parliament, Court, and people, in memory of man, which God in mercy make us thankful for, and continue! The Bishop of Exeter<sup>2</sup> preached before the Queen and both Houses of Parliament at St. Paul's; they were wonderfully huzzaed in their passage, and splendidly entertained in the city.

*December.* The expectation now is, what treasure will be found on breaking bulk of the galleon brought from Vigo by Sir George Rooke,<sup>3</sup> which being made up in an extraordinary manner in the hold, was not begun to be opened till the 5th of this month, before two of the Privy Council, two of the chief magistrates of the city, and the Lord Treasurer.

After the excess of honour conferred by the Queen on the Earl of Marlborough, by making him a Knight of the Garter and a

<sup>1</sup> [The Alienation Office issued licences for alienations of land, and pardons for those passed without licence or made by will. It was not finally abolished until the reign of William IV. The office buildings were in the Temple, at the north end of King's Bench Walk (Note to *Courthop's Memoirs, Camden Miscellany*, vol. xi. p. 237.)]

<sup>2</sup> [It received its charter June 16, 1701.]

<sup>3</sup> [Dr. William Nicolson, 1655-1727; Bishop of Carlisle, 1702-1718.]

<sup>4</sup> [See *ante*, p. 431.]

<sup>1</sup> For Bletchingley, near Reigate, in Surrey.

<sup>2</sup> [Sir Jonathan Trelawny, 1650-1721; Bishop of Exeter, 1689-1707.]

<sup>3</sup> [A fleet of Spanish galleons was captured or destroyed by Rooke in the harbour of Vigo, October 12, 1702.]

Duke, for the success of but one campaign, that he should desire £5000 a-year to be settled on him by Parliament out of the Post-office, was thought a bold and unadvised request, as he had, besides his own considerable estate, over £30,000 a-year in places and employments, with £50,000 at interest. He had married one daughter to the son of my Lord Treasurer Godolphin, another to the Earl of Sunderland, and a third to the Earl of Bridgewater. He is a very handsome person, well-spoken and affable, and supports his want of acquired knowledge by keeping good company.

1702-3. News of Vice-Admiral Benbow's conflict with the French fleet in the West Indies, in which he gallantly behaved himself, and was wounded, and would have had extraordinary success, had not four of his men-of-war stood spectators without coming to his assistance;<sup>1</sup> for this, two of their commanders were tried by a Council of War, and executed;<sup>2</sup> a third was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, loss of pay, and incapacity to serve in future. The fourth died.

Sir Richard Onslow<sup>3</sup> and Mr. Oglethorpe (son of the late Sir Theo. O.)<sup>4</sup> fought on occasion of some words which passed at a Committee of the House. Mr. Oglethorpe was disarmed.—The Bill against occasional Conformity was lost by one vote.—Corn and provisions so cheap that the farmers are unable to pay their rents.

*February.* A famous cause at the King's Bench between Mr. Fenwick and his wife,<sup>5</sup> which went for him with a great estate.

<sup>1</sup> [August 24. Benbow died of his wounds, November 4, 1702.]

<sup>2</sup> The Captains, Richard Kirby and Cooper Wade, having been tried and condemned to die by a Court-Martial held on them in the West Indies, were sent home in the *Bristol*; and, on its arrival at Portsmouth, were both shot on board, not being suffered to land on English ground.

<sup>3</sup> [Sir Richard Onslow, 1654-1717, afterwards Speaker.]

<sup>4</sup> [Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, 1650-1702.]

<sup>5</sup> She was daughter and heir of Sir Adam Browne, of Betchworth Castle, in Dorset [see *ante*, p. 184], and married Mr. Fenwick. This suit probably related to a settlement which she had consented to make, by which the estate was limited to them and their issue, and the heir of the survivor. They had one son, who died without issue, and she survived her husband, thereby becoming entitled to dispose of it.

The Duke of Marlborough lost his only son at Cambridge by the small-pox.—A great earthquake at Rome, etc.—A famous young woman, an Italian, was hired by our comedians to sing on the stage, during so many plays, for which they gave her £500; which part by her voice alone at the end of three scenes she performed with such modesty and grace, and above all with such skill, that there was never any who did anything comparable with their voices. She was to go home to the Court of the King of Prussia, and I believe carried with her out of this vain nation above £1000, everybody coveting to hear her at their private houses.

26th May. This day died Mr. Samuel Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity. When King James II. went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more; but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner, Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library<sup>1</sup> and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an account of the navy,<sup>2</sup> as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the History of the Navy, or *Navalia*, as he called it; but how far advanced, and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son, Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman, whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad,

<sup>1</sup> His valuable library, together with his fine collection of prints, he gave to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where they now remain in a handsome room. [The "Pepysian Treasures" are described in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, February, 1906, *et seq.*]

<sup>2</sup> [*Memoirs relating to the State of the Royal Navy*, 1690.]

from whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments, and worthy to be heir. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years so much my particular friend, that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies; but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office.<sup>1</sup>

13<sup>th</sup> June. Rains have been great and continual, and now, near midsummer, cold and wet.

11<sup>th</sup> July. I went to Addiscombe, sixteen miles from Wotton, to see my son-in-law's new house, the outside, to the coving,<sup>2</sup> being such excellent brick-work, based with Portland stone, with the pilasters, windows, and within, that I pronounced it in all the points of good and solid architecture to be one of the very best gentlemen's houses in Surrey, when finished. I returned to Wotton in the evening, though weary.

25<sup>th</sup>. The last week in this month an uncommon long-continued rain, and the Sunday following, thunder and lightning.

12<sup>th</sup> August. The new Commission for Greenwich Hospital was sealed and opened, at which my son-in-law, Draper,<sup>3</sup> was present, to whom I resigned my office of Treasurer. From August 1696, there had been expended in building £89,364:14:8.

31<sup>st</sup> October. This day, being eighty-three years of age, upon examining what concerned me, more particularly the past year, with the great mercies of God preserving me, and in the same measure making my infirmities tolerable, I give God most hearty and humble thanks, beseeching Him to confirm to me the pardon of my sins past, and to prepare me for a better life by the virtue of His grace and mercy, for the sake of my blessed Saviour.

21<sup>st</sup> November. The wet and uncomfortable weather staying us from church this morning, our Doctor officiated in my family; at which were present above twenty domestics. He made an excellent

discourse on 1 Cor. xv., v. 55, 56, of the vanity of this world and uncertainty of life, and the inexpressible happiness and satisfaction of a holy life, with pertinent inferences to prepare us for death and a future state. I gave him thanks, and told him I took it kindly as my funeral sermon.

26-27<sup>th</sup>. The effects of the hurricane and tempest of wind, rain, and lightning, through all the nation, especially London, were very dismal.<sup>1</sup> Many houses demolished, and people killed. As to my own losses, the subversion of woods and timber, both ornamental and valuable, through my whole estate, and about my house the woods crowning the garden-mount, and growing along the park-meadow, the damage to my own dwelling, farms, and outhouses, is almost tragical, not to be paralleled with anything happening in our age. I am not able to describe it; but submit to the pleasure of Almighty God.

7<sup>th</sup> December. I removed to Dover Street, where I found all well; but houses, trees, garden, etc., at Sayes Court, suffered very much.

31<sup>st</sup>. I made up my accounts, paid wages, gave rewards and new-year's gifts, according to custom.

1703-4: January. The King of Spain<sup>2</sup> landing at Portsmouth, came to Windsor, where he was magnificently entertained by the Queen, and behaved himself so nobly, that everybody was taken with his graceful deportment. After two days, having presented the great ladies, and others, with very valuable jewels, he went back to Portsmouth, and immediately embarked for Spain.

16<sup>th</sup>. The Lord Treasurer gave my grandson<sup>3</sup> the office of Treasurer of the Stamp Duties, with a salary of £300 a-year.

30<sup>th</sup>. The fast on the martyrdom of King Charles I. was observed with more than usual solemnity.

<sup>1</sup> [He was buried in St. Olave's Church, Crutched Friars, June 5, 1704, in a vault close to his wife's monument.]

<sup>2</sup> [An arch, or arched projecture.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 431.]

<sup>1</sup> [This was the "Great Storm" of November 26 to December 1. Two of the persons mentioned by Evelyn were killed by it,—Bishop Kidder (*ante*, p. 430), and Penelope Nicholas, wife of Sir John Nicholas, of West Horsley (*ante*, p. 240). It also blew down the Eddystone Lighthouse (see *ante*, p. 442).]

<sup>2</sup> Charles the Third, afterwards Emperor of Germany, by the title of Charles the Sixth.

<sup>3</sup> [John Evelyn.]

*May.* Dr. Bathurst, President of Trinity College, Oxford, now died,<sup>1</sup> I think the oldest acquaintance now left me in the world. He was eighty-six years of age, stark blind, deaf, and memory lost, after having been a person of admirable parts and learning. This is a serious alarm to me. God grant that I may profit by it! He built a very handsome chapel to the college, and his own tomb. He gave a legacy of money, and the third part of his library, to his nephew, Dr. Bohun,<sup>2</sup> who went hence to his funeral.

*7th September.* This day was celebrated the thanksgiving for the late great victory,<sup>3</sup> with the utmost pomp and splendour by the Queen, Court, great Officers, Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Companies, etc. The streets were scaffolded from Temple Bar, where the Lord Mayor presented her Majesty with the sword, which she returned. Every Company was ranged under its banners, the City Militia without the rails, which were all hung with cloth suitable to the colour of the banner. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, were in their scarlet robes, with caparisoned horses; the Knight Marshal on horseback; the Foot-Guards; the Queen in a rich coach with eight horses, none with her but the Duchess of Marlborough in a very plain garment, the Queen full of jewels. Music and trumpets at every City Company. The great officers of the Crown, Nobility, and Bishops, all in coaches with six horses, besides innumerable servants, went to St. Paul's, where the Dean preached. After this, the Queen went back in the same order to St. James's. The City Companies feasted all the Nobility and Bishops, and illuminated at night. Music for the church and anthems composed by the best masters. The day before was wet and stormy, but this was one of the most serene and calm days that had been all the year.

*October.* The year has been very plentiful.

*31st.* Being my birthday and the 84th year of my life, after particular reflections on my concerns and passages of the year, I set some considerable time of this day

apart, to recollect and examine my state and condition, giving God thanks, and acknowledging His infinite mercies to me and mine, begging His blessing, and imploring His protection for the year following.

*December.* Lord Clarendon presented me with the three volumes of his father's *History of the Rebellion*.<sup>1</sup>

My Lord of Canterbury wrote to me for suffrage for Mr. Clarke's continuance this year in the Boyle Lecture,<sup>2</sup> which I willingly gave for his excellent performance of this year.

*1704-5: 4th January.* I dined at Lambeth with the Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. King,<sup>3</sup> a sharp ready man in politics, as well as very learned.

*9th February.* I went to wait on my Lord Treasurer, where was the victorious Duke of Marlborough, who came to me and took me by the hand with extraordinary familiarity and civility, as formerly he was used to do, without any alteration of his good-nature. He had a most rich George in a sardonyx set with diamonds of very great value; for the rest, very plain. I had not seen him for some years, and believed he might have forgotten me.

*21st.* Remarkable fine weather. Agues and small-pox much in every place.

*11th March.* An exceeding dry season.—Great loss by fire, burning the outhouses and famous stable of the Earl of Nottingham, at Burley [Rutlandshire],<sup>4</sup> full of rich goods and furniture, by the carelessness of a servant. A little before, the same happened at Lord Pembroke's, at Wilton. The old Countess of Northumberland, Dowager of Algernon Percy, Admiral of the Fleet to King Charles I., died in the 83rd year of her age. She was sister to the Earl of Suffolk, and left a great estate, her jointure to descend to the Duke of Somerset.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [A mistake. He appears to have received them in December, 1702 (Letter to Pepys, 20th January, 1703).

<sup>2</sup> [Dr. Samuel Clarke's Boyle Lectures were "On the Being and Attributes of God."]

<sup>3</sup> [William King, 1650-1729; Archbishop of Dublin, 1703-29.]

<sup>4</sup> [Burley-on-the-Hill (see *ante*, p. 180).]

<sup>5</sup> This Duke had married Elizabeth Percy (see *ante*, p. 336), only daughter and heir to Joceline Percy, the eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 243.]

<sup>2</sup> [He was Rector of Wotton (see *ante*, p. 453).]

<sup>3</sup> Over the French and Bavarians, at Blenheim, August 2, 1704.



*May.* The Bailiff of Westminster hanged himself. He had an ill report.

On the death of the Emperor, there was no mourning worn at Court, because there was none at the Imperial Court on the death of King William.

*18th.* I went to see Sir John Chardin,<sup>1</sup> at Turnham-Green, the gardens being very fine, and exceeding well planted with fruit.

*20th.* Most extravagant expense to debauch and corrupt votes for Parliament members. I sent my grandson with his party of my freeholders to vote for Mr. Harvey, of Combe.<sup>2</sup>

*June.* The season very dry and hot.—I went to see Dr. Dickinson<sup>3</sup> the famous chemist. We had long conversation about the philosopher's elixir, which he believed attainable, and had seen projection himself by one who went under the name of Mundanus, who sometimes came among the adepts, but was unknown as to his country, or abode; of this the Doctor has written a treatise in Latin, full of very astonishing relations. He is a very learned person, formerly a Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford,<sup>4</sup> in which he practised physic, but has now altogether given it over, and lives retired, being very old and infirm, yet continuing chemistry.

I went to Greenwich Hospital, where they now began to take in wounded and worn-out seamen, who are exceeding well provided for. The buildings now going on are very magnificent.

*October.* Mr. Cowper<sup>5</sup> made Lord Keeper. Observing how uncertain great

officers are of continuing long in their places, he would not accept it, unless £2000 a-year were given him in reversion when he was put out, in consideration of his loss of practice. His predecessors, how little time soever they had the seal, usually got £100,000 and made themselves Barons.—A new Secretary of State.<sup>1</sup>—Lord Abington, Lieutenant of the Tower, displaced, and General Churchill, brother to the Duke of Marlborough, put in. An indication of great unsteadiness somewhere, but thus the crafty Whig party (as called) begin to change the face of the Court, in opposition to the High Churchmen, which was another distinction of a party from the Low Churchmen. The Parliament chose one Mr. Smith, Speaker.<sup>2</sup> There had never been so great an assembly of members on the first day of sitting, being more than 450. The votes both of the old, as well as the new, fell to those called Low Churchmen, contrary to all expectation.

*31st.* I am this day arrived to the 85th year of my age. Lord teach me so to number my days to come, that I may apply them to wisdom!

*1705-6: 1st January.* Making up my accounts for the past year, paid bills, wages, and new-year's gifts, according to custom. Though much indisposed and in so advanced a stage, I went to our chapel [in London] to give God public thanks, beseeching Almighty God to assist me and my family the ensuing year, if He should yet continue my pilgrimage here, and bring me at last to a better life with Him in His heavenly kingdom. Divers of our friends and relations dined with us this day.

*27th.* My indisposition increasing, I was exceedingly ill this whole week.

[*3rd February.* Notes of the sermons at the chapel in the morning and afternoon, written with his own hand, conclude this Diary.]

\* \* Mr. Evelyn died on the 27th of this month.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Spencer, third Earl of Sunderland (see *ante*, p. 404).

<sup>2</sup> John Smith, 1655-1723, Member for Andover. [He was elected Speaker for three years.]

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, p. 327.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Edward Onslow and Sir William Scawen were the other candidates, and succeeded. Harvey was a violent Tory.

<sup>3</sup> Edward Dickinson, M.D., 1624-1707, of Merton College, Oxford. [He was King's physician, 1685-88, in which latter year he retired from practice.] He published several things.

<sup>4</sup> He was a Fellow of Merton. Evelyn must have mistaken Dr. Dickinson as to his not knowing who Theodore Mundanus was, for in 1686 the Doctor printed a letter to him with his answer from Paris; and in the latter, Mundanus says he made two projections in his presence. (*Biog. Brit.*, 1793, v. 176, art. Dickinson.)

<sup>5</sup> William Cowper, *d.* 1723, created a Baron in 1706, and Lord Chancellor, afterwards (1718) Viscount Fordwich and first Earl Cowper, by George the First.



# APPENDICES

## I

### LETTER OF GEORGE EVELYN TO HIS FATHER

THE following Letter from George Evelyn, elder brother of Evelyn, written when at College, to his father Richard at Wotton, 26th Sept. 1636, and giving an account of the Visit made by the King and Queen to the University of Oxford, with some particulars respecting himself, contains some curious matter :—

“ I know you have long desired to hear of my welfare, and the total series of his Majesty's entertainment whilst he was fixed in the centre of our Academy.

“ The Archbishop our Lord Chancellor [Laud] and many Bishops, Doctor Bayley our Vice-Chancellor, with the rest of the Doctors of the University, together with the Mayor of the City, and his brethren, rode out in state to meet his Majesty, the Bishops in their pontifical robes, the Doctors in their scarlet gowns and their black caps (being the habit of the University), the Mayor and Aldermen in their scarlet gowns, and sixty other townsmen all in black satin doublets and in old-fashioned jackets. At the appropinquation of the King, after the beadles' staves were delivered up to his Majesty in token that they yielded up all their authority to him, the Vice-Chancellor spoke a speech to the King, and presented him with a Bible in the University's behalf, the Queen with Camden's *Britannia* in English, and the Prince Elect (as I took it)

with Croke's *Politics*; all of them with gloves, (because Oxford is famous for gloves).<sup>1</sup> A little nigher the City where the City bounds are terminated, the Mayor presented his Majesty with a large gilt cup, *et tenet vicinilatam opinio*, the Recorder of the City made a speech to his Majesty. In the entrance of the University, at St. John's College, he was detained with another speech made by a Fellow of the house. The speech being ended, he went to Christ-church, scholars standing on both sides of the street, according to their degrees, and in their formalities, *clamantes, Vivat Rex noster Carolus!* Being entered Christ-church, he had another speech made by the University orator, and student of the same house : the subject of all which speeches being this, expressing their joy and his welcome to the University. Then, retiring himself a little, he went to prayers; they being ended, soon after to supper, and then to the play, whose subject was the Calming of the Passions; but it was generally misliked of the Court, because it was so grave; but especially because they understood it not. This was the first day's entertainment.

“ The next morning, he had a sermon in Christ-church, preached by Browne, the

<sup>1</sup> Gloves always made part of a present from Corporate Bodies at that time, more or less ornamented with rich fringes according to the quality of the persons to whom they were offered.

Proctor of the University, and a student of the house. The sermon being ended, the Prince Elect and Prince Rupert went to St. Mary's, where there was a congregation, and Prince Rupert created a Master of Arts, also many nobles with him. The reason why the Prince Elect was not created Master of Arts, was because Cambridge our sister had created him before. The congregation done, the King, Queen, and all the nobles went to the schools (the glory of Christendom), where in the public Library, his Majesty heard another speech, spoken by my Lord Chamberlain's third son, and of Exeter College, which speech the King liked well. From the schools the King went to St. John's to dinner, where the Archbishop entertained his Majesty with a magnificent dinner and costly banquet [dessert]. Then with a play made by the same house. The play being ended, he went to Christ-church; and, after supper, to another play, called the *Royal Slave*,<sup>1</sup> all the actors performing in a Persian habit, which play much delighted his Majesty and all the nobles, commending it for the best that ever was acted.

"The next morning, he departed from the University, all the Doctors kissing his hand, his Majesty expressing his kingly love

<sup>1</sup> By William Cartwright, 1611-43, a student of that college. In this play one of his fellow-students (afterwards the famous Dr. Busby) performed a part (that of Cratander) so excellently well, and with so much applause, that he is said to have narrowly escaped the temptation of at once becoming an actor on the public stage.

to the University, and his countenance demonstrating unto us, that he was well pleased with this his entertainment made by us scholars

"After the King's departure, there was a congregation called, where many Doctors, some Masters of Art, and a few Batchelors were created, they procuring it by making friends to the Palsgrave. There were very few that went out that are now resident, most of them were lords and gentlemen. A Doctor of Divinity and Bachelor of Arts were created of our house [Trinity], but they made special friends to get it.

"With the £30 you sent me I have furnished me with those necessaries I wanted, and have made me two suits, one of them being a black satin doublet and black cloth breeches, the other a white satin doublet and scarlet hose; the scarlet hose I shall wear but little here, but it will be comely for me to wear in the country.

"Your desire was that I should be as frugal in my expenses as I could, and I assure you, honoured Sir, I have been; I have spent none of it in riot or toys. You hoped it would be sufficient to furnish me and discharge my battels for this quarter; but I fear it will not, therefore I humbly entreat you to send me £6. I know what I have already, and with this I send for, will be more than enough to discharge these months; but I know not what occasion may fall out.

"TRIN. COLL. OXON., 26 July, 1636."

## II

### LETTER OF JEREMY TAYLOR TO JOHN EVELYN

Feb. 17, 1657-8.

DEAR SIR,

If dividing and sharing griefs were like the cutting of rivers, I dare say to you, you would find your stream much abated; for I account myself to have a great cause of

sorrow not only in the diminution of the numbers of your joys and hopes, but in the loss of that pretty person, your strangely hopeful boy.<sup>1</sup> I cannot tell all my own sorrows without adding to yours; and the

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, pp. 196-7.]

causes of my real sadness in your loss are so just and so reasonable, that I can no otherwise comfort you but by telling you, that you have very great cause to mourn. So certain is it, that grief does propagate as fire does. You have enkindled my funeral torch, and by joining mine to yours, I do but increase the flame. *Hoc me male urit*, is the best signification of my apprehensions of your sad story. But, Sir, I cannot choose but I must hold another and a brighter flame to you—it is already burning in your breast; and if I can but remove the dark side of the lantern, you have enough within you to warm yourself, and to shine to others. Remember, Sir, your two boys<sup>1</sup> are two bright stars, and their innocence is secured, and you shall never hear evil of them again. Their state is safe, and heaven is given to them upon very easy terms; nothing but to be born and die. It will cost you more trouble to get where they are; and amongst other things one of the hardnesses will be, that you must overcome even this just and reasonable grief; and indeed, though the grief hath but too reasonable a cause, yet it is much more reasonable that you master it. For besides that they are no losers, but are the person that complains, do but consider what you would have suffered for their interest: you [would] have suffered them to go from you, to be great Princes in a strange country; and if you can be content to suffer your own inconvenience for their interest, you commend your worthiest love, and the question of mourning is at an end. But you have said and done well, when you look upon it as a rod of God; and he that so smites here, will spare hereafter; and if you by patience and submission imprint the discipline upon your own flesh, you kill the cause, and make the effect very tolerable; because it is in some sense chosen, and not therefore in no [any] sense

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 197.]

unsufferable. Sir, if you do look to it, time will snatch your honour from you, and reproach you for not effecting that by Christian philosophy which time will do alone. And if you consider that of the bravest men in the world we find the seldomest stories of their children, and the Apostles had none, and thousands of the worthiest persons that sound most in story died childless; you will find that it is a rare act of Providence so to impose upon worthy men a necessity of perpetuating their names by worthy actions and discourses, governments, and reasonings.

If the breach be never repaired, it is because God does not see it fit to be; and if you will be of this mind it will be much the better. But, Sir, if you will pardon my zeal and passion for your comfort, I will readily confess that you have no need of any discourse from me to comfort you. Sir, now you have an opportunity of serving God by passive graces; strive to be an example and a comfort to your lady, and by your wise counsel and comfort stand in the breaches of your own family, and make it appear that you are more to her than ten sons. Sir, by the assistance of Almighty God I purpose to wait on you some time next week,<sup>1</sup> that I may be a witness of your Christian courage and bravery; and that I may see, that God never displeases you, as long as the main stake is preserved, I mean your hopes and confidences of heaven. Sir, I shall pray for all that you can want, that is, some degrees of comfort and a present mind: and shall always do you honour, and fain also would do you service, if it were in the power, as it is in the affections and desires of,

Dear Sir,  
Your most affectionate and obliged  
friend and servant,

JER. TAYLOR.

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 197.]

## III

## LETTER OF JOHN EVELYN TO THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE

SAYES-COURT, *Sept.* 3, 1659.

NOBLE SIR,

Together with these testimonies of my cheerful obedience to your commands, and a faithful promise of transmitting the rest, if yet there remain anything worthy your acceptance amongst my unpolished and scattered collections, I do here make bold to trouble you with a more minute discovery of the design, which I casually mentioned to you, concerning my great inclination to redeem the remainder of my time, considering, *quam parum mihi supersit ad metas*; so as may best improve it to the glory of God Almighty, and the benefit of others. And, since it has proved impossible for me to attain to it hitherto (though in this my private and mean station) by reason of that fond morigeration<sup>1</sup> to the mistaken customs of the age, which not only rob men of their time, but extremely of their virtue and best advantages; I have established with myself, that it is not to be hoped for, without some resolutions of quitting these incumbrances, and instituting such a manner of life, for the future, as may best conduce to a design so much breathed after, and, I think, so advantageous. In order to this, I propound, that since we are not to hope for a mathematical college, much less, a Solomon's house, hardly a friend in this sad *Catalysis*, and *inter hos armorum strepitus*, a period so uncharitable and perverse; why might not some gentlemen, whose geniuses are greatly suitable, and who desire nothing more than to give a good example, preserve science, and cultivate themselves, join together in society, and resolve upon some orders and economy, to be mutually observed, such as shall best become the end of their union, if, I cannot say, without a kind of singularity, because the thing is new: yet such, at least, as shall be free from pedantry, and all affectation? The possibility, Sir, of this is so obvious, that I profess, were I not an aggregate person, and so obliged, as well by my own nature as the laws of decency, and their merits, to provide for my de-

pendents, I would cheerfully devote my small fortune towards a design, by which I might hope to assemble some small number together who would resign themselves to live profitably and sweetly together. But since I am unworthy so great a happiness, and that it is not now in my power, I propose that if any one worthy person, and *quis meliore luto*, so qualified as Mr. Boyle, will join in the design (for not with every one, rich and learned; there are very few disposed, and it is the greatest difficulty to find the man) we would not doubt, in a short time, by God's assistance, to be possessed of the most blessed life that virtuous persons could wish or aspire to in this miserable and uncertain pilgrimage, whether considered as to the present revolutions, or what may happen for the future in all human probability. Now, Sir, in what instances, and how far this is practicable, permit me to give you an account of, by the calculations which I have deduced for our little foundation.

I propose the purchasing of thirty or forty acres of land, in some healthy place, not above twenty-five miles from London; of which a good part should be tall wood, and the rest upland pastures or downs, sweetly irrigated. If there were not already an house which might be converted, etc., we would erect upon the most convenient site of this, near the wood, our building, viz. one handsome pavilion, containing a refectory, library, withdrawing-room, and a closet; this the first story; for we suppose the kitchen, larders, cellars, and offices to be contrived in the half story under ground. In the second should be a fair lodging chamber, a pallet-room, gallery, and a closet; all which should be well and very nobly furnished, for any worthy person that might desire to stay any time, and for the reputation of the college. The half story above for servants, wardrobes, and like conveniences. To the entry fore front of this a court, and at the other back front a plot walled in of a competent square, for the common seraglio, disposed into a garden;

<sup>1</sup> [Obedience, dutifulness (Bailey).]

or it might be only carpet, kept curiously, and to serve for bowls, walking, or other recreations, etc., if the company please. Opposite to the house, towards the wood, should be erected a pretty chapel; and at equal distances (even with the flanking walls of the square) six apartments or cells, for the members of the Society, and not contiguous to the pavilion, each whereof should contain a small bedchamber, an outward room, a closet, and a private garden, somewhat after the manner of the Carthusians.<sup>1</sup> There should likewise be one laboratory, with a repository for rarities and things of nature; aviary, dovehouse, physic garden, kitchen garden, and a plantation of orchard fruit, etc., all uniform buildings, but of single stories, or a little elevated. At convenient distance towards the olivary garden should be a stable for two or three horses, and a lodging for a servant or two. Lastly, a garden house, and conservatory for tender plants.

The estimate amounts thus. The pavilion £400, chapel £150, apartments, walls, and out-housing £600; the purchase of the fee for thirty acres, at £15 per acre, eighteen years' purchase, £400; the total £1550, £1600 will be the utmost. Three of the cells or apartments, that is, one moiety, with the appurtenances, shall be at the disposal of one of the founders, and the other half at the other's.

If I and my wife take up two apartments (for we are to be decently asunder; however I stipulate, and her inclination will greatly suit with it, that shall be no impediment to the Society, but a considerable advantage to the economic part), a third shall be for some worthy person; and to facilitate the rest, I offer to furnish the whole pavilion completely, to the value of £500 in goods and movables, if need be, for seven years, till there be a public stock, etc.

There shall be maintained at the public

<sup>1</sup> [Walpole describes the arrangements at the Convent of the Chartreux in Paris upon which Evelyn's plan was no doubt modelled. The cells were "built like little huts detached from each other." The one they (he and Gray) visited had "four little rooms, furnished in the prettiest manner, and hung with good prints." One of them was a library, another a gallery. Attached to this "cell" was a tiny garden with "a bed of good tulips in bloom, flowers and fruit trees, and all neatly kept" (Walpole to West, from Paris, 1739).]

charge, only a chaplain, well qualified, an ancient woman to dress the meat, wash, and do all such offices, a man to buy provisions, keep the garden, horses, etc., a boy to assist him, and serve within.

At one meal a day, of two dishes only (unless some little extraordinary upon particular days or occasions, then never exceeding three) of plain and wholesome meat; a small refectation at night: wine, beer, sugar, spice, bread, fish, fowl, candle, soap, oats, hay, fuel, etc. at £4 per week, £200 per annum; wages £15; keeping the gardens £20; the chaplain £20 per annum. Laid up in the treasury yearly £145, to be employed for books, instruments, drugs, trials, etc. The total £400 a year, comprehending the keeping of two horses for the chariot or the saddle, and two kine: so that £200 per annum will be the utmost that the founders shall be at, to maintain the whole Society, consisting of nine persons (the servants included) though there should no others join capable to alleviate the expense; but if any of those who desire to be of the Society be so qualified as to support their own particulars, and allow for their own proportion, it will yet much diminish the charge; and of such there cannot want some at all times, as the apartments are empty.

If either of the founders think it expedient to alter his condition, or that anything do *humanitus contingere*, he may resign to another, or sell to his colleague, and dispose of it as he pleases, yet so as it still continue the institution.

#### ORDERS

At six in summer prayers in the chapel. To study till half an hour after eleven. Dinner in the refectory till one. Retire till four. Then called to conversation (if the weather invite) abroad, else in the refectory; this never omitted but in case of sickness. Prayers at seven. To bed at nine. In the winter the same, with some abatements for the hours, because the nights are tedious, and the evening's conversation more agreeable; this in the refectory. All play interdicted, *sans* bowls, chess, etc. Every one to cultivate his own garden. One month in spring a course in the laboratory on vegetables, etc. In the winter a month on other experiments. Every man to have a key of the laboratory, pavilion, library,

repository, etc. Weekly fast. Communion once every fortnight, or month at least. No stranger easily admitted to visit any of the Society, but upon certain days weekly, and that only after dinner. Any of the Society may have his commons to his apartment, if he will not meet in the refectory, so it be not above twice a week. Every Thursday shall be a music meeting at conversation hours. Every person of the Society shall render some public account of his studies weekly if thought fit, and especially shall be recommended the promotion of experimental knowledge, as the principal end of the institution. There shall be a decent habit and uniform used in the college. One month in the year may be spent in London, or any of the Universities, or in a perambulation for the public benefit, etc., with what other orders shall be thought convenient, etc.

Thus, Sir, I have in haste (but to your loss not in a laconic style) presumed to communicate to you (and truly, in my life, never to any but yourself) that project which for some time has traversed my thoughts: and therefore far from being the effect either of an impertinent or trifling spirit, but the result of mature and frequent reasonings. And, Sir, is not this the same that many noble personages did at the confusion of the empire by the barbarous Goths, when Saint Jerome, Eustochium, and others, retired from the impertinences of the world to the sweet recesses and societies in the East, till it came to be burdened with the vows and superstitions, which can give no scandal to our design, that provides against all such snares?

Now to assure you, Sir, how pure and unmixed the design is from any other than the public interest propounded by me, and to redeem the time to the noblest purposes, I am thankful to acknowledge that, as to the common forms of living in the world I have little reason to be displeased at my present condition, in which, I bless God, I want nothing conducing either to health or honest diversion, extremely beyond my merit; and therefore would I be somewhat choice and scrupulous in my colleague, because he is to be the most dear person to me in the world. But oh! how I should think it designed from heaven, *et tanquam numen diowerès*, did such a person as Mr. Boyle, who is alone a society of all that were desirable to a consummate felicity, esteem it a design worthy his embracing! Upon such an occasion how would I prostitute all my other concerns! how would I exult! and, as I am, continue upon infinite accumulations and regards,

Sir,

His most humble, and most obedient servant,  
J. EVELYN.

If my health permits me the honour to pay my respects to you before you leave the Town, I will bring you a rude plot of the building, which will better fix the idea, and show what symmetry it holds with this description.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [Cowley, it may be added, to whom Appendix VI. relates, in his "Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy" (*Works*, 1721, ii. 564), sketches a plan of a *Philosophical College* with a revenue of "four thousand Pounds a Year."]

#### IV

#### EVELYN AND COLONEL MORLEY

IN the Edition of Sir Richard Baker's *Chronicle*, published with additions by Edward Philips (Milton's nephew), there is an account of the transactions between Evelyn and Colonel Morley, with particular reference to the influence strenuously used to induce Morley, after Cromwell's death, to declare for the King. In a subsequent edition, in 1730, this account is consider-

ably altered. But among Evelyn's papers at Wotton has been found the original account drawn up by Sir Thomas Clarges, and sent to Mr. Philips. It is in Sir Thomas's own handwriting, had been evidently sent to Evelyn for his perusal, and is thus indorsed by him:

"Sir Thomas Clarges's (brother-in-law to the Duke of Albemarle) insertion of what



concerned Mr. Evelyn and Colonel Morley in continuation of the History written by Mr. Phillips, and added to Sir Rich. Baker's Chronicle. Note that my letter to Colonel Morley was not rightly copied; there was likewise too much said concerning me, which is better, and as it ought to be in the second impression, 1664."

Mr. Phillips's account is as follows:—

"In the seven hundred and nineteenth page of this History we omitted to insert a very material negotiation for the King's service, attempted upon the interruption given to the Parliament by Colonel Lambert and those that joined with him therein, which was managed by Mr. Evelyn, of Sayes Court, by Deptford, in Kent, an active, vigilant, and very industrious agent on all occasions for his Majesty's Restoration; who, supposing the members of this supposititious Parliament could not but ill resent that affront, thought to make advantage of fixing the impression of it to the ruin of the Army, for the effecting whereof he applied himself to Colonel Herbert Morley, then newly constituted one of the five Commissioners for the command of the Army, as a person by his birth, education, and interest, unlikely to be cordially inclined to prostitute himself to the ruin of his country and the infamy of his posterity.

"Mr. Evelyn gave him some visits to tempt his affection by degrees to a confidence in him, and then by consequence to engage him in his designs; and to induce him the more powerfully thereunto, he put into his hands an excellent and unanswerable hardy treatise by him written, called *An Apology for the Royal Party*, which he backed with so good arguments and a very dexterous address in the prosecution of them, that the Colonel was wholly convinced, and recommended to him the procurement of the King's pardon for him, his brother-in-law, Mr. Fagg, and one or two more of his relations. This Mr. Evelyn faithfully promised to endeavour, and taking the opportunity of Sir Samuel Tuke's going at that time into France, he by him acquainted the King (being then at Pontoise) with the relation of this affair, wherewith he was so well pleased as to declare if Colonel Morley, and those for whom he interceded, were not of those execrable judges of his blessed Royal father, they should have his pardon, and he receive

such other reward as his services should deserve. Upon the sending this advice to the King, the Colonel left London, because of the jealousy which Fleetwood and Lambert had of him; but, before he went, he desired Mr. Evelyn to correspond with him in Sussex, by mean of Mr. Fagg, his brother-in-law, who then lay in the Mews.

"Mr. Evelyn had good reason to believe Colonel Morley very capable of serving the King at this time; for he had a much better interest in Sussex than any of his party; whereby he might have facilitated his Majesty's reception in that county, in case his affairs had required his landing there; but, besides his power in Sussex, he had (as he said) an influence on two of the best regiments of the Army, and good credit with many of the Officers of the Fleet.

"But before the return from France of the King's resolution in this matter, there intervened many little changes in the posture of affairs.

"Upon the advance of General Monck in favour of the Parliament, and the general inclination of the Army to him, Colonel Morley expected the restitution of that power, and with it of his own authority, and was leagued with Walton and Hazelrig in a private treaty with Colonel Whetham, the Governor of Portsmouth, for the delivery of that garrison to them; and Fagg went privately from London to raise a regiment in Sussex to promote these designs; but was suppressed before he got any considerable number of men together.

"Mr. Evelyn, not knowing of these intrigues, in vain endeavoured by all imaginable ways to communicate the King's pleasure to Morley, who was by this time in the garrison of Portsmouth.

"But when the Parliament resumed their power, and he [Morley] was placed in the government of the Tower, he [Evelyn] thought it expedient to renew the former negotiation betwixt them for his Majesty's service, and in order thereunto, he often by visits made application to him, but could never but once procure access; and then he dismissed him with a faint answer, 'That he would shortly wait upon him at his lodging.'

"This put Evelyn into so much passion that he resolved to surmount the difficulty of access by writing freely to him, which he did in this manner:—

“‘TO COLONEL MORLEY, LIEUTENANT  
OF THE TOWER.<sup>1</sup>

“‘SIR,

“‘For many obligations, but especially for the last testimonies of your confidence in my friendship, begun so long since, and conserved so in-

When I transacted with him for delivery of the Tower of London, and to declare for the King, a little before General Monk's, and which had he done, he had received the honour that great man deserved and obtained soon after.

violably through so many changes, and in so universal a decadence of honour, and all that is sacred amongst men, I come with this profound acknowledgment of the favours you have done me; and had a great desire to have made this a personal recognition and to congratulate your return, and the dignities which your merits have acquired, and for which none does more sincerely rejoice; could I promise myself the happiness of finding you in your station at any season wherein the Public, and more weighty concerns did afford you the leisure of receiving a visit from a person so inconsiderable as myself.

“‘But, since I may not hope for that good fortune, and such an opportunity of conveying my respects and the great affections which I owe you, I did presume to transmit this express; and by it, to present you with the worthiest indications of my zeal to continue in the possession of your good graces, by assuring you of my great desires to serve you in whatsoever may best conduce to your honour, and to a stability of it, beyond all that any future contingencies of things can promise: because I am confident that you have a nobler prospect upon the success of your designs than to prostitute your virtues and your conduct to serve the passions, or avarice of any particular persons whatsoever; being (as you are) free and incontaminate, well-born, and abhorring to dishonour or enrich yourself with the spoils which by others have been ravished from our miserable, yet dearest country; and which renders them so zealous to pursue the ruin of it, by labouring to involve men of the best natures and reputation into their own inextricable labyrinths, and to gratify that which will pay them with so much infamy in the event of things, and

with so inevitable a perdition of their precious souls, when all these uncertainties (how specious soever at present) shall vanish and come to nothing.

“‘There is now, Sir, an opportunity put into your hands, by improving whereof you may securely act for the good of your country, and the redemption of it from the insupportable tyrannies, injustice, and impieties under which it has now groaned for so many years, through the treachery of many wicked, and the mistakes of some few good men. For by this, Sir, you shall best do honour to God, and merit of your country; by this you shall secure yourself, and make your name great to succeeding ages: by this you shall crown yourself with real and lasting dignities. In sum, by this, you shall oblige even those whom you may mistake to be your greatest enemies, to embrace and cherish you as a person becoming the honour of a brave and worthy patriot, and to be rewarded with the noblest expressions of it: when by the best interpretations of your charity and obedience to the dictates of a Christian, you shall thus heap coals of fire upon their head; and which will at once give both light and warmth to this afflicted Nation, Church, and People, not to be extinguished by any more of those impostors whom God has so signally blown off the stage, to place such in their stead, as have opportunities given them of restoring us to our ancient known laws, native and most happy liberties.—It is this, Sir, which I am obliged to wish to encourage you in, and to pronounce as the worthiest testimony of my congratulations for your return; and which, you may assure yourself, has the suffrages of the solidest and best ingredient of this whole nation.

“‘And having said thus much, I am sure you will not look upon this letter as a servile address; but, if you still retain that favour and goodness for the person who presents it, that I have reason to promise myself, from the integrity which I have hitherto observed in all your professions; I conjure you to believe, that you have made a perfect acquisition of my service; and, that (however events succeed) I am still the same person, greedy of an opportunity to recommend the sincerity of my affection, by doing you whatsoever service lies in my power; and I hope you shall not find me without some capacities of

<sup>1</sup> The letter following is taken from Evelyn's own copy.

expressing it in effects, as well as in the words of "Honourable Sir, etc.

"COVENT GARDEN,  
"12th Jan. 1659-60."

In a note he adds: "Morley was at this time Lieutenant of the Tower of London, was absolute master of the City, there being very few of the rebel army anywhere near it, save at Somerset-House a trifling garrison which was marching out to reinforce Lambert, who was marching upon the news of Monck's coming out of Scotland. He was Lieutenant of all the confederate counties of Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, etc.; his brother-in-law Governor of Portsmouth and Hampshire; his own brother William Morley, Governor of Arundel Castle; in sum, he had all the advantages he could have desired to have raised the well-affected of the City and Country universally breathing after a deliverer (uncertain as to what Monck intended), and so had absolutely prevented any [other] person or power whatever (in all appearance) from having the honour of bringing in the King, before those who were in motion could have snatched it out of his hand. Of all this I made him so sensible, when I was with him at the Tower, that nothing but his fatal diffidence of Monck's having no design to bring in his Majesty because he had [not] discovered it whilst matters were yet in the dark (but the design certainly resolved on) kept him wavering and so irresolute (though he saw the game sufficiently in his hands) as to sit still and put it off, till Lambert and his forces being scattered and taken, Monck marched into the City triumphant with his wearied army, possessed the gates, and with no great cunning and little difficulty, finding how the people and magistrates were disposed (whatever his general intentions were, or at first seemed to be),—boldly and fortunately brought to pass that noble Revolution, following it to his eternal honour by restoring a banished Prince and the people's freedom. This poor Morley saw, and implored my interest by what means he might secure himself and obtain his pardon. This is, in short, a true account of that remarkable affair."

Philips proceeds thus from Sir Thomas Clarges's paper:

"We shall not here determine what it was that induced Colonel Morley (at the time of his being Lieutenant of the Tower) to decline commerce with Mr. Evelyn for the King's

service; whether it was that he doubted of the concurrence of his officers and soldiers, who had been long trained up in an aversion to monarchy, or whether by the entire subjection of the Army to Monck, and their unity thereupon, he thought that work now too difficult, which was more feasible in the time of their division. But it is most certain that he took such impressions from Mr. Evelyn's discourses and this letter, that ever after he appeared very moderate in his counsels, and was one of the forwardest to embrace all opportunities for the good of his country; as was evident by his vigorous and hazardous opposition in Parliament to that impious oath of abjuration to the King's family and line (hereafter mentioned), before it was safe for General Monck to discover how he was inclined; and by his willing conjunction and confederacy after with the General for the admission of the secluded members, in proclamation for a free Parliament for the King's restoration."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In 1815 Baron Masères republished some Tracts relating to the Civil War in England in the time of King Charles I., among which is "The Mystery and Method of his Majesty's happy Restoration, by the Rev. Dr. John Price, one of the late Duke of Albemarle's chaplains, who was privy to all the secret passages and particularities of that Glorious Revolution." Printed in 1680. In this tract it is stated that Monck's officers, being dissatisfied with the conduct of the Rump Parliament, pressed him to come to some decision, whereupon, on 11 Feb., 1660, they sent the letter to the Parliament desiring them first to fill up the vacancies, and then to determine their own sitting and call a new Parliament. Dr. Price then says: "The General yielded at length to their fears and counsels, and the rather for that he was assured of the Tower of London, the Lieutenant of it (Col. Morley) having before offered it to him. This the noble Colonel had done in the City, pitying the consternation of the citizens, when he saw what work was doing [Monck's pulling down the City-gates a few days before by order of the Rump Parliament], and what influence it would have on the country." He adds, "that though the Rump did not dare to take away the General's commission as one of their Commissioners for governing the Army, they struck out his name from the quorum of them, which virtually did take away his authority, and he and Morley were left to stem the tide against Hazlerigg, Alured, and Walton."

These are the only mentions which he makes of Morley, by which it seems that the first communication between him and Monck was when the latter had broken down the City-gates on the 9th February.

Had there been any previous concert between Monck and Morley, the latter would not have required Evelyn's assistance to obtain his pardon. This he not only did want, but obtained through Evelyn. See *ante*, p. 203.

## V

THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND SPANISH  
AMBASSADORS

"THERE had been many troubles and disputes between the Ambassadors of France and Spain for precedence in the Courts of foreign Princes, and amongst these there was none more remarkable than that on Tower-hill, on the landing of an Ambassador for Sweden, 30th September, 1660, which was so premeditated a business on both sides, that the King, foreseeing it would come to a quarrel, and being willing to carry himself with indifference towards both, which could not be otherwise done than by leaving them at liberty to take what methods they thought proper for supporting their respective pretences; but to show at the same time his concern for the public tranquillity, orders were given for a strict guard to be kept upon the place, and all his Majesty's subjects were enjoined not to intermeddle, or take part with either side. The King was further pleased to command that Mr. Evelyn should, after diligent inquiry made, draw up and present to him a distinct narrative of the whole affair."<sup>1</sup>

This was done accordingly, and printed: but not being now to be met with, except in the *Biographia Britannica* (Ed. 1750, vol. iii.; Ed. 1793, vol. v.), it may be worth while to print it from Evelyn's own copy.

A FAITHFUL AND IMPARTIAL NARRATIVE  
OF WHAT PASSED AT THE LANDING  
OF THE SWEDISH AMBASSADOR.

Upon Monday last, being the 30th of September, 1661, about ten in the morning, the Spanish Ambassador's coach, in which were his chaplain with some of his gentlemen, attended by about forty more of his own servants in liveries, was sent down to the Tower wharf, and there placed itself near about the point where the ranks of ordnance determine, towards the gate leading into the bulwark. Next after him came

the Dutch, and (twelve o'clock past) the Swedish coach of honour, disposing of themselves according to their places. About two hours after this (in company with his Majesty's coach royal) appeared that of the French Ambassador, wherein were Le Marquis d'Estrades, son to the French Ambassador,<sup>1</sup> with several more of his gentlemen, and as near as might be computed, near 150 in train, whereof above forty were horsemen well appointed with pistols, and some of them with carabines, musquetoons, or fuzees; in this posture and equipage stood they expecting upon the wharf, and, as near as might be, approaching to his Majesty's coach, which was opposite to the stairs. About three in the afternoon, the Swedish Ambassador being landed and received into his Majesty's coach, which moved leisurely before the rest, and was followed by that of the Swede's, the French Ambassador's coach endeavoured to go the next, driving as close as possibly they could, and advancing their party with their swords drawn, to force the Spaniards from the guard of their own coach, which was also putting in for precedence next the King's. His Majesty's coach now passed the Spaniards, who held as yet their rapiers undrawn in their hands, stepping nimbly on either side of the hindmost wheels of their Minister's coach, drew their weapons and shouted, which caused the French coach-horses to make a pause; but, when they observed the advantage which by this the Spanish Ambassador's coach had gained, being now in file after the Swede's, they came up very near to the Spaniards, and at once pouring in their shot upon them, together with their foot, then got before their coach,

<sup>1</sup> ["As it was not a thing I could do, to go myself," wrote the French Ambassador to Louis XIVth's Foreign Secretary, Lionne, "I had sent my son; and of the fifty men who were there with him five were killed and thirty-three wounded" (Jusserand's *A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles the Second*, 1892, p. 28). The Marquis d'Estrades was among those wounded.]

<sup>1</sup> Continuation of Heath's *Chronicle*.

fell to it with their swords, both which the Spaniards received without removing one jot from their stations.

During this *démêlé* (in which the French received some repulse, and were put to a second stand) a bold and dexterous fellow, and, as most affirm, with a particular instrument as well as address, stooping under the bellies of the French Ambassador's coach-horses, cut the ham-strings of two of them and wounded a third, which immediately falling, the coach for the present was disabled from advancing farther, the coachman forced out of his box, and the postillion mortally wounded, who, falling into the arms of an English gentleman that stepped in to his succour, was by a Spaniard pierced through his thigh. This disorder (wherein several were wounded and some slain) caused those in the French coach to alight, and so enraged their party, that it occasioned a second brisk assault both of horse and foot, which being received with extraordinary gallantry, many of their horses retreated, and wheeled off towards St. Katharine's.

It was in this skirmish that some brickbats were thrown from the edge of the wharf, which by a mistake are said to have been provided by the Spanish Ambassador's order the day before.

In this interim, then (which was near half an hour), the Spanish coach went forward after his Majesty's with about twenty of his retinue following, who still kept their countenance towards the French as long as they abode on the wharf, and that narrow part of the bulwark (where the contest was very fierce) without disorder; so as the first which appeared on Tower-hill, where now they were entering, was his Majesty's coach followed by the Swede's Ambassador's, and next by that of Spain, with about twenty-four or thirty of his liveries still disputing it with a less number of French, who came after them in the rear.

And here, besides what were slain with bullets on the wharf and near the bulwark, whereof one was a *valet de chambre* of the Spanish Ambassador's, and six more, amongst which were a poor English plasterer, and near forty wounded, fell one of the French, who was killed just before his Highness's Lifeguard. No one person of the numerous spectators intermeddling, or so much as making the least

noise or tumult, people or soldiers, whereof there were three companies of foot, which stood on the hill opposite to the Guards of Horse, 'twixt whom the antagonists lightly skirmished, some fresh parties of French coming out of several places and protected by the English, amongst whom they found shelter till the Spanish Ambassador's coach having gained and passed the chain which leads in Crutched Friars, they desisted and gave them over.

Near half an hour after this, came the French coach (left all this while in disorder on the wharf), with two horses and a coachman, who had a carabine by his side, and, as the officers think, only a footman in the coach, and a loose horse running by. Next to him, went the Holland Ambassador's coach, then the Swede's second coach. These being all advanced upon the hill, the Duke of Albemarle's coach, with the rest of the English, were stopped by interposition of his Royal Highness's Lifeguard, which had express order to march immediately after the last Ambassador's coach; and so they went on, without any farther interruption.

This is the most accurate relation of what passed, as to matter of fact, from honourable, most ingenuous, and disinterested eye-witnesses; as by his Majesty's command it was taken, and is here set down.

But there is yet something behind which was necessary to be inserted into this Narrative, in reference to the preamble; and, as it tends to the utter dissolving of those oblique suspicious, which have any aspect on his Majesty's subjects, whether spectators, or others; and therefore it is to be taken notice, that, at the arrival of the Venetian Ambassador, some months since, the Ambassadors of France and Spain, intending to send both their coaches to introduce him, the Ambassador of Spain having before agreed with the Count de Soissons that they should assist at no public ceremonies, but upon all such casual encounters, pass on their way as they fortune to meet; it had been wished that this expedient might still have taken place. But Monsieur d'Estrades having, it seems, received positive commands from his master,<sup>1</sup> that notwithstanding any

<sup>1</sup> [“I deem, therefore, that when once your coach has taken the place due to it immediately after the Swedish Ambassador's, your men must

such accord, he should nothing abate of his pretence, or the usual respect showed upon all such occasions, he insisted on putting this injunction of the king his master in execution, at arrival of the Swedish Ambassador. His Majesty, notwithstanding all the just pretences which he might have taken, reflecting on the disorders that might possibly arise in this city, in which for several nights he had been forced to place extraordinary guards; and, because he would not seem to take upon him the decision of this punctilio, in prejudice of either Ambassador, as his charitable interposition might be interpreted; his Majesty declaring himself withal no umpire in this unpleasant and invidious controversy, permitted that, both their coaches going, they might put their servants and dependents into such a posture as they should think fittest, and most becoming their respective pretences: but in the meantime commanded (upon pain of his highest displeasure), that none of his Majesty's subjects, of what degree soever, should presume to interpose in their differences. But in truth, the care of his officers, and especially that of Sir Charles Berkeley, captain of His Royal Highness's Lifeguard (which attended this service), was so eminent and particular, that they permitted not a man of the spectators so much as with a switch in his hand, whom they did not chastise severely.

As to that which some have refined upon, concerning the shower of bricks which fell in this contest (whether industriously placed there or no, for some others of the Spanish party assigned to that post), 'tis affirmed by the concurrent suffrage of all the spectators, that none of them were cast by any of his Majesty's subjects, till, being incensed by the wounds which they received from the shot which came in amongst them (and whereof some of them, 'tis said, are since dead), and not divining to what farther excess this new and unexpected compliment might rise, a few of the rabble, and such as stood on that side of the wharf, were forced to defend themselves with what they found

at hand; and to which, 'tis reported, some of them were animated by a fresh remembrance of the treatment they received at Chelsea, and not long since at Covent-Garden, which might very well qualify this article from having anything of design that may reflect on their superiors; nor were it reasonable that they should stand charged for the rudeness of such sort of people, as in all countries upon like occasions and in such a confusion is inevitable. Those who observed the armed multitudes of French which rushed in near the chain on Tower-hill, issuing out of several houses there, and coming in such a tumultuous and indecent manner amongst the peaceable spectators, would have seen that, but for the temper of the officers, and presence of the Guards, into how great an inconveniency they had engaged themselves. Nor have they at all to accuse any for the ill success which attended, if the French would a little reflect upon the several advantages which their antagonists had consulted, to equal that by stratagem which they themselves had gained by numbers, and might still have preserved; with the least of circumspection.

It was evidently the conduct of the Spaniards, not their arms, which was decisive here; nor had his Majesty, or his people, the least part in it, but what the French have infinite obligations to; since, without this extraordinary indulgence and care to protect them, they had, in all probability, drawn a worse inconveniency upon them, by appearing with so little respect to the forms which are used upon all such occasions.

There need, then, no other arguments to silence the mistakes which fly about, that his Majesty's subjects should have had so much as the least temptation to mingle in this contest, not only because they knew better what is their duty, for reverence to his Majesty's commands (which were now most express), and whose guards were ready to interpose where any such inclination had in the least appeared, so as to do right to the good people spectators (whose curiosity on all such occasions compose no small part of these solemnities), that report which would signify their misbehaviour is an egregious mistake, and worthy to be reprov'd. Nor becomes it the French (of all the nations under Heaven) to suspect his Majesty of

not leave it before it has reached the house of the said Ambassador, for fear that at the crossing of some street these Scotch and Irish rush in with might and main and stop you and let Watteville go" (Instructions of Louis to d'Estrades quoted in *An Ambassador*, etc., *ut supra*, p. 470).]

partiality in this affair, whose extraordinary civility to them, ever since his happy restoration, has appeared so signal, and is yet the greatest ingredient to this declaration, because by the disquisition of these impartial truths, he endeavours still to preserve it most inviolable.

*Written by Evelyn underneath.*

This, Sir, is what I was able to collect of that contest, by his Majesty's special command, from the Right Honourable Sir. W. Compton, Master of the Ordnance of the Tower, and of his major present, of Sir Charles Berkeley, and several others, all there present, and from divers of the inhabitants and other spectators, whom I examined from house to house, from the spot where the dispute began, to Crutched Friars, where it ended. The rest of the reflections were special hints from his Majesty's own mouth, the first time I read

it to him, which was the second day after the contest.

*Indorsed by Evelyn.*—The contest 'twixt the French and Spanish Ambassadors on Tower-hill for Precedency.—Note, That copies of this were despatched to the Lord Ambassador in France, who was my Lord of St. Albans. Also, another was written to be laid up and kept in the Paper Office, at Whitehall.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [M. Jusserand (p. 28) quotes from another account with the following title:—"A true relation of the manner of the dangerous dispute and bloody conflict betwixt the Spaniards and the French at Tower Wharfe and Tower Hill on Monday, September the 30th, 1661 (O.S.) . . . with the number killed and wounded on both sides . . . published for general satisfaction. Cf also Pepys' *Diary* for Monday, 30th September. The final victory, however, remained with Louis XIV. Spain gave way to his remonstrances; Watteville was recalled; the French precedence established, and a French medal (the die of which still exists) struck to commemorate the result.]

## VI

### LETTERS OF JOHN EVELYN AND ABRAHAM COWLEY

*From John Evelyn to Abraham Cowley.*

SAYES-COURT, 12th March, 1666-7.

SIR,

You had reason to be astonished at the presumption, not to name it affront, that I who have so highly celebrated recess, and envied it in others, should become an advocate for the enemy, which of all others it abhors and flies from. I conjure you to believe that I am still of the same mind, and that there is no person alive who does more honour and breathe after the life and repose you so happily cultivate and adorn by your example: but, as those who praised dirt, a flea, and the gout, so have I *Public Employment* in that trifling Essay,<sup>1</sup> and that in so weak a style compared to my anta-

gonist's, as by that alone it will appear I neither was nor could be serious; and I hope you believe I speak my very soul to you. But I have more to say, which will require your kindness. Suppose our good friend<sup>1</sup> were publishing some eulogies on the Royal Society, and, by deducing the original progress and advantages of their design, would bespeak it some veneration in the world? Has Mr. Cowley no inspirations for it? Would it not hang the most heroic wreath about his temples? Or can he desire a nobler or a fuller argument either for the softest airs or the loudest echoes, for the smoothest or briskest notes of his Pindaric lyre?

There be those who ask, What have the Royal Society done? Where their College?

<sup>1</sup> [See *ante*, p. 254.]

<sup>1</sup> [Sprat. See *ante*, p. 223 n.]

I need not instruct you how to answer or confound these persons, who are able to make even these inform blocks and stones dance into order, and charm them into better sense. Or if their insolence press, you are capable to show how they have laid solid foundations to perfect all noble arts, and reform all imperfect sciences. It requires an history to recite only the arts, the inventions, and phenomena already absolved, improved or opened. In a word, our registers have outdone Pliny, Porta, and Alexis, and all the experimentists, nay, the great Verulam himself, and have made a nobler and more faithful collection of real secrets, useful and instructive, than has hitherto been shown.—Sir, we have a library, a repository, and an assembly of as worthy and great persons as the world has any; and yet we are sometimes the subject of satire<sup>1</sup> and the songs of the drunkards; have a king to our founder, and yet want a Mæcenas; and above all, a spirit like yours, to raise us up benefactors, and to compel them to think the design of the Royal Society as worthy of their regards, and as capable to embalm their names, as the most heroic enterprise, or anything antiquity has celebrated; and I am even amazed at the wretchedness of this age that acknowledges it no more. But the devil, who was ever an enemy to truth, and to such as discover his prestigious effects, will never suffer the promotion of a design so destructive to his dominion (which is to fill the world with imposture and keep it in ignorance), without the utmost of his malice and contradiction. But you have numbers and charms that can bind even these spirits of darkness, and render their instruments obsequious; and we know you have a divine hymn for us; the lustre of the Royal Society calls for an ode from the best of poets upon the noblest argument. To conclude: here you have a field to celebrate the great and the good, who either do, or should, favour the most august and worthy design that ever was set on foot in the world: and those who are our real patrons and friends you can eternise, those who are not you can conciliate and inspire to do gallant things.—But I will

add no more, when I have told you with great truth that I am,

Sir, etc.

*From Abraham Cowley to John Evelyn.*

CHERTSEY, 13th May 1667.

SIR,

I am ashamed of the rudeness I have committed in deferring so long my humble thanks for your obliging letter, which I received from you at the beginning of the last month. My laziness in finishing the copy of verses upon the Royal Society, for which I was engaged before by Mr. Sprat's desire, and encouraged since by you,<sup>1</sup> was the cause of this delay, having designed to send it to you enclosed in my letter: but I am told now that the History is almost quite printed, and will be published so soon, that it were impertinent labour to write out that which you will so suddenly see in a better manner, and in the company of better things. I could not comprehend in it many of those excellent hints which you were pleased to give me, nor descend to the praises of particular persons, because those things afford too much matter for one copy of verses, and enough for a poem, or the History itself; some part of which I have seen, and think you will be very well satisfied with it. I took the boldness to show him your letter, and he says he has not omitted any of those heads, though he wants your eloquence in expression. Since I had the honour to receive from you the reply to a book written in praise of a solitary life,<sup>2</sup> I have sent all about the town in vain to get the author, having very much affection for the subject, which is one of the noblest controversies both modern and ancient; and you have dealt so civilly with your adversary, as makes him deserve to be looked after. But I could not meet with him, the books being all, it seems, either burnt or bought up. If you please to do me the favour to lend it to me, and send it to my brother's house (that was) in the King's Yard, it shall be returned to you within a few days with a humble thanks of your most faithful obedient servant,

A. COWLEY.

<sup>1</sup> [Cf. *ante*, p. 266. Lord-Keeper North declined to join the Society because it "was made very free with by the ridiculers of the town" (*Lives of the Norths*, 1826, ii. 179).]

<sup>1</sup> [Ode "To the Royal Society," *Works*, 1721, ii. 557-62 (see *ante*, p. 223).]

<sup>2</sup> [Sir George Mackenzie's *Moral Essay upon Solitude, preferring it to Public Employment*, 1665 (see *ante*, p. 254).]



## VII

## I

## CRUCIFIX OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

FEB. 1687-8, there was printed what was called "A true and perfect narrative of the strange and unexpected finding the Crucifix and Gold-chain of that pious Prince, St. Edward the King and Confessor, which was found after six hundred and twenty years' interment, and presented to his most Sacred Majesty, King James the Second. By Charles Taylour, Gent. London, printed by J. B., and are to be sold by Randal Taylour, near Stationers' Hall, 1688."

He says, that "on St. Barnaby's Day [11 June], 1685, between 11 and 12 at noon, he went with two friends to see the coffin of Edward the Confessor, having heard that it was broke; fetched a ladder, looked on the coffin and found a hole as reported, put his hand into the hole, and turning the bones which he felt there, drew from under the shoulder-bones a crucifix richly adorned and enamelled, and a golden chain of twenty-four inches long to which it was fixed; showed them to his two friends; was afraid to take them away, till he had acquainted the Dean; put them into the coffin again. But the Dean not being to be spoke with then, and fearing this treasure might be taken by some other, he went two or three hours afterward to one of the choir, acquainted him with what he had found, who accompanied him to the monument, from whence he again drew the crucifix and chain; his friend advised him to keep them, until he could show them to the Dean (the Bishop of Rochester): kept them three weeks before he could speak to the Bishop; went to the Archbishop of York, and showed them; next morning, the Archbishop of York carried him to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth, and showed them. After this, he procured an exact drawing to be made of them; showed them to Sir William Dugdale.—6th July, the Archbishop of Canterbury told the Bishop of Rochester, who, about four that afternoon, sent for him, and took him to Whitehall, that he

might present them to the King; which he did accordingly. The King ordered a new strong wooden coffin to be made to enclose the broken one. The links of the chain oblong, and curiously wrought; the upper part joined by a locket, composed of a large round knob of gold, massy, in circumference as big as a milled shilling, half an inch thick; round this went a wire and half a dozen little beads, hanging loose, running to and again on the same, all of pure gold, finely wrought; on each side of the locket were set two large square stones (supposed to be rubies). From each side of this locket, fixed to two rings of gold, the chain descends, and, meeting below, passes through a square piece of gold, of a convenient bigness, made hollow for the same purpose. This gold wrought into several angles, was painted with divers colours, resembling gems or precious stones, to which the crucifix was joined, yet to be taken off by help of a screw. The form of the cross nearest that of a humettée flory (among the heralds), or rather the [botonée]; yet the pieces not of equal length, the perpendicular beam being near one-fourth part longer than the traverse, as being four inches to the extremity, whilst the other scarce exceeds three; yet all neatly turned at the ends, and the botons enamelled with figures thereon. The cross of the same gold as the chain, but exceeds it by its rich enamel, having on one side a picture of our Saviour Christ in his passion wrought thereon, and an eye from above casting a kind of beam on him; on the reverse, picture of a Benedictine monk in his habit, and on each side of him these capital Roman letters:—

On the right,	And on the left,
(A)	P
Z A X	A C
A	H

This cross is hollow, to be opened by two little screws towards the top, wherein it is

presumed some relic might have been conserved. William I. commanded the coffin to be enshrined, and the shrine covered with plates of gold and silver, adorned with pearls and precious stones. About one hundred and thirty-six years after, the Abbot resolved to inspect the body, said to be incorruptible, and, on opening, found it to be so, being perfect, the limbs flexible: the face covered; Gundolph, Bishop of Rochester, withdrew the cover, but, with great reverence, covered it again, changing the former vestments, and putting on others of equal price. In 1163, Thomas à Becket procured a canonisation of the King, and in the ceremony the Abbot opened the coffin, found the body lying in rich vestments of

cloth of gold, having on his feet buskins of purple, and shoes of great price; the body uncorrupted; removed the whole body from the stone repository to another of wood, some assisting at the head, others at the arms and legs; they lifted it gently, and laid the corpse first on tapestry spread on the floor, and then wrapping the same in silken cloths of great value, they put it into the wooden chest, *with all those things that were found in the former*, except the gold ring which was on the King's finger, which the Abbot, *out of devotion, retained*, and ordered it to be kept in the Treasury of the Abbey.

"In 1226, King Henry III. again removed the coffin to a chapel built for the purpose."

## II

## EVELYN'S PUBLICATIONS

THE SUBJOINED LIST IS FROM A LETTER OF EVELYN'S TO DR. PLOT, DATED  
16 MARCH, 1682-3.

*Translations.*

1. Of Liberty and Servitude, Lond. 1644 [1649], 12mo.
2. The French Gardener and English Vineyard, 1658, 12mo, 3rd edit. [1672].
3. An Essay on the first Book of Lucretius, 1656, 8vo.
4. Gaspar [Gabriel] Naudæus, Instructions concerning Libraries, 1661, 8vo.
5. A Parallel of the Ancient Architecture with the Modern, with a treatise on Statues, etc., 1664, folio.
6. An Idea of the Perfection of Painting, 1668, 8vo.
7. The Mystery of Jesuitism, 2 parts [1664], 8vo.
8. St. Chrysostom's Golden Book for the Education of Children, out of the Greek, 1659, 12mo.

*Original Works.*

1. An Apology for the Royal Party, 1659, 4to. Three Editions.
2. Panegyric at his Majesty's Coronation, 1661, folio.
3. Fumifugium, or a prophetic Invective against the Fire and Smoke of London, with its Remedies, 1661, 4to.

4. Sculptura, or the History of the Art of Chalcography, 1662, 8vo.

5. Publick Employment, and an Active Life prefer'd to Solitude, 1667, 8vo.

6. History of the Three late Impostors, 1669, 8vo.

7. Kalendarium Hortense, 1664, 1676, 8vo. Six Editions.

8. Sylva [1664, 1670], 1679, folio. Three Editions.

9. Terra [1676], 1679. Two Editions [8vo].

10. Tyrannus, or the Mode [1661], 8vo.

11. The Dignity of Man, etc., not printed, nearly ready.

12. Elysium Britannicum, not printed, nearly ready.

*Prepared for the Press.*

A Discourse of Medals.—Of Manuscripts.—Of Stones.—Of Reason in Brute Animals.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [The *Numismata*; or, a Discourse of Medals, was printed in folio in 1697; the "unfinished Treatise" "Of Manuscripts" occupies pp. 321-36 of vol. ii. of Bray's edition of the *Memoirs*, etc., 1819. The discourses of "Reason in Brute Animals" and "Stones" have not been printed.] There is also at Wotton a chapter of an essay, entitled "De Baculis [Staves]," which from the

In a letter to Dr. BEALE,<sup>1</sup> 11 July, 1679, Evelyn says: "I have sometimes thought of publishing a Treatise of *Acetaria*,<sup>2</sup> which (though but one of the chapters of *Elysium Britannicum*) would make a competent volume, accompanied with other necessities, according to my manner; but whilst I as often think of performing my so long-since promised (more universal) Hortulan work, I know not how to take that chapter out, and single it for the press, without some blemish to the rest. When again I consider into what an ocean I am plunged, how much I have written and collected far above these twenty years upon this fruitful and inexhaustible subject (I mean Horticulture) not yet fully digested to my mind, and what insuperable pains it will require to insert the (daily increasing) particulars into what I have already in some measure prepared, and which must of necessity be done by my own hand, I am almost out of hope, that I shall ever have strength and leisure to bring it to maturity, having for the last ten years of my life been in perpetual motion, and hardly two months in the year at my own habitation, or conversant with my family.

"You know what my charge and care has been during the late unhappy war with the Hollanders; and what it has cost me as to avocations, and for the procuring money, and attending the Lord Treasurer, etc., to discharge the quarters of many thousands.

"Since that, I have upon me no fewer than three executorships, besides other domestic concerns, either of them enough to distract a more steady and composed genius than is mine.

"Superadd to these the public confusions in church and kingdom (never to be sufficiently deplored), and which cannot but most sensibly touch every sober and honest man.

"In the midst of these disturbances, who but Dr. Beale (that stands upon the tower, looks down unconcernedly on all those tempests) can think of gardens and fishponds, and the *délices* and ornaments of peace and tranquillity! With no little conflict and force on my other business, I have yet at last, and as I was able, published a

third edition of my *Sylva* [1679], and with such additions as occurred; and this in truth only to pacify the importunity of very many besides the printer, who quite tired me with calling on me for it, and above all, threatening to reprint it with all its former defects, if I did not speedily prevent it. I am only vexed that it proving so popular as in so few years to pass so many impressions, and (as I hear) gratify the avaricious printer with some hundreds of pounds, there had not been some course taken in it for the benefit of our Society. It is apparent, that near £500 has been already gotten by it; but we are not yet economists.

"You know what pillars we have lost: Palmer,<sup>1</sup> Murray,<sup>1</sup> Chester,<sup>2</sup> Oldenburg,<sup>3</sup> etc.; and through what other discouragements we still labour; and therefore you will excuse the zeal and fervour of what I have added in my Epistle to the Reader, if at length it be possible to raise up some generous soul to free us, or emerge out of our difficulties. In all events you will see where my inclinations are fixed, and that love is stronger than death; and secular affairs, which is the burial of all philosophical speculations and improvements; though they can never in the least diminish the great esteem I have of your friendship, and the infinite obligations I daily receive from your favours."

Of Books which he had designed to publish, we find various Memoranda in his letters, etc.

In a letter to Mr. BOYLE, 8 [9?] August, 1659, he says he had intended to write a *History of Trades*; but had given it up from the great difficulty he found in the attempt.

In another, 23rd Nov., 1664, he says, "One Rhea [qu. Ray?] has published a very useful book concerning the Culture of Flowers; but it does nothing reach my long-since attempted design on that entire subject, with all its ornaments and circumstances, but God only knows when my opportunities will permit me to bring it to maturity."

poem seems to have been intended as jocular, but it begins with great gravity.

<sup>1</sup> [John Beale, F.R.S., 1603-83, Rector of Yeovil, Somerset, and Chaplain to Charles II.]

<sup>2</sup> [Published 1699, and dedicated to Lord Somers.]

<sup>1</sup> Dudley Palmer, 1602-66, and Sir Robert Murray, Knt., d. 1673, two of the first Council of the Royal Society.

<sup>2</sup> [See *ante*, p. 175.]

<sup>3</sup> [See *ante*, p. 223.]

In the Preface to the *Acetaria*, published in 1699, he mentions a Work in which he had spent upwards of forty years, and his collections for which had in that time filled several thousand pages. The author of the *Biographia Britannica* believes that this was the work, part of which he had showed to his friends under the title of *Elysium Britannicum*, but which in that Preface he calls "The Plan of a Royal Garden," etc.; and that his *Acetaria* and *Gardener's Kalendar* were parts of it. This is confirmed by the preceding letter to Dr. Beale.

Amongst the MSS. at Wotton there are parts of two volumes with the running title of *Elysium Britannicum*, consisting of miscellaneous observations on a great variety of subjects, but nothing digested, except a printed sheet of the contents of the intended Work as follows:—

## ELYSIUM BRITANNICUM

### IN THREE BOOKS

*Premissis, præmittendis, etc.*

#### BOOK I

Chap. 1. A Garden derived and defined, with its distinctions and sorts.—2. Of a Gardener, and how he is to be qualified.—3. Of the Principles and Elements in general.—4. Of the Fire.—5. Of the Air and Winds.—6. Of the Water.—7. Of the Earth.—8. Of the Celestial Influences, particularly the Sun, and Moon, and of the Climates.—9. Of the Four Seasons.—10. Of the Mould and Soil of a Garden.—11. Of Composts and Stercoration.—12. Of the Generation of Plants.

#### BOOK II

Chap. 1. Of the Instruments belonging to a Gardener, and their several uses.—2. Of the situation of a Garden, with its extent.—3. Of fencing, enclosing, plotting, and disposing the Ground.—4. Of a Seminary, and of propagating Trees, Plants, and Flowers.—5. Of Knots, Parterres, Compartments, Borders, and Embossments.—6. Of Walks, Terraces, Carpets, and Alleys, Bowling-greens, Malls, their materials and proportions.—7. Of Groves, Labyrinths, Dædales, Cabinets, Cradles, Pavilions, Galleries, Close-walks, and other Rilievos.

—8. Of Transplanting.—9. Of Fountains, Cascades, Rivulets, Piscinas, and Water-works.—10. Of Rocks, Grotts, Cryptas, Mounts, Precipices, Porticos, Vendiducts.—11. Of Statues, Columns, Dials, Perspectives, Pots, Vases, and other ornaments.—12. Of Artificial Echos, Music, and Hydraulic motions.—13. Of Aviaries, Apiaries, Vivaries, Insects.—14. Of Orangeries, and Conservatories of rare Plants.—15. Of Verdures, Perennial-Greens, and perpetual Springs.—16. Of Coronary Gardens, Flowers, and rare Plants, how they are to be propagated, governed, and improved; together with a Catalogue of the choicest Trees, Shrubs, Plants, and Flowers, and how the Gardener is to keep his Register.—17. Of the Philosophico-Medical Garden.—18. Of a Vineyard.—19. Of Watering, Pruning, Clipping, Rolling, Weeding, etc.—20. Of the Enemies and Infirmities to which a Garden is obnoxious, together with the remedies.—21. Of the Gardener's Almanack, or Kalendarium Hortense, directing what he is to do Monthly, and what Flowers are in prime.

#### BOOK III

Chap. 1. Of Conserving, Properating, Retarding, Multiplying, Transmuting, and altering the Species, Forms, and substantial qualities of Flowers, etc.—2. Of Chaplets, Festoons, Flower-pots, Nosegays, and Posies.—3. Of the Gardener's Laboratory, and of distilling and extracting of Essences, Resuscitation of Plants, with other rare Experiments.—4. Of Composing the Hortus Hyemalis, and making books of Natural Arid Plants and Flowers, with other curious ways of preserving them in their Natural.—5. Of planting of Flowers, Flowers enamelled in Silk, Wax, and other artificial representations of them.—6. Of Hortulan Entertainments, to show the riches, beauty, wonder, plenty, delight, and use of a Garden-Festival, etc.—7. Of the most famous Gardens in the World, Ancient and Modern.—8. The Description of a Villa.—The Corollary and Conclusion.

Amongst the MSS. at Wotton also, on a separate paper, are the following Memoranda in Evelyn's handwriting:—

"Things I would write out fair and reform, if I had leisure:—

Londinum Redivivum, which I presented

to the King three or four days after the Conflagration of that City, 1666.

Pedigree of the Evelyns.

The three remaining Meditations on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, being the remaining course of Offices; to which belongs a Book of Recollection bound in leather.

A Rational Account of the True Religion, or an History of it. With a packet of Notes belonging to it.

Oeconomist to a Married Friend

The Legend of the Pearl.

Some Letters of mine to Electra and to others in that packet.

The Life of Mrs. Godolphin.

A book of Some Observations, Politica's, and Discourses of that kind.

Thyrsander, a Tragi-Comedy.

Dignity of Mankind.

My own Ephemeris or Diary.

Animadversions upon Spinoza.

Papers concerning Education.

Mathematical papers."<sup>1</sup>

Of the works by Mr. Evelyn actually published, the list now finally subjoined, comprising many which are included in the collection of Evelyn's *Miscellaneous Writings* edited by Mr. Upcott, will, it is believed, be found tolerably accurate.

1. Of Liberty and Servitude, 1649, 12mo.

2. A Character of England, as it was lately presented in a Letter to a Nobleman of France; with Reflections upon Gallus Castratus, 1651 [?], 3rd edit. 1659.

3. The State of France. London, 1652, 8vo.

4. An Essay on the first Book of Lucretius de Rerum Natura, interpreted and made into English Verse, 1656, 8vo. The frontispiece designed by his lady, Mary Evelyn.

5. Dedicatory Epistles, etc., to "The French Gardener." London, 1658, 12mo. —The third edition, in 1672, was illustrated by plates. —In most of the editions is added "The English Vineyard Vindicated, by John Rose, Gardener to King Charles II."

<sup>1</sup> Of the "things" mentioned in this list as reserved for attention and revision in Evelyn's leisure, the Diary and Letters, and Life of Mrs. Godolphin (see also p. 375 of this volume) have since been given to the world [1818 and 1847]; and the work entitled *A Rational Account of the True Religion, or an History of it*, edited from the MSS. at Wotton, has also been published [1850]. It embodies the researches and reflections of Evelyn's life on the subject to which it relates.

6. The Golden Book of St. Chrysostom, concerning the Education of Children. London, 1659, 12mo.

7. An Apology for the Royal Party, written in a Letter to a person of the late Council of State. with a Touch at the pretended Plea of the Army. London, 1659, in two sheets, 4to. Three editions.

8. The late News from Brussels unmasked. London, 1660, 4to.

9. The manner of the Encounter between the French and Spanish Ambassadors at the Landing of the Swedish Ambassador [1661].

10. A Panegyric at his Majesty King Charles's Coronation. London, 1661, folio.

11. Instructions concerning the erection of a Library. Written by Gabriel Naudé, published in English with some improvements by John Evelyn, Esq. London, 1661, 8vo.

12. Fumifugium; or the Inconveniency of the Air and Smoke of London dissipated. Together with some remedies humbly proposed by John Evelyn, Esq. London, 1661, 4to, in 5 sheets, addressed to the King and Parliament, and published by his Majesty's express Command.<sup>1</sup>

13. Tyrannus; or the Mode; in a Discourse of Sumptuary Laws, 1661, 8vo.

14. Sculptura; or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving in Copper and Mezzo-tinto. Lond. 1662, 8vo.

15. Sylva; or a Discourse of Forest-Trees. Lond. 1664, fol.; 2nd edition 1670; 3rd in 1679; 4th in 1706, also in folio. —Pomona is an Appendix; 3rd edition, 1679; 4th, 1706; 5th, 1729. —~~1663~~ This learned work has since been several times republished by Dr. A. Hunter, an eminent physician in York, who has rendered it still more valuable by adding to it the observations of later writers.

16. Dedicatory Epistles, etc., to *Parallel of Ancient and Modern Architecture*. London, 1664, folio; 4th edit. 1733, fol.; with the Elements of Architecture by Sir Hen. Wotton.

17. Ditto to "Μυστήριον τῆς Ἀνομιᾶς"; another part of the Mystery of Jesuitism. Lond. 1664, 8vo. Two parts.

18. Kalendarium Hortense, Lond. 1664, 8vo. —The 2nd and 3rd edit. was in folio.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted in 1772, in quarto, with an additional Preface.

bound with the Sylva and Pomona; also reprinted in octavo in 1699.

19. Public Employment and active life preferred to Solitude, in reply to Sir Geo. Mackenzie. Lond. 1667, 8vo.

20. An Idea of the Perfection of Painting, translated from the French of Roland Freart. Lond. 1668, 8vo.

21. History of the Three late famous Impostors. Lond. 1669, 8vo.

22. Navigation and Commerce, their Original and Progress. Lond. 1674, 8vo.

23. Terra; a Philosophical Discourse of Earth. Lond. 1676, 8vo.

24. Mundus Muliebris. Lond. 1690, 4to.

25. Monsieur de la Quintinye's Complete Gardener, and Treatise of Orange-Trees, translated from the French. Lond. 1693, fol.

26. Advertisement to the Translation of the Compleat Gardener, by M. de la Quintinye, 1693.

27. Ditto to M. de la Quintinye's Directions concerning Melons.

28. Ditto to M. de la Quintinye's Directions concerning Orange-Trees.

29. Numismata: a Discourse on Medals. Lond. 1697, fol.

30. Acetaria: a Discourse on Salads. Lond. 1699, 8vo.

31. An Account of Architects and Architecture—a tract.

32. Letter to Viscount Brouncker, concerning a new Engine for Ploughing, etc. 1670.

33. Dedication to Renatus Rapinus of Gardens, 1673.

34. Letter to Mr. Aubrey, concerning Surrey Antiquities, 1676.

35. Abstract of a Letter to the Royal Society concerning the damage done to his Gardens in the preceding Winter, 1684.

36. The Diary and Letters. 1818, 1819, 1827.

37. Miscellaneous Writings, collected and edited by Mr. Upcott [1825].

38. Life of Mrs. Godolphin. 1847.

Evelyn had likewise etched [see *ante*, p. 454 n.], when he came to Paris from Italy, five several Prospects of Places which he had drawn on the spot between Rome and Naples, to which he prefixed also a frontispiece, intitled,

"Locorum aliquot insignium et celeberrimorum inter Romam et Neapolin jacentium, *ὑποδείξεις* et exemplaria.

"Domino Dom. Thomæ Hensheaw Anglo, omnium eximiarum et præclarissimarum Artium Cultori ac propugnatori maximo, et *συνοψάμενῳ ἀντὶ* (non propter Operis pretium, sed ut singulare Amoris sui Testimonium exhibeat) primas has *ἀδοκιμασίας* Aquâ forti excusas et insculptas, Jo. Evelynus Delineator D. D. C. Q." *R. Hoare excud.*<sup>1</sup>

I. Tres Tabernæ sive Appii Forum, celebre illud, in sacris Litteris. Act. 28.

II. Terracini, olim Anxuris, Promontorium.

III. Prospectus versùs Neapolin, a Monte Vesuvio.

IV. Montis Vesuvii Fauces: et Vorago, sive Barathrum internum.

V. Montis Vesuvii juxta Neapolin externa Facies.

He etched also a View of his own Seat at Wotton, then in the possession of his brother, George Evelyn (*ante*, p. 170); and Putney ad Ripam Tamesis—corrected on one impression, by himself, to Battersea (see p. 149).

<sup>1</sup> [According to Walpole's *Catalogue of Engravers* (Dallaway's ed., 1828, pp. 174-77), this only means that the plates, executed at Paris in 1649, were "taken off" by R. Hoare (see *ante*, p. 150). There are other etchings at the British Museum; and from a letter to Pepys, dated 20th January, 1668, it seems that Evelyn also made a "Prospect of Medway, while the Hollander rode master in it," from the hill above Gillingham. The original sketch—says Mynors Bright—is in the Bodleian.]

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